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PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND.

From a late photograph, considered by Professor Drummond's friends to be the best portrait of him; taken by Maclure, Macdonald & Co., Glasgow.

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THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC IN THE WORLD.

BY MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

With illustrations from photographs by M. W. Cooper, taken expressly for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

STATISTICAL INTRODUCTION.

SIZE AND LOCATION: Farm, forty-eight acres, in Freeville, near Elmira, New York.

INHABITANTS: Two hundred boys and girls, between twelve and seventeen years of age, from tenement districts of New York City, pledged to remain seventy days; some stay longer—about forty all winter.

GOVERNMENT: *Executive.*—The chief executive is Mr. William R. George, the founder and President of the Republic. He holds the power of absolute veto on the actions of Congress.

Legislative.—A Congress of two branches, Senate and House of Representatives. The members are elected by popular vote; senators for two weeks, representatives for one.

Judiciary.—There are civil and criminal courts, presided over by judges appointed by the President. Every citizen charged with crime is entitled to a trial by a jury of his peers. Imprisonment and fines are the penalties for crime.

Police.—A permanent force is maintained, chosen from the citizens by competitive examination.

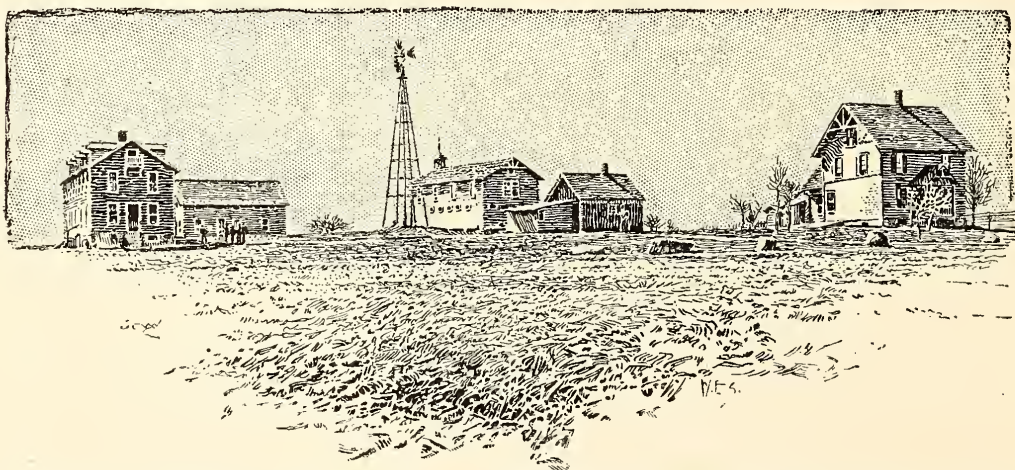
Finances.—The Republic lays taxes, like any other government, and maintains a bank and a monetary system of its own. It also derives an income from its tariff and the sale of licenses and passes, or permits to go outside of the grounds at will. The coin of the government is circular pieces of tin, stamped "George Junior Republic," and issued in denominations of from one dollar down. In this coin most of the business of the country is transacted; but the coin is ultimately redeemed by the government in potatoes and clothes, which the citizen is expected to send home. The bank receives on deposit the savings of the citizens, makes loans, and pays wages for government work.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND INSTITUTIONS: There are three principal wooden buildings, and in summer several tents. The Capitol is Mr. George's residence. The courthouse, besides accommodating the several courts, contains also the halls of Congress, the police station, and the jail. In the Waldorf Hotel building are located the bank, post-office, and dispensary.

EDUCATION: The citizens attend school at the Republic, except a few of the most advanced boys, who attend the high school at Dryden, three miles distant. There are practically two schools, but only one of them is considered a school by the citizens; the second is known as a publishing house. The first, "the school," is established for the benefit of boys and girls who work and receive

pay at other occupations in the Junior Republic, and to fulfil the law of the State. The second, or "publishing house," in fact, does the work of a school. The tasks that are set in this establishment are performed for pay at regular rates; to the younger employees, or pupils, simple problems in arithmetic are given, to which are added spelling exercises, and, finally, literary composition. There is a public library of over 600 volumes; and also an institution known as the "college," governed by a "faculty" composed of boys who are above sixteen years of age, and devoted especially to lectures.

TRADES AND PROFESSIONS: All the citizens are encouraged to be workers, but idleness is not punished. Non-producers find themselves at a great disadvantage, and their moneyless condition soon brings them to the pauper's table, at which only the plainest fare is dispensed. The paupers are compelled to do a certain amount of work for meals and lodging. All the citizens who work at all receive good wages—the skilled laborers ninety cents a day, the unskilled fifty cents, and the middle class seventy cents. It should be explained that all the workers, boys and girls, are thus graded. The boys have their regular occupations—farm labor, landscape gardening, and carpentering. A number are in the government employ; there are two lawyers, admitted after examination to the bar. Others are hotel and restaurant keepers, or engage in trade on their account. The girls employ themselves at sewing, millinery, laundry work, and cooking. Only half the day is given to work; the remaining hours in summer are free for recreation.



The Buildings of the Republic. From left to right—Girls' Dormitory, Waldorf, Courthouse, Kitchen, Capitol.

OBSERVATIONS OF A VISITOR TO THE LITTLE REPUBLIC.

A SMALL boy sat on the floor of the entrance of the Capitol, discharging from a dirty pocket a small collection of coin.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven; seven cents, a nickel, and a two-center. How many's that, Jackson?"

"Fourteen cents," answered the older boy from the dignity of a chair.

"I kin git twenty cents on the dollar for that to-day," continued the small boy, with a knowledge of percentage of which his arithmetic gave no intimation.

"Too late. United States money's no good to-day."

"It was yisteddy."

"Store opens this afternoon," said the sententious Jackson.

"By Zux." The small boy put the money back in his pocket. Jackson's answer was conclusive. After a desperate financial crisis Camp money was again at par.

Financial topics had superseded every other interest since the weekly financial budget had been posted on the outside of the post-office, where the bulletins of the government were to be found. There were few moments in the day when groups of excited citizens were not standing before it in hot discussion. Even the girls in the Hotel Elmira kept me awake denouncing the government's management of the crisis.

For some time the expenses had been running ahead of the income, and at the

same time money was so easy that many of the citizens were living like capitalists on their incomes, refusing to work. The demoralization among the dishwashers and scrubbers was particularly unfortunate, and the Board of Health was kept busy with complaints.

Accordingly, the government proposed a poll tax of a dollar a head, and a tax of five per cent. on all deposits in bank over five dollars.

I was in the House of Representatives when the bill was brought up. It was the first day of the new session. The Speaker sat on a stool, with his elbows resting on his knees, and fingering the occasional buttons of a torn waistcoat. He was a big, *blasé* Bowery youth, now serving his second term as Speaker. With the aid of a female member, in her second term, he was endeavoring to steer the new members into parliamentary lines.

The bill was entrusted to one of the government party.

"I object;" a member sprang to his feet.

"You're out of order, Mr. Dover," said the Speaker. "Oh, dry up, Dover," he continued; "the bill isn't before the House."

"I'll second it," said the female member, who was also a government ally.

"Mr. Speaker."

"Mr. Dover has the floor. Now let her go, Gallagher," continued the Speaker, shifting a pair of badly clad feet. Plainly politics had not paid.

"Well, Mr. Speaker, I oppose the second part of that bill. When a citizen has been industrious and laid up money in bank instead of spending it in foolishness, I don't see no justice in taxing him to pay for other citizens who are lazy and don't support the government. I ain't saying anything against the poll tax, that hits us all alike; but I'm down on taxing property we earn."

The honorable member was the richest citizen in Camp—for this took place in the House of Representatives of the George Junior Republic at Freeville, New York. It was currently reported that Dover had two hundred dollars in bank. He was part proprietor of Sherry's. He was one of the two practising lawyers, and the law was in large demand in Camp. But speculation was the

chief source of Dover's wealth. He bought up United States money, floating dimes and nickels, from the little boys. These he invested in caramels and gumdrops from the village store. After paying the tariff levied on all goods from outside countries, these candies were sold to the same small and greedy little boys at five cents apiece. The profit was enormous. Dover's example was followed by others of the older boys, and speculation filled the air.

Under the circumstances Dover's speech was convincing. The second clause of the bill was defeated. As modified, it appeared on the public bulletin:

"A poll tax of twenty-five cents shall be levied for the week ending August 24th. Those who are unable to pay shall work out the amount in government employment."

This tax scarcely alleviated the situation. The government deficit was increasing, while its depreciated currency was being absorbed by the speculators and locked up in bank. The government now determined on a bold move. The various concessions of the Camp, which is the familiar name of the little settlement, are put up at auction every Saturday evening. These are the hotels Waldorf, Elmira, Ithaca, Dryden, and the restaurants Sherry's and Delmonico's. Through its agents the bids were run up until the government virtually became the owner of the two restaurants. The prices of the meals were now doubled. Sherry's, formerly ten cents a meal, was now a quarter; Delmonico's, from a quarter, rose to fifty cents.



The Senate.



The House of Representatives in Session.

The Camp resounded with the outcries of citizens at this unexpected step. Dover bought a box of sardines, and peddled them out to those who vowed they would starve before they'd stand the raise. Rows of small boys stood disconsolately in front of Sherry's, with sad memories of the last gumdrop and caramel.

But it is well understood that waiters and dishwashers get their meals for their services. For several days the proprietors could not get hands. The dishes went unwashed; the floors unscrubbed, while the Board of Health gathered in the fines. Now happened what the government anticipated. After going without one meal, the little boys and girls literally tumbled over one another to get places in the restaurants. There was a corresponding rush for employment in the shops and on the government works. The opening of the store, as was intimated in the beginning, ended the crisis. The money of the Republic went to par, for, as every citizen knows, United States money will buy nothing in Camp.

The opening of the store was significant. In a few weeks the summer citizens would go back to town. In the store were dresses, shoes, bonnets, shawls, suits of clothes, resplendent neckties, some finery, many useful things. These had been sent in by the Republic's many friends, and were for sale at much the same prices as they can be bought for in the United States. A good pair of shoes might be three dollars; a coat and waistcoat, five dollars; a nice dress, four dollars. Nothing is a gift

in the Junior Republic. Citizens who are content with rags wear rags. It was not uncommon to hear somebody accost a citizen in this fashion:

"Say, you'd better sew up that hole, or you'll get run in," there being laws that bore on such matters.

But it was a reasonable ambition in each citizen to want to go back home well clad and take presents to the folks. Saturday

afternoon shopping was, in consequence, an event in Camp. Lively was the discussion of tastes and prices over the counters, girls knee-high bargaining for grown-up wrappers, little boys considering striped worsted shawls with a knowing air. For it is in such manner, and with the products of the farm, that the money of the Republic is redeemed.

The money graciously corresponds to our own currency, dollars, half-dollars, quarters, dimes, and pennies; looks like it—with a difference that secures it against any charge of counterfeiting by the greater nation; and jingles pleasantly in the pocket. It passes into the hands of the citizens from the government treasury but in one way—by work. This is not necessarily manual labor. There are official positions with salaries attached. Such are the Representatives of the people, the Judges of the Civil and Criminal Courts, the Commissioner of Public Works, the Chief of Police and his staff, the Warden of the Prison. The judges are the best paid, receiving one dollar and twenty cents a day, the legislators getting one dollar and ten cents, and the police, ninety cents, the same price that is paid to skilled carpenters. In general wages there are three grades. The foremen on the farm and the section boss of a street-cleaning gang get fifteen cents an hour, while the men only receive eight and ten cents an hour, as their abilities warrant. The same prices rule in the millinery and dressmaking departments, where doll dresses and hats are made for sale when no citizen requires a bonnet; and in

the cooking-school, where nice work is done for the Capitol table.

The chief business is keeping hotel. The contracts for this, as was said, are sold by the government every Saturday evening. The Waldorf is the swell hotel of the place. Only capitalists and high officials can pay four dollars a day for lodgings. The Waldorf is over the post-office and bank. It has a sitting-room under the ridge pole, and bedrooms on each side, where each lodger has his own tin washbasin. Not every one can realize what a degree of luxury this implies. Dover, to be sure, has an office in the courthouse, which is also his bedroom. But Dover, as every citizen remarks, has "money to burn." The Hotel Elmira, the girls' dormitory, is a loft over the cooking and millinery girls' parlor, and is naturally valuable property. The other hotels are but long shelter tents covering two rows of wire-bottomed cots, where beds are from ten to twenty cents a night. The concessions vary according to the accommodations, but each is an active and profitable business accordingly as it is managed. Ethel Moore, who conducted the Hotel Elmira during the crisis, lost money. She exhibited a collection of promissory notes from out of a heterogeneous pocket.

"I can't ever collect them without going to law," she said. "Neither Dover nor Smith will look at a case for less than ten dollars."

The next week I observed that Katy Monaghan, who was half partner in the Hotel Elmira, collected the money from the beds each night, and frequently loud and vain were the cries.

"An' ye'll pay me ye're twenty cents or ye'll git up, Bertha Rose."

"But I can't, Katy. I've only earned forty cents to-day, and I spent the last cent on my supper."

"I seen ye eatin' caramels three times to-day."

"Callaghan give them to me."

"Oh, oh," chorused the surrounding beds.

The evidence seemed to show that Bertha had bought the caramels. This brought out a great deal of truly superior morality, mingled with much personal comment.

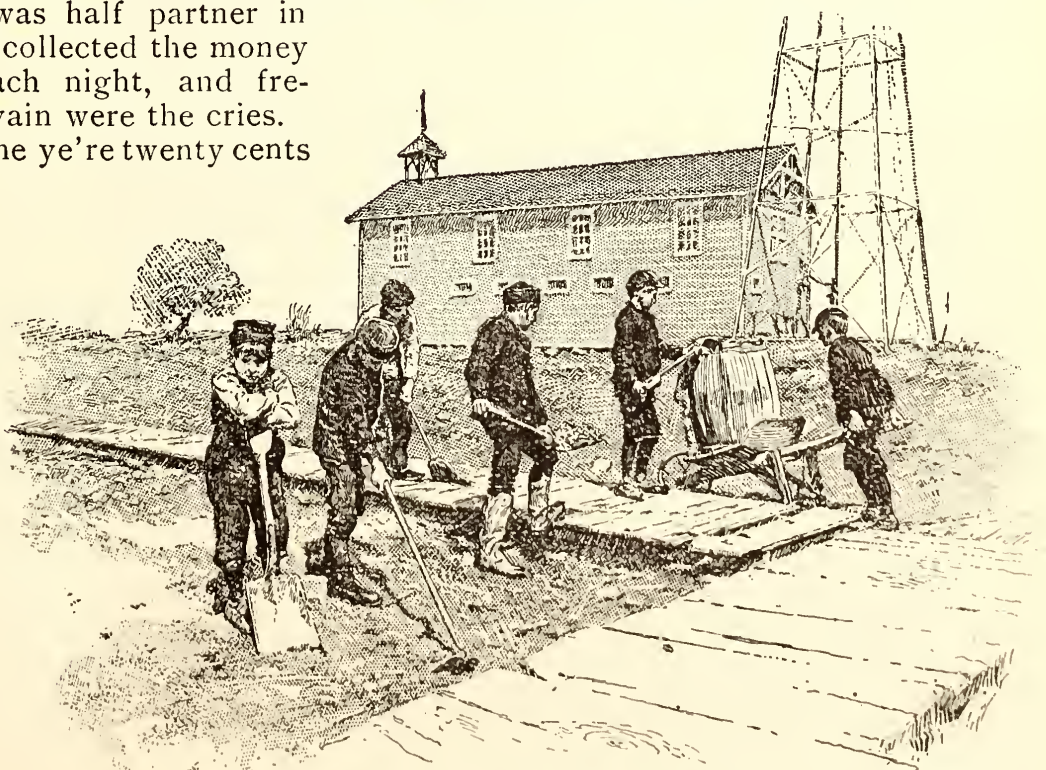
"You never can believe Bertha, girls. Why, she says that they have a glass door in their parlor, and Josie says she was there onct, and they hain't got but one room."

The conversation was here transferred to town, mixed up with accounts of the prowess of the Eighty-seventh Street boys, who could "clean out the whole gang." This occasioned so much uproar, that the night policeman called up that he would arrest everybody engaged if they didn't shut up. This he could have done, for one of the laws of the young Republic is that citizens shall be quiet after ten o'clock.

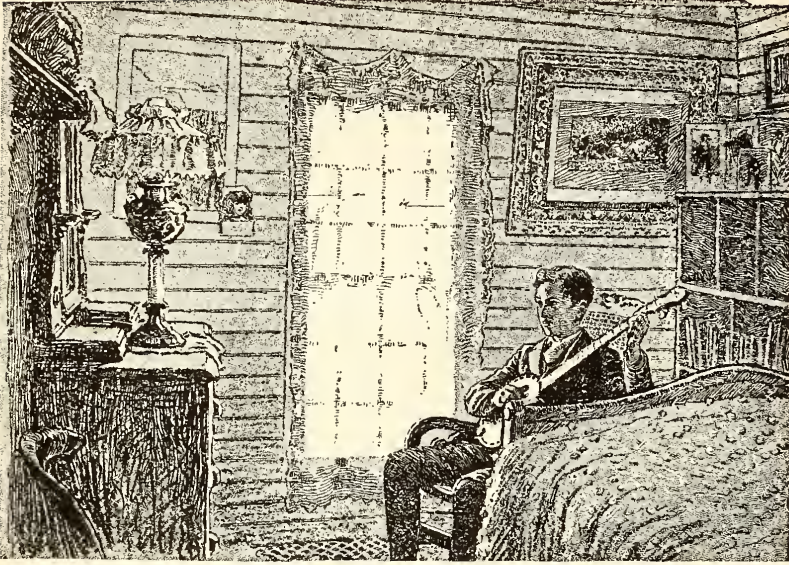
Bertha was now in tears, so some of the softer-hearted girls made up the twenty cents, and peace at length descended on the Hotel Elmira.

Katy Monaghan, when questioned the next morning in the spirit of inquiry, said business was business, and she had a note in bank of her own to pay.

On their part, the proprietors are bound to keep the beds clean and the hotel in order. The boarders are no more expected to make their own beds than they would be in the hotels of the metropolis. Katy Monaghan had a partner, and the two, with rolled-up sleeves, were at it early to get in order before the inspectors of the Board of Health made their daily rounds.

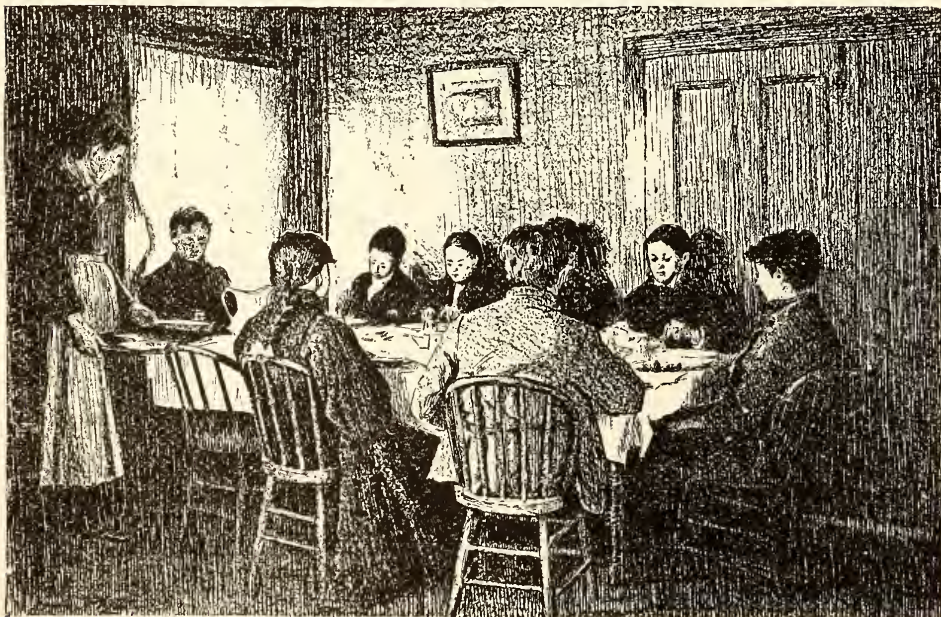
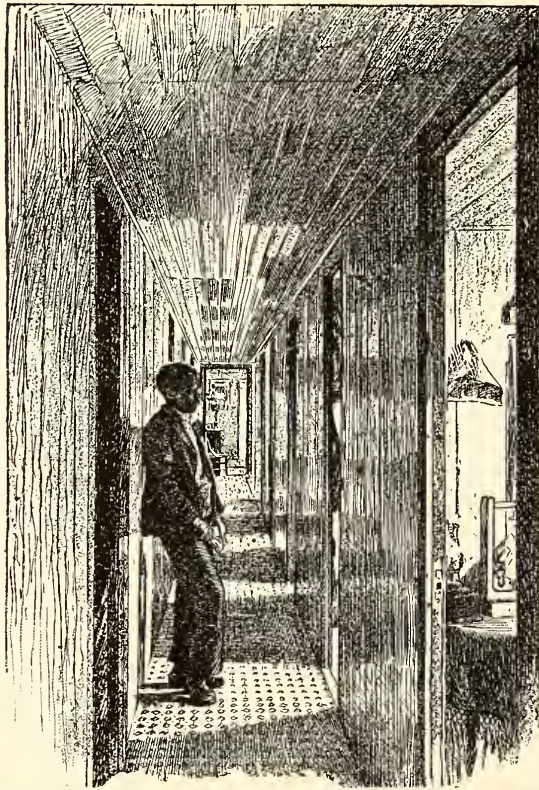


The Street Cleaning Department at Work.



But Ethel had to hire a maid, and had much the same trials with her help that vex other hotel proprietors.

The *concessionnaires*, on their part, hold the government to a strict account for its performance of the contract. There were suspicions on the part of the Board of Health that the Hotel Dryden and the Hotel Ithaca had more guests than were paying for lodgings. Accordingly it was ordered that all the blankets be fumigated. This was done by one of their agents, a young theologian, who



Scenes at the Waldorf: A Two-dollar-a-week Room; a Hallway, showing Waldorf Proprietor; the Twenty-five-cent Table.

was a temporary servant of the Republic, and so successfully, that a number of the blankets were burned. The Board of Health then went to the other hotels, and took a blanket from each bed for the temporary accommodation of the Hotel Ithaca and the Hotel Dryden. Unhappily the night turned cold, and the guests of the Hotel Waldorf, being unable to sleep, said they "didn't pay four dollars a day to freeze." This state of affairs continued for several days, for the money of the Republic not being current in Freeville, it was not possible to run down to the store and order a fresh supply. Some alleviation was found in eleven blankets which a prisoner in jail had secured for himself from the empty bunks, he being the only occupant. The stress, however, did not pass until the young preacher returned from consultation with friends of the Republic in neighboring towns.

As his guests refused to pay for their discomfort, the proprietor of the Hotel Waldorf brought suit against the government for one thousand dollars damages. It was tried in the Civil Court before Judge Moore. Dover appeared for the plaintiff Dugan, and Smith for the government. Different guests, after being duly sworn, testified as to their privations, when Dugan took the stand. After being examined by counsel, he was handed over to Smith for cross-examination.

In their practice it

was observed that Dover was always employed by the disaffected citizen, while Smith was in the service of authority. Engle being elected District Attorney, and now off on a case of forgery, Dover and Smith were the only two practising lawyers, and, naturally, rivals.

"Didn't the government offer to make good your loss?" asked Smith.

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you say so? What made you bring this suit, anyway?"

"Well, I didn't think they offered enough."

"What did they offer?"

"Well, they didn't exactly say."

"You were told that if you sued you could get bigger damages?"

"Yes."

"Who told you so, your lawyer?"

"Now, don't you git sassy," said Dover, who was standing by his client just outside the rail.

"Order, order," rapped the court.

"Your Honor," said Smith, "we will prove that an offer was made to the plaintiff the night the blankets were taken and he professed to be satisfied. I don't want anything more of you, Dugan."

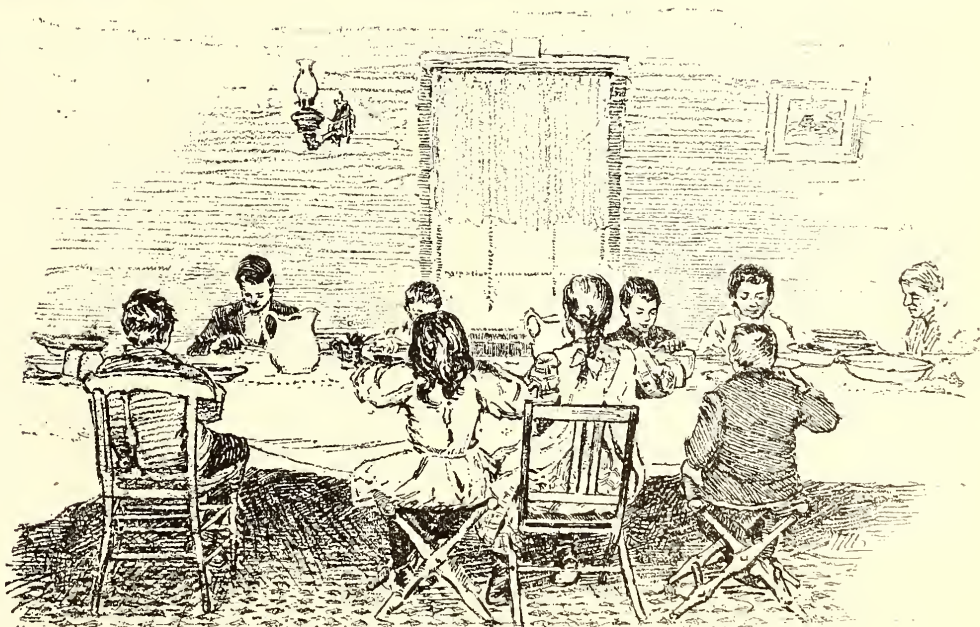
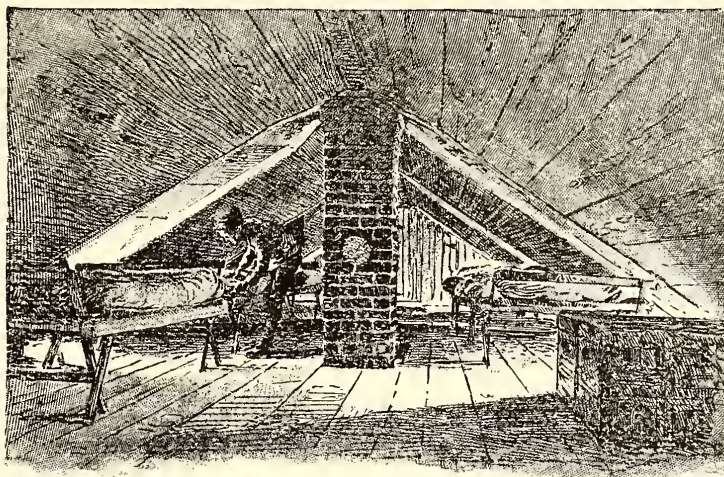
Mrs. George was then sworn as the member of the Board of Health who took the blankets and had made the offer in question. Dover, with great courtesy, refused to cross-examine her.

The summing up was eloquent. Dover pictured the hardship of a contractor to make both ends meet the way things were carried on. Smith enlarged on the beneficence of a government which was not obliged by the terms of the contract to chase away midnight excursionists, but

was only moved by the good of the citizens, yet had offered to make up the losses occasioned by the mishap of the fire.

Judge Moore was one of the older citizens, and had acquired that paternal manner and apparent comprehension of the follies and humors of human nature that

are accounted among the personal attributes of the just judge. These were more especially brought out in another trial, for defamation of character: *Grow vs. Jackson*. The defendant had written a letter to the plaintiff, and her contention was that it



Scenes in the Waldorf. The Fifteen-cent Lodgings (proprietor making bed); the Fifteen-cent Table.

had caused her to be laughed at and injurious remarks to be made about her. Under the skilful guidance of her lawyer, Smith, Citizen Grow told a moving tale of the discomforts she had suffered from the laughter and jeers, chiefly, it must be said, of her fellow-boarders at the Hotel Elmira. Jackson, a little fellow with dancing, bead-like black eyes, said he wasn't going to pay no lawyer; he could defend himself. He was permitted to cross-examine the plaintiff.

"How did anybody know about the letter?" he asked. "Did you tell?"

"Yes, I did," said Citizen Grow, with a pout.

"Then it's your fault you got laughed at, not mine. I didn't tell. Your Honor, I wrote that letter to her to tease her. If she hadn't blabbed, nobody would have known it."

The letter, exhibit A, was handed up to the judge, at his request, by Smith. He read it with a humorous smile.

"There doesn't seem to be anything very dreadful in this. Perhaps if it is read in court any injury done to Citizen Grow will be mended. Are you willing the letter should be read?"

"I'm willing," said Jackson.

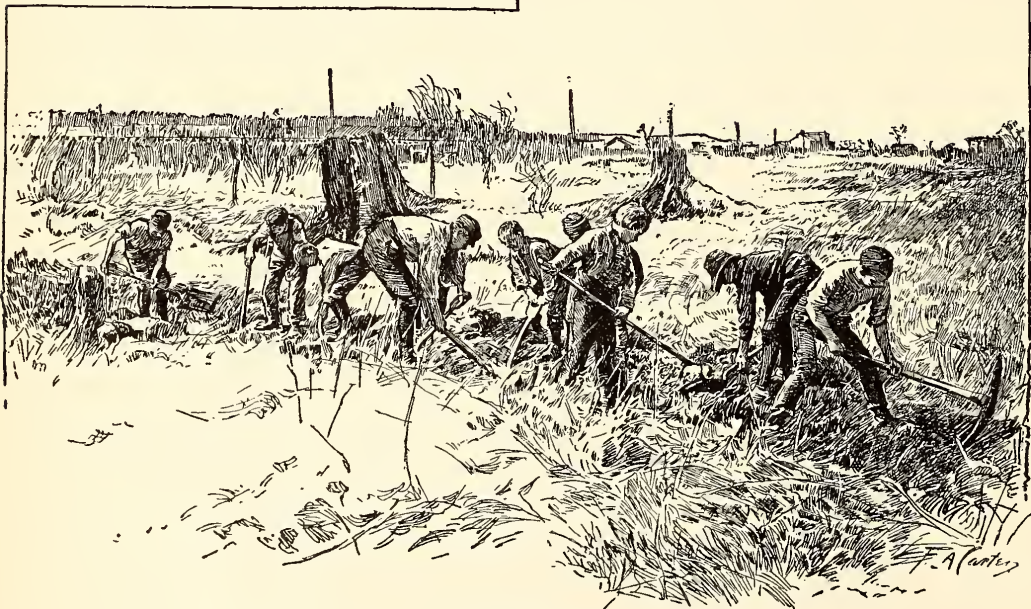
"My client objects," said Smith.

The letter was not read,

once arrested this season. Such facts as these will be commonly believed to indicate a distinct advance in self-government and citizenship, which is the primary object of the George Junior Republic.

To the fascinations of the law and of the paraphernalia of the courts must be given due weight. The daily session of the police court is the event of the day. It is held at nine o'clock, and to be there in time, carryalls and wheels are seen coming over the road from Freeville, Dryden, Elmira, and the surrounding towns, and visiting professors in sociology from the colleges beg to stay over night that they may be present.

The judge of the police court is still in knickerbockers, and is familiarly known as Jakey. But when the policeman posted at the bar calls "Hats off," the citizens square themselves around into orderly rows, and even the visitors, disposed to regard the affair as a bit of play-acting, drop their voices to a whisper, and finally cease trying to communicate at all. The offenders, when



Digging a Ditch.

greatly to the disappointment of the spectators, who, under the circumstances, thronged the courtroom.

"It doesn't seem to me this is a case for damages," said the court. "Dismissed. But, Jackson, don't do it again."

The letter, in fact, was only the work of a teasing boy, and altogether harmless. The tendency to take all troubles into court was easily apparent in the little community. As in older nations the law was the standard of ethics. "I'll sue you," "I'll have you arrested," made part of the dialogue of every dispute. The elemental way of settling differences with fists seemed altogether effaced. Jackson, who had been in jail twenty-eight times the previous season for fighting, had not been

not on bail, are brought up in charge of the police, by a private stairway, from the jail below. There is a grim reality about the jail, with its narrow cells, plank beds, iron-barred doors, and warden with jingling keys. This is apt to be reflected in the faces in the "pen." The procedure is modeled after the police courts of New York City, with an exception in favor of the decorousness and general judicial atmosphere of the lesser court. It is worth seeing the facetious visitor with blushes try to efface himself under the judicial eye, and woe unto the offender disposed to look jokingly upon his offense. There are occasional cases of petty larceny, but the offenses are rarely more serious than breaches of the

peace, cigarette smoking, disorderly behavior, and going out of bounds without a pass. It is interesting to watch the face of the youthful judge as he may be disposed to exercise his paternal discretion over two small girls up for calling one another names, or endeavoring to determine the fine that may be both a punishment and a deterrent. There is no hesitation in his decisions. "Case dismissed," "Dollar fine; next offense, doubled," and perhaps accompanied by advice or warning.

One of the most interesting features of Mr. George's little Republic lies in its encounters with the same influences, and struggles with the same difficulties, that disturb the greater nations. One of these was instructively illustrated in the police court.

Two citizens were arrested for disorderly behavior at Sherry's. The first of these was Dover, whose wealth and importance in the community have been set forth. Dover, coming in late to dinner, had pushed one of the small boys out of his seat and eaten his dinner. The small boy had resisted; there was a disturbance, and Dover was arrested. The second was a little boy, also too late, who had helped himself to the coffee reserved for the waitresses, with a corresponding outcry. The case against Dover was especially flagrant, for he was larger and older than the boy he had deprived of his dinner. What gave peculiar significance to these cases was that the principal witness against the offenders was one of the volunteer assistants of Mr. George, delegated to Sherry's. The courtroom was crowded, the citizens being on the alert to see what "Jakey dast do to Dover."

The judge heard the case gravely, evidently aware of his responsibility. The witness for the government was unimpeachable. Very seriously, and as if to gain time, the judge rebuked Dover for using his strength on a smaller boy; then, with a moment of hesitation, he said, "Fifty cents. Next case." Here, as elsewhere, "money talks." Dover, to whom his wealth is dear, promptly paid his fine.

Meanwhile the smaller boy was before the bar, testified against by the same wit-



Farmyard Scene.

ness for the government. "One dollar," said the judge, and the little fellow emptied his pockets.

The sociological professors did not dare speak, but looked significantly at one another. It is out of these difficulties, as the young nation has encountered them, that its system of laws has been created. The legislature had a Lexow committee then investigating charges of favoritism and cruelty on the part of the police. The Chief of Police and the warden of the jail were before the committee and sharply examined. The charges were brought forward with conviction, and resisted with the calmness of innocence. The chief, a boy familiarly known as Eddy, was clad in blue denim with gold braid, the uniform of the police, and wore his rank on a crownless straw hat. He was already observed for his calm temperament and the persuasive manner in which he allayed disorder where his subordinates flourished clubs. He had come from more unhappy surroundings than any boy in Camp, but here he was easily seen to be one of the healthful influences of the place. The result of the investigations of the Lexow committee was afterward seen publicly posted:

"Keepers of the prison are hereby forbidden to strike prisoners except in self-defense. A dark cell shall be provided, in which refractory prisoners may be subjected to solitary confinement."

The police force enjoys the same authority and conspicuousness that it does in larger communities. The details are posted at six o'clock, relieved at noon, and again at night, with orderly precision. There



Policeman making an Arrest.

are five posts guarding the boundaries of the fifty-acre farm which constitutes the area of the Junior Republic. These are the only guards, and may be passed at any time by any citizen holding a pass. The only penal offense of the season was the forgery of a pass. The District Attorney was then working up the case. It was to be a trial by jury, and conviction would involve the wearing of stripes and convict labor. This was the first trial of the kind during the season. This had been remarked in contrast to the year before, when penal offenses had been common and a gang of convicts rather permanently maintained.

In the same manner, out of the needs of the Republic was created the Street Cleaning Department, one of the most efficient bureaus of the place. It was cheering in the morning to see Commissioner Staigg out overlooking his gangs. The commissioner was a blond youth, rakishly attired in a white flannel blazer, knee breeches, and long blue stockings. Two of the section bosses were lanky, half-clad young men who had taken a week to beat their way out from town to the Junior Republic, of which they had heard. They were typical lodging-

house youths. Yet how potent is responsibility! Their devotion to pickaxes and brooms, early and late, was conspicuous in a community where passes to Freeville and freedom to orchards and groceries could be purchased for five dollars. The Junior Republic occupies forty-eight acres on the edge of town. These are under the supervision of the Street Cleaning Department, and kept scrupulously clean. A glance at the bulletin posted in front of the post-office will give an idea of its methods:

STREET CLEANING DEPARTMENT.

"The employees of the Street Cleaning Department shall have power to arrest all persons who litter up the grounds.

"There shall be five volunteer inspectors, members of the House, whose duties will be to see that no injustice is done to the department or to the citizens.

"The contract for the construction of board walks shall be resold on August 22d."

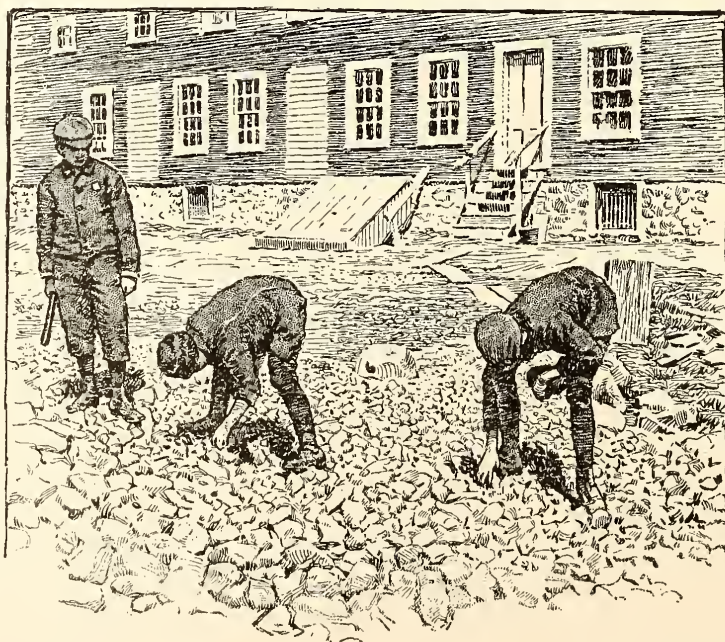
The presence of citizens wearing shawls and aprons in the legislature has implied equal suffrage. This by no means always prevailed. The young Republic being modeled on the greater republic, its law-making was exclusively in the hands of the boys. But the taxes being levied according to valuation on all citizens alike, the girls began to ask: "Why do we have to pay for having things done?"

The question was carefully explained.

"Very well," said one; "then we will go up to the next legislature and have something to say."

But one of the swells of the Camp, a boy of seventeen, and a great favorite of the girls, told them that if they did go they couldn't vote. Besides, it wasn't ladylike to vote, anyway. No ladies voted in the city.

This satisfied the girls, who said they "didn't want to vote after all." But in time, another



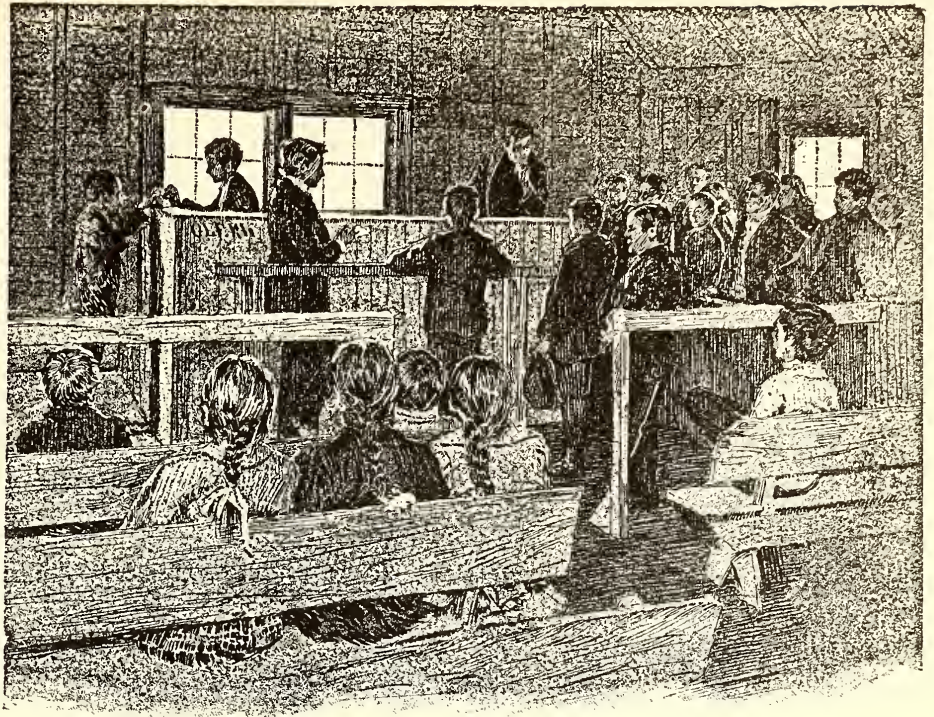
The Workhouse Gang. Toilers whom hunger drives to the workhouse are given plain food in exchange for a certain amount of work.

and larger tax bill was presented. This enraged them. They declared they were not going to put up with any such work. A deputation accordingly went to Mr. George, who is the president of the Junior Republic, and asked him what they could do about it. They were told that they had the right to petition the legislature to give them the right to vote. This they did, but the bill was defeated. They made, however, a second effort, and the suffrage was granted.

It was my good fortune to attend a primary. There were three parties—that in power, that intimating a ring and charging favoritism on the part of the government, and the girls' ticket. There were nominating speeches, and clamorous charges of fraud in the caucus, repeaters being haled out by the police and taken to the station-house. It is gratifying, however, to add that this proved to be the result of ignorance and not intention on the part of the arrested. The election was held the next afternoon, after a busy morning of electioneering, under the auspices of the police, in the courthouse, and the results posted that evening.

The machinery of elections corresponds to that of the greater republic, including the latest improvement, the blanket ballot. It will have been noticed throughout that no ideal system of government is attempted. On the contrary, the defects as well as the virtues of our republican system, as far as practicable, are followed. This, which might be considered an experiment of doubtful value by perfectionists, has something to say for itself. Such was Dod Wotton's view.

"I tell youse, I've been a citizen meself, an' Jimmy O. will never lead me around by the nose, like he leads me fader.



Busy Time in the Police Court. (The whole procedure is exactly modeled on the New York City police courts.)

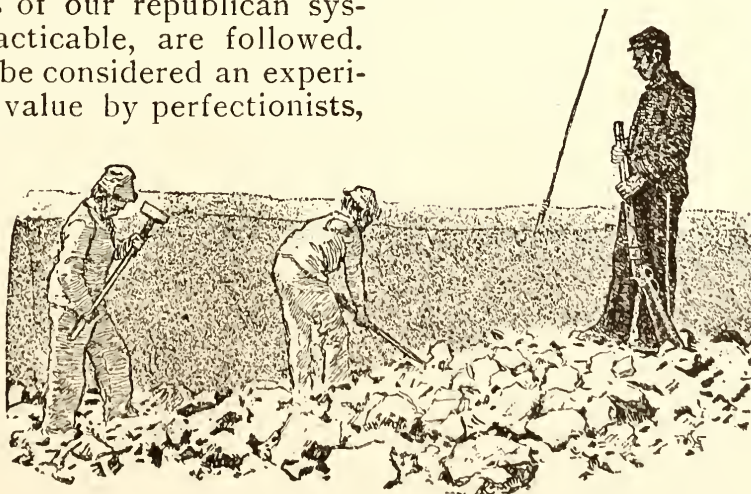
I knows a thing or two about politics meself."

The actual state, Mr. George would argue, is essential to the making of good citizens, which it is the object of the Junior Republic to do. Consequently it should involve a knowledge of the pitfalls as well as of the benefits of government. With Mr. George naturally resides the veto power. This he tells me he has been called to exercise not over six times; and usually it has been in the case of some law the consequences of which were further reaching than the people's representatives could see.

For example, the charge for issuing passes is five dollars. With chivalrous intent, Congress passed a law requiring the girls to pay only two dollars and a half.

This law President George vetoed, since it was not improbable that on some future occasion the girls might be discriminated against on the ground that they only paid half price for their passes, anyway.

The familiar name of Camp to



Convicts Breaking Stone.

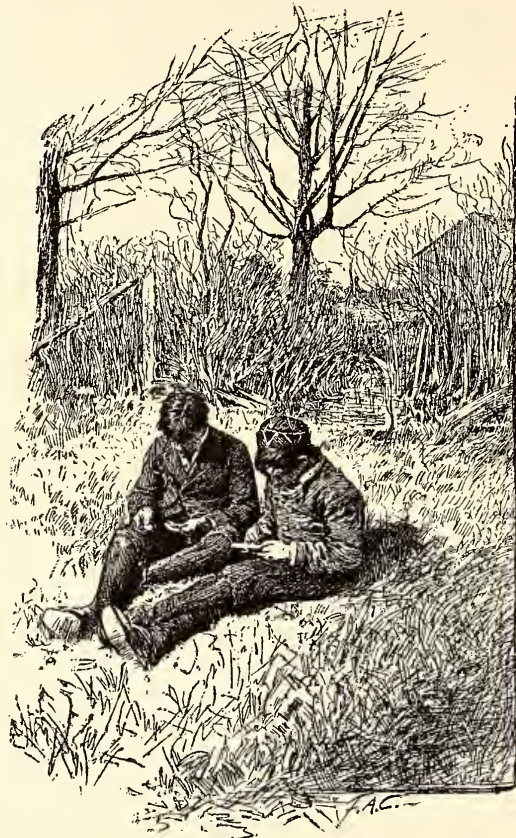
designate the fifty acres occupied by the Junior Republic indicates that the military obligations of the citizens are not neglected. There are three companies, armed with State rifles, under a colonel and his staff, and with an inspiring fife and drum corps. The last only is uniformed. The colonel at least has a coat, but there are not a few privates with three fingers on the ribs bare. The relative unimportance of boots, suspenders, and neckties to soldierly qualities was forced on the observation. In fact, to the outsider, one of the lessons of this novel experiment is how little, after all, is essential. The troops are drilled by a member of the Seventh regiment, one of Mr. George's volunteer aides, and would be a credit to any military school which more fortunate young people attend. There are glorious afternoons spent in sham fights over the slopes and in imposing clouds of blue smoke rent with battle cries. The feature of the closing day is dress parade. It is a sight impressive to solemnity. This is partly due to the contributory landscape, beautiful under the declining rays of the sun; but more to the sentiment of the occasion. There is almost always a picturesque group behind Mr. George, commander-in-chief—grave professors, farmers, and fine ladies alike stealthily disposing of vagrant tears. Dress parade is carried out in all its details, and to these is added the flag drill of the company of girls, duly officered, and no less conspicuous for their martial bearing than the boys.

Six days of observation had demonstrated the complete freedom of the citizen under the laws for which he was responsible. But people who can keep their hands off the individual on week days can rarely resist at least touching the shoulder on Sunday. Mr. George, to whom is due the idea of this enterprise and its development, is preëminently a religious man. Faith shines in his face and illumines his eyes. But here is absolute separation of Church and State. The courthouse bell

rings for a chance sermon. There is a Sunday-school. Decorous groups attend, girls in a fresh ribbon, boys girt about the neck. But citizens are strolling over the grounds, lying on the sunny slopes, spending the day as they are so minded with book or company. There is some religious activity. The Sunday-school supports a missionary, who is waitress and member of the lower House as well. There is a Junior Endeavor Club, in which such a

number of nationalities may be counted cross-legged on tables and the floor that it might seem like a little corner of the millennium; but this is rather due to the cohesive power of song, even though it be that of Gospel hymns.

During the summer the only schools are industrial, and are regarded rather as trades for which wages are paid. The organization of the Republic, however, is kept up through the winter. Thirty-five boys, as many as the buildings would accommodate, were selected to remain. These go to school. Freeville declined their company. Thus the school of the Republic was instituted with educational fea-



Borrowing Money and Making Out a Note.

tures of its own. The essential difference is that school here is a business. There are workmen, inspectors, and teachers. These are paid according to their services. All are pupils. The teachers are the older boys under Mr. George's guidance. The workmen are the younger boys, and the inspectors are from the middle grade. These are not mere terms. In arithmetic, for example, the workman contracts to build a sewer, dig a ditch, or lay stone according to certain specifications. These tasks involve those arithmetical principles that he is ready to encounter. The inspectors look over the work to see if it is properly done. If the workman needs assistance, he can hire the inspector, who in this way earns his living. One result is that the idle boy, when required to do work for John Smith of Elmira, in a hurry to get his foundations built, or eggs packed for the winter market, will keep

at it, big with responsibility, until the work is done.

But perhaps no better idea of the workings of the Junior Republic in the full exercise of its functions can be gained than from the "Financial Budget" which is weekly posted at the post-office door, and of which the following is an example:



Sewing for the Government.

Income.		Expenses.	
Hotel Ithaca.....	\$22 25	Garbage.....	\$17 75
" Dryden.....	20 25	Closets.....	16 00
" Elmira.....	14 50	Lamps.....	4 50
" Waldorf.....	40 00	Police.....	75 00
Delmonico's.....	165 00	Senate.....	22 50
Sherry's.....	50 00	House.....	43 50
Cortland.....	50 00	Post-office.....	6 30
Fines.....	70 17	Prison.....	16 00
Passes.....	20 00	Watchman.....	14 00
Office Rent.....	3 00	Tool Clerk.....	5 50
Post-office.....	2 60	Library.....	5 50
Tariff.....	7 59	Dues.....	10 00
Surplus.....	308 50	Judgments.....	230 00
Taxes.....	43 50	Armors.....	8 70
		Grounds.....	100 00
		Future Projects.....	30 00
	\$817 36		\$589 25

These details are soberly inspected by the citizens going to and fro from post-office and bank, to see what are the rates of concession for hotels and restaurants, and the amount of surplus in view of future taxation.

The Republic is the result of the dissatisfaction of a young New Yorker, Mr. William George, with philanthropic methods. These tend to lose the individual in the system, when the need is for good citizens and free men. The fact of citizenship never had firmer hold on the mind of man than it has in the hatless, shoeless boy with his hands in his pockets, walking

over the slopes of this little domain. It is seen in the personal relations of the President of the Junior Republic and its citizens, whose frankness of intercourse and mutual respect would confound those hierarchies that call for superintendents and matrons.

Mr. George's most capable chief-of-staff is his mother. Most familiarly she is known as "Mother George," a title which dispenses with explanation. Yet as member of the Board of Health she may be called by an indignant citizen to defend her acts before the courts, and after justice is appeased, go forth as ever-beneficent, untiring Mother George.

The George Junior Republic was last year but in its second summer. The greater number of its two hundred inhabitants were new. They had come pledged for seventy days—a pledge they were required to keep. There have been deserters, two of whom were recaptured at a neighboring town by the police of the Republic, and subsequently became honorable citizens. The inhabitants are chosen from the least fortunate, and the worst surroundings. No boy is too bad for admittance. One of the most hapless of these children is a boy under twelve who has committed arson five times and bears the marks of the congenital offender. But heredity does not appear to be considered here. The boy has a guardian appointed by the government in an older boy who is responsible for him. Thus far the responsibility has worked admirably for both. No one would contend that the two brief years of the Junior Republic has yet demonstrated more than that it is an interesting experiment, fortified by such instances as this—a boy is a consistent law-breaker, and after some forty arrests and punishments, sagely concludes that law-breaking does not pay. He goes to work, and before the season closes has laid up forty dollars, which, redeemed in potatoes, is sufficient to keep his family at home all winter.

THE GRINDSTONE QUESTION.

BY ROBERT BARR,

Author of "The Face and the Mask," "In the Midst of Alarms," etc.

OLD Monro's general store was supposed to contain everything that a human being might require. The shelves on the right-hand side as you entered were filled with all kinds of groceries, canned goods, spices, and so forth, not to mention glass jars containing brilliantly colored candies, the envy of all the children in the place, which made the boys resolve that when they grew up they would be grocers: an aspiration augmented by bags of hazel nuts and boxes of raisins placed just beyond the reach of a long arm. On the counter at this side stood a big pair of scales by means of which the various commodities were weighed. What rested under the counter nobody exactly knew; it was an unknown land, into which the grocer or his assistant dived, bringing to light sugar, coffee, tea, or almost anything that was called for, with something of the mystery that surrounds a conjurer when he develops an unexpected omelette from a silk hat.

On the public side of the counter were ranged barrels of nails, for the most part, which served as seats for lazy customers or loiterers about the store, while at the same time the contents of the barrels did not offer the temptation to purloiners that soda crackers or nuts might have done. On the left-hand side of the store were bolts of cloth for men and women, chiefly for the latter; and instead of scales being on that counter, there were brass-headed nails driven on the inside edge of it, that measured a yard, half a yard, quarter of a yard, and so forth, enabling the deft assistant to run off speedily the length required, snip it at the exact spot with the little scissors from his vest pocket, and then, with an ear-satisfying rip, tear the cloth across.

Sam, the assistant, was easily the leading man of the place, for he understood the mysteries of bookkeeping and he arrayed himself with the gorgeousness which no young man of the neighborhood could hope to emulate, as Sam had the resources of this emporium at his command, getting neckties and other necessities at wholesale prices.

Old Monro himself was rather a tough-looking, gnarled individual, who paid little attention to dress, as often as not serving his customers in his shirt-sleeves, and was thus thought by the youth of the village to underestimate his privileges, although the lumbermen rather envied him his run of the tobacco-box, where the black plugs lay tightly wedged together and had to be dislodged by a blunt chisel. Old Monro chewed tobacco continually, and all he had to do when one plug was exhausted was to go to the box and take out another: surely a most entrancing prerogative.

The young man who now stood before the counter in the public part of the store seemed somewhat incongruous in such a place. He was dressed neatly, and in what was referred to with some contempt as "city style," which dwellers in the country naturally despised. His carefully-tied scarf, instead of being like Joseph's coat, of many colors, and those all flaming, was of one quiet hue; and the disdain with which Sam contemplated him was tinged uneasily by the feeling that perhaps, after all, this was the correct thing, although it made such little show.

Old Monro's thoughts, however, were not on dress. Nevertheless, he regarded the young man before him with a look in which pity was the predominant element. Monro was not now acting in his capacity of store-keeper, but in his rôle of school trustee, one of three, and the chief one, who had the management of the educational interests of Pineville. Russell Copford, who had applied for the position of teacher in the Pineville school, had some expectation that his scholastic attainments were to be critically looked into, but this was not the case.

"Do you think you can lick the big boys?" asked old Monro. "They're a tough lot; ain't they, Sam?"

"You bet!" replied Sam.

"I'm not a believer in corporal punishment," said young Copford, "and I hope to be able to manage the school without it."

"Don't believe in licking?" cried old

Monro, with evident doubt of the applicant's fitness for the post. "What do you think of that, Sam?"

"Don't think much of it," said Sam.

"No more do I," replied Monro. "I don't see how you can run a school without the gad."

"Well," said the young man reflectively, with the air of one who has an open mind on all subjects, "I hope to interest the pupils so much in what I have to teach them, that punishment will not be necessary; but if it *is* necessary I shall not hesitate to employ it."

The old man laughed, with an inward chuckle of enjoyment rather than any outward demonstration of merriment.

"Let's see, Sam," he said; "is it three teachers they've run out of this section?"

"Four, I think," said Sam.

"Well, it's either three or four. Yes, I guess it *was* four. My boy licked three of them, I think, and Waterman's boy he knocked out the other. Billy Waterman and our Tom they're pretty hard seeds; aren't they, Sam?"

"They're a tough lot," said Sam impartially.

"Yes," continued the old man, his mind apparently running back over the past and bringing strict impartiality to bear on his retrospect, "we've had a good deal of trouble with our teachers. The fact is, we don't hardly know what to do with the school; do we, Sam?"

"No, we don't," said Sam.

"Our boys don't seem to take to learning, and when the teacher puts on any airs with them, they up and lick him. One of the teachers brought an action for assault and battery. Let's see," continued Monro, meditatively, "was it against Billy Waterman, or against our Tom?"

"It was against Tom," said Sam.

"I expect it was. Anyhow, the magistrate said that if the teacher didn't know how to run the school, he wasn't there to learn him, and so he dismissed the case. That's why I want to warn you, for it ain't no picnic to run our school; is it, Sam?"

"No, it ain't," agreed Sam.

"Why, some years ago we tried, as a sort of experiment, how a woman teacher would do. She was a mighty pretty, nice little girl; wasn't she, Sam?"

"Yes, she was," replied Sam, fervently, adjusting his rainbow necktie.

"Well, I guess she'd 'a' got on all right if she hadn't been so mighty particular. She was going to correct Billy Waterman for drawing pictures on his slate instead of

ciphering, and Billy he just up and took her in his arms and kissed her, and then the girl she sat down at her desk and cried fit to kill, and resigned the school. I told old Waterman Billy oughtn't to have done it, and he allowed it wasn't just right, but he ain't got much control over Billy, no more'n I have over Tom; have I, Sam?"

"Tom *does* run a little wild," admitted Sam.

"I don't mind your having the situation, Mr. Copford," said old Monro, impartially, "but if the boys turn round and thrash you, don't come whining here to me, because, you see, I've warned you; haven't I, Sam?"

"You have," said Sam.

"That is all right," replied Copford, with a twinkle in his eye. "But on the other hand, Mr. Monro, if they bring Tom home some day on a shutter, don't blame me."

The old man threw back his head and laughed.

"Well, youngster," he said, "you've got some spunk, although you don't look it. That's the way I like to hear a fellow talk, but you ain't seen our Tom yet; has he, Sam?"

"No," replied Sam, emphatically, "he hasn't."

And so, with little formality, it was arranged that Russell Copford should teach the public school at Pineville.

The young man turned away from the general store and walked up the sawdust street of the village with anything but a light heart. For one who had had an education in a great university and who had spent a year in Paris studying art, it was indeed an appalling thing to be condemned for an unknown length of time to teach a backwoods school in America. Sudden financial disaster had overwhelmed his father and brothers, who were in business, but who, nevertheless, looked into the future with confidence and hoped to retrieve their former position. But meanwhile Russell had to do the best he could for himself, and hope for better times; and when a young man in America does not know what to do, he plays trumps and tackles school teaching—that stepping-stone for lawyers, clergymen, and professional men of all sorts, and even presidents.

The town was built of pine, it smelt of pine, it lived on pine, and the resinous, healthful odor of pine pervaded every corner of it. The droning roar of the cir-

cular saws eating their way through pine logs filled the air, accentuated by the shriller scream of the glittering buzz-saws revolving with such incredible swiftness as they edged the boards that they seemed to stand still, and were, as the proverb says, not healthy to "monkey" with.

The population of Pineville were all connected either directly or indirectly with the lumber industry, and the children whom Copford was supposed to teach could hardly be expected to have the manners of Vere de Vere. It was also quite evident that the chief man interested in the progress of the school regarded the assaulting of a teacher by one of the big boys as rather a joke than otherwise.

Young Copford set his teeth rather firmly as he walked up the sawdust street of the place. *Monro* had given him the keys of the schoolhouse—a large key for the outer door and a smaller one for the schoolmaster's desk, tied together by a string—and with these jingling in his pocket, he sought the temple of learning.

The schoolhouse stood alone, some distance outside of the village, and was a rough, unpainted structure, with a well-trodden playground surrounding it, and not a plant, tree, or any living green thing anywhere near it. On entering, Copford found a large room with a platform at one end, on which stood a desk. There was a blackboard along the wall behind the desk, while some very tattered colored maps hung at the farther end of the room. The school furniture was of the rudest possible kind, evidently built by the carpenter who had erected the schoolhouse. A broad desk of plank ran round three walls, on benches before which the elder children undoubtedly sat. In the center of the room were movable benches, without desks in front of them, which seemed to indicate that the greater portion of the pupils were still studying the useful, but not particularly advanced, alphabet.

On Monday morning the school began at nine, and about a quarter before that hour Copford appeared, and saw for the first time the thirty or forty boys and girls, of all ages and sizes, whom he was to instruct. He had little difficulty, even before he asked the pupils their names, in distinguishing *Tom Monro* and *Billy Waterman*; they were the two biggest boys in the school, and *Monro* had the shrewd, humorous look of his father, with the added air of truculence which comes to a boy who is the acknowledged boss of

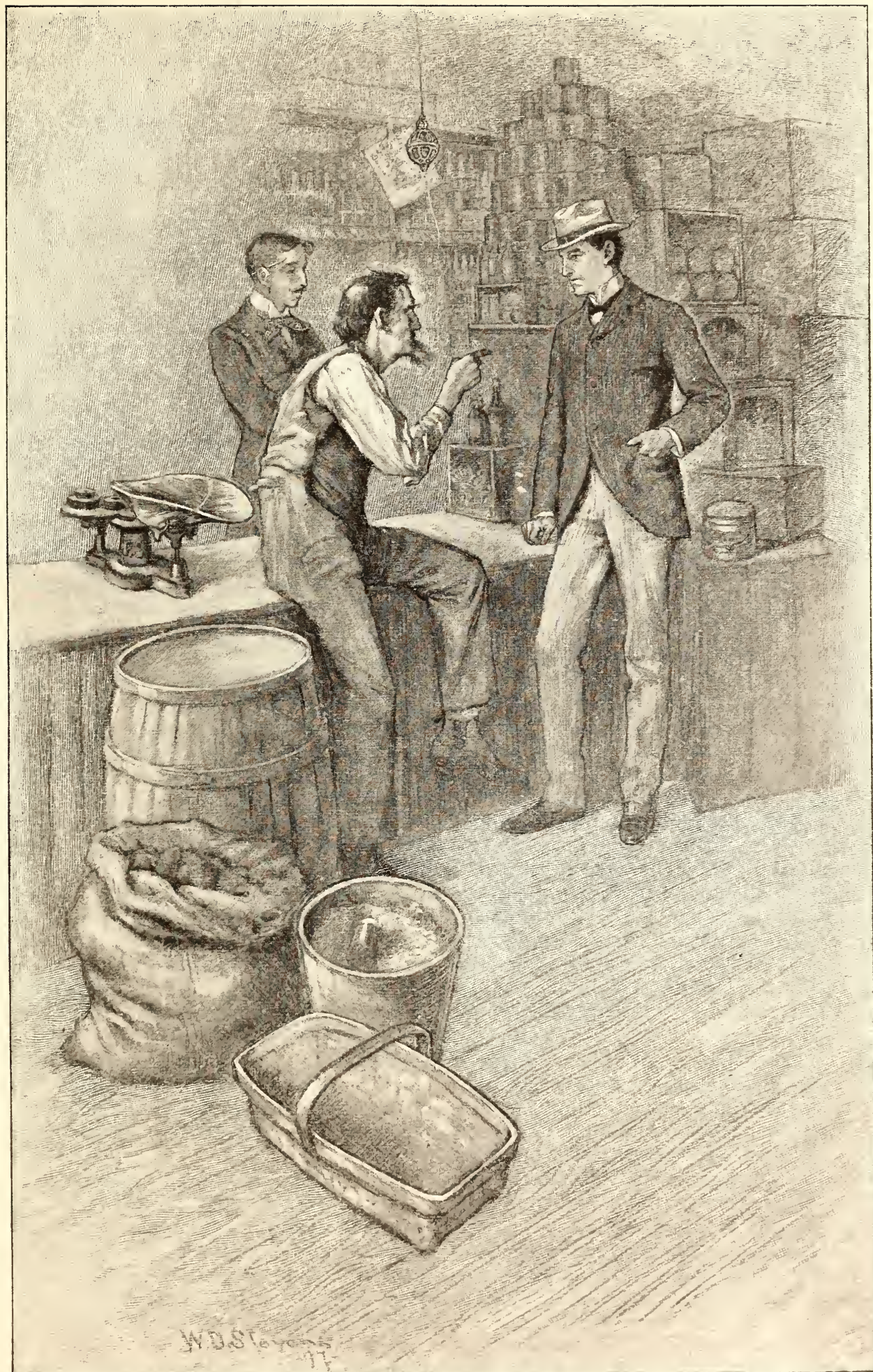
the school, not to speak of the unusual record of having thrashed three teachers. His closely cropped, bullet head showed him to be a combative, stubborn person who would not be easy to coerce or persuade. On the other hand, *Billy Waterman* was a surprise. As Copford looked at him, he could hardly credit the fact that he also had a teacher's scalp at his belt, although he could quite readily believe he had picked up a schoolmistress and kissed her.

Billy was a dreamy-eyed, poetic-looking young fellow, robust enough, but not at all one who might be finally placed in the category of hopelessly bad boys. There was no question, however, but *Tom Monro* would prove a match, if it came to fisticuffs, for nearly any teacher in the State.

Copford was amazed to see among his pupils nearly half a dozen girls who would have been classed as young ladies anywhere else. One in particular was exceedingly pretty, and she modestly told him, when he asked, that her name was *Priscilla Willard*. Copford was quick to see that he was going to have little trouble so far as the girls were concerned, for before the day was over it was quite palpable that they all liked him; but he had his doubts whether this preference would make his way smoother with the boys, especially with those whom he might, without exaggeration, have termed young men.

The first week passed with nothing particular to distinguish its progress, and Copford found his elder pupils further advanced than he expected, especially in arithmetic, which the parents thought a more practical branch of education than such comparatively ornamental departments as geography and grammar. Copford also, to his amazement, realized that he liked his new profession. Children generally are filled with such eager curiosity that it is a man's own fault if he fails to interest them; and Copford's methods were a continual surprise to his pupils. He actually laughed if a boy, expecting a thrashing, made a joke at his expense; and then he told them stories to which they listened with wide-open eyes. For the first time in their lives geography became a living thing to them, for the wonderful young man before them had actually visited many of the places which were to them but names on the map, and he often gave them thrilling accounts of adventures he had had in this foreign city or the other.

The teacher was quite palpably on the



"I DON'T MIND YOUR HAVING THE SITUATION. . . BUT IF THE BOYS TURN ROUND AND THRASH YOU, DON'T COME WHINING HERE TO ME."

road to immense popularity, for when children do like a teacher they adore him; there is no half-way ground with the young. But Monro and Waterman held sulkily aloof; they apparently were not going to make friends with a man they would shortly be compelled to thrash.

The gauntlet was first flung down by Billy Waterman. One day in the second week, Copford had returned to school after having had dinner, and seated himself at his desk. The stillness that reigned was unnatural and oppressive. He saw something was wrong, but could not tell what it was. The fair head of Priscilla was bent over her desk, but there was an expression of intense indignation on her brow. Waterman and Monro were exhibiting an industry over their slates that was more than usually ominous. One of the very small boys in the front A-B-C row giggled in a sudden manner that indicated previous suppression of his feelings, and then tried to choke off his ill-timed merriment by burying his mouth in his hands, a look of intense fear coming into his eyes.

"Well, Peter," said Copford, genially, "what is the fun about? I don't think you should keep it to yourself, if the joke is as good as all that."

"It's on the blackboard, master," said the frightened boy, in a hysterical gurgle between a laugh and a cry.

Copford turned his head and saw on the blackboard an exceedingly clever caricature of himself, drawn in white chalk. The exaggerated likeness was obvious, and the malicious intent equally so. The master rose to his feet, turned his back upon the school, and gazed for a few moments on the caricature, while an intense quiet reigned in the room. Finally he turned and said:

"Who drew that picture?"

There was no reply. Billy Waterman, turning a trifle pale about the lips, bent his head over his slate. No pupil gave the slightest indication of the culprit, but Tom Monro looked directly at the master with an expression that said, "Now we'll see how much grit he's got."

"Well, Master Waterman," said Copford, easily, "if I had drawn a picture as clever as that, I shouldn't be ashamed to own it."

"Who said I drew it?" muttered Billy, truculently, not going to be caught by such chaff as that.

"Who says it? I say it."

"Oh, do you?" remarked Billy, menac-

ingly. "Well, what else have you got to say about it?"

"I'm not going to say," replied the master. "I'm going to do."

"Well, what are you going to do?" cried Billy, throwing one leg over the bench on which he sat, and turning from the wall, so that he might be ready for either attack or defence.

Priscilla looked up in alarm, her face pale, gazing beseechingly at the master, as if to warn him of his danger.

"What am I going to do?" said the teacher. "Now if you will all pay attention for a moment, I'll show you. You see this picture; it is a very good caricature of myself, but just watch me add a few lines to it."

Copford took up the white finger of the chalk crayon, and gave a touch to the blackboard, near the eye of the figure, then drew a swift line or two about the mouth, a dab here and a dab there, and stood back quickly, so that all might see the result of his work. An instantaneous roar broke out from the school—a roar of laughter. The result on the board was the dead image of the master, with a comicality added to his expression that was simply irresistible. Billy Waterman gazed with dropped jaw and incredulous, wide-open eyes at the picture.

"Well, I swan!" he cried, unconscious that he was speaking.

The master turned again to the blackboard, and after a few strokes, very rapidly accomplished, stood back again, and exhibited to their wondering eyes a picture of Billy himself as he gazed with open mouth at the result. And now the children applauded as if they were at a theatre. No such expertness had they ever seen even at the most interesting show which had heretofore visited the town. Copford picked up the woolly brush used for cleaning the blackboard, and was about to obliterate the result of his labors, when Billy Waterman arrested his hand by crying out, entreatingly:

"Oh, master, don't blot it out."

"Very well," said the teacher. "We will let it stay there for the remainder of the afternoon; but I hope none of the trustees will come in and see what we have been doing. I think, however, we will shorten up one or two of the classes, and thus get time for me to teach you a little about drawing. It is a most interesting study, and I believe I can give you some hints that will be useful."

Russell Copford knew from that hour

onward Billy Waterman was his slave. The young fellow's dreamy eyes followed him wherever he went, quite undisturbed by the sneers of Tom Monro, who had no sympathy with such foolishness.

The teacher had all the pupils with him now, bar one. Tom Monro was not clever in any line, except in the single subject of arithmetic; and although Copford frequently praised the celerity with which the lad solved difficult problems, yet the intended flattery made no impression upon Tom's hard, bullet head. There came into the young man's eyes, on these occasions, a lowering look, which said as plainly as words, "You can't soft solder me."

One evening, after school had been dismissed, Copford sat at his desk, writing in the head-lines of the copy-books, for this was before the days of Spencerian copper-plate head-lines, and it was the teacher's duty to inscribe carefully at the top of the page such innocent expressions as: "Many men of many minds, many birds of many kinds," which gave the pupil working on the letter *M* a sufficient quantity down the page of both capital and small script *M*'s to inure his hand to its intricacies. Tom Monro had been more than usually sullen that day, and although it was evident the cloud would soon break, yet impending disaster did not trouble the mind of the teacher. There arose, instead, between his eye and the page, the fair comely head of Priscilla, and he wondered to find such a flower of sweetness and light in a rough mill town. He took up her copy-book and looked long at the pretty, accurate, round hand, the letters of which were formed even better than he could write them himself. Then he did something that was exceedingly unlike what we might expect from a grave pedagogue, and which would have amazed his pupils had they sat in that empty room. He raised the copy-book to his lips for one brief moment, and, as he did so, was startled by a timid knock at the inside door.

"Come in," he cried, the color mounting to his cheeks.

The door opened, as one might say, timorously, and there he saw Priscilla herself standing before him, her smooth cheeks flushed like a lovely sunset, as if she had been running, her hand trembling as she held the knob of the door.

"Oh, master," she cried, breathlessly, "please do not give us the grindstone question to-morrow!"

"The grindstone question?" repeated Copford with rising inflection, not under-

standing what she meant, then adding with softened voice: "Come in, Priscilla."

But the girl still stood on the doorstep, which communicated with the outside closed porch that shielded her from view had any one been passing, a most unlikely event, for the schoolhouse stood in a lonely situation.

"Four men, A, B, C, D," said the girl, hurriedly, "bought a grindstone four feet in diameter, and each agreed to grind off his share. How many inches should A, B, C, and D grind off respectively?"

"What an idiotic way of buying a grindstone!" said Copford, laughing and advancing towards her, but the girl shrunk against the door. The young man seeing her timidity, stopped in his approach, and added, a shade of tenderness unconsciously mellowing his voice:

"Won't you come in, Priscilla? I have never tried the grindstone question, but I think I can manage it. I will work it out on the blackboard here. If you sit down I will explain it as I go along."

"Oh, it isn't that!" cried Priscilla, with an anxious note in her voice. "I can do the question as it is done in the book, although I am afraid I don't understand it very well; but what I wanted to tell you is, that Tom Monro does it in another way and gets the correct answer. He is very stubborn, and refuses to do it in the way the book says it should be done. Then there is trouble—and—and—"

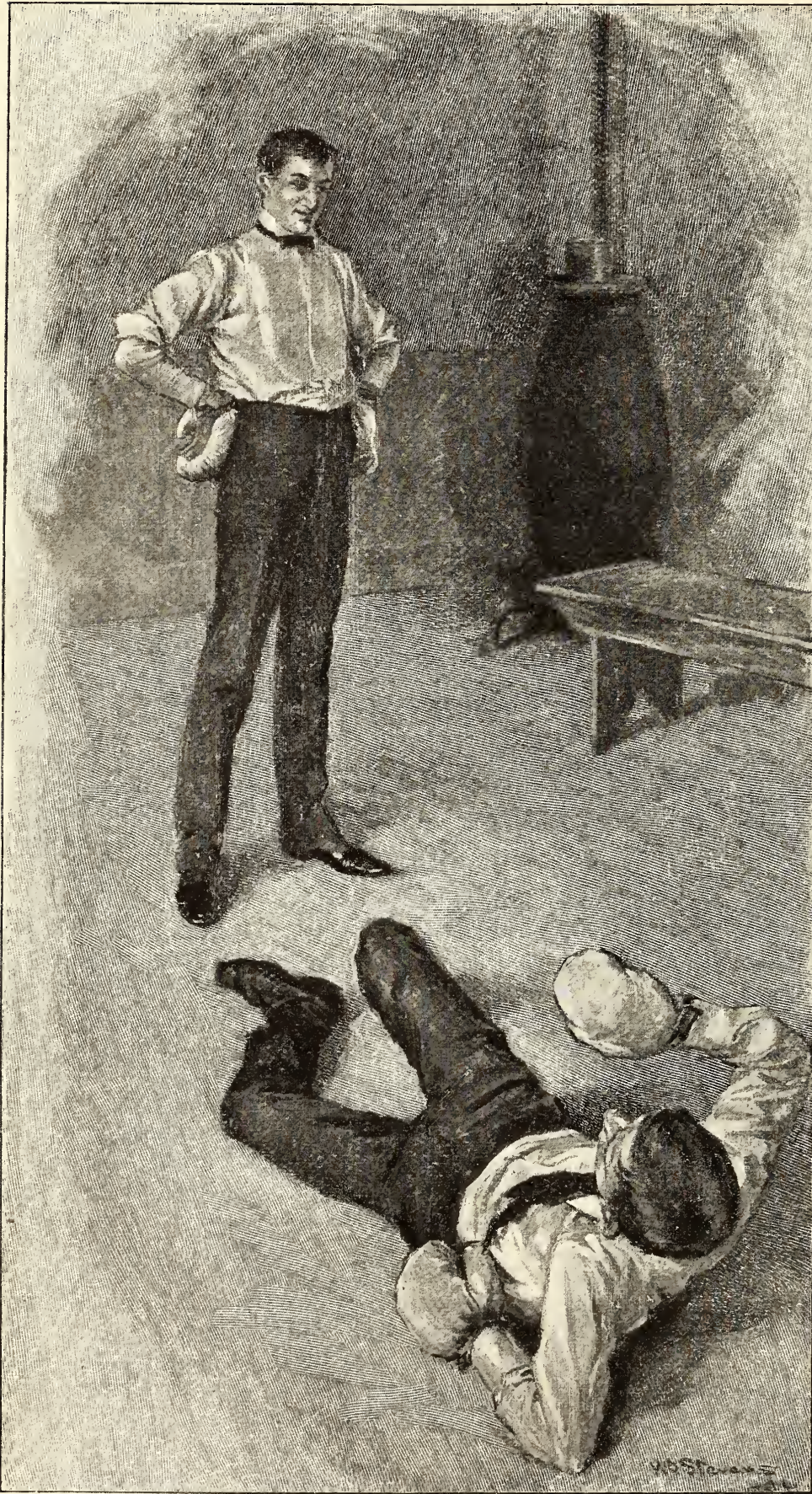
"And Tom thrashes the teacher?" supplemented Copford, inquiringly.

"Yes, sir," replied Priscilla, blushing deeply, her eyes on the floor. "The smaller children are frightened, and they cry, and we all sit here helpless. It makes me feel how uncivilized we are, and if it ever happens again, I shall never return to school."

"Ah, Priscilla, that would be cruel; I should not care to teach if you were not here. If the good pupils desert," he added quickly, seeing the look of alarm that came into her face, with a movement indicative of retreat, "and leave the teacher alone with the bad, then are the innocent punished, while the guilty are triumphant. So you want me to avoid the grindstone question to-morrow?"

"Yes, please."

"It seems to me rather shirking my responsibilities, but I'll tell you what I will do; I'll let it stand over until day after to-morrow, and perhaps in the meantime I can devise some method of avoiding a public conflict. By the way, did any of



"'WELL, TOMMY, MY BOY,' SAID THE TEACHER, 'WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE GLOVES?'"

the former teachers show Tom Monro where he was wrong in his solution?"

"They knew he was wrong, because he refused to do it the way it was done in the arithmetic."

"Oh, I think that was entirely to his

credit," said the schoolmaster, frankly; "always supposing that his solution is not an arbitrary one and can be explained step by step."

Copford went to his desk and picked up a volume which treated of arithmetic, running the pages past his thumb and examining the book here and there. Without looking up, he said quietly:

"I can't find the grindstone question; where is it?"

"I'll show you," replied the girl, innocently, advancing and taking the book from his hand.

"There it is," she added, pointing out the knotty problem.

The schoolmaster looked at it critically. Underneath the question itself, on the same page, was the solving of it in plain figures; the compiler of the book evidently thinking that his grindstone question might perhaps baffle the teachers themselves, which indeed was the case, for most of them clung to that solution as an inebriate man clings to a lamp-post, afraid to move away from it.

The schoolmaster apparently examined the unraveling of the problem with knitted brow.

"Well," he said at last, closing the

book, "I will spend a little time with this question privately, and see if there is any other method of solving it. When you entered, Priscilla, I was just examining your copy-book. Here it is, you see, open on my desk, and I have come to the con-

clusion that you write much better than I do myself, so it seems rather useless for me to set you any more head-lines. I could not help thinking what silly mottoes and adages the pupils are made to transcribe. Just notice the inanity of the page you have been doing. 'Many men of many minds, many birds of many kinds.' Could anything be more futile! Now, as the next page begins with *N*, I have picked out a line for you, and I am going to ask you to write it yourself."

The girl laughed, and sat in his chair, taking his pen in her hand and placing the copy-book before her. Copford turned the pages of a small volume which lay open on his desk, and read the line:

"'Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others.'"

"That is a beautiful line," she said, as she finished writing it.

"Yes," he answered, "and it looks more beautiful now that your pen has traced it. Do you know to whom it refers?"

"No, I never heard it before," she said, gently shaking her head.

"Then listen to the lines that go with it:

"'Truly, Priscilla,' he said, 'when I see you spinning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed or visibly changed in a moment;
No longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner.'"

"Which I will amend by calling you Priscilla the beautiful writer."

"It is Longfellow, is it not?" she asked. "There is a part of 'Evangeline' in our text-book, and it reads like that."

"Yes, this is one of Longfellow's poems, and the one I like most of all. I wish you would let me give you this book for you to keep in remembrance of the time you warned me. Here, I shall write on the fly-leaf:

"'Priscilla, thoughtful of others.'"

"Oh, I must go," she cried, a tumult rising in her heart, but she took the book and hurriedly thanked him.

He held her hand for a moment, his whole impulse being to draw her toward him and treat her as he had treated her copy-book, but he had mercy on her diffident modesty and restrained his impulse, hoping selfishly that a future reward would wait on his self-restraint, which it undoubtedly did; but with that we have nothing to do, for this story does not extend to the courtship and marriage of

Russell Copford and Priscilla Willard; it deals with war, and not with love.

Next day Copford announced in the school that he would postpone the arithmetic class until the morrow, and would give them a lesson in drawing instead. This proclamation did not appear to gratify Tom Monro, although it filled the rest of the school with delight. Tom had prepared himself for the sequel to the inevitable grindstone question, and he did not care to have the contest postponed; so he sat sullenly in his place, paying no attention to the brilliant art display which the teacher exhibited on the blackboard by means of various colored chalk crayons.

When school was dismissed at four o'clock, Copford said to Tom Monro: "I want you to wait until the others have gone."

"What for?" asked Tom, gruffly.

"I have something to show you," replied the master.

"I don't know that I care about seeing it," said Tom, rudely. "I get enough schoolmastering from nine till four. I've got other things to do after school's out. If you think I'm interested in drawing, you're mistaken."

"I can see that you are not interested in drawing," said Copford, mildly, "and I am not going to speak to you about it; so you need have no fears on that score. The fact is, Tom, I want you to do me a favor. I haven't had any exercise since I came to this place, and I want to limber up a little, if I may put it that way. There, now, the last lingerer has gone, and we are alone."

Copford opened his desk and drew from the inside two pairs of boxing-gloves, which, closing the desk, he placed upon the lid.

"Have you ever seen wearing apparel of that nature before?" he inquired.

"No," said Tom, interested in spite of himself. "What are they for?"

"They are boxing-gloves. I am very fond of boxing, and used to be rather good at it, so it struck me you might oblige me by giving me the chance of a little exercise. I should say from your build that you ought to make a fair fighter, if you know how to use your strength."

Tom's eyes lit up with the flame of lust of combat.

"Nobody that ever stood up to me ever had any complaint to make that I didn't know how to fight," he said. "But I fight with my fists; I don't see the use of them things."

"These," said the master, "are very useful for deadening a blow, and yet you can give pretty good hard licks with them."

"I fight with my fists," persisted Tom, "and I don't care to have them swathed in pillows, no matter what the other fellow might think."

"Well," said Copford, genially, "you can't expect me to go round town with a black eye and a swollen nose, can you? And yet I have known such gloves to close up a man's eye. Here, help me to place these benches out of the way."

Tom went to work with a will, and in a few minutes the whole central portion of the schoolroom was clear.

"Now I'll tie on the gloves for you," said Copford, which he did, afterwards putting on his own.

Tom swung round his arms, with the unaccustomed pillows, as he called them, at the ends of them.

"I don't like these things a little bit," he said. "They seem to me clumsy. I don't see how anybody can do anything with them."

"I knew I should interest you," said the teacher. "That was why I asked you to wait. Now, smite me with one of them. But, I say, Tom, you mustn't stand like that, or you'll get knocked over before you know where you are. Put your foot forward as you see me doing."

"Look here, master," said Tom pugnaciously, "you stand as you like, and I'll do the same, and be very thankful if you can stand at all when I get through with you."

"All right," replied the teacher, "but remember I have warned you. Now hit out, and let us see what you can do."

Tom lunged forward and had his blow parried. Again and again he tried to strike the young man, who seemed to stand so carelessly before him, yet whose arm was ever ready to nullify the most powerful blow he had to offer. The harder Tom worked the angrier he got. Thinking he was impeded by the hand-gear, he denounced the gloves.

"These are no good," he roared. "Even if I could hit you, it wouldn't amount to anything. You take the gloves off, and I'll show you what we're here for."

Hitherto Copford had merely stood on the defensive, but now that the gloves were maligned he shouted out to his opponent:

"Look out for yourself; I'll show you

whether they are so innocent as you seem to think."

Tom rushed in where angels would have had good reason to fear to tread, and received an unexpected shoulder blow straight in the face that staggered him. Whereupon he roared once more and came in again; but this time the teacher, with a swinging movement, hit him such a stinging blow on the ear that sent Tom over and down in a heap on the floor.

"Get up!" cried Copford with ringing voice. "Why, bless me, I'm ashamed of you! I never saw anybody so useless with his fists as you are. It reminds me of fighting a cow."

Tom sprang to his feet, his face ablaze with rage at the insult, and rushed at his antagonist with the impetuosity of a mad bull, receiving a blow in the jaw that would undoubtedly have floored him, if, as he went over, he had not encountered a left-hander on the other ear, that restored his equilibrium.

"That's Christian," shouted the master, who was getting tolerably excited. "When you are smitten on one cheek, you turn the other. Of all helpless infants, I never saw the like of you."

Tom put down his head like a belligerent ram, and drove blindly at his adversary, receiving a body blow in the breast that not only straightened him up, but took every atom of breath from him; and then came swift oblivion, for there descended full in his face the most appalling impact ever experienced outside the prize-ring, and Tom's heels went up, and the back of his head came down like a sledgehammer on the floor, where he lay.

When Tom opened his eyes, he saw standing above him the master, with a cynical smile on his lips, his gloved hands resting on his hips. It seemed to Tom that he spoke in a far-off voice, for his head was spinning, and he felt a strange weakness and unwonted timidity creeping over him. He had a dazed idea that he had been fighting a thunder-storm and had got struck by lightning.

"Well, Tommy, my boy," said the teacher, "what's the matter with the gloves?"

"They're all right, I suppose," replied Tom, weakly.

He raised himself slowly to his elbow, then put his hand to his head, and finding the glove still on, looked at that as if he had not seen it before.

"Now," said the master, genially, when Tom had once more attained his feet, feel-



"THE MASTER ROSE, AND PLACED HIS HAND ON TOM'S SHOULDER. 'BOYS AND GIRLS,' HE SAID TO THE CLASS, 'WE HAVE HERE A BORN MATHEMATICIAN.'"

ing very unsure of their stability, "if you are tired of the gloves, and want to take to the naked fists, I am ready to accommodate you. Your father said he wouldn't grumble if I sent you home on a shutter. So we will take off the gloves, if you don't mind, and see if you can do any better with bare fists."

"Well, master," said Tom, "I guess I know when I've had enough."

"Are you sure you *have* had enough, Master Monroe? I don't want any mistake

to creep in, and as your skull is pretty thick, I want to feel certain I have got an idea or two into it. If you will just stand up to me once more, and let me get an upper cut under your chin, I can promise you a sensation that will make you think your head has come off. Do you want to experience it?"

"No, thank you," said Tom, humbly.

"Very well, then. Now I am going to talk to you in a straight and friendly manner. This, although you may not think

it, is really an amicable meeting, because I didn't want to be compelled to hit you some day in school with my ungloved fist. I want to say to you that I think it is an ungentlemanly thing for a young man like you to fight or propose fighting in the presence of girls and little children. I therefore wanted you to have an entirely satisfactory measurement of your strength against my skill here alone this evening, and if you are not thoroughly convinced that you are a helpless infant as far as your fists are concerned, I shall be glad to renew the contest at once, either with or without gloves. But I warn you that if you try any of your capers with me in school, there will be but one blow struck, and you will get it. Furthermore, you will get it squarely in the face, and you won't be able to leave your bed for a month after. Ever since I came here you have been acting in high and mighty sulkiness, strutting round as if you were really a bully, whereas you are as soft as a feather bed. I am not going to stand it any longer. I am going to teach this school, and you are going to be a mighty civil pupil; do you understand that?"

"I think you are pretty hard on me, master," said Tom, nearly whimpering.

"I am not; but I want a fair and square understanding, and I want to have it now. I'll treat you in school with the greatest respect, and you must treat me in the same way. When I say, 'Thomas, I want you to stay after the rest are gone,' you are not to growl, 'What for?' You are to say, cheerfully, 'Yes, sir.'"

"I'll do it, master," said Tom. "You are a man, you are, and I never went to a man's school before."

"All right," said Copford, holding out his hand, and clasping that of his truculent pupil. "There is no more to be said, and I won't mention this little contest if you don't. So, now, good-night."

Next day the arithmetic class was called, and ranged itself along the front benches before the master's desk. Tom Monro was at the head of the class, for he was a good mathematician; and Priscilla, near the middle, looked with alarm when the master's sonorous voice rang out with the

words: "Four men, A, B, C, and D, bought a grindstone four feet in diameter. Each ground off his share. How many inches did A, B, C, and D grind respectively?"

For a few moments the silence was broken only by the scribbling of pencil on slate, and then one by one the slates were piled on the desk in front of the master. When all were in place except the two belonging to the inefficient couple at the foot of the class, who admitted their inability to do the grinding, even when their books showed them how it should be done, the master turned over the slates, and took up the first, which was that of Tom Monro. There was an anxious stillness in the room.

"Thomas," said the teacher, "you have not solved this problem as it is done in your text-book. Do you know how to do it as the text-book gives it?"

"Yes-sir."

"Then take the chalk and go to the blackboard and solve it as the text-book solves it."

Without a word Tom Monro went to the blackboard and worked out the problem. at it was done in the book.

"Now," said Copford, "show the class your own way of doing it; then take the pointer and explain, step by step, what you have done."

When this was accomplished, Tom stood patiently before the blackboard, awaiting the next order.

The master rose, and placed his hand on Tom's shoulder.

"Boys and girls," he said to the class, "we have here a born mathematician; and speaking for myself, I like Tom's solution better than the one given in the book. So, Thomas, we will here shake hands on the grindstone question, and tell your father, when you go home, that he has every reason to be proud of you; and, furthermore, that your teacher and the school are proud of you."

Big as he was, the tears came suddenly into Tom's eyes, which even the drubbing of the night before had not brought forth. He tried to speak, gulped, then taking his slate, walked silently to his place at the head of the class.



PROFESSOR DRUMMOND IN HIS STUDY.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND.

BY THE REV. D. M. ROSS.

THE STORY OF PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S LIFE.—HIS RARE CHARACTER, POPULARITY, AND INFLUENCE.—HIS WRITINGS AND THEIR WIDE EFFECT.—HIS POWER AS A PREACHER.—HIS PATIENCE UNDER SUFFERING.—HIS DEATH.

IN one of Canon Mozley's Oxford University sermons there is a beautiful Paragraph which some of us have instinctively associated with Henry Drummond. "I do not see why we should object to admit . . . that some persons are, even in point of character, if we may use the expression, favorites of heaven . . . I mean that some persons certainly exhibit, from the first dawn of their existence as moral agents, a spiritual type that is not

only a law written in their hearts, but an implanted goodness and beauty of character, which carries them instinctively to that good which others reach only by many struggles and perhaps many falls. Such have many of us seen—sometimes in humble life, faithful and devoted, loyal to man and full of melody in their hearts to God, their life one act of praise; sometimes in a higher sphere, living amid the pride of life, but wholly untouched by its spells:

free and unensnared souls, that had never been lighted up by the false lights and aspirations of human life, or been fascinated by the evil of the world, though sympathizing with all that is good in it, and enjoying it becomingly; who give us, so far as human character now can do, an insight into the realms of light, the light that comes from neither sun nor moon, but from Him who is the light everlasting!"

Such "a favorite of heaven" was Henry Drummond, from his boyhood full of brightness and frolic on to that sick-room at Tunbridge Wells, which was transformed by the beautiful spirit of the sufferer into a kind of temple. There was a unique charm alike in his personality and in his writing and speaking, and the secret of this charm is to be found, partly at least, in Canon Mozley's suggestion that it "does please the Almighty to endow some of His creatures from the first with extraordinary graces."

Henry Drummond was singularly fortunate in his home life, with its congenial environment of affection, culture, and robust evangelical religion. He was a school-boy to his finger-tips—fonder of extra-academical life than of Latin grammar and the dates of English history, an enthusiast in sports and holiday rambles, "an easy first" in puzzles, tricks, and conundrums, and a keen observer of "the wonders of nature." The school-boy's instincts indeed never died out of his heart, and no religious teacher of our day could win his way so quickly to a boy's confidence.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S UNIVERSITY LIFE.

He was but a lad of fifteen when he entered the University of Edinburgh in 1866. In his undergraduate course he gave no indication of achieving future distinction; nor indeed did his college contemporaries Robert Louis Stevenson and "Ian MacLaren." He did his class work conscientiously, but he was bitten with no enthusiasm for classical studies or philosophy. The only chair whose subject fascinated him was one outside the ordinary curriculum, the newly instituted chair of geology. Here he gained the class medal and formed a life-long friendship with the professor of geology, Sir Archibald Geikie. Outside the university class-rooms, the tall strippling, with his finely-cut features and athletic figure, was a *persona grata* in the social life of his fellow-students. His breezy sunniness, the kindliness of his fun

and humor, the sparkle of his quiet remarks, and his never-failing courtesy and evenness of temper made him a favorite in every company. He was less versed in Thucydides and Kant than some of his companions, but then he knew about interesting books—Ruskin's and George Eliot's and Mark Twain's. No student could have been more human, more social, more alive to the interestingness of the world he lived in; but there was in Henry Drummond, even in those early days, an ethereal element which added piquancy to his personality.

In view of what has been so often and so justly said of the magnetic impressiveness of his platform speaking, it is worth while recalling that in his undergraduate years he was a successful mesmerist. One of his fellow-students he had so completely under his power, that by touching a certain spot on his head with his finger, he could make him do or say anything he willed—sometimes with grotesque results in the students' debating societies. On one occasion, a mesmerized subject mistook what Drummond wished him to do with the poker, and only by the exercise of a ready wit did the mesmerist avert a dangerous blow. Occasionally he was induced to delight an evening party with a mesmerizing *séance*, but from a conviction of the possible harm that might be done to the persons mesmerized, he had renounced the exercise of his peculiar gift long before the close of his student days.

Drummond entered the New College—the Edinburgh Theological Hall of the New Church of Scotland—in 1870, along with Dr. James Stalker and the friend of his boyhood in Stirling, Dr. John Watson. During the first three years of his theological course he still gave no sign of his brilliant future. He was a winsome personality, beloved by all, and sought after by the brightest students for his ever-delightful companionship; but he was no intellectual leader in those days. Like "Ian MacLaren," he had a keen interest in the great English writers of the Victorian era, but he never threw himself with zest into theological study. His chief academic ambition, even in his theological course, was to obtain the degree of doctor of science in the university.

A TERM OF STUDY IN GERMANY.

During the summer of 1873 he spent a semester at the University of Tübingen, in the heart of the charming scenery of the

Swabian Alps. It was my privilege to live under the same roof with him for those three months, and to cement a friendship which for four-and-twenty years has been one of the choicest blessings of my life. As with Scotch students, so with German

burschen, Drummond, wherever he was known, was a universal favorite. He threw himself with his whole heart into the social life of the *burschen*, and was eagerly sought after by the German students for *kneipes*, for evening walks to the picturesque *wirthschaften* in the surrounding villages, and for holiday excursions to Lichtenstein, Hohenzollern, and the Schwarzwald. There were some dozen Scotch students in Tübingen that summer, and we all scored in the kindness accorded to us by the warm-hearted Teutons from our association with *Herr Drummond*. Not that Drummond impressed the German *theologs* with his intellectual power: he had a greater reputation as a consummate chess-player than as an expert in the New Testament criticism, for which Strauss, Baur, and Zeller had made Tübingen famous. It was his radiant personality that attracted the Germans, his perennial interestingness, the fascination of his manner, the charm of his character.

One of the chief features of the social life of the University of Tübingen, as of Heidelberg and other German universities, is the existence of different clubs, with their distinctive caps and sashes, their weekly reunions (*kneipe*) in a restaurant (*wirthschaft*), and their natural rivalries and jealousies. The chief gymnastic exercise of the German students is *fechten* (fencing with a long thin rapier), and the skill acquired in the gymnasium is turned to account in the settlement of quarrels between the clubs. Twenty-five years ago not a week passed without a rapier duel

(forbidden, at least nominally, by the university and police authorities) taking place between representatives of clubs or between individuals, in the woods behind a quiet village *wirthschaft*. These duels, which were attended with no serious danger to life, interested Drummond for the insight they

gave into the life and temperament of the *burschen*. Oftener than once his friends in the clubs let him into the secret of the time and place of a duel, and in after years his keen observation of the extraordinary skill of the combatants (or athletes, I should rather say) in attack and defense provided him with striking illustrations in addressing young men on their struggle with temptation.

His interest in the workings of human nature sometimes would show itself in forms original as droll. Three of us were walking along a quaint Tübingen street to the university lecture-room. "How easily," said one, "a crowd can be

gathered." "Yes," said Drummond, "just let us stop at this grating in the pavement and bend down with an intent look." In a minute or two a crowd was round us; we passed out of it; as it still gazed at the grating and still increased in size, Drummond looked back with an amused smile on his demonstration of the ease with which a crowd can be gathered.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND AND MR. MOODY.

During the New College session 1873-74, when Drummond was in his twenty-third year, came the turning-point in his career—the awakening of his intellectual life and the quickening of his spiritual enthusiasms. In the years when Drummond was at the university and the New College, there was a keen interest amongst the better students in the questions raised for debate between materialistic science and



PROFESSOR DRUMMOND IN 1875. AGE 24 YEARS.

From a photograph by Fergus, Greenock, Scotland.

spiritualistic philosophy and in the questions raised by the newer Biblical criticism. Drummond took no special interest in these discussions. Philosophy was simply a subject in the Arts curriculum which he had to "get up" for his degree. The theological atmosphere of the New College had been electrically charged by the influence of men like Professor Robertson Smith and Professor W. G. Elmslie, who had championed the newer views in the weekly meetings of the Theological Society; but Drummond stood aloof. He had little experience of religious doubt and struggle for faith; as far as outsiders could judge, he was content with the traditional evangelicalism of his church. Neither in the theological nor in the philosophical sphere had his intellectual awakening begun. Nor had he yet thrown himself with enthusiasm into any sphere of practical Christian activity. But from the session of 1873-74 he was another man—with the same fascinating personality, with his fascinating personality indeed indefinitely accentuated, but with a keenness of intellectual edge and with a contagious warmth of spiritual enthusiasm that excited the increasing wonder of his friends. The occasion—I will not say the cause, for Drummond himself would have been slow to admit as much—of this extraordinary renaissance in his life was the first visit of Mr. D. L. Moody to Scotland.

Mr. Moody's evangelistic meetings were held in the Free Assembly Hall, which forms part of the New College buildings. He produced a deep and widespread impression upon the spiritual life of Edinburgh. Drummond was fascinated by the personality of the American evangelist, and was fairly caught in the sweep of the movement of which Mr. Moody was the center. Along with several of the foremost students in the New College, he took part in addressing evangelistic meetings. His power of impressive speech, and his gift of dealing with individuals in the inquiry-room, attracted Mr. Moody's notice, and nothing would satisfy the evangelist but that Drummond should consent to accompany him in his evangelistic tour and be especially an evangelist to young men. Drummond was within a few months of completing his theological course; but he was hot in this new work. He gave up his classes, and spent the next two years in evangelistic work among young men in the chief cities of Scotland, England, and Ireland. From 1874 onward, evangelism was the master passion of his life.

Even in those early years Drummond

had his own message to deliver and his own way of delivering it. He had no quarrel with the traditional evangelicalism, but there were many points in traditional evangelicalism on which he simply laid no emphasis. He found the heart of Christianity in a personal friendship with Christ, and it was his ambition as an evangelist to introduce men to Christ. Friendship with Christ was the secret of a pure manhood and a beneficent life—the true strength for overcoming temptation and the true inspiration for manliness and goodness. It was a simple message; but, delivered with the thousand subtle influences radiating forth from his strong and rich personality, it evoked a wonderful response in the crowded meeting and in the quiet talk in the streets or in young men's lodgings. There was little dogmatic teaching in his message; it was not to a theological creed but to Christ he burned to get men introduced. He had little of the ecclesiastical instinct; what interested him was, not connection with an ecclesiastical organization, but that which constituted the heart of church fellowship and activity—a personal link with Christ. This was at the root of the extreme individualism of his earlier years. He had not learned, as he learned later, to appreciate the spiritual worth of organized social life, and he was quick to detect the weakness of churches and ecclesiastical methods. He was a man of one idea; the sphere of his vision was monopolized with the incomparable worth of the friendship of the individual with Christ. After all, a noble kind of individualism, and an individualism which goes far to explain his non-ecclesiastical temper and catholicity of spirit, and which goes far to explain also the success of his early evangelism.

DRUMMOND'S RARE INFLUENCE OVER MEN.

Mr. Drummond returned to Edinburgh in the autumn of 1876 to complete his theological course at the New College. His was already one of the best known names in the evangelistic world, but he bore himself with a modesty which was the constant admiration of his class fellows. Of the impression he produced upon his fellow-students in those months, it is difficult to speak without seeming to indulge in the language of exaggeration. To those of us who were privileged to enjoy his companionship in after-dinner walks in West Princes Street Gardens, or on quiet Sunday evenings in his rooms, the personal influence of Henry Drummond was a priceless

gift: he was so self-forgetting, so sympathetic, so brotherly, and there was about him such an atmosphere of the upper levels of life. "There are some men and women in whose company we are always at our best. While with them we cannot think mean thoughts or speak ungenerous words. Their mere presence is elevation, purification, sanctity. All the best stops in our nature are drawn out by their intercourse, and we find a music in our souls that was never there before." Such was Drummond himself in the closing months of his academic career.

Drummond knew, however, how to unbend from his strenuous seriousness. Nor could mere conventionalism deter him from giving outlet to his love of fun and adventure. After the close of their theological course, the members of the class met together in a hotel for a farewell supper. Alterations were going on in the hotel, and we were restrained in our mirth by the proximity of other guests in a part of the saloon

curtained off. At Drummond's suggestion we resolved to adjourn outside the city altogether, to the solitudes of Arthur's Seat, where we should be untrammelled. Singing snatches of students' songs and Sankey's hymns by turn, we reached the summit of Arthur's Seat in the midnight hours, where, with the stars looking down on us and on the sleeping city which had nurtured our friendships, we heartened each other by song and speech for the unknown future that was awaiting us beyond the college walls.

During the winter of 1876-77, Drummond gathered round him several of his friends in the New College, and organized a series of Sunday evening meetings for students and other young men in the Gaiety Theater, opposite the Edinburgh University. Out of those meetings there grew up "a certain brotherhood, faithful in criticism, loyal in affection, tender in trouble," known to ourselves as the Gaiety brotherhood. The ten members, drawn



Prof. Geo. Adam Smith. Dr. James Stalker. Prof. Drummond. Rev. D. M. Ross.
J. F. Ewing. Rev. Alex. Skene. Provost Swan. Rev. Frank Gordon. R. W. Barbour.
Rev. James Brown.

A GROUP OF MEMBERS OF THE GAIETY CLUB.

From a photograph loaned by the Rev. D. M. Ross.

from different academic years, were linked together by religious affinities and by the memories of college friendships, under the presidency of a dear old Scotchman, Provost Swan of Kirkcaldy, at whose country house—Springfield—the first gatherings of the brotherhood took place. For more than twenty years the brotherhood has met in some quiet retreat for a week each season—a week which has been a big element in the intellectual and spiritual life of its members. The names of some of the brotherhood are known in America—Dr. James Stalker, Dr. John Watson, and Dr. George Adam Smith. In this little circle of old college friends Henry Drummond had a unique place. His mere presence was a perpetual benediction. His courtesy and thoughtfulness for others were unfailing; his playful humor was like glints of sunshine; and in the years when his name had become a household word in English-speaking countries, his forgetfulness of self was a rebuke to every vain and selfishly ambitious temper.

Drummond was a good talker; but what was more striking than his talk was his capacity for listening. There was a genuine modesty in him which made it easy for him to assume the attitude of a learner, even toward those whose knowledge gave them less right to speak than himself. He stooped to learn where another would have exalted himself to teach. Often it would happen that a theological discussion would go on for an hour or two in which Drummond took no part. He would lie back in an easy-chair listening in perfect silence. Then at the end he would ask a quiet question, or make an epigrammatic remark, which was more luminous than all our talk. Drummond was fond of a quiet tête-à-tête carried on to the early morning hours. With that modesty which never failed him, he assumed that his friend had much to teach him, and sat at his feet as a learner. It was himself probably, with his questions, suggestions, and caveats, who was kindling the light, but he put it down to the other's credit. There was a kind of witchery in his personality which drew the intellectual as well as moral best out of a man.

In the autumn of 1877 he began his work as a lecturer on natural science in the Free Church Theological Hall of Glasgow. He was in the habit of winding up the college session by inviting his class to a week's excursion in Arran for field work in the subjects of class study—geology, botany, and zoölogy. "We wound up with four days' geologizing in Arran, and had a

glorious time. Eleven men mustered—the cream of the class, and we hammered the island almost to bits. Nothing left but the hotel and a ledge of rock to smoke on." Such days of companionship with this genial leader are a happy memory, even for those who cared little for the paleozoic, mesozoic and cainozoic periods.

During all the years he was lecturer on science his heart was in evangelism. "I want a quiet mission somewhere, entry immediate, and self-contained if possible. Do you know such a place?" He found this quiet mission in Possil Park, where Dr. Marcus Dod's congregation were fostering a new church in a suburb inhabited by artisans. It was here that "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" had its genesis, as he tells in the preface: "It has been my privilege for some years to address regularly two very different audiences on two very different themes. On week days I have lectured to a class of students on the natural sciences, and on Sundays to an audience for the most part of workingmen on subjects of a moral and religious character. . . . The two fountains of knowledge began to overflow, and finally their waters met and mingled."

As to the impression produced by his ministry upon the artisans of Possil Park, a little incident which came to my knowledge is a more eloquent testimony than any labored description. A woman whose husband was dying came to Mr. Drummond late on a Saturday evening, and asked him to come to the house. "My husband is deein', sir; he's no' able to speak to you, and he's no' able to hear you; but I would like him to hae a breath o' you aboot him afore he dees."

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND AS AN AUTHOR.

Another stage in Mr. Drummond's career was marked by the publication in 1883 of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." For a year or two before its publication the "message" of the book lay upon him like the "burden" of an Old Testament prophet which he must somehow get uttered. In his evangelistic teaching there were two dominant thoughts—the distinctiveness of the Christian life and the reality of conversion. It broke upon him that both of these thoughts were vouched for by science. It was natural that he should exclaim with the enthusiasm of one who had made a great discovery, *Eureka!* If truths which were uncongenial not only to the world of scientific culture,

but even to large numbers of professing Christians, should turn out to be countenanced by the laws of science itself, there was here the possibility of an unexpected reconciliation of science and religion, and religion, too, in a somewhat exaggerated Calvinistic form. Mr. Drummond appealed to the gulf which separates the inorganic kingdom from the organic, in proof of the wideness of the gulf which separates the merely ethical life of man from the distinctively spiritual or Christian, and he appealed to the doctrine of biogenesis (that life can only come from life) in proof of the position that the distinctively spiritual life is a new creation let down suddenly into the natural ethical life. This is not the place to enter into a consideration of the validity of the arguments of "Natural Law." Mr. Drummond had himself ceased to attach much weight to the novelties in its teaching, by which many of its readers were attracted. He learned to appreciate better the deep affinities between the ethical and the spiritual life, and he also learned to appreciate better those elements of human personality, such as self-consciousness and volition, which make it impossible to interpret the moral and spiritual life of man by the help of nothing more than the categories of biological science.

But apart from its apologetic features, on which alone Mr. Drummond himself laid much stress, the book had extraordinary merits, both of style and of spiritual teaching, and deserved the popularity it speedily achieved. It was long, however, before the news of the sensation its publication created reached the author. Shortly after seeing it through the press he had started, at the request of a Glasgow merchant, on an exploring expedition into tropical Africa, the record of which is one of the most brilliant of books of travel. He has himself told us the strange circumstances in which he first heard of the reception of his volume. "For five months I never saw a letter nor a newspaper, and in my new work—I had gone to make a geological and botanical survey of this region—the book and its fate were alike forgotten.

I well remember when the first thunderbolt from the English critics penetrated my fastnesses. One night, an hour after midnight, my camp was suddenly roused by the apparition of three black messengers—despatched from the north end of Lake Nyassa by a friendly white—with the hollow skin of a tiger cat containing a small package of letters and papers. Lighting the lamp in my tent, I read the

letters, and then turned over the newspapers—the first I had seen for many months. Among them was a copy of the 'Spectator' containing a review of 'Natural Law,' a review with criticism enough in it certainly to make one serious, but with that marvelous generosity and indulgence to an unknown author for which the 'Spectator' stands supreme in journalism."

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND AS A PREACHER.

The popularity of Professor Drummond on both sides of the Atlantic might well have turned the head of an ordinary man, but through it all he remained absolutely unspoiled, the same modest, unobtrusive friend as we knew him of old. His master passion was still evangelism. For years he was the unofficial preacher to the Edinburgh University in an unconsecrated building—the small, undignified Odd Fellows' Hall. He came from Glasgow for almost every Sunday during several winter sessions. There are scattered over the world to-day literally thousands of young men—ministers, doctors, teachers, lawyers, merchants—who owe the chief spiritual stimulus of their lives to these students' meetings. We have had great university preachers in our day and great university sermons, but no university preacher has done so much to quicken the spiritual life of a university as this unofficial preacher to the Edinburgh students, and no university sermons have gone home to the heart and inspired for service as his informal talks in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

Professor Drummond had qualifications for his work as Christ's evangelist to students. He believed in the glory and gladness of life; it was a wide, rich, and sunny life he lived himself. It was no gospel for ascetics he preached, but a gospel for youth with its genial energy and generous aspiration. It was no gospel for spiritual recluses, but for chivalrous youths eager to do some knightly service in the stout battle of life. His gospel was for the living present, and not merely for the dim and distant future. Salvation was the theme of his message, salvation, though, not as mere safety for the future, but as the saving of men's lives here and now, the winning of the true life of manhood—"a more abundant life, a life abundant in salvation for themselves and large in enterprise for the alleviation and redemption of the world."

A striking feature in Professor Drummond's career has been his hospitable atti-

tude toward new truth. He was a one-ideaed man in as far as he allowed the truth that was dominant at the moment to take possession of him, to the exclusion sometimes of complementary truths. But no one could have been readier to expect and prepare for new light. The series of booklets which he began to issue in 1889 reveals a wonderful growth in breadth of spiritual insight. In "Natural Law" he had laid an exaggerated emphasis upon the experience involved in sudden conversion; in his later teaching, the "catastrophic" interpretation of spiritual life falls into the background. But perhaps the most important change in Professor Drummond's teaching is the new emphasis he lays upon the social organism and social duty. In "Natural Law" and in the evangelism of that period the individual fills the sphere of his vision—the claim of God on the individual, the friendship of the individual with Christ, the growth of the individual in Christlikeness. But the religious individualism of the early period was enriched in his later years through a deeper understanding of the worth of the social organization for fostering the spiritual life of the individual and a heartier appreciation of the closeness of the connection between spiritual life and social service. If "Natural Law" represents exaggerated individualism, "The City without a Church" almost leans toward an exaggerated socialism. Anyhow, Professor Drummond has here broken away into a noble and inspiring conception of the social mission of Christianity. Some of the passages in this booklet are worthy of being put alongside the impassioned appeals of the great prophet of modern democracy—Joseph Mazzini; as, for example, the passage in which he pleads with Christians to ennoble their life as citizens with the spirit of civic patriotism: "To move among the people on the common street; to meet them in the market-place on equal terms; to live among them, not as saint or monk, but as brother man with brother man; to serve God, not with form or ritual, but in the free impulse of a soul; to bear the burdens of society and relieve its needs; to carry on the multitudinous activities of the city—social, commercial, political, philanthropic: this is the religion of the Son of Man and the only fitness for Heaven which has much reality in it. . . . Traveler to God's last city, be thankful that you are alive. Be thankful for the city at your doors and for the chance to build its walls a little higher before you go. Pray for yet a lit-

tle while to redeem the wasted years. And week by week, as you go forth from worship, and day by day, as you awake to face this great and needy world, learn to 'seek a city' here, and in the service of its neediest citizen to find Heaven."

This growing appreciation of the social organism and of social duty throws light upon the *motif* of Professor Drummond's last and, whether we judge it by a literary or intellectual standard, his greatest book—"The Ascent of Man." His first book had been an apology from the side of science for two positions in his individualistic theory of religion—the distinctiveness of the Christian life and the reality of the sudden appearance of the spiritual life, or sudden conversion. His last book was an apology—again from the side of science—for the law of love, or "struggle for the life of others," as a law deeply embedded in the whole life of the universe. His first book was an apologetic for individualism, his last, an apologetic for socialism.

The delivery of the Lowell lectures on "The Ascent of Man" in 1893 was the last important event in Professor Drummond's public career. He put his strength into these lectures—urged thereto not only by his interest in the apologetic argument for the law of struggle for the life of others, but also by his regard for the audience before whom they were to be delivered. Professor Drummond was no stranger in America. In 1879 he had explored the Rocky Mountains on a geological expedition with Sir Archibald Geikie. Several years afterwards, he visited Northfield on Mr. Moody's invitation, and spent several months in the States, addressing meetings and delivering lectures. He had a genuine liking for America and Americans; he found himself in a congenial atmosphere in the lecture hall at Boston.

Before I refer to the last two years of Professor Drummond's life, it may interest the reader if I turn aside for a little and point out some features in his activity which throw light on his personality.

PERSONAL LIFE AND CHARACTER.

Though Drummond was one of the best known citizens of Glasgow and was keenly interested in the philanthropic and religious life of the city, he loved to live in the shade. Hostesses were eager to secure him for dinners and receptions, but he had a horror of being lionized. He had a power of brilliant talk, a perfection of social manner, and a wide knowledge of men and

cities that, had he cared, would have made him *the* man at the dinner table; but his modesty forbade him to seek to shine. To the distress of entertainers who knew his attractiveness, he shunned "society" functions and preferred a quiet talk, with four feet on the fender. He was in demand as a speaker or chairman at public meetings to draw an audience, but unless he had some special message he wished to deliver, he declined such requests, and would go off, instead, to some little meeting in an obscure hall to encourage a down-hearted worker. But if he avoided the public platform, where he felt no special call to speak, he loved to be in touch with the life of the people. Often he would slink away of a Saturday afternoon to some football field in the East End, where he could find himself (to use one of his own picturesque phrases) "the only man with a collar in the whole crowd." He cared as little for great ecclesiastical as for great social functions, but his friends could count upon him turning up at odd functions in the underground life of the people—such as "Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Services" for canal boatmen or evangelistic meetings for thieves and ex-convicts.

Drummond was at home amongst boys. Watching a cricket or football match, he forgot that he was a professor and became a boy again. He had a rich repertoire of conundrums, incidents of adventure, and thrilling ghost stories. In the country a cowslip or an elm-tree in blossom would give him a text for explaining the wonderful devices of nature for the fertilization of flowers. At the fireside or in the woods he never failed to excite the enthusiasm of boys. The poor boys of Glasgow stirred his interest. He had at one time designed a special basket for message boys, to lighten the burden of little fellows struggling under ill-adjusted loads. By his pen and by his addresses he rendered invaluable service to a modern institution—the Boys' Brigade—which has done much for the well-being of thousands of the lads of our cities, and it was fitting that the body of the Boys' Friend should have been laid to rest in Stirling cemetery to the sound of the bugles of the Boys' Brigade.

The ordeal of criticism to which the man and his teaching were subjected for years gave Drummond an opportunity of revealing the strength and beauty of his character. No bitter word did he ever write or speak in reply to his most merciless or ungenerous critics. In his earlier years he was the darling of the evangelistic world.

In later years the broadness of his teaching alarmed many of his former admirers, and some of the religious papers attacked him with a fierceness which bordered on malignity. I know how some of the attacks, imputing unworthy motives and traducing his character, made Drummond's sensitive nature wince; but not only did he not break the silence, but he nourished no bitter grudge in his heart. One instance of his magnanimity to an opponent may be worth recalling. A very able theologian had reviewed in the pages of an influential journal the booklet "The City without a Church," not only in a trenchant, but in a somewhat personally bitter fashion. "What ails So-and-so at me?" was Drummond's comment to a mutual friend; and when he was asked a few weeks afterward by an American theological college to recommend a Scottish theologian for a course of lectures, he named his castigator.

Drummond was a hard worker, but he knew the value of recreation as an intellectual tonic. His favorite pastime was salmon or trout fishing on a lonely Highland loch. He appreciated the solitudes of nature as keenly as the roar of the tide of life in a great city. If there was finished grace in his writing and speaking, there was a finished grace even in his casting of a line. But even more striking than his skilful angling was his happy way with his boatman. With a courtesy and brotherliness which were conspicuous in his bearing toward servants, he would win the boatman's confidence, and learn the story of his life, long before the day's sport was over; he would tell him interesting facts about birds and flowers and insects, and retail stories for his information and amusement, and in the evening the fortunate boatman would gladden his own fireside with an account of a happy day's experience. Drummond preached the duty of making others happy in the common intercourse of life, and what he preached he himself practised.

From the beginning of 1895, Professor Drummond was the victim of pain and weakness. His disease, which baffled medical diagnosis, seized upon the muscles and bones of the trunk of the body, and rendered him, for the most part, a helpless invalid. His illness was but a fresh opportunity for the revelation of the beauty of his character and the charm of his personality. To the last he kept up his interest in what was going on in the intellectual and political world, and his interest in the movements of his friends was as lively as if he had been the strong one caring for

the weak. His sick-room was, as I have said, a kind of temple, where one was made aware of the sacred beauty of a spirit that had triumphed over earth's sufferings and disappointments. "Here I am," he said to me on my last visit to him, in December, "here I am, getting kindness upon kindness from my friends, and giving nothing in return." Little did he suspect how much he gave his friends in an hour's talk from his air couch. His kindly humor never failed him. At Christmas, 1895, he sent his friends as a Christmas card a photograph of himself in a bath-chair, with these words written in pencil underneath: "The Descent of Man." In his pain and weariness a good story was a physical fillip; his sick-room became a sort of center for the receiving and distributing of stories. He looked forward to the recovery of strength and the resumption of work, but the end came suddenly, and on March 11th one of the purest, brightest, and most lovable spirits that have ever gladdened God's world passed to

Such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of Heaven.

In estimating Professor Drummond's influence as a spiritual teacher—it is as spiritual teacher, not as scientist or speculative thinker, that his chief work has been done—I single out one or two of the more obvious characteristics of his teaching. For one thing, there is "atmosphere" in his work. Much is said, and too much cannot be said, of the lucidity and beauty of his style. His style is the reflection of a lucid and beautiful spirit. His readers are made to feel that they are in the company of a man who breathes the pure air of that spiritual world which is the home of fair visions and noble thoughts. The restfulness of his spiritual aspiration is specially attractive. One can hear the panting of St. Augustine, and see the strained muscle of John Henry Newman, but in Professor Drummond one is reminded rather of the spiritual calm of the Early Ministry by the Sea of Galilee. Again, his work has the "note" of originality. This quality is reflected in his style; there is scarcely a hackneyed phrase in his pages. His readers may wish that he would look at his subject in more aspects than he does, but then they may be sure of this, that he has himself *seen* whatever aspect of the subject he handles. He reports what of the spiritual world he knows—not what other people have reported, or what his critics would like him to report. He is a *seer*, and his

teaching is all the more valuable because he has resolutely refused to go beyond his own vision of truth. The onesidedness of his teaching—of which, not altogether without ground, complaint is made—is but the shadow cast by that originality which is a hundred-fold more effective for spiritual teaching than balanced views and rounded systems. Another characteristic of his teaching is its catholicity—its singular freedom from theological provincialism. He uses the language, not of the sects or schools, but of Christendom. He is as readily understood in Sweden and Germany as in Scotland and America. He had a wide experience of human life. He had traveled in nearly every country on the globe, and been in contact with all grades of civilization and culture. He had been a lecturer on science and a city missionary; he had been an African explorer and an itinerant evangelist; he had preached to the denizens of the slums and to the flower of the aristocracy of Britain; he had been the friend of workingmen and the companion of statesmen. A "citizen of the world" with so varied a knowledge of life could not well be provincial, but the catholicity of his teaching had its deepest root in an understanding of the spirit of Him in whom there is "neither Greek nor barbarian, bond nor free."

But more striking than all his teaching was the personality of the teacher. The character of Henry Drummond has been a great gift of God to our generation. All unconsciously he has himself given us the truest sketch of his character we are ever likely to have. His booklet "The Greatest Thing in the World"—an exposition of St. Paul's great hymn in praise of love in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians—has been taken more warmly to the heart of Christendom than any other religious book of recent years. It is a singularly beautiful filling in of St. Paul's outline of the Christian character. As those of us who knew what manner of man the writer had been amid the strain and stress of the world's work and temptation read the pages of his booklet, we turned instinctively to his own life as the best commentary on his words. Some of us can never read St. Paul's immortal chapter without recalling "The Greatest Thing in the World," and can never read "The Greatest Thing in the World" without recalling how the love there described with a felicity of language as remarkable as the spiritual glow of the teaching, irradiated his own personality and life.

THE TWO BARKS.

A TALE OF THE HIGH SEAS.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "Rodney Stone," etc.

CAREENING was a very necessary operation for the old pirate. On his superior speed he depended both for overhauling the trader and escaping the man-of-war. But it was impossible to retain his sailing qualities unless he periodically—once a year at the least—cleared his bottom from the long trailing plants and crusting barnacles which gather so rapidly in the tropical seas. For this purpose he lightened his vessel, thrust her into some narrow inlet where she would be left high and dry at low water, fastened blocks and tackles to her masts to pull her over on to her bilge, and then scraped her thoroughly from rudder-post to cut-water.

During the weeks which were thus occupied the ship was, of course, defenceless; but, on the other hand, she was unapproachable by anything heavier than an empty hull, and the place for careening was chosen with an eye to secrecy, so that there was no great danger. So secure did the captains feel, that it was not uncommon for them at such times to leave their ships under a sufficient guard and to start off in the long-boat either upon a sporting expedition or, more frequently, upon a visit to some outlying town, where they turned the heads of the women by their swaggering gallantry, or broached pipes of wine in the market square, with a threat to pistol all who would not drink with them.

Sometimes they would even appear in cities of the size of Charleston, and walk the streets with their clattering sidearms, an open scandal to the whole law-abiding colony. Such visits were not always paid with impunity. It was one of them, for example, which provoked Lieutenant Maynard to hack off Blackbeard's head and to spear it upon the end of his bowsprit. But, as a rule, the pirate ruffled and bullied and drabbed without let or hindrance, until it was time for him to go back to his ship once more.

There was one pirate, however, who never crossed even the skirts of civilization, and that was the sinister Sharkey, of the bark "Happy Delivery." It may have been from his morose and solitary

temper, or, as it is more probable, that he knew that his name upon the coast was such that outraged humanity would, against all odds, have thrown themselves upon him, but never once did he show his face in a settlement.

When his ship was laid up he would leave her under the charge of Ned Galloway, her New England quartermaster, and would take long voyages in his boat, sometimes, it was said, for the purpose of burying his share of the plunder, and sometimes to shoot the wild oxen of Hispaniola, which, when dressed and barbecued, provided provisions for his next voyage. In the latter case the bark would come round to some prearranged spot to pick him up and take on board what he had shot.

There had always been a hope in the islands that Sharkey might be taken on one of these occasions, and at last there came news to Kingston which seemed to justify an attempt upon him. It was brought by an elderly logwood-cutter who had fallen into the pirate's hands and in some freak of drunken benevolence had been allowed to get away with nothing worse than a slit nose and a drubbing. His account was recent and definite. The "Happy Delivery" was careening at Torbec on the southwest of Hispaniola. Sharkey, with four men, was buccaneering on the outlying island of La Vache. The blood of a hundred murdered crews was calling out for vengeance, and now at last it seemed as if it might not call in vain.

Sir Edward Compton, the high-nosed, red-faced governor, sitting in solemn conclave with the commandant and the head of the council, was sorely puzzled in his mind as to how he should use this chance. There was no man-of-war nearer than Jamestown, and she was a clumsy old fly-boat, which could neither overhaul the pirate on the seas, nor reach her in a shallow inlet. There were forts and artillerymen both at Kingston and Port Royal, but no soldiers available for an expedition.

A private venture might be fitted out, and there were many who had a blood-feud with Sharkey—but what could a pri-

vate venture do? The pirates were numerous and desperate. As to taking Sharkey and his four companions, that, of course, would be easy if they could get at them, but how were they to get at them on a large, well-wooded island like La Vache, full of wild hills and impenetrable jungles? A reward was offered to whoever could find a solution, and that brought a man to the front who had a singular plan and was himself prepared to carry it out.

Stephen Craddock had been that most formidable person, the Puritan gone wrong. Sprung from a decent Salem family, his ill-doing seemed to be a recoil from the austerity of their religion, and he brought to vice all the physical strength and energy with which the virtues of his ancestors had endowed him. He was ingenious, fearless, and exceedingly tenacious of purpose, so that when he was still young his name became notorious upon the American coast.

He was the same Craddock who was tried for his life in Virginia for the slaying of the Seminole chief, and though he escaped, it was well known that he had corrupted the witnesses and bribed the judge.

Afterwards, as a slaver, and even, as it was hinted, as a pirate, he had left an evil name behind him in the Bight of Benin. Finally he had returned to Jamaica with a considerable fortune, and had settled down to a life of sombre dissipation. This was the man, gaunt, austere, and dangerous, who now waited upon the governor with a plan for the extirpation of Sharkey.

Sir Edward received him with little enthusiasm, for in spite of some rumors of conversion and reformation, he had always regarded him as an infected sheep who might taint the whole of his little flock. Craddock saw the governor's mistrust under his thin veil of formal and restrained courtesy.

"You've no call to fear me, sir," said he; "I'm a changed man from what you've known. I've seen the light again of late, after losing sight of it for many a black year. It was through the ministration of the Rev. John Simons, of our own people. Sir, if your own spirit should be in need of quickening, you would find a very sweet savor in his discourse."

The governor cocked his Episcopalian nose at him.

"You came here to speak of Sharkey, Master Craddock," said he.

"The man Sharkey is a vessel of wrath," said Craddock. "His wicked horn has been exalted over long, and it is

borne in upon me that if I can cut him off and utterly destroy him, it will be a goodly deed, and one which may atone for many backslidings in the past. A plan has been given to me whereby I may encompass his destruction."

The governor was keenly interested, for there was a grim and practical air about the man's freckled face which showed that he was in earnest. After all, he was a seaman and a fighter, and, if it were true that he was eager to atone for his past, no better man could be chosen for the business.

"This will be a dangerous task, Master Craddock," said he.

"If I meet my death at it, it may be that it will cleanse the memory of an ill-spent life. I have much to atone for."

The governor did not see his way to contradict him.

"What was your plan?" he asked.

"You have heard that Sharkey's bark, the 'Happy Delivery,' came from this very port of Kingston?"

"It belonged to Mr. Codrington, and it was taken by Sharkey, who scuttled his own sloop and moved into her because she was faster," said Sir Edward.

"Yes; but it may be that you have never heard that Mr. Codrington has a sister ship, the 'White Rose,' which lies even now in the harbor, and which is so like the pirate that, if it were not for a white paint line, none could tell them apart."

"Ah! and what of that?" asked the governor keenly, with the air of one who is just on the edge of an idea.

"By the help of it this man shall be delivered into our hands."

"And how?"

"I will paint out the streak upon the 'White Rose,' and make it in all things like the 'Happy Delivery.' Then I will set sail for the island of La Vache, where this man is slaying the wild oxen. When he sees me he will surely mistake me for his own vessel, which he is awaiting, and he will come on board to his own undoing."

It was a simple plan, and yet it seemed to the governor that it might be effective. Without hesitation he gave Craddock permission to carry it out, and to take any steps he liked in order to further the object which he had in view. Sir Edward was not very sanguine, for many attempts had been made upon Sharkey, and their results had shown that he was as cunning as he was ruthless. But this gaunt Puritan with the evil record was cunning and ruthless also.

The contest of wits between two such

men as Sharkey and Craddock appealed to the governor's acute sense of sport, and though he was inwardly convinced that the chances were against him, he backed his man with the same loyalty which he would have shown to his horse or his cock.

Haste was, above all things, necessary, for upon any day the careening might be finished, and the pirates out at sea once more. But there was not very much to do, and there were many willing hands to do it, so the second day saw the "White Rose" beating out for the open sea. There were many seamen in the port who knew the lines and rig of the pirate bark, and not one of them could see the slightest difference in this counterfeit. Her white side line had been painted out, her masts and yards were smoked to give them the dingy appearance of the weather-beaten rover, and a large diamond-shaped patch was let into her foretopsail.

Her crew were volunteers, many of them being men who had sailed with Stephen Craddock before; the mate, Joshua Hird, an old slaver, had been his accomplice in many voyages, and came now at the bidding of his chief.

The avenging bark sped across the Caribbean Sea, and, at the sight of that patched topsail, the little craft which they met flew left and right like frightened trout in a pool. On the fourth evening Point Abacou bore five miles to the north and east of them.

On the fifth they were at anchor in the Bay of Tortoises at the island of La Vache, where Sharkey and his four men had been hunting. It was a well-wooded place, with the palms and underwood growing down to the thin crescent of silver sand which skirted the shore. They had hoisted the black flag and the red pennant, but no answer came from the shore. Craddock strained his eyes, hoping every instant to see a boat shoot out to them with Sharkey seated in the sheets. But the night passed away, and a day, and yet another night, without any sign of the men whom they were endeavoring to trap. It looked as if they were already gone.

On the second morning Craddock went ashore in search of some proof whether Sharkey and his men were still upon the island. What he found reassured him greatly. Close to the shore was a boucan of green wood, such as was used for preserving the meat, and a great store of barbecued strips of ox-flesh was hung upon lines all around it. The pirate ship had not taken off her provisions, and therefore the hunters were still upon the island.

Why had they not shown themselves? Was it that they had detected that this was not their own ship? Or was it that they were hunting in the interior of the island, and were not on the lookout for a ship yet? Craddock was still hesitating between the two alternatives, when a Carib Indian came down with information. The pirates were in the island, he said, and their camp was a day's march from the sea. They had stolen his wife, and the marks of their stripes were still pink upon his brown back. Their enemies were his friends, and he would lead them to where they lay.

Craddock could not have asked for anything better; so early next morning with a small party armed to the teeth, he set off under the guidance of the Carib. All day they struggled through brushwood and clambered over rocks, pushing their way farther and farther into the desolate heart of the island. Here and there they found traces of the hunters, the bones of a slain ox, or the marks of feet in a morass, and once, towards evening, it seemed to some of them that they heard the distant rattle of guns.

That night they spent under the trees, and pushed on again with the earliest light. About noon they came to the huts of bark which, the Carib told them, were the camp of the hunters, but they were silent and deserted. No doubt their occupants were away at the hunt and would return in the evening, so Craddock and his men lay in ambush in the brushwood around them. But no one came, and another night was spent in the forest. Nothing more could be done, and it seemed to Craddock that after the two days' absence it was time that he returned to his ship once more.

The return journey was less difficult, as they had already blazed a path for themselves. Before evening they found themselves once more at the Bay of Tortoises, and saw their ship riding at anchor where they had left her. Their boat and oars had been hauled up among the bushes, so they launched it and pulled out to the bark.

"No luck, then!" cried Joshua Hird, the mate, looking down with a pale face from the poop.

"His camp was empty, but he may come down to us yet," said Craddock, with his hand on the ladder.

Somebody upon deck began to laugh. "I think," said the mate, "that these men had better stay in the boat."

"Why so?"

"If you will come aboard, sir, you will

understand it." He spoke in a curious, hesitating fashion.

The blood flushed to Craddock's gaunt face.

"How is this, Master Hird?" he cried, springing up the side. "What mean you by giving orders to my boat's crew?"

But as he passed over the bulwarks, with one foot upon the deck, and one knee upon the rail, a tow-bearded man, whom he had never before observed aboard his vessel, grabbed suddenly at his pistol. Craddock clutched at the fellow's wrist, but at the same instant his mate snatched the cutlass from his side.

"What roguery is this?" shouted Craddock, looking furiously around him. But the crew stood in little knots about the deck, laughing and whispering amongst themselves without showing any desire to go to his assistance. Even in that hurried glance Craddock noticed that they were dressed in the most singular manner, with long riding coats, full-skirted velvet gowns, and colored ribbands at their knees, more like men of fashion than seamen.

As he looked at their grotesque figures he struck his brow with his clenched fist to be sure that he was awake. The deck seemed to be much dirtier than when he had left it, and there were strange, sun-blackened faces turned upon him from every side. Not one of them did he know, save only Joshua Hird. Had the ship been captured in his absence? Were these Sharkey's men who were around him? At the thought he broke furiously away and tried to climb over to his boat, but a dozen hands were on him in an instant, and he was pushed aft through the open door of his own cabin.

And it was all different to the cabin which he had left. The floor was different, the ceiling was different, the furniture was different. His had been plain and austere. This was sumptuous and yet dirty, hung with rare velvet curtains splashed with wine stains, and panelled with costly woods which were pocked with pistol marks.

On the table was a great chart of the Caribbean Sea, and beside it, with compasses in his hand, sat a clean-shaven, pale-faced man with a fur cap and a claret-colored coat of damask. Craddock turned white under his freckles as he looked upon the long, thin, high-nostriled nose and the red-rimmed eyes which were turned upon him with the fixed humorous gaze of the master player who has left his opponent without a move.

"Sharkey!" cried Craddock.

Sharkey's thin lips opened and he broke into his high, sniggering laugh.

"You fool!" he cried, and, leaning over, he stabbed Craddock's shoulder again and again with his compasses. "You poor, dull-witted fool, would you match yourself against me?"

It was not the pain of the wounds, but it was the contempt in Sharkey's voice which turned Craddock into a savage madman. He flew at the pirate, roaring with rage, striking, kicking, writhing, and foaming. It took six men to drag him down on to the floor amidst the splintered remains of the table—and not one of the six who did not bear the prisoner's mark upon him. But Sharkey still surveyed him with the same contemptuous eye. From outside there came the crash of breaking wood and the clamor of startled voices.

"What is that?" asked Sharkey.

"They have stove the boat with cold shot, and the men are in the water."

"Let them stay there," said the pirate. "Now, Craddock, you know where you are. You are aboard my ship, the 'Happy Delivery,' and you lie at my mercy. I knew you for a stout seaman, you rogue, before you took to this long-shore canting. Your hands then were no cleaner than my own. Will you sign articles, as your mate has done, and join us, or shall I heave you over to follow your ship's company?"

"Where is my ship?" asked Craddock.

"Scuttled in the bay."

"And the hands?"

"In the bay, too."

"Then I'm for the bay also."

"Hock him and heave him over," said Sharkey.

Many rough hands had dragged Craddock out upon deck, and Galloway, the quartermaster, had already drawn his hanger to cripple him, when Sharkey came hurrying from his cabin with an eager face.

"We can do better with the hound," he cried. "Sink me if it is not a rare plan. Throw him into the sailroom with the irons on, and do you come here, quartermaster, that I may tell you what I have in my mind."

So Craddock, bruised and wounded in soul and body, was thrown into the dark sailroom, so fettered that he could not stir hand or foot. But his Northern blood was running strong in his veins, and his grim spirit aspired only to make such an ending as might go some way towards atoning for the evil of his life. All night he lay in the curve of the bilge, listening

to the rush of the water and the straining of the timbers, which told him that the ship was at sea and driving fast. In the early morning some one came crawling to him in the darkness over the heaps of sails.

"Here's rum and biscuits," said the voice of his late mate. "It's at the risk of my life, Master Craddock, that I bring them to you."

"It was you who trapped me and caught me as in a snare," cried Craddock. "How shall you answer for what you have done?"

"What I did I did with the point of a knife betwixt my blade bones."

"God forgive you for a coward, Joshua Hird! How came you into their hands?"

"Why, Master Craddock, the pirate ship came back from its careening upon the very day that you left us. They laid us aboard, and, short-handed as we were, with the best of the men ashore with you, we could offer but a poor defence. Some were cut down, and they were the happiest. The others were killed afterwards. As to me, I saved my life by signing on with them."

"And they scuttled my ship?"

"They scuttled her, and then Sharkey and his men, who had been watching us from the brushwood, came off to the ship. His main yard had been cracked and fished last voyage, so he had suspicions of us, seeing that ours was whole. Then he thought of laying the same trap for you which you had set for him."

Craddock groaned.

"How came I not to see that fished mainyard?" he muttered. "But whither are we bound?"

"We are running north and west."

"North and west! Then we are heading back towards Jamaica."

"With an eight-knot wind."

"Have you heard what they mean to do with me?"

"I have not heard. If you would but sign the articles—"

"Enough, Joshua Hird! I have risked my soul too often."

"As you wish. I have done what I could. Farewell!"

All that night and the next day the "Happy Delivery" ran before the easterly trades, and Stephen Craddock lay in the dark of the sailroom, working patiently at his wrist irons. One he had slipped off at the cost of a row of broken and bleeding knuckles, but, do what he would, he could not free the other, and his ankles were securely fastened.

From hour to hour he heard the swish of the water, and knew that the bark must be driving with all set in front of the trade wind. In that case they must be nearly back again to Jamaica by now. What plan could Sharkey have in his head, and what use did he hope to make of him? Craddock set his teeth, and vowed that if he had once been a villain from choice he would, at least, never be one by compulsion.

On the second morning Craddock became aware that sail had been reduced in the vessel, and that she was tacking slowly, with a light breeze on her beam. The varying slope of the sailroom and the sounds from the deck told his practised senses exactly what she was doing. The short reaches showed him that she was manœuvring near shore and making for some definite point. If so, she must have reached Jamaica. But what could she be doing there?

And then suddenly there was a burst of hearty cheering from the deck, and then the crash of a gun above his head, and then the answering booming of guns from far over the water. Craddock sat up and strained his ears. Was the ship in action? Only the one gun had been fired, and though many had answered there were none of the crashings which told of a shot coming home.

Then, if it was not an action, it must be a salute. But who would salute Sharkey, the pirate? It could only be another pirate ship which would do so. So Craddock lay back again with a groan, and continued to work at the manacle which still held his right wrist.

But suddenly there came the shuffling of steps outside, and he had hardly time to wrap the loose links round his free hand, when the door was unbolted and two pirates came in. "Got your hammer, carpenter?" asked one, whom Craddock recognized as the big quartermaster. "Knock off his leg shackles, then. Better leave the bracelets—he's safer with them on." With hammer and chisel the carpenter loosened the irons.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Craddock.

"Come on deck, and you'll see." The sailor seized him by the arm, and dragged him roughly to the foot of the companion. Above him was a square of blue sky cut across by the mizzen gaff, with the colors flying at the peak. But it was the sight of those colors which struck the breath from Stephen Craddock's lips. For there

were two of them, and the British ensign was flying above the Jolly Rodger—the honest flag above that of the rogue.

For an instant Craddock stopped in amazement, but a brutal push from the pirates behind drove him up the companion ladder. As he stepped out upon deck, his eyes turned up to the main, and there again were the British colors flying above the red pennant, and all the shrouds and rigging were garlanded with streamers.

Had the ship been taken, then? But that was impossible, for there were the pirates clustering in swarms along the port bulwarks, and waving their hats joyously in the air. Most prominent of all was the renegade mate, standing on the foc'sle head, and gesticulating wildly. Craddock looked over the side to see what they were cheering at, and then in a flash he saw how critical was the moment.

On the port bow, and about a mile off, lay the white houses and forts of Port Royal, with flags breaking out everywhere over their roofs. Right ahead was the opening of the palisades leading to the town of Kingston. Not more than a quarter of a mile off was a small sloop working out against the very slight wind. The British ensign was at her peak, and her rigging was all decorated. On her deck could be seen a dense crowd of people cheering and waving their hats, and the gleam of scarlet told that there were officers of the garrison among them.

In an instant, with the quick perception of a man of action, Craddock saw through it all. Sharkey, with that diabolical cunning and audacity which were among his main characteristics, was simulating the part which Craddock would himself have played, had he come back victorious. It was in *his* honor that the salutes were firing and the flags flying. It was to welcome *him* that this ship with the governor, the commandant, and the chiefs of the island were approaching. In another ten minutes they would all be under the guns of the "Happy Delivery," and Sharkey would have won the greatest stake that ever a pirate played for yet.

"Bring him forward," cried the pirate captain, as Craddock appeared between the carpenter and the quartermaster. "Keep the ports closed, but clear away the port guns, and stand by for a broadside. Another two cable lengths and we have them."

"They are edging away," said the boatswain. "I think they smell us."

"That's soon set right," said Sharkey, turning his filmy eyes upon Craddock. "Stand there, you—right there, where they can recognize you, with your hand on the guy, and wave your hat to them. Quick, or your brains will be over your coat. Put an inch of your knife into him, Ned. Now, will you wave your hat? Try him again, then. Heh, shoot him! stop him!"

But it was too late. Relying upon the manacles, the quartermaster had taken his hands for a moment off Craddock's arm. In that instant he had flung off the carpenter and, amid a spatter of pistol bullets, had sprung the bulwarks and was swimming for his life. He had been hit and hit again, but it takes many pistols to kill a resolute and powerful man who has his mind set upon doing something before he dies. He was a strong swimmer, and, in spite of the red trail which he left in the water behind him, he was rapidly increasing his distance from the pirate.

"Give me a musket!" cried Sharkey, with a savage oath.

He was a famous shot, and his iron nerves never failed him in an emergency. The dark head appearing on the crest of a roller, and then swooping down on the other side, was already half way to the sloop. Sharkey dwelled long upon his aim before he fired. With the crack of the gun the swimmer reared himself up in the water, waved his hands in a gesture of warning, and roared out in a voice which rang over the bay. Then, as the sloop swung round her headsails, and the pirate fired an impotent broadside, Stephen Craddock, smiling grimly in his death agony, sank slowly down to that golden couch which glimmered far beneath him.



The 9. Chap:

*Of their voyage, & how they passed y^e sea;
and of their safe arrivall at
Cape Codd. v. v. v*

*Sept: 6. These troubles being blowne over, and now all being compacted together in one shipe,
they put to sea againe with a prosperous winde, which continued divers days to-
gether, which was some encouragement unto them; yet according to y^e usual
manner many were afflicted with sea-sickness. And I may not omit to hear a spe-
ciall worke of Gods providence; ther was a proud & very profane yonge man, one
of y^e sea-men, of a lustie able body, which made him the more haughty, he would
allway be contemning y^e poore people in their sickness, & cursing them daily with*

FACSIMILE OF A PASSAGE IN THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF GOVERNOR BRADFORD'S "HISTORY."

THE LOG OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

GOVERNOR BRADFORD'S LOST "HISTORY OF PLYMOUTH PLAN- TATION."

THE State of Massachusetts has lately recovered as a friendly gift from England the original manuscript of the "History of Plymouth Plantation," written by William Bradford, one of the founders and second governor of the colony. During the Revolution the manuscript disappeared from the New England Library in the Old South Church, Boston, where it had been deposited, and it was regarded as forever lost. But in 1855 Samuel G. Drake discovered it in the Bishop of London's Library at Fulham, England. How it came there no one knows. The discovery was an event of great historical importance; for while several early historians had had access to the manuscript and had made liberal use of it, the larger part of it had not been published at the time it disappeared, and it is, for the period it covers, the first and almost the only authority. The return of the original manuscript, written in Governor Bradford's own hand, to its natural and proper home, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, is, therefore, an incident of no ordinary interest. There have been two publications of the complete work since its recovery: one in 1856, by the Massachusetts Historical Society; and, recently, a beautiful reproduction in facsimile of the original manuscript, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Neither of these, however, renders it accessible to the general reader. Herewith are given the chapters in which Governor Bradford relates the passage of the "Mayflower" and the first landing and settlement of the Pilgrims on the shores of Cape Cod Bay.—EDITOR.

THE 9 CHAP.

OF THEIR VOYAGE AND HOW THEY PASSED
THE SEA; AND OF THEIR SAFE ARRI-
VAL AT CAPE COD.

SEPT. 6th [1620 O. S.].—These troubles being blown over, and now being all compacted together in one ship, they put to sea again with a prosperous wind, which continued divers days together, which was some encouragement unto them; yet according to the usual

manner many were afflicted with sea-sickness. And I may not omit here a special mark of God's providence: there was a proud, a very profane young man, one of the seamen, of a lusty able body, which made him the more haughty. He would alway be condemning the poor people in their sickness, and cursing them daily with grievous execrations; and did not let to tell them, that he hoped to help cast half of them overboard before they came to their journey's end, and to make merry with what they had; and if he were by any

gently reproved, he would curse and swear most bitterly. But it pleased God before they came half seas over, to smite this young man with a grievous disease, of which he died in a desperate manner; and so was himself the first who was thrown overboard. Thus his curses light on his own head; and it was an astonishment to all his fellows, for they noted it to be the just hand of God upon him.

After they had enjoyed fair winds and weather for a season, they were encountered many times with cross-winds, and met with many fierce storms, with which the ship was shroudly [sharply] shaken, and her lower works made very leaky, and one of the main beams in the mid-ships was lowered and cracked, which put them in some fear, that the ship could not be able to perform the voyage. . . .

But to omit other things (that I may be brief), after long beating at sea, they fell with that land which is called Cape Cod; the which being made, and certainly known to be it, they were not a little joyful. After some deliberation had amongst themselves, and with the master of the ship, they tacked about, and resolved to stand for the southward (the wind and weather being fair), to find some place about Hudson's River for their habitation. But after they had sailed that course about half the day, they fell amongst dangerous shoals and roaring breakers, and they were so far entangled therewith as they conceived themselves in great danger, and the wind shrinking upon them withal, they resolved to bear up again for the Cape; and thought themselves happy to get out of these dangers, before night overtook them, as by God's good providence they did. And the next day they got into the Cape harbor, where they rid in safety. . . .

But here I cannot but stay and make a pause, and stand half amazed at this poor people's present condition; and so I think will the reader, too, when he well considers the same. Being thus passed the vast ocean, and a sea of troubles before in their preparation (as may be remembered by that which went before), they had now no friends to welcome them, nor inns to entertain or refresh their weather-beaten bodies, no houses, or much less towns to repair to, to seek for succor. . . . And for the season, it was winter; and they that know the winters of the country know them to be sharp and violent and subject to cruel and fierce storms, dangerous to travel to known places, much more to search an unknown coast. . . .

If it be said they had a ship to succor them, it is true; but what heard they daily from the master and company but that with speed they should look out a place (with their shallop) where they would be, at some near distance; for the season was such as he would not stir from thence till a safe harbor was discovered by them, where they would be, and he might go without danger; and that victuals consumed apace, but he must and would keep sufficient for themselves on their return. Yea, it was muttered by some that if they got not a place in time, they would turn them and their goods ashore and leave them. Let it be also considered what weak hopes of supply and succor they left behind them that might bear up their minds in this sad condition and trials they were under; and they could not but be very small. . . .

What could now sustain them but the spirit of God and his grace? May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say, our fathers were *Englishmen which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this wilderness; but they cried unto the Lord, and He heard their voices and looked on their adversity.* . . .

THE 10 CHAP.

SHOWING HOW THEY SOUGHT OUT A PLACE OF HABITATION; AND WHAT BEFEL THEM THEREABOUTS.

BEING thus arrived at Cape Cod the 11th of November, and necessity calling them to look out a place for habitation (as well as the master's and mariners' importunity), they having brought a large shallop with them out of England, stowed in quarters in the ship, they now got her out and set their carpenters to work to trim her up. But being much bruised and shattered in the ship in the foul weather, they saw she would be long in mending. Whereupon a few of them tendered themselves, to go by land and discover those nearest places, whilst the shallop was in mending; and the rather because as they went into the harbor there seemed to be an opening some two or three leagues off, which the master judged to be a river. It was conceived there might be some danger in the attempt; yet seeing them resolute they were permitted to go, being sixteen of them well armed, under the conduct of Captain Standish, having such instructions given them as was thought meet. They set forth the 15th of November, and when they had marched about the space of a

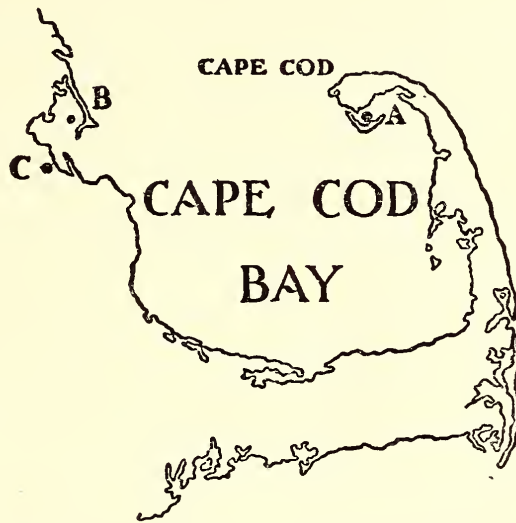
mile by the seaside they espied five or six persons, with a dog, coming towards them who were savages. [Here follows a passage reciting how the Indians fled, leaving behind them some corn, which, with more secured by the colonists in a second excursion, became the seed of a crop that saved them the next year from starvation; and how, "the shallop being got ready" at last, other explorations were undertaken—one on December 6, 1620, O. S., in which the explorers had a harmless first brush with the Indians, and named the place where it occurred the "First Encounter."]

From hence they departed, and coasted all along, but discerned no place likely for harbor; and therefore hasted to a place that their pilot (one named Coppin, who had lived in the country before) did assure them was a good harbor which he had been in, and they might fetch it before night, of which they were glad, for it began to be cold weather.

After some hours sailing, it began to snow and rain, and about the middle of the afternoon the wind increased and the sea became very rough, and they broke their rudder, and it was as much as two men could do to steer her with a couple of oars. But their pilot bade them be of good cheer, for he saw the harbor. But the storm increasing and night drawing on, they bore what sail they could, to get in while they could see; but herewith they broke their mast in three pieces, and their sail fell overboard, in a very grown sea, so as they had like to have been cast away. Yet by God's mercy they recovered themselves, and having the flood with them struck into the harbor. But when it came to, the pilot was deceived in the place, and said the Lord be merciful unto them, for his eyes never saw the place before. And he and the mate would have run her ashore, in a cove full of breakers, before the wind, but a lusty seaman which steered bade those which rowed, if they were men, about with her, or else they were all cast away; the which they did with speed. So he bid them be of good cheer and row lustily, for there was a fair

sound before them, and he doubted not but they should find one place or other where they might ride in safety. And though it was very dark and rained sore, yet in the end they got under the lee of a small island and remained there all that night in safety. But they knew not this to be an island till morning, but now doubted in their minds. Some would keep the boat, for fear they might be amongst the Indians. Others were so wet and cold they could not endure, but got ashore, and with much ado got fire (all things being so wet); and the rest were glad to

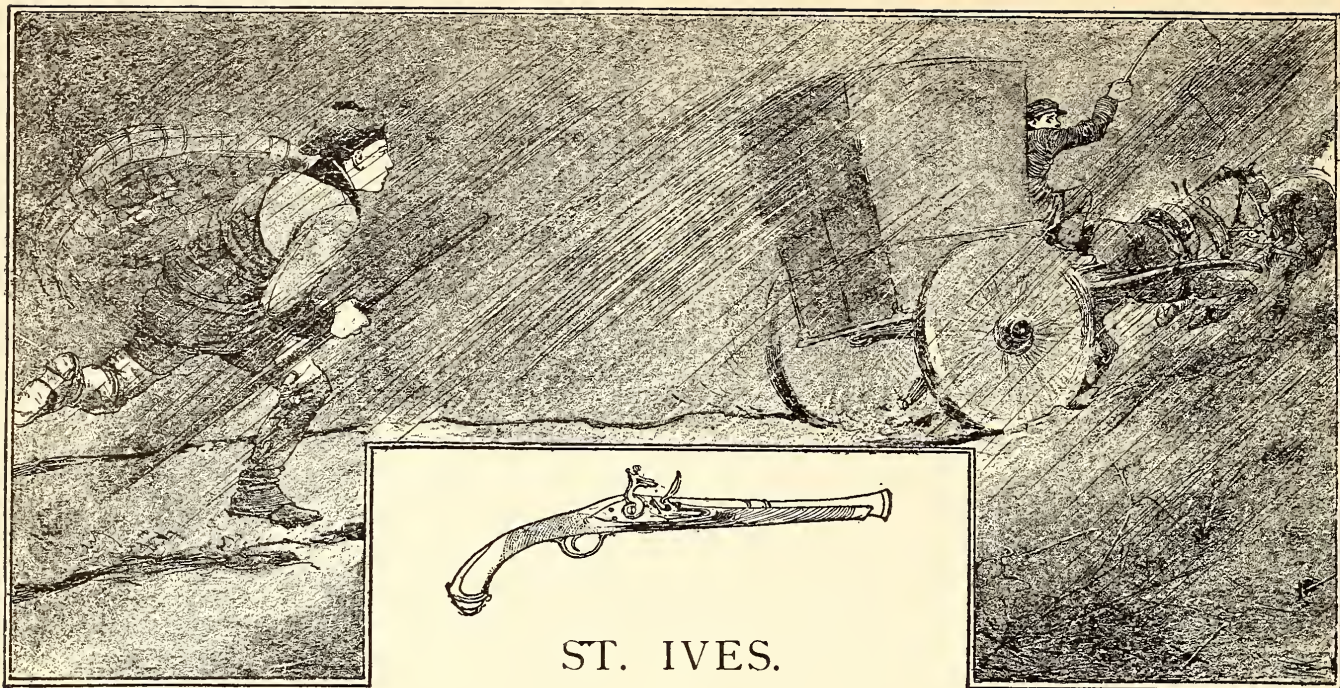
come to them, for after midnight the wind shifted to the north-north-west, and it froze hard. But though this had been a day and night of much trouble and danger unto them, yet God gave them a morning of comfort and refreshing (as usually He doth to His children), for the next day was a fair sunshining day, and they found themselves to be on an island secure from the Indians, where they might dry their stuff, fix their pieces, and rest themselves, and gave God thanks for His mercies in their manifold deliverances. And



A.—CAPE COD HARBOR, WHERE THE "MAYFLOWER" FIRST ANCHORED AND THE COLONISTS FIRST LANDED. B.—THE ISLAND WHEREON THE LAST EXPLORING PARTY LANDED. C.—PLYMOUTH.

this being the last day of the week, they prepared there to keep the Sabbath. On Monday they sounded the harbor, and found it fit for shipping, and marched into the land, and found divers cornfields and little running brooks, a place (as they supposed) fit for situation. At least it was the best they could find, and the season and their present necessity made them glad to accept of it. So they returned to their ship again with this news to the rest of their people, which did much comfort their hearts.

On the 15th of December they weighed anchor to go to the place they had discovered, and came within two leagues of it, but were fain to bear up again, but the 16th day the wind came fair, and they arrived safe in this harbor. And afterwards took better view of the place, and resolved where to pitch their dwelling; and the 25th day began to erect the first house, for common use, to receive them and their goods.



ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER—SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Viscount Anne de St. Ives, under the name of Champdivers, while held a prisoner of war in Edinburgh Castle, attracts the attention and sympathy of an aristocratic Scotch maiden, Flora Gilchrist, who, out of curiosity, visits the prisoners, attended by her brother Ronald. On her account St. Ives kills a comrade, Coguelat, in a duel, fought secretly in the night, with the divided blades of a pair of scissors. An officer of the prison, Major Chevenix, with whom St. Ives is in social relations, discovers the secret of the duel and of St. Ives's interest in the young lady; and while at present he respects it, there are intimations that it might be in safer keeping. St. Ives is visited by Daniel Romaine, the solicitor of his rich uncle, the Count de K roual, and learns that his cousin, Alain de St. Ives, hitherto regarded as the

uncle's heir, is out of favor. Romaine gives him money; urges him, if possible, to escape from prison, in order to pay his uncle, now near dying, a visit; and advises that, in his flight, he make his way to one Burchell Fenn, who may serve him. The escape is soon after made, in company with a number of comrades. St. Ives steals out to Swanston Cottage, where Flora Gilchrist and her brother live with an aunt. They befriend and conceal him; but he is discovered by the aunt, and thus suffers a check in his addresses to the niece. He so far ingratiates himself with the aunt, however, that she helps him to escape across the border, under the guidance of a pair of drovers. In England he takes to the Great North Road, to make his way by address and audacity as best he can.

CHAPTER XII.

I FOLLOW A COVERED CART NEARLY TO MY DESTINATION.

AT last I began to draw near, by reasonable stages, to the neighborhood of Wakefield; and the name of Mr. Burchell Fenn came to the top in my memory. This was the gentleman (the reader may remember) who made a trade of forwarding the escape of French prisoners. How he did so: whether he had a signboard, *Escapes forwarded, apply within*; what he charged for his services, or whether they were gratuitous and charitable, were all matters of which I was at once ignorant and extremely curious. Thanks to my proficiency in

English, and Mr. Romaine's bank-notes, I was getting on swimmingly without him; but the trouble was that I could not be easy till I had come at the bottom of these mysteries, and it was my difficulty that I knew nothing of him beyond the name. I knew not his trade—beyond that of Forwarder of Escapes—whether he lived in town or country, whether he were rich or poor, nor by what kind of address I was to gain his confidence. It would have a very bad appearance to go along the highway-side asking after a man of whom I could give so scanty an account; and I should look like a fool, indeed, if I were to present myself at his door and find the police in occupation! The interest of the conundrum, however, tempted me, and I

turned aside from my direct road to pass by Wakefield; kept my ears pricked as I went for any mention of his name, and relied for the rest on my good fortune. If Luck (who must certainly be feminine) favored me as far as to throw me in the man's way, I should owe the lady a candle; if not, I could very readily console myself. In this experimental humor, and with so little to help me, it was a miracle that I should have brought my enterprise to a good end; and there are several saints in the calendar who might be happy to exchange with St. Ives!

I had slept the night in a good inn at Wakefield, made my breakfast by candle-light with the passengers of an up-coach, and set off in a very ill temper with myself and my surroundings. It was still early; the air raw and cold; the sun low, and soon to disappear under a vast canopy of rain-clouds that had begun to assemble in the northwest and from that quarter invaded the whole width of the heaven. Already the rain fell in crystal rods; already the whole face of the country sounded with the discharge of drains and ditches; and I looked forward to a day of downpour and the misery of wet clothes, in which particular I am as dainty as a cat. At a corner of the road, and by the last glint of the drowning sun, I spied a covered cart, of a kind that I thought I had never seen before, preceding me at the foot's pace of jaded horses. Anything is interesting to a pedestrian that can help him to forget the miseries of a day of rain; and I bettered my pace and gradually overtook the vehicle.

The nearer I came, the more it puzzled me. It was much such a cart as I am told the calico printers use, mounted on two wheels, and furnished with a seat in front for the driver. The interior closed with a door, and was of a bigness to contain a good load of calico, or (at a pinch and if it were necessary) four or five persons. But, indeed, if human beings were meant to travel there, they had my pity! They must travel in the dark, for there was no sign of a window; and they would be shaken all the way like a vial of doctor's stuff, for the cart was not only ungainly to look at—it was besides very imperfectly balanced on the one pair of wheels, and pitched unconscionably. Altogether, if I had any glancing idea that the cart was really a carriage, I had soon dismissed it; but I was still inquisitive as to what it should contain and where it had come from. Wheels and horses were splashed

with many different colors of mud, as though they had come far and across a considerable diversity of country. The driver continually and vainly plied his whip. It seemed to follow they had made a long, perhaps an all-night, stage; and that the driver, at that early hour of a little after eight in the morning, already felt himself belated. I looked for the name of the proprietor on the shaft, and started outright. Fortune had favored the careless: it was Burchell Fenn!

"A wet morning, my man," said I.

The driver, a loutish fellow, shock-headed and turnip-faced, returned not a word to my salutation, but savagely flogged his horses. The tired animals, who could scarce put the one foot before the other, paid no attention to his cruelty; and I continued without effort to maintain my position alongside, smiling to myself at the futility of his attempts, and at the same time pricked with curiosity as to why he made them. I made no such formidable a figure as that a man should flee when I accosted him; and my conscience not being entirely clear, I was more accustomed to be uneasy myself than to see others timid. Presently he desisted, and put back his whip in the holster with the air of a man vanquished.

"So you would run away from me?" said I. "Come, come, that's not English."

"Beg pardon, master; no offence meant," he said, touching his hat.

"And none taken!" cried I. "All I desire is a little gaiety by the way."

I understood him to say he didn't "take with gaiety."

"Then I will try you with something else," said I. "Oh, I can be all things to all men, like the apostle. I dare to say I have traveled with heavier fellows than you in my time, and done famously well with them. Are you going home?"

"Yes, I'm goin' home, I am," he said.

"A very fortunate circumstance for me," said I. "At this rate we shall see a good deal of each other, going the same way; and now I come to think of it, why should you not give me a cast? There is room beside you on the bench."

With a sudden snatch he carried the cart two yards into the roadway. The horses plunged and came to a stop. "No, you don't!" he said, menacing me with the whip. "None o' that with me."

"None of what?" said I. "I asked you for a lift, but I have no idea of taking one by force."

"Well, I've got to take care of the cart and 'orses, I have," says he. "I don't take up with no runagate vagabones, you see, else."

"I ought to thank you for your touching confidence," said I, approaching carelessly nearer as I spoke. "But I admit the road is solitary hereabouts, and no doubt an accident soon happens. Little fear of anything of the kind with you! I like you for it, like your prudence, like that pastoral shyness of disposition. But why not put it out of my power to hurt? Why not open the door and bestow me here in the box, or whatever you please to call it?" And I laid my hand demonstratively on the body of the cart.

He had been timorous before; but at this he seemed to lose the power of speech a moment, and stared at me in a perfect enthusiasm of fear.

"Why not?" I continued. "The idea is good. I should be safe in there if I were the monster William's himself. The great thing is to have me under lock and key. For it does lock; it is locked now," said I, trying the door. "*Apropos*, what have you for a cargo? It must be precious."

He found not a word to answer.

Rat-tat-tat, I went upon the door like a well-drilled footman. "Any one at home?" I said, and stooped to listen.

There came out of the interior a stifled sneeze, the first of an uncontrollable paroxysm; another followed immediately on the heels of it; and then the driver turned with an oath, laid the lash upon the horses with so much energy that they found their heels again, and the whole equipage fled down the road at the gallop.

At the first sound of the sneeze I had started back like a man shot. The next moment a great light broke on my mind, and I understood. Here was the secret of Fenn's trade: this was how he forwarded the escape of prisoners, hawking them by night about the country in his covered cart. There had been Frenchmen close to me; he who had just sneezed was my countryman, my comrade, perhaps already my friend! I took to my heels in pursuit. "Hold hard!" I shouted. "Stop. It's all right! Stop." But the driver only turned a white face on me for a moment, and redoubled his efforts, bending forward, plying his whip, and crying to his horses. These lay themselves down to the gallop, and beat the highway with flying hooves; and the cart bounded after them among the ruts and fled in a halo of rain and spattering mud. But a minute since,

and it had been trundling along like a lame cow; and now it was off as though drawn by Apollo's coursers. There is no telling what a man can do until you frighten him!

It was as much as I could do myself, though I ran valiantly, to maintain my distance; and that (since I knew my countrymen so near) was become a chief point with me. A hundred yards farther on the cart whipped out of the high-road into a wet lane embowered with leafless trees, and became lost to view. When I saw it next, the driver had increased his advantage considerably, but all danger was at an end, and the horses had again declined into a hobbling walk. Persuaded that they could not escape me, I took my time, and recovered my breath as I followed them.

Presently the lane twisted at right angles, and showed me a gate and the beginning of a gravel sweep; and a little after, as I continued to advance, a red brick house about seventy years old, in a fine style of architecture, and presenting a front of many windows to a lawn and garden. Behind I could see outhouses and the peaked roofs of stacks, and I judged that a manor-house had in some way declined to be the residence of a tenant-farmer, careless alike of appearances and substantial comfort. The marks of neglect were visible on every side, in flower-bushes straggling beyond the borders, in the ill-kept turf, and in the broken windows that were incongruously patched with paper or stuffed with rags. A thicket of trees, mostly evergreen, fenced the place round and secluded it from the eyes of prying neighbors. As I came in view of it on that melancholy winter's morning, in the deluge of the falling rain, and with the wind that now rose in occasional gusts and hooted over the old chimneys, the cart had already drawn up at the front door steps, and the driver was already in earnest discourse with Mr. Burchell Fenn. He was standing with his hands behind his back—a man of a gross, misbegotten face and body, dewlapped like a bull and red as a harvest moon; and in his jockey cap, blue coat, and top boots, he had much the air of a good, solid tenant-farmer.

The pair continued to speak as I came up the approach, but received me at last in a sort of goggling silence. I had my hat in my hand.

"I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Burchell Fenn?" said I.

"The same, sir," replied Mr. Fenn, taking off his jockey cap in answer to my

civility, but with the distant look and the tardy movements of one who continues to think of something else. "And who may you be?" he asked.

"I shall tell you afterwards," said I. "Suffice it, in the meantime, that I come on business."

He seemed to digest my answer laboriously, his mouth gaping, his little eyes never straying from my face.

"Suffer me to point out to you, sir," I resumed, "that this is an extremely wet morning, and that the chimney-corner and possibly a glass of something hot are clearly indicated."

Indeed, the rain was now grown to be a deluge; the gutters of the house roared; the air was filled with the continuous, strident crash. The stolidity of his face, on which the rain streamed, was far from reassuring me. On the contrary, I was aware of a distinct qualm of apprehension, which was not at all lessened by a view of the driver, craning from his perch to observe us with the expression of a fascinated bird. So we stood silent, when the prisoner again began to sneeze from the body of the cart; and at the sound, prompt as a transformation, the driver had whipped up his horses and was shambling off round the corner of the house; and Mr. Fenn, recovering his wits with a gulp, had turned to the door behind him.

"Come in, come in, sir," he said. "I beg your pardon, sir; the lock goes a trifle hard."

Indeed, it took him a surprising time to open the door, which was not only locked on the outside, but the lock seemed rebellious from disuse; and when at last he stood back and motioned me to enter before him, I was greeted on the threshold by that peculiar and convincing sound of the rain echoing over empty chambers. The entrance-hall, in which I now found myself, was of a good size and good proportions; potted plants occupied the corners; the paved floor was soiled with muddy footprints and encumbered with straw; on a mahogany hall table, which was the only furniture, a candle had been stuck and suffered to burn down—plainly a long while ago, for the gutterings were green with mould. My mind, under these new impressions, worked with unusual vivacity. I was here shut off with Fenn and his hireling in a deserted house, a neglected garden, and a wood of evergreens: the most eligible theatre for a deed of darkness. There came to me a vision of two flags raised in the hall floor, and

the driver putting in the rainy afternoon over my grave, and the prospect displeased me extremely. I felt I had carried my pleasantry as far as was safe; I must lose no time in declaring my true character, and I was even choosing the words in which I was to begin when the hall door was slammed to behind me with a bang, and I turned, dropping my stick as I did so, in time—and not any more than time—to save my life.

The surprise of the onslaught and the huge weight of my assailant gave him the advantage. He had a pistol in his right hand of portentous size, which it took me all my strength to keep deflected. With his left arm he strained me to his bosom, so that I thought I must be crushed or stifled. His mouth was open, his face crimson, and he panted aloud with hard, animal sounds. The affair was as brief as it was hot and sudden. The potations which had swelled and bloated his carcass had already weakened the springs of energy. One more huge effort, that came near to overpower me, and in which the pistol happily exploded, and I felt his grasp slacken and weakness come on his joints; his legs succumbed under his weight, and he groveled on his knees on the stone floor. "Spare me!" he gasped.

I had not only been abominably frightened; I was shocked besides; my delicacy was in arms, like a lady to whom violence should have been offered by a similar monster. I plucked myself from his horrid contact, I snatched the pistol—even discharged, it was a formidable weapon—and menaced him with the butt. "Spare you!" I cried, "you beast!"

His voice died in his fat inwards, but his lips still vehemently framed the same words of supplication. My anger began to pass off, but not all my repugnance; the picture he made revolted me, and I was impatient to be spared the further view of it.

"Here," said I, "stop this performance; it sickens me. I am not going to kill you, do you hear? I have need of you."

A look of relief, that I could almost have called beautiful, dawned on his countenance. "Anything—anything you wish," said he.

Anything is a big word, and his use of it brought me for a moment to a stand. "Why, what do you mean?" I asked. "Do you mean that you will blow the gaff on the whole business?"

He answered me yes with eager asseverations.

"I know Monsieur de St.-Yves is in it; it was through his papers we traced you," I said. "Do you consent to make a clean breast of the others?"

"I do—I will!" he cried. "The 'ole crew of 'em; there's good names among 'em. I'll be king's evidence."

"So that all shall hang except yourself? You villain!" I broke out. "Understand at once that I am no spy or thief-taker. I am a kinsman of Monsieur de St.-Yves—here in his interest. Upon my word, you have put your foot in it prettily, Mr. Burchell Fenn! Come, stand up; don't grovel there. Stand up, you lump of iniquity!"

He scrambled to his feet. He was utterly unmanned, or it might have gone hard with me yet; and I considered him hesitating, as, indeed, there was cause. The man was a double-dyed traitor: he had tried to murder me, and I had first baffled his endeavours, and then exposed and insulted him. Was it wise to place myself any longer at his mercy? With his help I should doubtless travel more quickly; doubtless, also, far less agreeably; and there was everything to show that it would be at a greater risk. In short, I should have washed my hands of him on the spot but for the temptation of the French officers, whom I knew to be so near, and for whose society I felt so great and natural an impatience. If I was to see anything of my countrymen, it was clear I had first of all to make my peace with Mr. Fenn; and that was no easy matter. To make friends with any one implies concessions on both sides; and what could I concede? What could I say of him but that he had proved himself a villain and a fool, and the worse man?

"Well," said I, "here has been rather a poor piece of business, which I daresay you can have no pleasure in calling to mind; and, to say the truth, I would as readily forget it myself. Suppose we try. Take back your pistol, which smells very ill; put it in your pocket or wherever you had it concealed. There! Now let us meet for the first time.—Give you good morning, Mr. Fenn! I hope you do very well. I come on the recommendation of my kinsman, the Vicomte de St.-Yves."

"Do you mean it?" he cried. "Do you mean you will pass over our little scrimmage?"

"Why, certainly!" said I. "It shows you are a bold fellow, who may be trusted

to forget the business when it comes to the point. There is nothing against you in the little scrimmage, unless that your courage is greater than your strength. You are not so young as you once were, that is all."

"And I beg of you, sir, don't betray me to the Vis-count," he pleaded. "I'll not deny but what my heart failed me a trifle; but it was only a word, sir, what anybody might have said in the 'eat of the moment, and over with it."

"Certainly," said I. "That is quite my own opinion."

"The way I came to be anxious about the Vis-count," he continued, "is that I believe he might be induced to form an 'asty judgment. And the business, in a pecuniary point of view, is all that I could ask; only trying, sir—very trying. It's making an old man of me before my time. You might have observed yourself, sir, that I 'aven't got the knees I once 'ad. The knees and the breathing, there's where it takes me. But I'm very sure, sir, I address a gentleman as would be the last to make trouble between friends."

"I am sure you do me no more than justice," said I; "and I shall think it quite unnecessary to dwell on any of these passing circumstances in my report to the Vicomte."

"Which you do favor him (if you'll excuse me being so bold as to mention it) exac'ly!" said he. "I should have known you anywheres. May I offer you a pot of 'ome-brewed ale, sir? By your leave! This way, if you please. I am 'eartily grateful—'eartily pleased to be of any service to a gentleman like you, sir, which is related to the Vis-count, and really a fambly of which you might well be proud! Take care of the step, sir. You have good news of 'is 'ealth, I trust? as well as that of Monseer the Count?"

God forgive me! the horrible fellow was still puffing and panting with the fury of his assault, and already he had fallen into an obsequious, wheedling familiarity like that of an old servant—already he was flattering me on my family connections.

I followed him through the house into the stable-yard, where I observed the driver washing the cart in a shed. He must have heard the explosion of the pistol. He could not choose but hear it: the thing was shaped like a little blunderbuss, charged to the mouth, and made a report like a piece of field artillery. He had heard, he had paid no attention; and now, as we came forth by the back door, he

raised for a moment a pale and tell-tale face that was as direct as a confession. The rascal had expected to see Fenn come forth alone; he was waiting to be called on for that part of sexton which I had already allotted to him in fancy.

I need not detain the reader very long with any description of my visit to the back-kitchen, of how we mulled our ale there, and mulled it very well; nor of how we sat talking, Fenn like an old, faithful, affectionate dependant, and I—well! I had myself fallen into a mere admiration of so much impudence that transcended words, and had very soon conquered animosity. I took a fancy to the man, he was so vast a humbug. I began to see a kind of beauty in him, his *aplomb* was so majestic. I never knew a rogue to cut so fat; his villainy was ample, like his belly, and I could scarce find it in my heart to hold him responsible for either. He was good enough to drop into the autobiographical; telling me how the farm, in spite of the war and the high prices, had proved a disappointment; how there was “a sight of cold, wet land as you come along the ‘igh-road;” how the winds and rains and the seasons had been misdirected, it seemed “o’ purpose;” how Mrs. Fenn had died—“I lost her coming two year ago; a remarkable fine woman, my old girl, sir, if you’ll excuse me,” he added, with a burst of humility. In short, he gave me an opportunity of studying John Bull, as I may say, stuffed naked—his greed, his usuriousness, his hypocrisy, his perfidy of the back-stairs, all swelled to the superlative—such as was well worth the little disarray and fluster of our passage in the hall.

CHAPTER XIII.

I MEET TWO OF MY COUNTRYMEN.

As soon as I judged it safe, and that was not before Burchell Fenn had talked himself back into his breath and a complete good humor, I proposed he should introduce me to the French officers, henceforth to become my fellow-passengers. There were two of them, it appeared, and my heart beat as I approached the door. The specimen of Perfidious Albion whom I had just been studying gave me the stronger zest for my fellow-countrymen. I could have embraced them; I could have wept on their necks. And all the time I was going to a disappointment.

It was in a spacious and low room, with

an outlook on the court, that I found them bestowed. In the good days of that house the apartment had probably served as a library, for there were traces of shelves along the wainscot. Four or five mattresses lay on the floor in a corner, with a frowsy heap of bedding; near by was a basin and a cube of soap; a rude kitchen table and some deal chairs stood together at the far end; and the room was illuminated by no less than four windows, and warmed by a little crazy, sidelong grate, propped up with bricks in the vent of a hospitable chimney, and where a pile of coals smoked prodigiously and gave out a few starveling flames. An old, frail, white-haired officer sat in one of the chairs, which he had drawn close to this apology for a fire. He was wrapped in a camlet cloak, of which the collar was turned up, his knees touched the bars, his hands were spread in the very smoke, and yet he shivered for cold. The second—a big, florid, fine animal of a man, whose every gesture labeled him the “Cock of the Walk” and the “Admiration of the Ladies”—had apparently despaired of the fire, and now strode up and down, sneezing hard, bitterly blowing his nose, and proffering a continual stream of bluster, complaint, and barrack-room oaths.

Fenn showed me in, with the brief form of introduction: “Gentlemen all, this here’s another fare!” and was gone again at once. The old man gave me but the one glance out of lack-luster eyes; and even as he looked a shudder took him as sharp as a hiccough. But the other, who represented to admiration the picture of a Beau in a Catarrh, stared at me arrogantly.

“And who are you, sir?” he asked.

I made the military salute to my superiors.

“Champdivers, private, Eighth of the Line,” said I.

“Pretty business!” said he. “And you are going on with us? Three in a cart, and a great trolloping private at that! And who is to pay for you, my fine fellow?” he inquired.

“If monsieur comes to that,” I answered civilly, “who paid for him?”

“Oh, if you choose to play the wit!” said he, and began to rail at large upon his destiny, the weather, the cold, the danger and the expense of the escape, and, above all, the cooking of the accursed English. It seemed to annoy him particularly that I should have joined their party. “If you knew what you were doing—thirty

thousand millions of pigs!—you would keep yourself to yourself! The horses can't drag the cart; the roads are all ruts and swamps. No longer ago than last night the colonel and I had to march half the way—half the way to the knees in mud—and I with this infernal cold—and the danger of detection! Happily we met no one—a desert—a real desert—like the whole abominable country! Nothing to eat—no, sir, there is nothing to eat but raw cow and greens boiled in water—nor to drink but Worcestershire sauce. Now I, with my catarrh, I have no appetite; is it not so? Well, if I were in France, I should have a good soup with a crust in it, an omelette, a fowl in rice, a partridge in cabbages—things to tempt me! But here—what a country! And cold, too! They talk about Russia—this is all the cold I want! And the people—look at them! What a race! Never any handsome men; never any fine officers!"—and he looked down complacently for a moment at his waist. "And the women—what faggots! No, that is one point clear, I cannot stomach the English!"

There was something in this man so antipathetic to me as sent the mustard into my nose. I can never bear your bucks and dandies, even when they are decent-looking and well-dressed; and the major—for that was his rank—was the image of a flunkey in good luck. An angel who should have married him, or even dreamed of it, would have been a dead angel for me. Even to be in agreement with him, or to seem to be so, was more than I could make out to endure.

"You could scarce be expected to," said I, civilly, "after having just digested your parole."

He whipped round on his heel, and turned on me a countenance which, I dare say, he imagined to be awful; but another fit of sneezing cut him off ere he could come to the length of speech.

"I have not tried the dish myself," I took the opportunity to add. "It is said to be unpalatable. Did monsieur find it so?"

With surprising vivacity the colonel woke from his lethargy. He was between us ere another word could pass.

"Shame, gentlemen!" he said. "Is this a time for Frenchmen and fellow-soldiers to fall out? We are in the midst of our enemies; a quarrel, a loud word, may suffice to plunge us back into irretrievable distress. *Monsieur le Commandant*, you have been gravely offended. I make it my request, I make it my prayer—if need

be, I give you my orders—that the matter shall stand by until we come safe to France. Then, if you please, I will serve you in any capacity. And for you, young man, you have shown all the cruelty and carelessness of youth. This gentleman is your superior; he is no longer young"—at which word you are to conceive the major's face. "It is admitted he has broken his parole. I know not his reason, and no more do you. It might be patriotism in this hour of our country's adversity, it might be humanity, necessity; you know not what in the least, and you permit yourself to reflect on his honor. To break parole may be a subject for pity and not derision. I have broken mine—I, a colonel of the Empire. And why? I have been years negotiating my exchange, and it cannot be managed; those who have influence at the Ministry of War continually rush in before me, and I have to wait, and my daughter at home is in a decline. I am going to see my daughter at last, and it is my only concern lest I should have delayed too long. She is ill, and very ill; at death's door. Nothing is left me but my daughter, my Emperor, and my honor; and I give my honor. Blame me for it who dare!"

At this my heart smote me.

"For God's sake," I cried, "think no more of what I have said! A parole? what is a parole against life and death and love? I ask your pardon; this gentleman's also. As long as I shall be with you, you shall not have cause to complain of me again. I pray God, you will find your daughter alive and restored."

"That is past praying for," said the colonel; and immediately the brief fire died out of him, and returning to the hearth, he relapsed into his former abstraction.

But I was not so easy to compose. The knowledge of the poor gentleman's trouble and the sight of his face had filled me with the bitterness of remorse; and I insisted upon shaking hands with the major (which he did with a very ill grace), and abounded in palinodes and apologies.

"After all," said I, "who am I to talk? I am in the luck to be a private soldier; I have no parole to give or to keep; once I am over the rampart, I am as free as air. I beg you to believe that I regret from my soul the use of these ungenerous expressions. Allow me. . . . Is there no way in this house to attract attention? Where is this fellow, Fenn?"

I ran to one of the windows and threw

it open. Fenn, who was at the moment passing below in the court, cast up his arms like one in despair, called to me to keep back, plunged into the house, and appeared next moment in the doorway of the chamber.

"Oh, sir!" says he, "keep away from those there windows. A body might see you from the back lane."

"It is registered," said I. "Henceforward I will be a mouse for precaution and a ghost for invisibility. But in the meantime fetch us a bottle of brandy. Your room is as damp as the bottom of a well, and these gentlemen are perishing for cold."

So soon as I had paid him (for everything I found must be paid in advance), I turned my attention to the fire, and whether because I threw greater energy into the business, or because the coals were now warmed and the time ripe, I soon started a blaze that made the chimney roar again. The shine of it, in that dark, rainy day, seemed to reanimate the colonel like a blink of sun. With the outburst of the flames, besides, a draught was established, which immediately delivered us from the plague of smoke; and by the time Fenn returned, carrying a bottle under his arm and a single tumbler in his hand, there was already an air of gaiety in the room that did the heart good.

I poured out some of the brandy.

"Colonel," said I, "I am a young man and a private soldier. I have not been long in this room, and already I have shown the petulance that belongs to the one character and the ill manners that you may look for in the other. Have the humanity to pass these slips over, and honor me so far as to accept this glass."

"My lad," says he, waking up and blinking at me with an air of suspicion, "are you sure you can afford it?"

I assured him I could.

"I thank you, then; I am very cold." He took the glass out, and a little color came in his face. "I thank you again," said he. "It goes to the heart."

The major, when I motioned him to help himself, did so with a good deal of liberality; continued to do so for the rest of the morning, now with some sort of apology, now with none at all; and the bottle began to look foolish before dinner was served. It was such a meal as he had himself predicted: beef, greens, potatoes, mustard in a teacup, and beer in a brown jug that was all over hounds, horses, and hunters, with a fox at the far end and a gigantic

John Bull—for all the world like Fenn—sitting in the midst in a bob-wig and smoking tobacco. The beer was a good brew, but not good enough for the major; he laced it with brandy—for his cold, he said; and in this curative design the remainder of the bottle ebbed away. He called my attention repeatedly to the circumstance; helped me pointedly to the dregs; threw the bottle in the air and played tricks with it; and at last, having exhausted his ingenuity, and seeing me remain quite blind to every hint, he ordered and paid for another himself.

As for the colonel, he ate nothing, sat sunk in a muse, and only awoke occasionally to a sense of where he was and what he was supposed to be doing. On each of these occasions he showed a gratitude and kind courtesy that endeared him to me beyond expression. "Champdivers, my lad, your health!" he would say. "The major and I had a very arduous march last night, and I positively thought I should have eaten nothing, but your fortunate idea of the brandy has made quite a new man of me—quite a new man." And he would fall to with a great air of heartiness, cut himself a mouthful, and before he had swallowed it, would have forgotten his dinner, his company, the place where he then was, and the escape he was engaged on, and become absorbed in the vision of a sick-room and a dying girl in France. The pathos of this continual preoccupation, in a man so old, sick, and overweary, and whom I looked upon as a mere bundle of dying bones and death pains, put me wholly from my victuals; it seemed there was an element of sin and a kind of rude bravado of youth in the mere relishing of food at the same table with this tragic father; and though I was well enough used with the coarse, plain diet of the English, I ate scarce more than himself. Dinner was hardly over before he succumbed to a lethargic sleep, lying on one of the mattresses with his limbs relaxed and his breath seemingly suspended, the very image of dissolution.

This left the major and myself alone at the table. You must not suppose our *tête-à-tête* was long, but it was a lively period while it lasted. He drank like a fish or an Englishman; shouted, beat the table, roared out songs, quarreled, made it up again, and at last tried to throw the dinner-plates through the window, a feat of which he was at that time quite incapable. For a party of fugitives, condemned to the most rigorous discretion, there was never

seen so noisy a carnival; and through it all the colonel continued to sleep like a child. Seeing the major so well advanced and no retreat possible, I made a fair wind of a foul one, keeping his glass full, pushing him with toasts, and sooner than I could have dared to hope, he became drowsy and incoherent. With the wrong-headedness of all such sots, he would not be persuaded to lie down upon one of the mattresses until I had stretched myself upon another. But the comedy was soon over; soon he slept the sleep of the just and snored like a military music; and I might get up again and face (as best I could) the excessive tedium of the afternoon.

I had passed the night before in a good bed; I was denied the resource of slumber, and there was nothing open for me but to pace the apartment, maintain the fire, and brood on my position. I compared yesterday and to-day—the safety, comfort, jollity, open-air exercise, and pleasant roadside inns of the one, with the tedium, anxiety, and discomfort of the other. I remembered that I was in the hands of Fenn, who could not be more false—though he might be more vindictive—than I fancied him. I looked forward to nights of pitching in the covered cart and days of monotony in I knew not what hiding-places; and my heart failed me, and I was in two minds whether to slink off ere it was too late and return to my former solitary way of travel. But the colonel stood in the path. I had not seen much of him; and already I judged him a man of a child-like nature—with that sort of innocence and courtesy that, I think, is only to be found in old soldiers or old priests—and broken with years and sorrow. I could not turn my back on his distress; could not leave him alone with the selfish trooper who snored on the next mattress. “Champdivers, my lad, your health!” said a voice in my ear, and stopped me—and there are few things I am more glad of in the retrospect than that it did.

It must have been about four in the afternoon—at least the rain had taken off, and the sun was setting with some wintry pomp—that the current of my reflections was effectually changed by the arrival of two visitors in a gig. They were farmers of the neighborhood, I suppose, big, burly fellows in great-coats and top-boots, mightily flushed with liquor when they arrived, and before they left, inimitably drunk. They stayed long in the kitchen

with Burchell, drinking, shouting, singing, and keeping it up; and the sound of their merry minstrelsy kept me a kind of company. There was not much variety—we had “Widdicombe Fair” at least three times; and if it was scarce tuneful, it was at least more so than the bestial snoring of the major on the mattress. The night fell, and the shine of the fire brightened and blinked on the panelled wall. Our illuminated windows must have been visible not only from the back lane of which Fenn had spoken, but from the court where the farmers’ gig awaited them. When they should come forth, they must infallibly perceive the chamber to be tenanted; and suppose them to remark upon the circumstance, it became a question whether Fenn was honest enough to wish to protect us, or should have sense enough left, after his long potations, to put their inquiries by. These were not pleasing insinuations; and when our friends below gave us the third time,

“Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me thy gray mare—
All along, down along, out along lee—
I want for to go to Widdicombe Fair,”

I felt I would have gladly borrowed the gray mare myself to escape from the bubbling pot of troubles in which I had plunged myself by my visit to Burchell Fenn. In the far end of the firelit room lay my companions, the one silent, the other clamorously noisy, the images of death and drunkenness. Little wonder if I were tempted to join in the choruses below, and sometimes could hardly refrain from laughter, and sometimes, I believe, from tears—so unmitigated was the tedium, so cruel the suspense, of this period.

At last, about six at night, I should fancy, the noisy minstrels appeared in the court, headed by Fenn with a lantern, and knocking together as they came. The visitors clambered noisily into the gig, one of them shook the reins, and they were snatched out of sight and hearing with a suddenness that partook of the nature of prodigy. I am well aware there is a providence for drunken men, that holds the reins for them and presides over their troubles; doubtless he had his work cut out for him with this particular gigful! Fenn rescued his toes with an ejaculation from under the departing wheels, and turned at once with uncertain steps and devious lantern to the far end of the court. There, through the open doors of a coach-house, the shock-headed lad was already to be seen drawing forth the covered cart. If I wished any

private talk with our host, it must be now or never.

Accordingly I groped my way downstairs, and came to him as he looked on and lighted the harnessing of the horses.

"The hour approaches when we have to part," said I; "and I shall be obliged if you will tell your servant to drop me at the nearest point for Dunstable. I am determined to go so far with our friends, Colonel X. and Major Y., but my business is peremptory, and it takes me to the neighborhood of Dunstable."

Orders were given, to my satisfaction, with an obsequiousness that seemed only inflamed by his potations.

CHAPTER XIV.

TRAVELS OF THE COVERED CART.

My companions were aroused with difficulty: the colonel, poor old gentleman! to a sort of permanent dream, in which you could say of him only that he was very deaf and anxiously polite; the major still maudlin drunk. We had a dish of tea by the fireside, and then issued like criminals into the scathing cold of the night. For the weather had in the meanwhile changed. Upon the cessation of the rain, a strict frost had succeeded. The moon, being young, was already near the zenith when we started, glittered everywhere on sheets of ice, and sparkled in ten thousand icicles. A more unpromising night for a journey it was hard to conceive. But in the course of the afternoon the horses had been well sharpened; and King (for such was the name of the shock-headed lad) was very positive that he could drive us without misadventure. He was as good as his word; indeed, despite a gawky air, he was simply invaluable in his present employment, showing marked sagacity in all that concerned the care of horses, and guiding us by one short cut after another for days and without a fault.

The interior of that engine of torture, the covered cart, was fitted with a bench, on which we took our places; the door was shut; in a moment, the night closed upon us solid and stifling; and we felt that we were being driven carefully out of the courtyard. Careful was the word all night, and it was an alleviation of our miseries that we did not often enjoy. In general, as we were driven the better part of the night and day, often at a pretty quick pace and always through a labyrinth of the

most infamous country lanes and by-roads, we were so bruised upon the bench, so dashed against the top and sides of the cart, that we reached the end of a stage in truly pitiable case, sometimes flung ourselves down without the formality of eating, made but one sleep of it until the hour of departure returned, and were only properly awakened by the first jolt of the renewed journey. There were interruptions, at times, that we hailed as alleviations. At times the cart was bogged, once it was upset, and we must alight and lend the driver the assistance of our arms; at times too (as on the occasion when I had first encountered it) the horses gave out, and we had to trail alongside in mud or frost until the first peep of daylight, or the approach of a hamlet or a high-road bade us disappear like ghosts into our prison.

The main roads of England are incomparable for excellence, of a beautiful smoothness, very ingeniously laid down, and so well kept that in most weathers you could take your dinner off any part of them without distaste. Then, to the note of the bugle, the mail did its sixty miles a day; innumerable chaises whisked after the bobbing postboys; or some young blood would flit by in a curricule and tandem to the vast delight and danger of the lieges. Then the slow-pacing wagons made a music of bells, and all day long the travelers on horseback and the travelers on foot (like happy Mr. St. Ives so little a while before!) kept coming and going, and baiting and gaping at each other, as though a fair were due and they were gathering to it from all England. No, nowhere in the world is travel so great a pleasure as in that country. But unhappily our one need was to be secret; and all this rapid and animated picture of the road swept quite apart from us, as we lumbered up hill and down dale, under hedge and over stone, among circuitous byways. Only twice did I receive, as it were, a whiff of the highway. The first reached my ears alone. I might have been anywhere. I only knew I was in the dark night and among ruts, when I heard very far off, over the silent country that surrounded us, the guard's horn wailing its signal to the next post-house for a change of horses. It was like the voice of the day heard in the darkness, a voice of the world heard in prison, the note of a cock crowing in the mid-seas; in short, I cannot tell you what it was like, you will have to fancy for yourself—but I could have wept to hear it. Once we were belated: the cattle could

hardly crawl, the day was at hand, it was a nipping, rigorous morning; King was lashing his horses, I was giving an arm to the old colonel, and the major was coughing in our rear. I must suppose that King was a thought careless, being nearly in desperation about his team, and in spite of the cold morning, breathing hot with his exertions. We came, at last, a little before sunrise, to the summit of a hill, and saw the high-road passing at right angles through an open country of meadows and hedgerow pollards; and not only the York mail, speeding smoothly at the gallop of the four horses, but a post-chaise besides, with the postboy titupping briskly, and the traveler himself putting his head out of the window, but whether to breathe the dawn, or the better to observe the passage of the mail, I do not know. So that we enjoyed for an instant a picture of free life on the road, in its most luxurious forms of despatch and comfort. And thereafter, with a poignant feeling of contrast in our hearts, we must mount again into our wheeled dungeon.

We came to our stages at all sorts of odd hours, and they were in all kinds of odd places. I may say at once that my first experience was my best. Nowhere again were we so well entertained as at Burchell Fenn's. And this, I suppose, was natural and, indeed, inevitable in so long and secret a journey. The first stop, we lay six hours in a barn standing by itself in a poor, marshy orchard, and packed with hay. To make it more attractive, we were told it had been the scene of an abominable murder and was now haunted. But the day was beginning to break, and our fatigue was too extreme for visionary terrors. The second or third, we alighted on a barren heath about midnight, built a fire to warm us under the shelter of some thorns, supped like beggars on bread and a piece of cold bacon, and slept like gipsies with our feet to the fire. In the meanwhile, King was gone with the cart, I know not where, to get a change of horses, and it was late in the dark morning when he returned and we were able to resume our journey. In the middle of another night, we came to a stop by an ancient, white-washed cottage of two stories; a privet hedge surrounded it; the frosty moon shone blankly on the upper windows; but through those of the kitchen the firelight was seen glinting on the roof and reflected from the dishes on the wall. Here, after much hammering on the door, King managed to arouse an old crone from

the chimney-corner chair, where she had been dozing in the watch; and we were had in, and entertained with a dish of hot tea. This old lady was an aunt of Burchell Fenn's—and an unwilling partner in his dangerous trade. Though the house stood solitary, and the hour was an unlikely one for any passenger upon the road, King and she conversed in whispers only. There was something dismal, something of the sick-room, in this perpetual, guarded sibilation. The apprehensions of our hostess insensibly communicated themselves to every one present. We ate like mice in a cat's ear; if one of us jingled a teaspoon, all would start; and when the hour came to take the road again, we drew a long breath of relief, and climbed to our places in the covered cart with a positive sense of escape. The most of our meals, however, were taken boldly at hedgerow ale-houses, usually at untimely hours of the day, when the clients were in the field or the farmyard at labor. I shall have to tell presently of our last experience of the sort, and how unfortunately it miscarried; but as that was the signal for my separation from my fellow-travelers, I must first finish with them.

I had never any occasion to waver in my first judgment of the colonel. The old gentleman seemed to me, and still seems in the retrospect, the salt of the earth. I had occasion to see him in the extremes of hardship, hunger, and cold; he was dying, and he looked it; and yet I cannot remember any hasty, harsh, or impatient word to have fallen from his lips. On the contrary, he ever showed himself careful to please, and even if he rambled in his talk, rambled always gently—like a humane, half-witted old hero, true to his colors to the last. I would not dare to say how often he awoke suddenly from a lethargy and told us again, as though we had never heard it, the story of how he had earned the cross, how it had been given him by the hand of the emperor, and of the innocent—and, indeed, foolish—sayings of his daughter when he returned with it on his bosom. He had another anecdote which he was very apt to give, by way of a rebuke, when the major wearied us beyond endurance with dispraises of the English. This was an account of the "*braves gens*" with whom he had been boarding. True enough, he was a man so simple and grateful by nature that the most common civilities were able to touch him to the heart and would remain written in his memory; but from a thousand inconsiderable but

conclusive indications, I gathered that this family had really loved him and loaded him with kindness. They made a fire in his bedroom, which the sons and daughters tended with their own hands; letters from France were looked for with scarce more eagerness by himself than by these alien sympathizers; when they came, he would read them aloud in the parlor to the assembled family, translating as he went. The colonel's English was elementary; his daughter was not in the least likely to be an amusing correspondent; and as I conceived these scenes in the parlor, I felt sure that the interest centered in the colonel himself, and I thought I could feel in my own heart that mixture of the ridiculous and the pathetic, the contest of tears and laughter, which must have shaken the bosoms of the family. Their kindness had continued till the end. It appears they were privy to his flight, the camlet cloak had been lined expressly for him, and he was the bearer of a letter from the daughter of the house to his own daughter in Paris. The last evening, when the time came to say good-night, it was tacitly known to all that they were to look upon his face no more. He rose, pleading fatigue, and turned to the daughter, who had been his chief ally: "You will permit me, my dear—to an old and very unhappy soldier—and may God bless you for your goodness!" The girl threw her arms about his neck and sobbed upon his bosom; the lady of the house burst into tears; "*et je vous le jure, le père se mouchoit!*" quoth the colonel, twisting his mustaches with a cavalry air, and at the same time blinking the water from his eyes at the mere recollection.

It was a good thought to me that he had found these friends in captivity; that he had started on this fatal journey from so cordial a farewell. He had broken his parole for his daughter; that he should ever live to reach her sick-bed, that he could continue to endure to an end the hardships, the crushing fatigue, the savage cold, of our pilgrimage, I had early ceased to hope. I did for him what I was able, nursed him, kept him covered, watched over his slumbers, sometimes held him in my arms at the rough places of the road. "Champ-divers," he once said, "you are like a son to me—like a son." And it is good to remember, though at the time it put me on the rack. All was to no purpose. Fast as we were traveling towards France, he was traveling faster still and to another destination. Daily he grew weaker and more

indifferent. An old rustic accent of Lower Normandy reappeared in his speech, from which it had long been banished, and grew stronger; old words of the *patois*, too: *ouistreham*, *matrassé*, and others, the sense of which we were sometimes unable to guess. On the very last day he began again his eternal story of the cross and the emperor. The major, who was particularly ill, or at least particularly cross, uttered some angry words of protest. "*Pardonnez moi, monsieur le commandant, mais c'est pour monsieur,*" said the colonel. "Monsieur has not yet heard the circumstance, and is good enough to feel an interest." Presently after, however, he began to lose the thread of his narrative; and at last: "*Qué que j'ai? Je m'embrouille!*" says he. "*Suffit: s'm'a la donné, et Berthe en était bien contente.*" It struck me as the falling of the curtain or the closing of the sepulchre doors.

Sure enough, in but a little while after, he fell into a sleep as gentle as an infant's, which insensibly changed into the sleep of death. I had my arm about his body at the time, and remarked nothing, unless it were that he once stretched himself a little, so kindly the end came to that disastrous life. It was only at our evening halt that the major and I discovered we were traveling alone with the poor clay. That night we stole a spade from a field—I think near Market Bosworth—and a little farther on, in a wood of young oak trees and by the light of King's lantern, we buried the old soldier of the Empire with both prayers and tears.

We had needs invent Heaven if it had not been revealed to us; there are some things that fall so bitterly ill on this side Time! As for the major, I have long since forgiven him. He broke the news to the poor colonel's daughter; I am told he did it kindly, and sure nobody could have done it without tears! His share of purgatory will be brief; and in this world, as I could not very well praise him, I have suppressed his name. The colonel's also, for the sake of his parole. *Requiescant.*

CHAPTER XV.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ATTORNEY'S CLERK.

I HAVE mentioned our usual course, which was to eat in inconsiderable wayside hostleries, known to King. It was a dangerous business: we went daily under fire

to satisfy our appetite, and put our head in the lion's mouth for a piece of bread. Sometimes, to minimize the risk, we would all dismount before we came in view of the house, straggle in severally, and give what orders we pleased, like disconnected strangers. In like manner we departed, to find the cart at an appointed place, some half a mile beyond. The colonel and the major had each a word or two of English—help their pronunciation! But they did well enough to order a rasher and a pot or call a reckoning; and to say the truth, these country folks did not give themselves the pains, and had scarce the knowledge, to be critical.

About nine or ten at night the pains of hunger and cold drove us to an alehouse in the flats of Bedfordshire, not far from Bedford itself. In the inn kitchen was a long, lean, characteristic-looking fellow of perhaps forty, dressed in black. He sat on a settle by the fireside, smoking a long pipe, such as they call a yard of clay. His hat and wig were hanged upon the knob behind him, his head as bald as a bladder of lard, and his expression very shrewd, cantankerous, and inquisitive. He seemed to value himself above his company, to give himself the airs of a man of the world among that rustic herd; which was often no more than his due, being, as I afterwards discovered, an attorney's clerk. I took upon myself the more ungrateful part of arriving last; and by the time I entered on the scene, the major was already served at a side table. Some general conversation must have passed, and I smelled danger in the air. The major looked flustered, the attorney's clerk triumphant, and the three or four peasants in smock-frocks (who sat about the fire to play chorus) had let their pipes go out.

"Give you good evening, sir!" said the attorney's clerk to me.

"The same to you, sir," said I.

"I think this one will do," quoth the clerk to the yokels with a wink; and then, as soon as I had given my order, "Pray, sir, whither are you bound?" he added.

"Sir," said I, "I am not one of those who speak either of their business or their destination in houses of public entertainment."

"A good answer," said he, "and an excellent principle. Sir, do you speak French?"

"Why, no, sir," said I. "A little Spanish at your service."

"But you know the French accent, perhaps?" said the clerk.

"Well do I do that!" said I. "The French accent? Why, I believe I can tell a Frenchman in ten words."

"Here is a puzzle for you, then!" he said. "I have no material doubt myself, but some of these gentlemen are more backward. The lack of education, you know. I make bold to say that a man cannot walk, cannot hear, and cannot see, without the blessings of education."

He turned to the major, whose food plainly stuck in his throat.

"Now, sir," pursued the clerk, "let me have the pleasure to hear your voice again. Where are you going, did you say?"

"Sare, I am go—ing to Lon—don," said the major.

I could have flung my plate at him to be such an ass and to have so little a gift of languages where that was the essential.

"What think ye of that?" said the clerk. "Is that French enough?"

"Well, well!" cried I, leaping up like one who should suddenly perceive an acquaintance, "is this you, Mr. Dubois? Why, who would have dreamed of encountering you so far from home?" As I spoke, I shook hands with the major heartily; and turning to our tormentor, "Oh, sir, you may be perfectly reassured! This is a very honest fellow, a late neighbor of mine in the city of Carlisle."

I thought the attorney looked put out; I little knew the man.

"But he is French," said he, "for all that?"

"Ay, to be sure!" said I. "A Frenchman of the emigration! None of your Bonaparte lot. I will warrant his views of politics to be as sound as your own."

"What is a little strange," said the clerk quietly, "is that Mr. Dubois should deny it."

I got it fair in the face, and took it smiling; but the shock was rude, and in the course of the next words I contrived to do what I have rarely done and make a slip in my English. I kept my liberty and life by my proficiency all these months, and for once that I failed it is not to be supposed that I would make a public exhibition of the details. Enough that it was a very little error, and one that might have passed ninety-nine times in a hundred. But my limb of the law was as swift to pick it up as though he had been by trade a master of languages.

"Aha!" cries he; "and you are French, too! You tongue bewrays you. Two Frenchmen coming into an alehouse, severally and accidentally, not knowing each

other, at ten of the clock at night, in the middle of Bedfordshire? No, sir, that shall not pass! You are all prisoners escaping, if you are nothing worse. Consider yourselves under arrest. I have to trouble you for your papers."

"Where is your warrant, if you come to that?" said I. "My papers! A likely thing that I would show my papers on the *ipse dixit* of an unknown fellow in a hedge alehouse!"

"Would you resist the law?" says he.

"Not the law, sir," said I. "I hope I am too good a subject for that. But for a nameless fellow with a bald head and a pair of gingham small-clothes, why, certainly! 'Tis my birthright as an Englishman. Where's *Magna Charta*, else?"

"We will see about that," says he; and then, addressing the assistants, "Where does the constable live?"

"Lord love you, sir!" cried the landlord, "what are you thinking of? The constable at past ten at night! Why, he's abed and asleep, and good and drunk two hours ago!"

"Ah, that a' be!" came in chorus from the yokels.

The attorney's clerk was put to a stand. He could not think of force; there was little sign of martial ardor about the landlord, and the peasants were indifferent—they only listened, and gaped, and now scratched a head, and now would get a light to their pipe from the embers on the hearth. On the other hand, the major and I put a bold front on the business and defied him, not without some ground of law. In this state of matters he proposed I should go along with him to one Squire Merton, a great man of the neighborhood, who was in the commission of the peace, and the end of his avenue but three lanes away. I told him I would not stir a foot for him if it were to save his soul. Next he proposed that I should stay all night where I was, and the constable could see to my affair in the morning, when he was sober. I replied I should go when and where I pleased; that we were lawful travelers in the fear of God and the king, and I for one would suffer myself to be stayed by nobody. At the same time, I was thinking the matter had lasted altogether too long, and I determined to bring it to an end at once.

"See here," said I, getting up, for till now I had remained carelessly seated, "there's only one way to decide a thing like this—only one way that's right *English*—and that's man to man. Take off

your coat, sir, and these gentlemen shall see fair play."

At this there came a look in his eye that I could not mistake. His education had been neglected in one essential and eminently British particular: he could not box. No more could I, you may say; but then I had the more impudence—and I had made the proposal.

"He says I'm no Englishman, but the proof of the pudding is the eating of it," I continued. And here I stripped my coat and fell into the proper attitude, which was just about all I knew of this barbarian art. "Why, sir, you seem to me to hang back a little," said I. "Come, I'll meet you; I'll give you an appetizer—though hang me if I can understand the man that wants any enticement to hold up his hands." I drew a bank-note out of my fob and tossed it to the landlord. "There are the stakes," said I. "I'll fight you for first blood, since you seem to make so much work about it. If you tap my claret first, there are five guineas for you, and I'll go with you to any squire you choose to mention. If I tap yours, you'll perhaps let on that I'm the better man, and allow me to go about my lawful business at my own time and convenience. Is that fair, my lads?" says I, appealing to the company.

"Ay, ay," said the chorus of chawbacons; "he can't say no fairer nor that, he can't. Take thy coat off, master!"

The limb of the law was now on the wrong side of public opinion, and, what heartened me to go on, the position was rapidly changing in our favor. Already the major was paying his shot to the very indifferent landlord, and I could see the white face of King at the back door, making signals of haste.

"Oho!" quoth my enemy, "you are as full of doubles as a fox, are you not? But I see through you; I see through and through you. You would change the venue, would you?"

"I may be transparent, sir," says I, "but if you'll do me the favor to stand up, you'll find I can hit pretty hard."

"Which is a point, if you will observe, that I have never called in question," said he. "Why, you ignorant clowns," he proceeded, addressing the company, "can't you see the fellow is gulling you before your eyes? Can't you see that he's changed the point upon me? I say he's a French prisoner, and he answers that he can box! What has that to do with it? I would not wonder but what he can dance,

too — they're all dancing-masters over there. I say, and I stick to it, that he's a Frenchy. He says he isn't. Well, then, let him out with his papers, if he has them! If he had, would he not show them? If he had, would he not jump at the idea of going to Squire Merton, a man you all know? Now, you're all plain, straightforward Bedfordshire men, and I wouldn't ask a better lot to appeal to. You're not the kind to be talked over with any French gammon, and he's plenty of that. But let me tell him, he can take his pigs to another market; they'll never do here; they'll never go down in Bedfordshire. Why, look at the man! Look at his feet! Has anybody got a foot in the room like that? See how he stands! Do any of you fellows stand like that? Does the landlord, there? Why, he has Frenchman wrote all over him, as big as a sign-post!"

This was all very well; and in a different scene I might even have been gratified by his remarks; but I saw clearly, if I were to allow him to talk, he might turn the tables on me altogether. He might not be much of a hand at boxing; but I was much mistaken or he had studied forensic

eloquence in a good school. In this predicament, I could think of nothing more ingenious than to burst out of the house, under the pretext of an ungovernable rage. It was certainly not very ingenious—it was elementary; but I had no choice.

"You white-livered dog!" I broke out. "Do you dare to tell me you're an Englishman, and won't fight? But I'll stand no more of this! I'll leave this place, where I've been insulted! Here! what's to pay? Pay yourself!" I went on, offering the landlord a handful of silver, "and give me back my bank-note!"

The landlord, following his usual policy of obliging everybody, offered no opposition to my design. The position of my adversary was now thoroughly bad. He had lost my two companions. He was on the point of losing me also. There was plainly no hope of arousing the company to help; and, watching him with a corner of my eye, I saw him hesitate for a moment. The next he had taken down his hat and his wig, which was of black horse-hair; and I saw him draw from behind the settle a vast hooded great-coat and a small valise. "Is the rascal," thought I, "going to follow me?"

(To be continued.)

ANDREW JACKSON AT HOME.

REMINISCENCES BY HIS GRANDDAUGHTER RACHEL JACKSON LAWRENCE.

I WAS near thirteen years of age when my grandfather died, and, having lived those years under his roof, our association was much closer than, and very different from, that common between grandfather and granddaughter. Apart from this, I was bound to him by the closer tie of being named for his beloved wife Rachel.

General Jackson was warmly attached to many of his wife's relatives and connections. Having no children of his own, he legally adopted his wife's nephew, when only three days old, taking him to the Hermitage, and naming him Andrew Jackson, his son and heir. He ever felt for this son the most devoted attachment, and he was his only solace after the death of his wife. As a young man, twenty-one years of age, he accompanied his father to the White House in 1829, and in the fall of 1831 married Miss Sarah Yorke of Phila-

delphia, and brought her, a lovely bride, as a daughter to General Jackson, who welcomed her with the tenderest affection. With him there at the White House until the early spring of 1837, this son and daughter, with two grandchildren, Rachel and Andrew, constituted General Jackson's little family, and with him returned to the Hermitage at the close of his presidency.

I remember the journey perfectly, although only five years of age. General Jackson and my mother occupied the back seat of the old family coach, and my father and the general's physician, Dr. Gwynn, were on the front seat. My brother and myself (the two grandchildren, Rachel and Andrew) were in a chartered stage-coach, with our colored nurses, faithful Gracie and Louisa, entrusted to the charge of Colonel Earl. Major W. B. Lewis and one or two other gentlemen, friends of

my grandfather, were in the stage also. The coach was overturned, which caused great excitement; but, fortunately, no one was injured. This incident served to impress the journey on my memory. There was a perfect ovation to General Jackson all along the route. In one town where we stopped, a wreath of laurel leaves was brought and placed upon his head. During the journey he gave away one hundred and fifty silver half-dollars to namesakes, saying to many of the mothers who presented their children to him, as he gave the pieces, "This is our country's eagle. It will do for the little one to cut his teeth on now, but teach him to love and defend it." In those days it took nearly a month to travel from Washington to the Hermitage.

I have mentioned Colonel Earl as being entrusted with the care of us children on the homeward journey. He was the artist who painted so many portraits of General Jackson. He had married a niece of Mrs. Jackson, and was a warm admirer and devoted friend of General Jackson, and he was in every respect worthy of the great attachment my grandfather and all our family had for him. He lived but a few months after our return to the Hermitage.

He was ill only a few hours, and died at dawn. I believe he had been out too much in the hot sun, engaged in laying off the lawn in front of the Hermitage. My mother suggested it, and he drew the plan in the shape of a guitar. He also drew the plan for flower beds in the center of the garden and around Mrs. Jackson's tomb; in all of which grandfather took great interest and was constantly present. The large cedar trees that now form an avenue from the Hermitage to the front gate and around all the walks and drives, were set out then.

I have a small portrait by Colonel Earl, taken at Washington in the spring of 1837. Grandfather is standing on the back porch of the White House, with cane in hand, and his hat on a chair near by. His military cloak is thrown across his shoulders. My brother, Colonel Jackson, has a portrait by Colonel Earl of General Jackson in uniform, on his old white horse, "Sam Patch." I always admired that picture very much. It recalls such delightful associations and remembrances. It was on this old horse, after our return from Washington, that my grandfather took me, every morning after breakfast, and rode around the farm to see the stock. He would stop and talk awhile with old

Dunwoody, at the negro's cabin, about the colts; then to the fields, where the servants were at work picking out cotton; and as soon as he came up and spoke to them, always kindly and gently, they would give three loud cheers for "old master." At first I rode before him, but when larger I rode behind him. When the old horse died at the Hermitage, he was buried there with military honors.

Although none of General Jackson's blood flows in my veins, he is in my heart, and ever will be, my revered and beloved grandfather. Sweet memories of his loving kindness rise up constantly before me. Especially do I love to think of him as he appeared at night. After he had conducted family prayers—first reading a chapter from the Bible, then giving out a hymn, two lines at a time, which all joined in singing, and then kneeling in prayer—we went into my mother's room, adjoining his, while my father, with the general's old servant, George, who always slept in his room, assisted him to bed. Then my mother and I would go into his room to bid him good-night. His bedstead was very high, with tall, solid mahogany posts. Three steps covered with carpet stood alongside, and, as I stood on the top, and, on tip-toe, leaned over to kiss him, he would place his hand most tenderly on my head as he kissed me, saying, "Bless my baby, bless my little Rachel. Good-night." I turned away from him always impressed with his tenderness and love for me.

He grew very feeble toward the end of his days, although he would walk several times up and down the long porch every afternoon, with his tall ebony cane in his right hand, and my mother, his beloved daughter-in-law, on his left. I can hear now in my imagination the ring of his cane as it struck the stone flagging. Just before sunset he always walked alone to the tomb of his wife in the garden at the Hermitage.

At last the end came, and that great and wonderful man's spirit left earth for heaven. I returned from school Friday evening, and he died on Sunday, June 8th, at a little past six o'clock in the evening. We were all around him, and the evening's sun-rays shone in the windows, illuminating the sad room. My father had his arm about him, supporting his head, while faithful George held the pillows behind his back. My mother stood next, holding his hand, and her sister, Aunt Adams, next to her. Our family physician, Dr. Esselman,

was there. I stood at the foot of grandfather's bed, an old-fashioned one without any foot-board, with my hand near his feet, but looking intently into his face, with the only anguish my child's heart had ever felt or known. I noticed the slightest tremor pass to his feet; but did not understand it until Dr. Esselman said, "All is over." He had taken leave of us shortly before, calmly and affectionately. His last consecutive words were, "My dear children and friends and servants, I hope and trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black," looking at all with the tenderest solicitude. He ceased to speak, but fixed his eyes intently on me, and looked, Dr. Esselman said, as though he was invoking the choicest blessing of heaven to rest upon me, the namesake of his cherished wife.

As showing the nature of General Jackson's heart and the fine quality of his love better than any words of mine can possibly do, I will add here some passages from his letters written to my mother at intervals when she was separated from him. Often at night, when his labors and duties forbade the leisure in the day time, he would write; he could not sleep without first writing at least a few lines to her.

April 23, 1832.—"I have this moment rec'd your kind, affectionate letter from Wheeling. It was a balm to my anxious mind, for I began to fear that some accident must have happened and your silence was lest the information might give me pain. I rejoice at your safe arrival at Wheeling, and I hope soon to hear of your safe arrival at the Hermitage. I am truly glad to hear that Andrew has got safely on his fine dog. I was uneasy, as I knew his anxiety to have him lest he might be lost on the way. A dog is one of the most affectionate of all the animal species, and is worthy of regard, and Andrew's attachment for his dog is an evidence of the goodness of his heart. You must write me when you reach the Hermitage, on the farm, the garden, the colts, etc., how the servants are, and how clothed and fed, and, my dear Sarah, drop a kind tear over the tomb of my dear wife in the garden for me."

July 11, 1832.—"I regret to learn that Andrew has been sick. I am fearful he

has exposed himself to some dissipation, hunting or fishing. You must control him, by your affectionate admonitions, from everything that may injure his health. My health is not good. My labor has been too great. I send you enclosed my veto of the bank bill. It has given me much labor. It was delivered to me on the 4th instant, and my message delivered at 10 o'clock A.M. yesterday. With my sincere prayer to an over-ruling Providence that He may take you all under His holy keeping and bless you with health and contentment, believe me your affectionate father. P. S.—Present me to all my servants, and tell them I send my prayers for their health and happiness."

July 17, 1832.—"Congress rose yesterday, and in a few days I shall set out on my way to the Hermitage, where, if health permit, I hope to reach by the 10th or 12th of next month. I rejoice to hear of your health and that of my son and the family, but regret to find your alarm about the cholera." This is not right, my dear child. We ought not to fear death; we know we have all to die, and we ought to live to learn to die well. The cholera is said to be here at Gadsby's. This I don't believe; still it may be true, and I feel myself just as safe as [if] it was 1,000 miles distance, for whenever Providence wills it death must come."

December 22, 1833.—"I wish you and Andrew and my dear little pet Rachel the joys of the season. This I shall ever be deprived of, for on this night five years gone by I was bereaved of my dear wife, and with that bereavement forever after the joys of Christmas in a temporal sense."

September 6, 1835.—"I have had a continual headache until yesterday evening since you left. Am now clear of it. You have not said when you will leave for Washington. I am anxious to see my dear little ones. I appeared to be lost for some time not hearing Andrew in the night, until Mrs. Call, with her child, arrived and I put Mary in your room, whose little one, about the same hour in the night, wakes as Andrew did and appears to be company to me. I do not wish to hurry you, my dear Sarah, but only to say, I would, when it meets your convenience, be glad to see you all home."

LIFE PORTRAITS OF ANDREW JACKSON.

Born in Waxhaw, Carolina, March 15, 1767. Died at the Hermitage, Tennessee, June 8, 1845.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

ANDREW JACKSON, seventh President of the United States, began his public career when a boy of thirteen, by falling into the hands of the British. At twenty-one he was public prosecutor for the district which was formed into Tennessee, and was the first and only Member of Congress from Tennessee 1796-97; United States Senator 1797-98; Justice of the Supreme Court of Tennessee 1798-1804; defeated the Creek Indians in 1813 and 1814; captured Pensacola from the English in 1814; defeated the English at New Orleans, January 8, 1815; commanded against the Seminoles 1817-18; was appointed Governor of Florida in 1821; was United States Senator from Tennessee 1823-25; and was President of the United States from March 4, 1829, to March 4, 1837.

Of the early presidents, Jackson's portrait is the most familiar next to Washington's. Yet the original portraits of him have been the most difficult to find of any in the present series. The first that we have is a crude miniature at twenty-nine. The next is of unusual historical and personal interest. It was painted immediately after the victory at New Orleans, when Jackson was forty-eight years of age, and was sent by him, on the eve of his departure from that city, to Edward Livingston, in whose family it is preserved, framed with the autograph note that accompanied it, as a treasured heirloom. Being a miniature, it discounts at least a decade from Jackson's appearance. It was painted by Jean François Vallée. There are also reproduced here original portraits by Charles Willson Peale in 1819, by Ralph E. W. Earl in 1828, 1830, and 1835; by Joel Tanner Hart in 1838, and by Dan Adams and by George Peter Alexander Healy in 1845.

Jackson was a much painted man; but many of these portraits are now known only through prints, the original paintings having escaped discovery. John Wesley Jarvis, who was constantly flitting between New York and New Orleans, painted a military bust portrait of Jackson in 1815,

which two generations ago belonged to Jonathan Hunt. Two years later Samuel L. Waldo painted a portrait of Jackson, "wholly in the presence of the sitter," which is owned by Mr. John M. Hoe of New York. From it he painted a whole-length, now in the Custom House, New Orleans.

John Vanderlyn, whose picture of Ariadne is the finest nude painting yet produced by an American artist, painted a whole-length portrait of Jackson for the corporation of New York, which hangs in the City Hall. A replica belongs to the city of Charleston, South Carolina.

Anna Claypoole Peale accompanied her uncle, Charles Willson Peale, to Washington, where she painted a miniature of General Jackson which was exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in May, 1819; and the following year, at the same place, William Birch, who was the first enameler, in every sense, in this country, exhibited an enamel of Jackson.

C. B. King painted a portrait of Jackson in 1822; and Joseph Wood, justly distinguished for his miniatures and small cabinet portraits on panel, painted the well-known portrait of Jackson in military cloak, with hair flowing, which was first engraved for Eaton's campaign life of Jackson, issued in 1824.

On September 23, 1829, James Barton Longacre drew a portrait of Jackson from life which he engraved and published in the "National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans." From its fine characterization this has become a standard portrait of Jackson, and Longacre painted a number of small miniatures from it for breastpins. Longacre made a second drawing about the same time, in which Jackson is represented with a white collar, instead of the stiff black stock shown in the first. This portrait has not been reproduced. It is owned by the artist's daughter, Mrs. Horatio C. Wood of Philadelphia.

William J. Hubbard, who was born in England and was killed by the explosion of a shell in Richmond, Virginia, in 1862,

painted in 1830 a thoroughly characteristic whole-length portrait in cabinet size of General Jackson. It was done for Colonel C. G. Childs of Philadelphia, who had it drawn on stone by the deaf and dumb artist, Albert Newsam. Jackson is represented full front, seated, with his hands clasped over his knees. In the same year, 1830, August Hervieu, a French artist, who came to this country in company with Mrs. Trollope, and later designed the illustrations for her "Domestic Manners of the Americans," in one of which he depicts Jackson on horseback, painted a whole-length, life-size military portrait of Jackson, which is now in the Redwood Library, Newport, Rhode Island. It is signed and dated, but is worthy of mention only because it exists.

Hoppner Meyer, a nephew of the celebrated John Hoppner, visited this country, and painted a miniature of Jackson wearing spectacles, which was presented to the President, New Year's Day, 1833. The next day General Jackson sent it to his daughter-in-law, writing, "Having rec'd the within as a New Year's gift, I enclose it to you, having nothing better which I can convey by mail." It now belongs to Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence, and has been engraved.

The distinguished landscape painter Asher Brown Durand, who was "easily first among American engravers and the peer of any of his European contemporaries," before he forsook the graver for the brush, went to Washington in the winter of 1835 to paint a portrait of General Jackson for Mr. Lauman Reed, an early and intelligent encourager of American art. Mr. Reed presented the portrait to the Museum at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Afterwards it was transferred to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. A replica is in the rooms of the New York Historical Society.

A miniature of General Jackson, signed "S. M. Charles, 1836," is owned by Colonel Wright Rives, U. S. A. Another was painted in 1839 by Miner K. Kellogg of Cincinnati, which now belongs to the artist's widow, Olive Logan. Yet another was painted at the Hermitage in 1842, by John W. Dodge of New York. This was skilfully engraved by M. I. Danforth, and published jointly by painter and engraver. The head from this miniature was used on the large black two-cent postage stamp issued in 1863. This stamp became the means of extensive swindling through the medium of newspaper advertisements offer-

ing "a fine steel engraving of Andrew Jackson for twenty-five cents."

America's first native-born sculptor, William Rush, exhibited a bust of Jackson in 1824 at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. John Frazee also modeled Jackson, and busts of him by Hiram Powers are owned by Colonel Andrew Jackson and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. There are portraits of Jackson in the State Capitols at Nashville, Tennessee, and Atlanta, Georgia. There is also a portrait in the possession of the Tennessee Historical Society. Most of these are whole-lengths, but it is impossible to ascertain anything authentic concerning them.

General Jackson had light blue eyes and sandy hair. His form and figure were easily caricatured, and some of the most distinguishing and life-like portraits of him are to be found in the caricatures which were produced in extraordinary numbers during the period of his presidential candidacies and administrations. An English traveler of the time says, "General Jackson is tall, bony, and thin, with an erect military bearing, and a head set with a considerable *fierté* upon his shoulders. A stranger would at once pronounce upon his profession, and his frame and features, voice and action, have a natural and most peculiar warlikeness. He has, not to speak disrespectfully, a *game cock* all over him. His face is unlike any other. Its prevailing expression is energy; but there is, so to speak, a lofty honorableness in its worn lines. His eye is of a dangerous fixedness, deep-set, and overhung by bushy gray eyebrows. His features long, with strong ridgy lines running through his cheeks. His forehead a good deal seamed, and his white hair stiff and wiry, brushed obstinately back."

There is but one original portrait from life of General Jackson's wife. It is a miniature painted in 1819 by Miss Anna C. Peale, and is reproduced herewith. The noted episode of Jackson's marriage to Rachel Donelson, the wife of Lewis Robarts, upon the false report of her being divorced, was the source of some of his most bitter quarrels with political opponents. Mrs. Jackson was born in North Carolina in the year of Jackson's own birth, and died at the Hermitage, December 22, 1828. Jackson's devotion to her and to her memory is matter of history. It is emphasized in the note to her miniature and also in the reminiscences of him by his granddaughter, published in this number of McClure's.

LIFE PORTRAITS OF ANDREW JACKSON.



*Mr. E. Livingston is requested to accept this
miniature as a mark of the sense & esteem
of his public services, and a token of
my private friendship and esteem.
Head quarters N. Orleans.
May 1st 1815. Andrew Jackson*

ANDREW JACKSON IN 1815. AGE 48. PAINTED BY VALLÉE.

From the original miniature by Jean François Vallée, owned by Miss Louise Livingston Hunt, Barrytown, New York. Ivory, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ by 3 inches. Vallée was the artist of the profile of Washington reproduced in McClure's MAGAZINE for February (page 303). As his name indicates, he was a Frenchman, and it is amusing to note how thoroughly he has imbued this portrait of Jackson with the Napoleonic feeling; just as Stuart gave to so many of Washington's contemporaries Washington's cast of countenance. The epoch of this portrait makes it of great interest, which is enhanced by its history. It was painted in New Orleans, shortly after the battle of January 8, 1815, and was presented by Jackson to Edward Livingston. During the second war with England, Edward Livingston, the distinguished jurist and author of the Louisiana code, served as aide to Jackson, who commanded the United States troops in the southwest. He is said to have acted as his "aid-de-camp, military secretary, interpreter, orator, spokesman, and confidential adviser upon all subjects." It is not remarkable, then, that before leaving New Orleans, which was Livingston's home, Jackson should have had his portrait painted to present to Livingston. The autograph note that accompanied the miniature is here reproduced with it in facsimile.

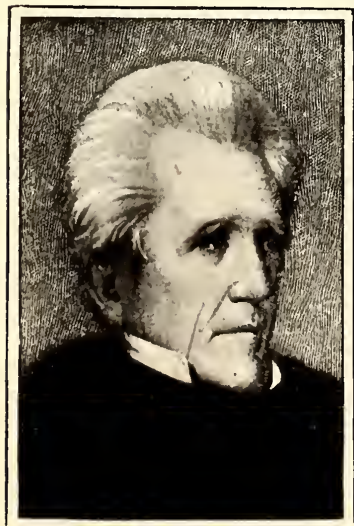


ANDREW JACKSON IN 1819. AGE 52. PAINTED BY C. W. PEALE.

From the original portrait painted by Charles Willson Peale; now in the possession of Mr. Stan V. Henkels, Philadelphia. Canvas, 23 by 28 inches. Charles Willson Peale was a truly remarkable man, and in nothing more so than in his virility. At the age of eighty-two he wrote to Commodore Porter, "My health continues so good as to enable me to pursue my labors of the brush, even without the use of spectacles, and I may yet hope to raise my name as artist, as well as naturalist, and thus leave a monument of industry to my country." This last allusion is to his having abandoned the easel upon his discovery of the mammoth in 1801 and devoted himself thereafter to natural history, until he resumed art experimentally upon a visit to Washington, instigated thereto by the pleasure he derived from the work of his son Rembrandt. He arrived in Washington November 19, 1818, and remained until January 30, 1819. In this brief period he painted nineteen portraits for his Museum Gallery, beginning with the President, Monroe, and ending with Andrew Jackson. January 23d he writes, "Yesterday General Jackson arrived, and this morning Colonel Johnson, at my request, spoke to him to obtain his consent to sit. I then waited on him to make an appointment. He will sit after breakfast to-morrow." January 24th he writes, "I have begun a portrait to-day of General Jackson and he will give me another sitting at sun-rising to-morrow morning." On the 27th he writes, "To-morrow morning I shall put the finish to General Jackson's portrait." From this record it will be seen that the portrait reproduced was painted in three, or not more than four, sittings.

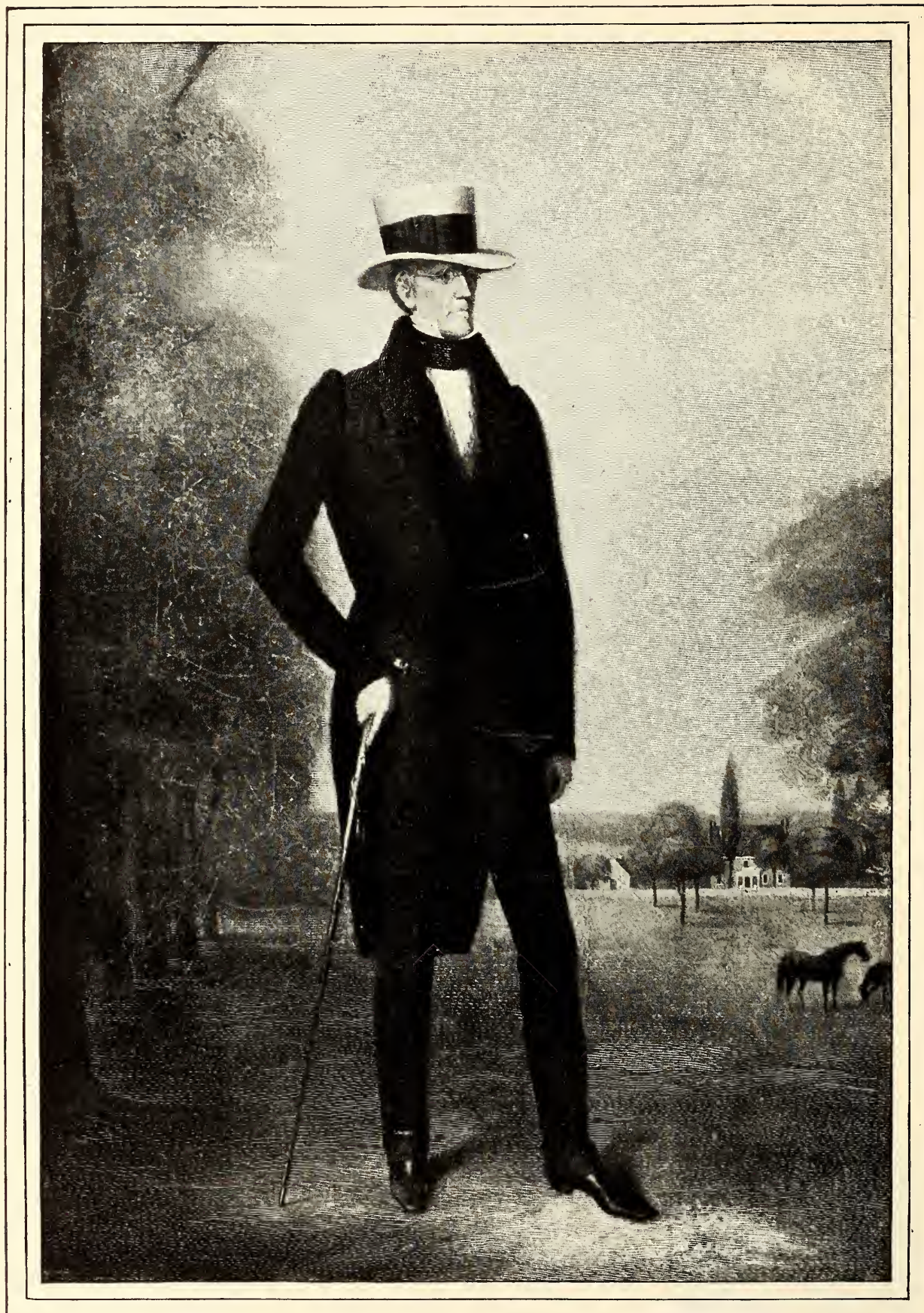


ANDREW JACKSON IN 1830. AGE 63. PAINTED BY R. E. W. EARL.



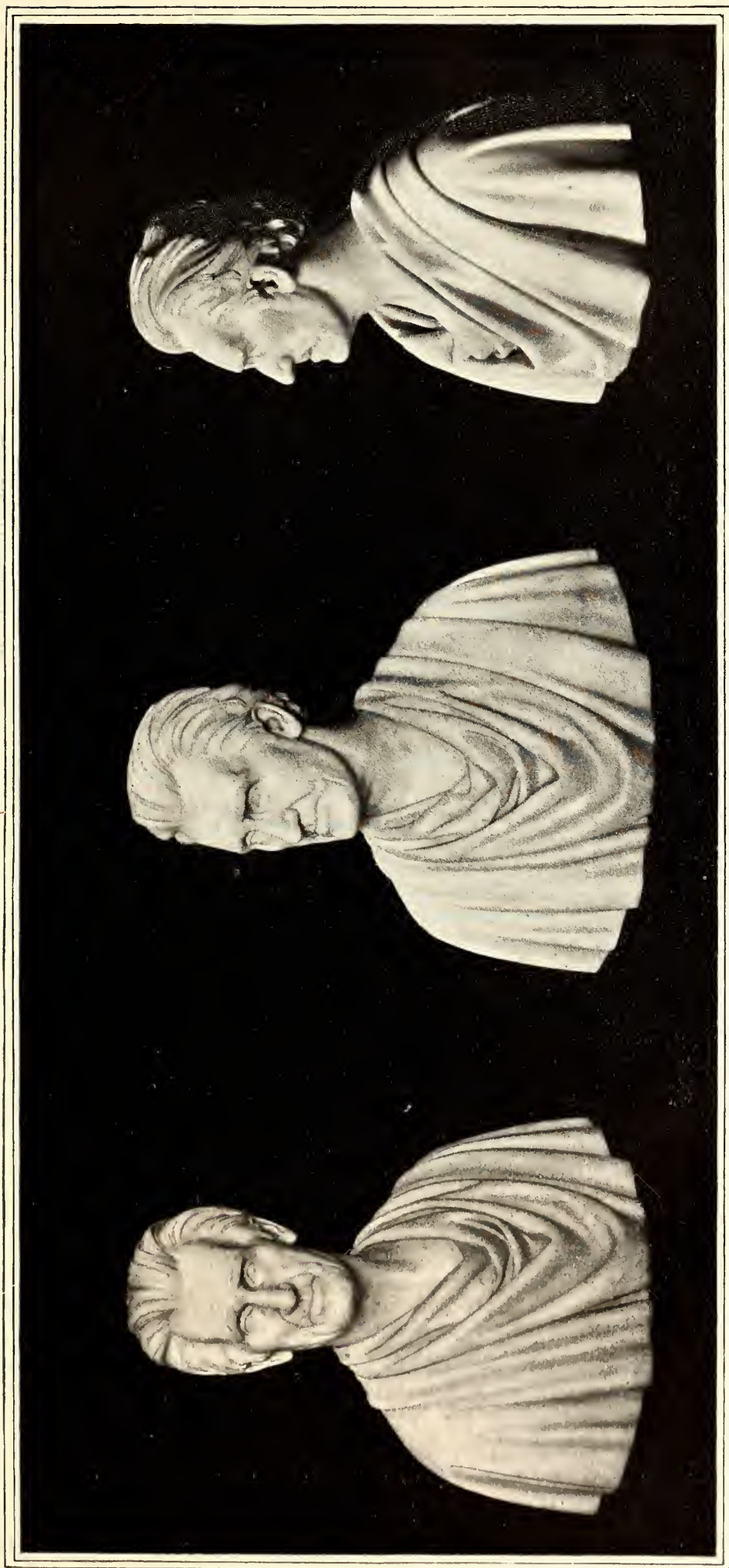
JACKSON IN 1828. AGE 61. EARL.

From the original portrait painted by Ralph E. W. Earl, in the United States National Museum, Washington, D. C. Canvas, 30 by 36 inches. Ralph E. W. Earl was the son of Ralph Earl, who was distinguished as among the best of the early American artists and painted the portrait of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton reproduced in *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* for April. The son went to London in 1809, and during his stay there had the advantage of intercourse with West and Trumbull. At the end of a year he went to Norwich, his mother's native place, where he painted for four years. In the autumn of 1814 he visited Paris. Toward the close of 1815 he returned to the United States, and later visited "the Western country," to obtain the portrait of General Jackson for a picture of the Battle of New Orleans which he had in contemplation. He then took up his residence in Nashville, and in 1818 married Miss Caffery, a niece of General Jackson's wife. She died within a twelvemonth, at the age of eighteen. Thus was cemented the friendship that made Earl, upon the death of Mrs. Jackson, a member of the household at the Hermitage and later at the White House. He died suddenly, Sept. 16, 1837, and is buried in the garden at the Hermitage.—The portrait of 1828 is owned by Colonel Andrew Jackson, Cincinnati, Ohio. Canvas, 25 by 30 inches.



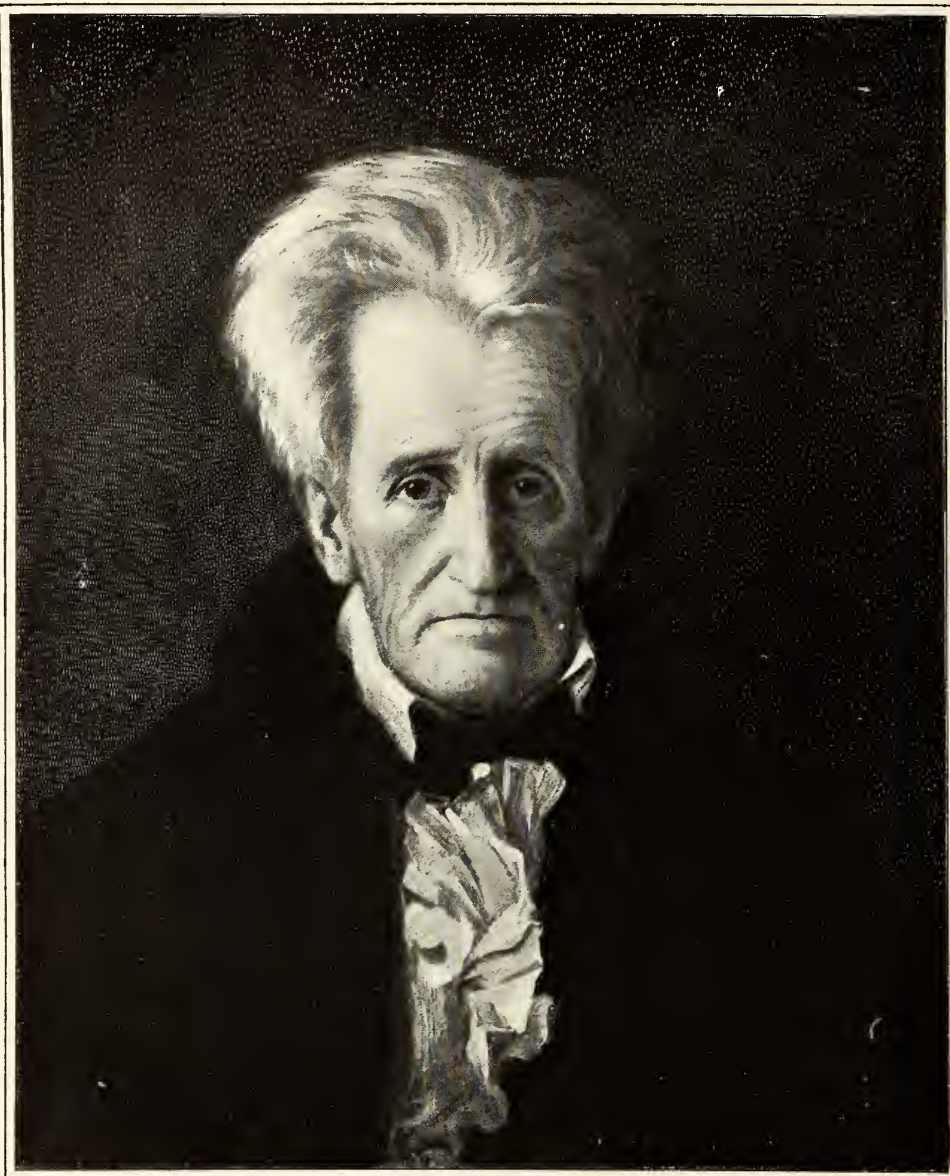
ANDREW JACKSON IN 1835. AGE 68. PAINTED BY EARL.

From the original portrait painted by R. E. W. Earl and owned by Mr. William H. Frear, Troy, New York. Canvas, 22 by 28 inches. Parton says that Earl "resided at the White House during the whole period of Jackson's occupation of it, engaged always in painting the President's portrait;" and adds: "It was well understood by the seekers of presidential favor that it did no harm to order a portrait of General Jackson from this artist, who was facetiously named 'the King's painter.'" Earl did paint an enormous number of portraits of Jackson, but the majority of them are clearly copies one of another with changes in costume and surroundings. The most interesting is the one here reproduced, which shows Jackson as he walked the streets of Washington, though in the setting of the Hermitage farm. According to Parton it was painted for "a successful politician," who by an inscription on the canvas seems to have been "W. C. H. Waddell."



ANDREW JACKSON IN 1838. AGE 71. THREE VIEWS OF A BUST MODELED BY J. T. HART.

From the original marble, in the State Capitol at Frankfort, Kentucky. Joel Tanner Hart was born in Clark County, Kentucky, in 1810, and died in Florence, Italy, March 2, 1877. He first handled tools as a stone-mason, then as a stone-cutter, and finally as a sculptor of rare realistic power and of delicate refinement in his ideal creations. Apart from some studies in anatomy at Transylvania University, Hart seems to have had but little education or art instruction until he went to Florence in 1849. But he had ingenuity, and invented an apparatus for obtaining mechanically the outline of a head from life. He also constructed poems, which he esteemed as superior to his sculpture, proving anew that "no man is a judge in his own case." His nude female figure with a Cupid, which he called first "Venus" and later "Purity," but which is now dubbed "The Triumph of Chastity," is quite as well composed and modeled as Powers's more famous Greek Slave. It was presented to his native State by "the Women of the Blue Grass," and is in the corridor of the court-house at Lexington. The bust of General Jackson here reproduced is signed, "The original modeled at the Hermitage, U. S. A., in December, 1838, by J. T. Hart, sc't."



ANDREW JACKSON IN 1845. AGE 78. PAINTED BY HEALY.

From the original portrait painted by G. P. A. Healy and owned by Colonel Andrew Jackson, Cincinnati, Ohio. Canvas, 20 by 24 inches. George Peter Alexander Healy was born in Boston, Massachusetts, July 15, 1813, and died in Chicago, Illinois, June 14, 1895. In 1836 he went to Paris, where he lived off and on for the best part of his life; but his American home was in Chicago. His industry and facility of execution were marvelous; the portraits he painted number many hundreds. For years he was the fashionable painter of Americans, whether at home or abroad, owing chiefly, no doubt, to his employment by Louis Philippe to furnish pictures for Versailles. His success was phenomenal, considering the low merit of his art. His work is thoroughly artificial. It lacks simplicity and refinement, effects being sought by theatrical posing and exaggerations. Healy was a charming companion, and published late in life a volume of "Reminiscences" which is readable but not reliable, a condition commonly attending the recording from memory of events that happened long before. He gives in this book considerable space to the incidents connected with the painting of the portrait of Jackson here reproduced, which was begun May 1, 1845, and was completed May 30th, only a few days before the general's death, the painter being still at the Hermitage when Jackson died. But several of Healy's statements in this connection are erroneous, such as that the "original portrait" is in the Corcoran Art Gallery, and that he painted a second portrait of Jackson from life. The Corcoran Gallery picture is a replica, a very interesting illustration of the marked differences and distinctions between original pictures, replicas, and copies; while the second portrait painted by Healy at the Hermitage was a composite picture, made from the portraits by Earl and his own just completed, because he wanted a portrait of Jackson in his prime for Versailles. Healy's account of Jackson's declaring that "not for all the kings in Christendom" would he sit and that he wanted to die in peace, and then of his affectionately yielding to the solicitation of his beloved daughter-in-law, together with the account of the death-bed scene, shows how "Old Hickory's" temperament and characteristics remained the same to the last.



ANDREW JACKSON IN 1845. AGE 78. BY ADAMS.

From the original daguerreotype by Dan Adams of Nashville, Tennessee, now owned by Colonel Andrew Jackson of Cincinnati. Size, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch, with the head but one-quarter of an inch in diameter. Enlargement by Charles Truscott of Philadelphia. This daguerreotype was taken in Jackson's bedroom at the Hermitage, on April 15, 1845, when the general was very weak and his whole body much swollen from dropsy. His granddaughter Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence writes, "I have a vivid recollection of the arrangement for taking this likeness, in which I was greatly interested. He was much opposed to having it taken and was very feeble at the time. I still have the old plates of some earlier daguerreotypes, but they are entirely faded out." This is without doubt the most important portrait of Jackson in existence. There is a living human interest excited in looking upon a man's reflected image that no Rembrandt, Reynolds, or Stuart can arouse. The daguerreotype is as near to the living man as we can get. Not even the sensitive paper of the photographic negative intervenes.—Owing to the intended reproduction of the whole-length of Jackson by Thomas Sully in the Corcoran Art Gallery and its withdrawal on finding it a copy dated 1845, instead of an original dated 1825, as published by the Gallery, no mention will be found here of Sully's life portraits of Jackson.



MRS. ANDREW JACKSON IN 1819. AGE 52. PAINTED BY ANNA C. PEALE.

Reproduced full size from the original miniature on ivory, painted by Anna Claypoole Peale and owned by Mrs. Rachel Jackson Lawrence, Old Hickory, Tennessee. Anna Claypoole Peale was born in Philadelphia, March 6, 1791, and died there December 25, 1878. She was the daughter of James Peale, the youngest brother of Charles Willson Peale, who was one of the best miniature painters this country has produced. Her maternal grandfather was James Claypoole, a limner of colonial days in the middle colonies, whose artistic ability is only known through his good training of his nephew Matthew Pratt, whose important picture of West's Studio is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Thus Anna Peale's artistic temperament was a double inheritance, and she painted miniatures very acceptably. She married first the Rev. Dr. William Staughton, and second General William Duncan, and is known in the art world by all three names, without the fact that the three belong to the same person being so generally known. She accompanied her uncle to Washington, as noted on page 795, and at this time painted portraits on ivory of both General and Mrs. Jackson, the latter in the costume she had worn at the ball given to General Jackson in New Orleans before his departure after the victory of the eighth of January. N. P. Trist, who became Jackson's private secretary early in the presidency, tells of going to the general's room one night after he had retired, and says: "I found Jackson sitting at a little table with his wife's miniature, a very large one, before him, propped up against some books, and between him and the picture an open book which bore the mark of long use. This book was her Prayer-Book. The miniature he always wore next to his heart, suspended around his neck by a strong black cord. The last thing he did every night before lying down to rest, was to read in that book with that picture before his eye." Mrs. Lawrence writes, "The miniature of Mrs. Rachel Jackson in my possession is of peculiar interest to me, from its having been so highly prized by my grandfather, so constantly worn by him, and the circumstances of its presentation by him to me. Early on Monday morning, June 2, 1845, as I was ready to leave the Hermitage for school in Nashville, I went to his room, as usual, to kiss and bid him good-by. He drew me nearer to him and said, 'Wait a moment, my baby,' his fond pet name for me, and taking this miniature from his vest pocket and the guard from around his neck, he put it around mine, and handed me the miniature. After looking at it a few moments, he said, 'Wear it, my baby, for Grandpa's sake. God bless you, my little Rachel.'"

GRANT IN A GREAT CAMPAIGN.

THE INVESTMENT AND CAPTURE OF VICKSBURG.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main-travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

THE battle of Shiloh was a great victory, but it did not ring over the North with the same joyous clamor which followed upon Donelson. The holiday element had passed out of the war. There was an end of talk about "the boastful Southron." It was apparent that he could fight under leadership such as he had in Albert Sidney Johnston. The desolation of homes was terrible. Long lists of the dead filled the newspapers, and long trains wound and jolted their slow way to the North and to the South, carrying the wounded to their homes.

The nation was appalled, and, naturally, a large part of the bitterness and hate of war fell upon Grant. He had risen so suddenly to national fame that his private life and character were dark with mystery. Few knew how kind and gentle he really was, and a tumult of abuse arose. He was execrated as a man careless of human lives. He was accused of negligence and drunkenness, and of being unjustifiably off the field of battle. Great pressure was at once brought to bear on the President to have him relieved from duty. Lincoln listened patiently to all that men had to say pro and con; then, with a long sigh, he said: "I can't spare Grant; he fights!"

General Halleck, "cautiously energetic one," now took the field in person, and Grant became for the time little more than a spectator. Though nominally second in command, he had, in reality, almost no command at all. He was forced to trail after Halleck in the most humiliating of positions. Every suggestion he made to his chief was treated with contempt. The staff officers, taking their cue from Halleck, turned their backs when he came near. Orders to his troops were sent over his head, and movements were ordered in his department without consulting him or even notifying him. These things became unendurable at last, and in a letter stating his position, Grant asked to be relieved from duty altogether, or to have his command defined.

To this General Halleck replied in diplomatic and soothing words, saying: "You have precisely the position to which your rank entitles you," and disclaimed any attempt to injure Grant's feelings.

For six weeks, in hesitating timidity, General Halleck held his immense host in check before a retreating foe. When the truth could no longer be concealed, he ordered an advance on Corinth, and found an empty city. Lincoln, sorely disappointed with Pope in the Eastern campaign, now looked toward Halleck. Lee threatened Maryland. A panic set in at Washington, and on the 10th of July Halleck received an order to proceed to the capital.

Thus Grant was once more in command of his department, but under discouraging conditions. Buell's army had returned to Kentucky, and his own forces were heavily depleted. During July and August he could do nothing more than guard his lines. He held his command but insecurely, and felt that he might be removed at any moment. He was ordered to be in readiness to reinforce Buell, and had no freedom of action, though liable at any time to attack on his attenuated lines. Through weeks of weary waiting he endured in silence, watching Generals Price and Van Dorn, and knowing well he had but inadequate movable force to send against an enemy. But when the enemy attacked, in September, he fought skillfully, and won the battle of Iuka. A little later General Van Dorn, seeing the Union army weakened still further by the transfer of General Thomas to Buell's command, assaulted Corinth. Grant's headquarters were at Jackson, Tennessee, at this time, but he directed the battle, which was a marked and decisive defeat of the Confederates. Again, at the first opportunity, he had cheered the nation with a victory.

At this point General John A. McClernand appeared as a disturbing factor. He had been restive under Grant's command

from the first, and soon after the fall of Corinth he had obtained from President Lincoln a "confidential" order which authorized him to proceed to Illinois and Indiana and raise troops for an expedition down the Mississippi River to capture Vicksburg. Grant hearing of this, determined to give to Sherman the honor of the capture. He ordered Sherman to attack the city while he held Pemberton on the railway. Sherman failed. At the same time Grant's immense depot of supplies at Holly Springs was lost through the cowardice of a subordinate officer. McClelland appeared before Vicksburg, and assumed command over Sherman's troops. The desire to save Sherman from subordination to a man he distrusted, and the destruction of his supplies, decided Grant to take command of the river expedition in person and make of it his main attack. Halleck gave him full and complete command, and extended his department to cover all the territory he needed west of the river. Thus with supreme control at last of all needed territory, troops, and transportation, he began his movement on Vicksburg.

These discussions and harassments, however, had wasted golden moments. From Donelson the army should have marched at once on Corinth, and on down the valley upon Vicksburg before it could be reinforced or fortified. But instead, the enemy had been allowed to fully recuperate his forces and strengthen his position, and now a winter of enormous rains was upon the land. The Northern troops were mainly raw, and the army unorganized, and it was February before Grant was able to put himself personally upon the spot to see what could be done.

Now began one of the most extraordinary beleaguerments in the history of warfare. Grant had long perceived, as every thinking soldier had, that Vicksburg was the gate which shut the Mississippi. It was of enormous importance to the Confederacy. After Columbus and Memphis, it occupied the only point of high land close to the river bank for hundreds of miles. At or near the city of Vicksburg, and extending some miles to the south, a line of low hills of glacial drift jutted upon the river, making the site a natural fortress. Upon these heights heavy batteries were planted.

Another element of great strength was in the river, which in those days made a big, graceful curve, in shape like an oxbow; so that to run the batteries the

Northern gunboats must pass twice within range, once on the outer curve and again, at closer gunshot, on the inner bow. A third and final and more formidable condition than all aided to make the siege of the city hopeless. There was a prodigious freshet upon the land, and all the low-lying country, through which the river flows (at high water) as in a mighty aqueduct above the level of the farms, was flooded, and Grant's soldiers had no place to pitch their tents save upon the narrow levees along the river's edge. No greater problem of warfare ever faced an American soldier.

Grant did not underestimate its difficulty. Late in January he arrived at Young's Point on his steamer "Magnolia," and began to look the ground over. There were but two ways to attack: from the north, with the Yazoo River as base of action; or get below the city and attack from the south. Grant sent an expedition at once to explore a passage to the Yazoo through the bayous of the eastern bank, and he set to work personally upon the problem of getting below.

The difficulties in the way of this plan were at the moment insurmountable. Grant could neither march his men down the western bank nor carry them in boats, such was the overflow. If he could find passage for the army and reach a safe point below Vicksburg, he would still be on the western shore, and without means to ferry his troops, and without supplies; and to every suggestion about running the batteries with transports arose the picture of those miles of cannon hurling their shells upon the frail woodwork of the unprotected vessels.

He set about to find a way through the bayous to the west, and prodigious things were done in the way of cutting channels through the swamps and widening streams for the passage of gunboats. While this was going on, he gave attention to a canal which he found partly excavated upon his arrival. It had been planned by General Thomas Williams, and crossed the narrow neck of land just out of range of the cannon. It was expected to start a cut-off which would soon deepen naturally into a broad stream through which the boats might pass. Grant, in a letter of the time, said: "I consider it of little practical use if completed;" but he allowed the work to go on, thinking it better for the soldiers to be occupied. He had almost as little faith in the bayou route to the west. In reality, he had settled upon

the plan of marching his men overland as soon as the water subsided, and running the batteries meanwhile with gunboats and transports. These weeks of waiting tested his patience sorely.

The North, in its anxiety and peril, began again to grumble, and finally to cry out. The mutter of criticism swelled to a roar as February and March went by. The soldiers were said to be dying like sheep in the trenches or useless canals. The cost of keeping such an army idle was constantly harped upon, and immense pressure was again brought to bear upon Lincoln to remove Grant from command. Disappointed tradesmen, jealous officers, "Copperheads," and non-combatants alike joined in the cry against him. McClelland wrote an impassioned letter to Governor Yates, asking him to join with the governors of Iowa and Indiana in demanding a competent commander. Many of Grant's friends deserted him, and added their voices to the clamor of criticism.

At last Lincoln himself became so doubtful of Grant's character and ability that he consented to allow the Secretary of War to send Charles A. Dana (who had been the managing editor of the New York "Tribune," and was a friend of the Secretary of War) to the front to report the condition of the army and study the whole situation, so that the War Department could determine whether Grant was a man to be trusted. General Lorenzo Thomas arrived at Commodore Porter's headquarters with an order relieving Grant of his command, if such an order should be found necessary. Porter told General Thomas that he would be tarred and feathered if news of the order got abroad. For various reasons, the order never saw the light. Halleck, however, stood manfully by Grant.

Grant betrayed his anxiety, but he did not express doubt or irritation. He knew he could do the work. He never boasted, never asked favors, and never answered charges. When he communicated with Lincoln or Stanton it was officially.

His plan was now mature. As soon as the roads emerged from the water he intended to run the batteries with gunboats and transports, marching his troops across the land meanwhile to a point below Vicksburg, and there, by means of the boats, transport a division across the river and storm Grand Gulf, the enemy's first outpost to the south. Thence, after co-operating with Banks in the capture of

Port Hudson, it was his purpose to swing by a mighty half wheel to the rear of Vicksburg, cutting off supplies from Central Mississippi and capturing General Pemberton's army.

He had all to gain and little to lose in this bold plan, which he first mentioned to Porter and Sherman. Porter agreed, and was ready to move; so also was McClelland; but the audacity of the campaign alarmed the other officers. Sherman did not believe in it and protested decidedly.*

The running of the batteries took place on the 16th of April, and was one of the most dramatic and splendid actions of the war. The night was dark and perfectly still when brave Admiral Porter, on his flagship "Benton," dropped soundlessly into the current. Each boat was protected as well as possible by bales of cotton, and had no lights except small guiding lamps astern. They were ordered to follow each other at intervals of twenty minutes. Grant and his staff occupied a transport anchored in the middle of the river as far down as it was safe to go.

For a little time the silence of the beautiful night remained unbroken. The hush was painful in its foreboding intensity. Along the four miles of battery-planted heights there was no sound or light to indicate the wakefulness of the gunners, but they were awake! Suddenly a flame broke from one of the lower batteries—a watchdog cannon had sounded the warning. Then a rocket arose in the air with a shriek. The alarm was taken up, and each grim monster had his word, and from end to end of the line of hills, successive rosy flashes broke and roar joined roar. Flames leaped forth, bonfires flared aloft to light the river and betray the enemy to the gunners. Then the Union gunboats awoke, and from their sullenly silent hulks answering lightning streamed upward, and the whole fleet became visible to the awed army and to the terrified city.

The sky above the city was red with the glare of flaming buildings on the hills and burning boats and bales of cotton on the river, and the thunder of guns was incessant. It seemed as though every transport would be sunk. But the tumult died out at last. The gunboats swept on out of reach. The flames on the land sank to smoldering coals, and the stillness and

* Admiral Porter relates that at a meeting of officers on board his flagship, the night before the running of the batteries was to be undertaken, all except himself and Grant argued against it. Grant listened to all they had to say; then replied: "I have considered your arguments, but continue in the same opinion. Be prepared to move to-morrow morning."

peace of an April night again settled over the river, and the frogs began timidly to trill once more in the marshes.

Porter's gunboats, almost uninjured, were now below Vicksburg; Grant's mighty host of footmen was ready to follow. On the 20th of April, having been over the route in person, Grant issued orders for his army to move. These orders hinted of great things. "Troops will be required to bivouac—one tent only will be allowed to each company. One wall tent to each brigade headquarters, and one to each division headquarters. . . . Commanders are authorized and empowered to collect all beef, cattle, corn, and other necessary supplies in the line of march, but wanton destruction of property, taking of articles useless for military purposes, insulting citizens, going into and searching houses without proper orders from division commanders, are positively prohibited. All such irregularities must be summarily punished."

And so, with cheers of elation, with renewed confidence in their leader, the army began to stretch and stream away in endless procession along the narrow and slippery roads on the levee top. McClernand's corps moved first. McPherson's troops followed, and Sherman kept the rear. The point of assault was to be Grand Gulf, the enemy's outpost to the south of Vicksburg. Grant himself took no personal baggage, not even a valise, and the army soon found this out. The new men did not need to be told that this was no parade soldier who led them. He had no attendants, no imported delicacies, no special accommodations. He was spattered with mud, grizzled of beard, and wherever he went "the boys" felt a twinge of singular emotion. They had admired him before, they began to love him now, and he became "the old man" to them. And yet he was as unostentatious of his camaraderie as he was of his command. He was his simple self in all this. He meant business, and spared himself not at all, and neglected no detail.

The attack on Grand Gulf failed, and Grant, ordering Porter to run the batteries as before, moved on down the river and landed at a point called De Schroon's, just above Bruinsburg, being led to do so by the information given by a negro, that a good road led inland to Port Gibson and Jackson from that point. Meanwhile, to keep Pemberton occupied with things above, Sherman had been ordered to make a great show of attack on Vicksburg itself

and then suddenly to silence his guns and hasten to join the forces below.

On the morning of the 30th of April McClernand's troops and part of McPherson's command were landed on the east bank of the river below Vicksburg, and Grant's spirits rose. "I felt a degree of relief scarcely ever equalled since. . . ." And yet one would say the outlook was not reassuring. He was "in the enemy's country, with a vast river and the stronghold of Vicksburg between him and his base of supplies." He had two armies to fight. One intrenched at Vicksburg, the other at Jackson, less than four days' march to the east, with the whole of the Confederacy back of it. But he was again on dry ground, out of the terrible swamps and bayous of the flat country. So much was gained.

He hurried McClernand forward toward Port Gibson, to prevent the destruction of an important bridge. Parts of McPherson's command arrived, but still the invading army was small, less than 20,000 men, with no pack-train, and with only two days' rations. On the second day the enemy was met in force, but defeated. Reinforcements kept arriving, and the chief was buoyant of spirits although for five days he had been on short rations and had not removed his clothing to sleep. Grand Gulf, being uncovered by the battle of Port Gibson, was evacuated, and on May 3d, Grant rode into the fortress, finding Porter before it with his fleet of gunboats.

Grant now heard from General Banks, who was in command on the lower Mississippi; and abandoning all idea of co-operation with him, he cut loose from Grand Gulf and the river, and moved into the interior, determined to get between Vicksburg and its supplies and to isolate it from the Confederacy. "I shall communicate with Grand Gulf no more," he wrote to Halleck, "except as it becomes necessary to send a train with heavy escort. You may not hear from me for several days."

The next day after leaving Grand Gulf he learned through Colonel Wilson, his Inspector-General, and Rawlins, that the forces defeated by McPherson had fallen back, not toward Vicksburg, but toward Jackson. He instantly surmised that a considerable army was concentrating in that direction. "Simply asking one or two questions, and without rising from his chair, he wrote orders which turned his entire army toward Jackson." Then mounting his horse, he set his command

in motion, sweeping resistlessly into the interior. This moment when he turned his army towards Jackson is one of the greatest in his career. It showed the decision, boldness, and intrepidity of the man beyond dispute.

Jackson was carried on the 14th, the Union flag was raised on the State House, and Grant slept in the same room that General Johnston had occupied the night before. General Johnston sent a despatch to Pemberton which fell into Grant's hands, though he did not need it to tell him what to do. He hastened the movement of McClernand and McPherson toward Vicksburg, to head off Johnston's attempt to join Pemberton and to meet the Confederate troops. The armies met in a savage battle at Champion's Hill, and Pemberton was forced to retire, after four hours' hard fighting. He rapidly retreated to the Big Black River, where he made another feeble stand, and then withdrew into Vicksburg, leaving the victorious army of Grant directly between himself and Johnston. The game was in the bag, and Grant smiled in his slow, grim fashion, and closed round the city. This was on the 19th day of May. He had been on the road one month.

On this day Sherman, with Grant by his side, stood on Haines's Bluff and looked down on the very spot whence his baffled army had fallen back months before. He turned to Grant, saying: "General, up to this minute I had no positive assurance of success. This is the end of one of the greatest campaigns in history." Grant was deeply gratified, but he was not one to anticipate victory.

On the 19th of May, immediately after crossing the Big Black, Grant ordered a preliminary assault, which set the two armies face to face. On the 22d he ordered a grand assault. This order was a result of news of Johnston's advance. He was but fifty miles away, with a large army. To assault and win would set free a large force sufficient to defeat and possibly capture Johnston. Moreover, the officers and men were eager for a chance to "walk into Vicksburg." They believed they could storm and carry the works in an hour, and so Grant gave the word, and the 22d of May will forever remain memorable as a day of terrible slaughter. But it had this virtue: it convinced the soldiers that Vicksburg was to be taken only by determined siege, and made them patient of what followed.

Grant now called upon his engineers to

do their best. Suddenly the army disappeared. It sank beneath the earth, and like some subterranean monster ate its way inexorably towards the enemy's lines as Worth's little band approached the Central plaza of Monterey through the adobe walls of its gardens. "The soil lent itself to the most elaborate trenching," says Major John W. Powell, who had charge of a division of the entrenchments.* "It was a huge deposit of glacial drift, and could be cut like cheese. Grant personally supervised this work every day, and his questions were always shrewd and pat. He knew more of the actual approaches than McPherson, who was my immediate commander. He came alone, quietly and keenly studying every detail of the work."

Foot by foot, the army closed round the doomed city, like the fabled room of the Inquisition whose walls contracted with every tick of the clock. The exploding of mines, as great as they were, is now seen to have been only an incident in the besieging process under Grant's persistent command. On foot, dusty, in plain clothes, with head drooping in thought, but with quick eyes seeing all that went on, "the old man" walked the ditches or stood upon the hills studying the situation, careless—criminally careless—of his person. The soldiers hardly discovered who he was before he was gone.

In this period, when success seemed sure, claimants for the honor of originating the plan of the campaign arose, and the discussion raged endlessly. Men who had been glad to shift responsibility when the issue was in doubt, now hastened to let the world know that it was their own plan. Grant never changed; as he had attempted no shift of responsibility, so now he troubled himself very little about the claims of others. He had done a better thing than originate the plan of campaign, he had executed it.

By the first of July the two armies were within pitch-and-toss distance of each other. A mighty host had turned moles. By day all was solitary. The heaps of red earth alone gave indication of activity. No living thing moved over the battle-ground, yet fifty thousand men were there ready to rise and fly at each other at a word from "the old commander." At night, low words, ghostly whis-pers, and subdued noises ran up and down the advanced lines, as the blue-coated sappers and miners pushed forward some trench, or some weary, thirsty "file" in

* In an interview held expressly for McClure's Magazine

a rifle-pit gave place to a relief. Occasionally out of the blank darkness a rebel gun would crack, to be answered by a score of Union rifles aimed at the rosy flash. A feeling grew in each army that the end was near. On the night of the 2d the word was passed around that a final assault was to be made on the 4th. The batteries were to open with a salute of a hundred guns in honor of the day, and continue until further orders. The advance guard was told to let the enemy know this.

This order produced vast excitement within the gray lines. The news went to Pemberton. He knew his men could not stand an assault such as Grant could now make. His lines were pierced in a number of places. He was out of food, out of ammunition. His men were lean, weary, and dispirited. He despaired of any help from Johnston. On the morning of the 3d of July, a white flag appeared on the Confederate works. Again a Southern general asked for commissioners to arrange for terms of surrender. Again Grant replied, "I have no terms other than unconditional surrender," but added that the brave men within the works would be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war.

General Bowen, the blindfold messenger of peace, asked Grant to meet Pemberton between the lines, and supposing this to be General Pemberton's wish, he consented, and at mid-afternoon a wondrous scene unfolded. At about three P.M. General Grant rode forward to the extreme Union trenches, dismounted, and walked calmly and slowly toward the center of the lines. At about the same time General Pemberton left his lines and, accompanied by General Bowen and several of his staff, advanced to meet Grant.*

Then from the hitherto silent, motionless, ridged, and ravaged hills, grimy heads and dusty shoulders rose, till every embankment bristled with bayonets. It was as if at some unheard signal an army of gnomes had suddenly risen from their secret run-ways. The under-ground suddenly became of the open air. The inexorable burrowing of the Northern army ceased.

A shiver of excitement ran over the men of both sides, and all eyes were fixed upon that fateful figure advancing toward the enemy, unexcitedly, with bent head, treading the ground so long traversed only by the wing of the bullet and the shadow

of the shell. What he felt could not be divined by any action of his. His visage was never more inscrutable in its stern, calm lines.

The man who advanced to meet him was an old comrade in arms, the same Pemberton, indeed, who had conveyed to Lieutenant Grant at San Cosme Gate the compliments of General Worth. He came to this conference laboring under profound excitement. Grant greeted him as an old acquaintance, but waited for him to begin. There was an awkward silence. Grant waited insistently, for his understanding was that Pemberton stood ready to make the first advance. Pemberton at last began arrogantly.

"General Grant, I was present at the surrender of many fortresses in Mexico, and in all cases the enemy was granted terms and conditions. I think my army as much entitled to these favors as a foreign foe."

"All the terms I have are stated in my letter of this morning," Grant replied.

Pemberton drew himself stiffly erect. "Then the conference may as well terminate and hostilities begin."

"Very well," replied Grant. "My army was never in better condition to prosecute the siege."

Pemberton's eyes flashed: "You'll bury a good many more men before you get into Vicksburg."

This seemed to end the meeting, but General Bowen intervened, urged a further conference, and while he and General A. J. Smith conversed apart, Grant and Pemberton went and sat down on a bank under a low oak tree. Pemberton was trembling with emotion, but Grant sat with bent head, one hand idly pulling up grass blades. Suddenly the boom of cannons began again from the gunboats.

Grant's face showed concern for the first time. He rose.

"This is a mistake. I will send to Admiral Porter and have that stopped."

"Oh, never mind. Let it go on," said Pemberton contemptuously. "It won't hurt anybody. The gunboats never hurt anybody."

"I'll go home and write out the terms," Grant finally said, as he rose to go.

The terms were exceedingly fair. Pemberton was to give possession at 8 A.M., July 4th; "and as soon as rolls are made out and paroles signed by officers and men, you will be allowed to march out of our lines, the officers taking with them side-arms and clothing, and the field, staff,

* Generalized from reports of eye-witnesses.

and cavalry officers one horse each. The rank and file will be allowed all their clothing, but no other property." Perhaps Grant was moved to these generous terms by the recollection of Scott's treatment of Santa Anna's troops at Cerro Gordo. At any rate, they were criticised as being absurdly lenient.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July, the ragged, emaciated soldiers who had defended Vicksburg so stanchly "marched out of their intrenchments. With sad faces the men of each regiment stacked their arms, threw down upon them knapsacks, belts, cartridges, and cap-pouches, and then tenderly crowned the piles with their faded and riddled colors." Their stained clothing contrasted mournfully with the blue of the Union troops. For forty days they had lain in the pits, eating the scantiest fare, and to many of them it was a welcome relief to throw down their muskets. For two hours this movement went on, with no derisive cry or gesture on the part of the victors. They knew the quality of these lean and tattered men, who were mistaken, but who were fighters.

The victor allowed himself no indulgences. He was sleeplessly active. He had no thought of resting or going into summer quarters. He put McPherson in command of Vicksburg. He sent Sherman after Johnston the moment Pemberton capitulated. He despatched a messenger to Banks asking his needs. He forwarded the ninth army corps to Bear Creek, to be ready to reinforce Sherman if it were necessary; and providing for their return and movement to Kentucky, he ordered the boats to be in readiness to transport the troops. He ordered Herron's division to be in readiness to reinforce Banks. He brought all the remaining troops within the rebel lines, and gave orders to obliterate the works which the Union army had toiled so long to fashion, and sent his engineers to determine upon a shorter line if possible, in order that the garrison should be small. He advised Logan that, as soon as the rebel prisoners were out of the way, he intended to send him to the Tensas to clear out the Confederate troops there; and in the midst of this multiplex activity

he asked Dana to inquire of General Halleck whether he intended him to follow his own judgment in future movements or co-operate in some particular scheme of operations.

His army was now let loose for other campaigns, and this the Southern leaders thoroughly understood. The fall of Vicksburg was a disaster. The march of Grant's army foreboded the downfall of the Confederacy.

In all the correspondence of this strange conqueror there is scarcely a single word of exultation, not a single allusion to victory, even to his wife. He fought battles and won victories in the design of moving to other battles and other victories. His plan was to whip the enemy and win a lasting peace.

The Vicksburg campaign had the audacity of the common sense in opposition to the traditional. What the military authorities had settled he could not do, Grant did with astounding despatch, accuracy, and coherence of design. He kept his own counsel—a greater feat than the other—and it added to the mystery of his movements and the certainty of his results. It seemed as if all ill things stood aside to see him pass on to his larger life as a great commander. Belmont, Henry, Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg—all these were behind him and he had no scar. He would not have been human had not some feeling of foreordination assumed possession of him. He was now forty-one years of age, and at his fullest powers of command and endurance. He had reached the place where he now stood in the light of national fame, holding the full confidence of the government, without money, without political influence, after years of hardship, disappointment, and privation. Now all opposition was silenced, and his detractors were overborne. He had placed himself among the great generals of the world, and the nation waited to see what the Conqueror of Vicksburg would do next. On the 12th of October he received an order making him the commander-in-chief of the entire Western army from the Cumberland Mountains to the Brazos. This placed him in command of two hundred thousand men.

NOTE.—The capture of Vicksburg brought to its full development and recognition Grant's genius as a military commander, and marks a clear division in his career. With the present paper, therefore, Mr. Garland concludes his series of interesting studies in Grant's life, his design having been only to exhibit, by close personal presentations, the course and character of Grant's progress to his high destiny.—EDITOR.

UNCLE JOHN AND THE RUBIES.

BY ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "Phroso," "The Prisoner of Zenda," etc.

THERE may still be some very old men about town who remember the duel between Sir George Marston and Colonel Merridew; there may still be a venerable lawyer or two who recollect the celebrated case of Merridew against Marston. With these exceptions the story probably survives only in the two families interested in the matter and in the neighborhood where both the gentlemen concerned lived and where their successors flourish to this day. The whole affair, of which the duel was the first stage and the lawsuit the second, arose out of the disappearance of the Maharajah's rubies. Sir George and the colonel had both spent many years in India, Sir George occupying various important positions in the company's service, the colonel seeking fortune on his own account. Chance had brought them together at the court of the Maharajah of Nuggetabad, and they had struck up a friendship, tempered by jealousy. The Maharajah favored both; we Merridews maintained that Uncle John was first favorite, but the Marstons declared that Sir George beat him; and I am bound to admit that they had a plausible ground for their contention, since, when both gentlemen were returning to England, the Maharajah presented to Sir George the six magnificent stones which became famous as the Maharajah's rubies, while Uncle John had to content himself with a couple of fine diamonds. The Maharajah could not have expressed his preference more significantly; both his friends were passionate lovers of jewels, and understood very well the value of their respective presents. Uncle John faced the situation boldly, and declared that he had refused the rubies; we, his family, dutifully accepted his version, and were in the habit of laying great stress on his conscientiousness. The Marstons treated this tradition of ours with open incredulity. Whatever the truth was, the Maharajah's action produced no immediate breach between the colonel and Sir George. They left the court together, arrived together at the port of Calcutta, and came home together round the Cape. The trouble began only when

Sir George discovered, at the moment when he was leaving the ship, that he had lost the rubies. By this time Uncle John, who had disembarked a few hours earlier, was already at home displaying his diamonds to the relatives who had assembled to greet him.

Into the midst of this family gathering there burst the next day the angry form of Sir George Marston. He had driven post-haste to his own house, which lay some ten miles from the colonel's, and had now ridden over at a gallop; and there, before the whole company, he charged Uncle John with having stolen the Maharajah's rubies. The colonel, he said, was the only man on board who knew that he had the rubies or where the rubies were, and the only man who had enjoyed constant and unrestricted access to the cabin in which they were hidden. Moreover (so Sir George declared), the colonel loved jewels more than honor, honesty, or salvation. The colonel's answer was a cut with his riding-whip. A challenge followed from Sir George. The duel was fought, and Sir George got a ball in his arm. As soon as he was well my uncle, who had been the challenged party in the first encounter, saw his seconds to arrange another meeting. The cut with the whip was disposed of; the accusation remained. But Sir George refused to go out, declaring that the dock, and not the field of honor, was the proper place for Colonel Merridew. Uncle John, being denied the remedy of a gentleman, carried the case into the courts, although not into the court which Sir George had indicated.

An action of slander was entered and tried. Uncle John filled town and country with his complaints. He implored all and sundry to search him, to search his house, to search his park, to search everything searchable. A number of gentlemen formed themselves into a jury and did as he asked, Uncle John himself superintending their labors. No trace of the rubies was found. Sir George was unconvinced; the action went on, the jury gave the colonel £5,000; the colonel gave the

money to charity, and Sir George Marston, mounting his horse outside Westminster Hall, observed loudly:

"He stole them all the same!"

With this the story ended for the outer world. People were puzzled for a while, and then forgot the whole affair. But the Marstons did not forget it, and would not be consoled for the loss of their rubies. Neither did we, the Merridews, forget. We were very proud of our family honor, and we made a point of being proud of the colonel also, in spite of certain dubious stories which hung about his name. The feud persisted in all its bitterness. We hurled scorn at one another across the space that divided us; we were bitter opponents in all public affairs, and absolute strangers when we met on private occasions.

My father, who succeeded his uncle, the colonel, was a thoroughgoing adherent of his predecessor. Sir George's son, Sir Matthew, openly espoused his father's cause and accusation. Meanwhile no human eye had seen the Maharajah's rubies from the hour at which they had disappeared from the cabin of the East Indiaman "Elephant."

A train of circumstances now began which bade fair to repeat the moving tragedy of Verona in our corner of the world, I myself being cast for the part of Romeo. As I was following the hounds one day, I came upon a young lady who had suffered a fall, fortunately without personal injury, and was vainly pursuing her horse across a sticky plow. I caught the horse and led him to his mistress. To my surprise, I found myself in the presence of Miss Sylvia Marston, who had walked by me with a stony face half a hundred times at county

balls and such like social gatherings. She drew back with a sort of horror on her extremely pretty face. I dismounted, and stood ready to help her into the saddle.

"My groom is somewhere," said she, looking around the landscape.

"Anyhow, I didn't steal the rubies," said I. The truth is that on each of the

half hundred occasions I have referred to I had regretted that the feud forbade acquaintance between Miss Marston and myself. I was eager to assuage the feud as far as she and I were concerned.

My remark produced an extremely haughty expression on the lady's face. I stood patiently by the horses. The absurdity of the position at last struck my companion; she accepted my assistance, although grudgingly. I



"SHE LOOKED OVER HER SHOULDER ONCE BEFORE A TURN OF THE ROAD
HID HER FROM MY SIGHT."

mounted with all haste and rode beside her. We were hopelessly out of the run, and Miss Marston turned homeward. I did the same. For two or three miles our way would be the same. For some minutes we were silent. Then Miss Marston observed, with a sidelong glance:

"I wonder you can be so obstinate about them."

"The verdict of the jury——" I began.

"Oh, do let the jury alone," she interrupted, impatiently.

I tried another tack.

"I saw you at the ball the other night," I remarked.

"Did you? I didn't see you."

"I perceived that you were quite convinced of that."

"Well, then, I did see you, but how could I—well, you know, papa was at my elbow."

I was encouraged by this speech, and quite reasonably.

"It's a horrid bore, isn't it?" I ventured to suggest.

"What?"

"Why, the feud."

"Oh!"

After this there was silence again till we reached the spot where our roads diverged. I reined up my horse and lifted my hat. Miss Marston looked up suddenly.

"Thank you so much. Yes, it is rather a bore, isn't it?" And with a little laugh and a little blush she trotted off. Moreover, she looked over her shoulder once before a turn of the road hid her from my sight.

"It's a confounded bore," said I to myself as I rode away alone.

My father was a very firm man. I am not Sir Matthew Marston's son, and I do not scruple to describe him as an obstinate man. But in this world the people who say "yes" generally beat the people who say "no"—hence comes progress or decadence, which you will—and although both Sir Matthew and my father insisted that the acquaintance between Miss Marston and myself should not continue, the acquaintance did continue. We met out hunting, and also when we were not hunting anything except one another. The truth is that we had laid our heads together (only metaphorically, I am sorry to say), and determined that the moment for an amnesty had arrived. It was forty years or more since the colonel had—or had not—stolen the Maharajah's rubies. Many suns had gone down on the wrath of both families. A treaty must be made. The Marstons must agree to say no more about the crime, the Merridews must consent to forgive the false accusation. The Maharajah's rubies had vanished from the earth; their evil deeds must live after them no longer. Sylvia and I agreed on all these points one morning in the woods among the primroses.

"Of course, though, the colonel took them," said Sylvia, by way of closing the discussion.

"Nothing of the sort," said I, rather emphatically.

Sylvia sprang away from me; a beautiful, stormy color flooded her cheeks.

"You say," she exclaimed indignantly, "that you—that you—that you—that you—well, that you care for me, and yet——"

"The colonel certainly took them," I cried hastily.

"Of course he did," said Sylvia, with a radiant smile.

I assumed a most aggrieved expression.

"You profess," said I, plaintively, "to have—to have—to have—well, to have some pity on me, and yet——"

"He didn't take them!" cried Sylvia, impulsively.

That matter seemed to be settled quite satisfactorily, and we passed into another.

"How dare I tell papa?" asked Sylvia, apprehensively.

"Well, I shall have a row with the governor," I reflected, ruefully.

"Horrid old rubies! I wish they were at the bottom of the sea!" said Sylvia.

"I wish they were round your neck," said I.

"How can you, Mr. Merridew?" murmured Sylvia.

"I could say a great deal more than that," I cried. But she would not let me.

Now, as I went home from this interview I was, I protest, more filled with regrets that the Maharajah's rubies could not adorn and be adorned by Sylvia's neck than with apprehensions as to the effect my communication might have upon my father. Whether Colonel Merridew had stolen them or not became a subordinate question; the great problem was, Where were they? Why were they not round Sylvia's neck? I suffered a sense of personal loss, hardly less acute than the emotion that had brought Sir George Marston post-haste to the colonel's house forty years before. I was so engrossed with this aspect of the case that, as my father and I sat over our cigarettes after dinner, I exclaimed inadvertently:

"How splendidly they'd have suited her, by Jove!"

Whenever anybody in our family spoke of "they" or "them," without further identification, he was understood to refer to the Maharajah's rubies.

"Who would they have suited?" asked my father.

"Why, Sylvia Marston," I said.

When you have an awkward disclosure to make, there is nothing like committing yourself to it at once by an irremediable discretion. It blocks the way back and clears the way forward. My mention of Sylvia Marston defined the position with absolute clearness.

"What's Sylvia Marston to you?" asked my father, scornfully.

"The whole world, and more," I answered, fervently.

My father rang the bell for coffee. When it had been served he remarked:

"I think you had better take a run on

the Continent for a few months. Or what do you say to India? My Uncle John——"

"Mind you, I don't believe he took them," I interrupted.

"If you did, I shouldn't be sitting at the same table with you," observed my father.

"But she's the most charming girl I ever saw," I remarked, returning to the real point.

"I don't follow the connection of your thoughts," said my father.

There are one or two points that deserve mention here. The Marston

property was a very nice one; combined with ours, it would make a first-class estate. Sir Matthew had no son, and Sylvia was his only daughter; to be perpetually opposed in everything by a neighbor is vexatious; my father was not really a convinced Home Ruler, and had only appeared on platforms in that interest because Sir George was such a strong Unionist. Finally, the duchess had said that her patience was exhausted with the squabbles of the Meridews and the Marstons and that for her part she wouldn't ask either of them. Now, my father cared as little for a duchess as any man alive, but the claret at Sangblew Castle was proverbial.

"If," said my father at the end of a long discussion, "the man (he meant Sir Matthew Marston) will make an absolute and unreserved apology, and withdraw all imputations on Uncle John's memory, I shall be willing to consider the matter."

"You might as well," I protested, "ask him to eat the rubies."

"I believe old Sir George did," answered my father grimly.

I must pass over the next two or three months briefly. Thwarted love ran its usual course. Sylvia (whose interview with Sir



"IN THE WOODS AMONG THE PRIMROSES."

Matthew had been even more uncomfortable than mine with my father) peaked and pined and was sent to stay with an aunt at Cheltenham; she returned worse than ever. I went to Paris, where I enjoyed myself very well, but I came back inconsolable. Sylvia's health was gravely endangered. I displayed an alarming inability to settle down to anything. We used to meet every day in highest exultation, and part every day in deepest woe. We talked of death and elopement alternately, and treated our fathers with despairing and most exasperating dutifulness. The month of June found ourselves and our affections exactly where we and they had been in March.

A daughter is, I take it, harder to resist than a son. It was for this reason, and not because Sir Matthew was in any degree less stubborn than my father, that the first overtures came from the Marstons.

Sylvia was brimming over with delight when she met me one morning.

"Papa is ready to be reconciled," she cried. "Oh, Jack, isn't it delightful?"

"What? Will he apologize?" I asked, eagerly, as I caught her hand.

"Yes," said she, with smiling lips and

dancing eyes. "He'll admit that nothing has occurred to prove Colonel Merridew's guilt, if your father will admit that every sane man must have thought that Colonel Merridew was guilty."

"Hum," said I doubtfully. "I'll tell my father."

My father received my report in a somewhat hostile spirit. At first he was inclined to find a new insult in it, and I had great difficulty in bringing him to a more reasonable view. His suggestion at last was—and I could obtain no better terms from him—that Sir Matthew should admit that nothing had occurred to suggest Colonel Merridew's guilt, but that at the same time it was conceivable that a sane man might have thought Colonel Merridew guilty.

When I next met Sylvia, I communicated my father's suggested modification of the terms of peace. I explained that it covered a real and most material concession.

"Papa will never agree to that," said she sorrowfully; and no more he did.

Negotiations and *pourparlers* continued. Sylvia grew thinner. I became absent and distraught in manner. After a month Sir Matthew forwarded fresh terms. They were as follows: "Although Colonel Merridew may not have stolen the Maharajah's rubies, yet every reasonable man would naturally have concluded that he had stolen the rubies." My father objected to this, and proposed to substitute, "Although Colonel Merridew did not steal the Maharajah's rubies, yet a reasonable man might not impossibly think that he had stolen the rubies."

Sylvia and I built hopes on this last formula, but Sir Matthew unhappily objected to it. Matters came to a standstill again, and no progress was made until the vicar, having heard of the matter (indeed by now it was common property and excited great interest in the neighborhood), offered his services as mediator. He said that he was a peacemaker by virtue of his office and that he hoped to be able to draw up a statement of the case which would be palatable to both parties. Sir Matthew and my father gladly accepted his friendly offices, and the vicar withdrew to elaborate his eirenicon.

The vicar was a man of great intellectual subtlety, which he found very few opportunities of exercising. Therefore he enjoyed his new function extremely, and was very busy riding to and fro between our house and the Marstons'. Sylvia and I grew impatient, but the vicar assured us that the result of hurrying matters would

be an irremediable rupture. We were obliged to submit, and waited as resignedly as we could until the terms of peace should be finally settled. At last the welcome news came that the vicar, lying awake on Sunday night, had suddenly struck on a form of words to which both parties could subscribe with satisfaction and without loss of self-respect. I called on the vicar before breakfast on Monday morning. He greeted me with evident pleasure.

"Yes," said he, rubbing his hands contentedly, "I think I have managed it this time," and he hummed a light-hearted tune.

"What is the form of statement?" I asked, for I could scarcely believe in the good news of his success.

"Why, this," answered the vicar: "'Although there was no reason whatsoever to think that Colonel Merridew stole the Maharajah's rubies, yet any gentleman may well have supposed, and had every reason for supposing, that Colonel Merridew did steal the Maharajah's rubies.'"

"That seems er—very fair and equal," said I, after a moment's consideration.

"I think so, my dear young friend," said the vicar complacently. "I imagine that it will put an end to all trouble between your worthy father and Sir Matthew."

"I'm sure it must," I agreed.

"I have modeled it," pursued the vicar, holding out the piece of paper before him and regarding it lovingly, "I have modeled the form of it on——"

"On the thirty-nine articles," I suggested thoughtlessly.

"Not at all," said the vicar sharply. "On parliamentary apologies."

As may be supposed, Sylvia and I spent a day of feverish suspense, mitigated only by one another's company. The vicar rode first to Sir Matthew's; he reached there at half-past twelve, and remained to luncheon. Starting again at three (evidently Sir Matthew had been hard to move), he reached my father's at 4:30, and was closeted with him till seven o'clock. I had parted from Sylvia about six, and came to dinner. My father was then alone. I looked at him, but had not the nerve to ask him any questions. Presently he came and patted me on the shoulder.

"I have made a great sacrifice for your sake, my boy," said he. "Sir Matthew Marston and his daughter will dine here to-morrow." And he flung himself into a chair.

"Hurrah!" I cried, springing to my feet.

"The vicar is coming also," pursued my father, with a sigh; and he looked up at Uncle John's portrait, which hung over the mantelpiece. "I hope I have not done wrong," he added, seeming to ask the colonel's pardon in case any slight had been put upon his hallowed memory. The colonel smiled down upon us peacefully, seeming to enjoy the prospect of the glass of wine which he held between his fingers and was represented as being about to drink.

"It's a wonderfully characteristic portrait of dear old Uncle John," said my father, sighing again.

Now, reconciliations are extremely wholesome and desirable things; in this case, indeed, a reconciliation was an absolutely essential and necessary thing, since the happiness of Sylvia and myself entirely depended upon it. But it cannot, in my opinion, be maintained that they are in themselves cheerful functions. After all, they are funerals of quarrels, and men love their quarrels. The dinner held to seal the peace between Sir Matthew and my father was not enjoyable, considered purely as an entertainment. Both gentlemen were stiff and distant; Sylvia was shy, I embarrassed; the vicar bore the whole brunt of conversation. In fact, there were great difficulties. It was impossible to touch on the subject of the Maharajah's rubies, and yet we were all thinking of the rubies and of nothing else. At last my father, in despair, took the bull by the horns. He was always in favor of a bold course, as Uncle John had been, he said.

"Over the mantelpiece," said he, turning to his guest with a rather forced smile, "you will observe, Sir Matthew, a portrait of the late Colonel Merridew. It is considered an extremely good likeness."

Sir Matthew examined the colonel through his eyeglasses with a critical stare.

"It looks," said he, "very like what I have always supposed Colonel Merridew to have been; indeed, exactly like."

My father frowned heavily. Sir Matthew's speech was open to unfavorable interpretation.

"You mean," interposed the vicar, "a man of courage and decision? Yes, yes, indeed; the face looks like the face of just such a man."

"Poor Uncle John," sighed my father. "His last years were embittered by the unfounded aspersions——"

"I beg your pardon," said Sir Matthew, politely but very stiffly.

"By the unfounded but very natural accusations," suggested the vicar hastily.

"To which he was subjected," pursued my father.

"Or—er—may we not say, exposed himself?" asked Sir Matthew.

"In fact, which were brought against him—wrongly but most naturally," suggested the vicar.

Matters looked as unpromising as they well could. Sylvia was on the point of bursting into tears, and my thoughts had again turned to an elopement. My father rose suddenly and held out his hand to Sir Matthew. Again he had decided on the bold course.

"Let us say no more about it," he cried, generously.

"With all my heart," cried Sir Matthew, springing up and gripping his hand.

The vicar's eyes beamed through his spectacles. I believe that I touched Sylvia's foot under the table.

"We will," pursued my father, "remember only one thing about the colonel. And that is that one bottle remains of the famous old pipe of port that he laid down. In that, Sir Matthew, let us bury all unkindness."

"My dear sir, I ask no better," cried Sir Matthew.

The heavens brightened—or was it Sylvia's eyes? The butler alone looked perturbed; three butlers had lost their situations in our household for handling the colonel's port in a manner that lacked heart and tenderness. "I cannot bear a callous butler," my father used to say.

"Fetch," said my father, "the last bottle of the colonel's port, a decanter, a cork-screw, a funnel, a piece of muslin, and a napkin. I will decant Sir Matthew's wine myself."

"Sir Matthew's wine!" Could there have been a more delicate compliment?

"The colonel," my father continued, "purchased this wine himself, brought it home himself, and I believe bottled a large portion of it with his own hands."

"He could not have been better employed," said Sir Matthew cordially. But I think there was a latent hint that the colonel had sometimes been much worse employed.

Dawson appeared with the bottle. He carried it as though it had been a baby, combining the love of a mother, the pride of a nurse, and the uneasy care of a bachelor.



"MY FATHER TILTED THE BOTTLE A LITTLE MORE TOWARD THE FUNNEL. THEN HE STOPPED SUDDENLY."

"You have not shaken it?" asked my father.

"Upon my word; no, sir," answered Dawson earnestly. The poor man had a wife and family.

My father gripped the bottle delicately with the napkin, and examined the point of the corkscrew.

"It would be a great pity," he observed, gravely, "if anything happened to the cork."

Nothing happened to the cork. With infinite delicacy my father persuaded it to leave the neck of the bottle. Sir Matthew was ready with decanter, funnel, and muslin.

"We must take care of the crust," remarked my father, and we all nodded solemnly.

My father cast his eyes up to Uncle John's portrait for an instant, much as if he were asking the old gentleman's benediction, and gently inclined the bottle toward the muslin-covered mouth of the funnel.

"If only my poor uncle could be here," he sighed. Uncle John had been very fond of port.

"I should be delighted to meet him!" cried Sir Matthew, in genuine friendliness.

The vicar took off his spectacles, wiped them, and replaced them. My father tilted the bottle a little more toward the funnel. Then he stopped suddenly, and a strange, puzzled look appeared on his face. He

looked at Sir Matthew, and Sir Matthew looked at him; and we all looked at the bottle.

"Does old port wine generally make that noise?" asked Sylvia.

For a most mysterious sound had proceeded from the inside of the bottle, as my father carefully inclined it toward the funnel. It sounded as if—but it was absurd to suppose that a handful of marbles could have found their way into a bottle of old port.

"The crust——" began the vicar, cheerfully.

"It's not the crust," said my father, decisively.

"Let us see what it is," suggested Sir Matthew, very urbanely.

"I've done nothing to the bottle, sir," cried Dawson.

My father cleared his throat, and gave the bottle a further inclination toward the funnel. A little wine trickled out and found its way through the muslin. My father smelt the muslin anxiously, but seemed to gain no enlightenment. He poured on under the engrossed gaze of the whole party. The marbles, or what they were, thumped in the bottle; and with a little jump something sprang out into the muslin. Sir Matthew stretched out a hand. My father waved him away.

"We will go on to the end," said he solemnly, and he took it up, the object that had fallen into the muslin, between his

finger and thumb and placed it on his plate.

It was round in shape, the size of a very large pill or a smallish marble, and of a dull color, like that of rusted tin. My father poured on, and by the time that the last of the wine was out no less than seven of these strange objects lay in a neat group on my father's plate, one lying by itself a little removed from the others.

"I have placed this one apart," observed my father, pointing to the solitary marble, "because it is much lighter than any of the others. Let us examine it first."

"I propose that we examine the six first," said Sir Matthew, in a tone of suppressed excitement.

"As you will, Sir Matthew," said my father gravely, and he took up one of the six that lay in a group. "The surface," said he, looking round, "appears to be composed of tin."

We all agreed. The surface was composed of tin; a line running down the middle showed where the tin had been carefully and dexterously soldered together. Sir Matthew having felt in his pocket, produced a large penknife and opened a strong blade. He held out the knife toward my father blade foremost, such was his agitation.

"Thank you, Sir Matthew," said my father in courteous and calm voice, reaching round the blade and grasping the handle.

Absolute silence now fell on the company; my father was perfectly composed. He forced the point of the knife into the surface of the object and made a gap; then he peeled off the surface of tin. I felt Sylvia's eyes turn to mine, but I did not remove my gaze from my father's plate. Five times did my father repeat his operation, placing what was left in each case on the table-cloth in front of him. When he had finished his task he looked up at Sir Matthew. Sir Matthew's face bore a look of mingled bewilderment and triumph; he opened his mouth to speak; a gesture of my father's hand imposed silence on him.

"It remains," said my father, "to examine the seventh object."

The seventh object was treated as its companions had been; the result was different. From the shelter of the sealed tin covering came a small roll of paper. My father unfolded it; faded lines of writing appeared on it.

"Uncle John's hand," said my father solemnly. "I propose to read what he says."

"An explanation is undoubtedly desirable," remarked Sir Matthew.

"Aren't they beautiful?" whispered Sylvia longingly.

A glance from my father rebuked her; he began to read what Colonel Merridew had written. Here it is:

"That old fool Marston, having made the life of everybody on board the ship a burden to them on account of his miserable rubies, and having dogged my footsteps and spied upon my actions in a most offensive manner, I determined to give him a lesson. So I took these stones from his cabin and carried them to my house. I was about to return them when he found his way into my house and accused me—me, Colonel John Merridew—of being a thief. What followed is known to my family. The result of Sir George's intemperate behavior was to make it impossible for me to return the rubies without giving rise to an impression most injurious to my honor. I have therefore placed them in this bottle. They will not be discovered during my lifetime or in that of Sir George. When they are discovered, I request that they may be returned to his son with my compliments and an expression of my hope that he is not such a fool as his father.

"JOHN MERRIDEW, Colonel."

Continued silence followed the reading of this document. The Maharajah's rubies glittered and gleamed on the table-cloth. My father looked up at Uncle John's picture. To my excited fancy the old gentleman seemed to smile more broadly than before. My father gathered the rubies into his hand and held them out to Sir Matthew.

"You have heard Colonel Merridew's message, sir," said my father. "There is, I presume, no need for me to repeat it. Allow me to hand you the rubies."

Sir Matthew bowed stiffly, took the Maharajah's rubies, counted them carefully, and dropped them one by one into his waistcoat pocket.

"Take away that bottle of port," said my father. "The tin will have ruined the flavor."

"What shall I do with it, sir?" asked Dawson.

"Whatever you please," said my father, and looking up again at Uncle John's picture, he exclaimed in an admiring tone, "An uncommon man, indeed! How few would have contrived so perfect a hiding-place!"

"Sylvia," said Sir Matthew, "get your

cloak." Then he turned to my father and continued, "If, sir, to be an expert thief——"

My father sprang to his feet. Sylvia caught Sir Matthew by the arm; I was ready to throw myself between the enraged gentlemen. Uncle John smiled broadly down on us. The vicar looked up with a mild smile. He had taken a nut and was in the act of cracking it.

"Dear, dear!" said he. "What's the matter?"

"Sir Matthew Marston," said my father, "ventures to accuse the late Colonel Merridew of theft. And that in the house which was Colonel Merridew's."

"Mr. Merridew," said Sir Matthew, in a cold, sarcastic voice, "must admit that any other explanation of the colonel's action is—well, difficult. And that in any house, whether Colonel Merridew's or another's."

"My dear friends," expostulated the vicar, "pray hear reason. The presence of these—er—articles in this bottle of port, taken in conjunction with the explanation afforded by the late Colonel Merridew's letter, makes the whole matter perfectly clear." The vicar paused, swallowed his nut, and then continued with considerable and proper pride. "In fact, although there is no reason whatsoever to think that Colonel Merridew stole the Maharajah's rubies, yet any gentleman may well suppose, and has every reason for supposing, that Colonel Merridew did steal the Maharajah's rubies."

Sir Matthew tugged at his beard, my father rubbed the side of his nose with his forefinger. The vicar rose and stood between them with his hands spread out and a smile of candid appeal on his face.

"There is no reason at all to suppose Uncle John meant to steal them," observed my father.

"I have every reason for supposing that he meant to steal them," said Sir Matthew.

"Exactly, exactly," murmured the

vicar; "what I say, gentlemen; just what I say."

My father smiled; a moment later Sir Matthew smiled. My father slowly stretched out his hand; Sir Matthew's hand came slowly to meet it.

"That's right," cried the vicar, approvingly. "I felt sure that you would both listen to reason."

My father looked up again at Uncle John.

"My uncle was a most uncommon man, Sir Matthew," said he.

"So I should imagine, Mr. Merridew," answered Sir Matthew.

"And now, papa," said Sylvia, "give me the Maharajah's rubies."

"A moment," said Sir Matthew; "there was a matter of £5,000."

"We cannot," said my father, "go behind the verdict of the jury."

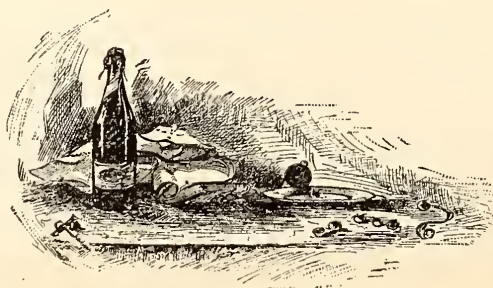
Sir Matthew turned away and took a step toward the door.

"But," my father added, "I will settle twice the amount on my daughter-in-law."

"We will say no more about it," agreed Sir Matthew, turning back to the table.

So the matter rested, and before long I saw the Maharajah's rubies round Sylvia's neck. But as I sit opposite the rubies and under Uncle John's portrait, I wonder very much what the true story was. Uncle John was very fond of rubies, yet he was also very fond of a joke. Was the letter the truth? Or was it written in the hope of protecting himself in case his hiding-place was by some unlikely chance discovered? Or was it to save the feelings of his descendants? Or was it to annoy Sir George Marston's descendants? I cannot answer these questions. As the vicar says, there is no reason to suppose that Uncle John stole the rubies; yet any gentleman may well suppose that he stole the rubies. Uncle John smiles placidly down on me, with his glass of port between his fingers, and does not solve the puzzle. He was an uncommon man, Uncle John!

At any rate, the vicar was very much pleased with himself.





THE PARIS GAMIN.

See page 890.

Drawn for McClure's MAGAZINE by BOUTET DE MONVEL.

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No. 4.

THE GREAT DYNAMITE FACTORY AT ARDEER.

By H. J. W. DAM.

THE MAKING AND HANDLING OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES.—LIFE AND MANNERS OF THE WORKMEN.—PRECAUTIONS AGAINST ACCIDENTS.—THE SMALL NUMBER OF CASUALTIES.



THE great dynamite factory at Ardeer in Scotland, the largest of its kind, is one of the most picturesque places in the world. Considering the unique and dramatic conditions that prevail

among its workers, the neglect of Ardeer hitherto by novelists and dramatists is surprising. This may be due, however, to the fact that it is exceedingly difficult for a stranger to obtain access to the factory, while, once inside, the surroundings are rather trying to sensitive nerves. For six hours a day and two days in succession your life depends, at every moment, upon a thermometer.

Great is the thermometer at Ardeer! Nitroglycerin, a teaspoonful of which would blow you to fragments, surrounds you in hundreds and thousands of gallons. It is making itself in huge tanks, gurgling merrily along open leaden gutters, falling ten feet in brown waterfalls, so to speak, into tanks of soda solution, and bubbling so furiously in other cylinders, through the in-rush of cold air from below, that it seems to be boiling. It is being drawn off from large porcelain taps like ale, poured into boxes, and rattled along tramways. In the form of dynamite, it is being rubbed with great force through brass sieves, jammed into cartridges, and flung into boxes; and in the form of blasting gelatin, it is being torn by metal rods, forced through sausage machines, and cut, wrapped, and tossed into hoppers—all

these processes proceeding as rapidly as if it were ordinary olive-oil instead of the deadliest explosive known to man.

All around you are big cotton mills and storehouses as full of fleecy, white cotton as ordinary cotton mills and storehouses, but every pinch of the cotton, still white and fleecy, has been nitrated into gun-cotton, and would suffice, if exploded, to cut you off in the beauty of your youth. Death, instantaneous and pulverizing, encircles you, in fact, by the ton; but the man and the thermometer surround you also. The man's eyes never leave the instrument. Both are chosen for their perfect reliability; and endless precautions, innumerable rules, and the strictest discipline maintain Ardeer in a state of busy and peaceful security, and prevent it from being scattered periodically over the calm blue sea that widens endlessly on one side, or the hungry brown acres of Scotland which stretch away to the horizon on the other.

THE NITROGLYCERIN "HILLS."

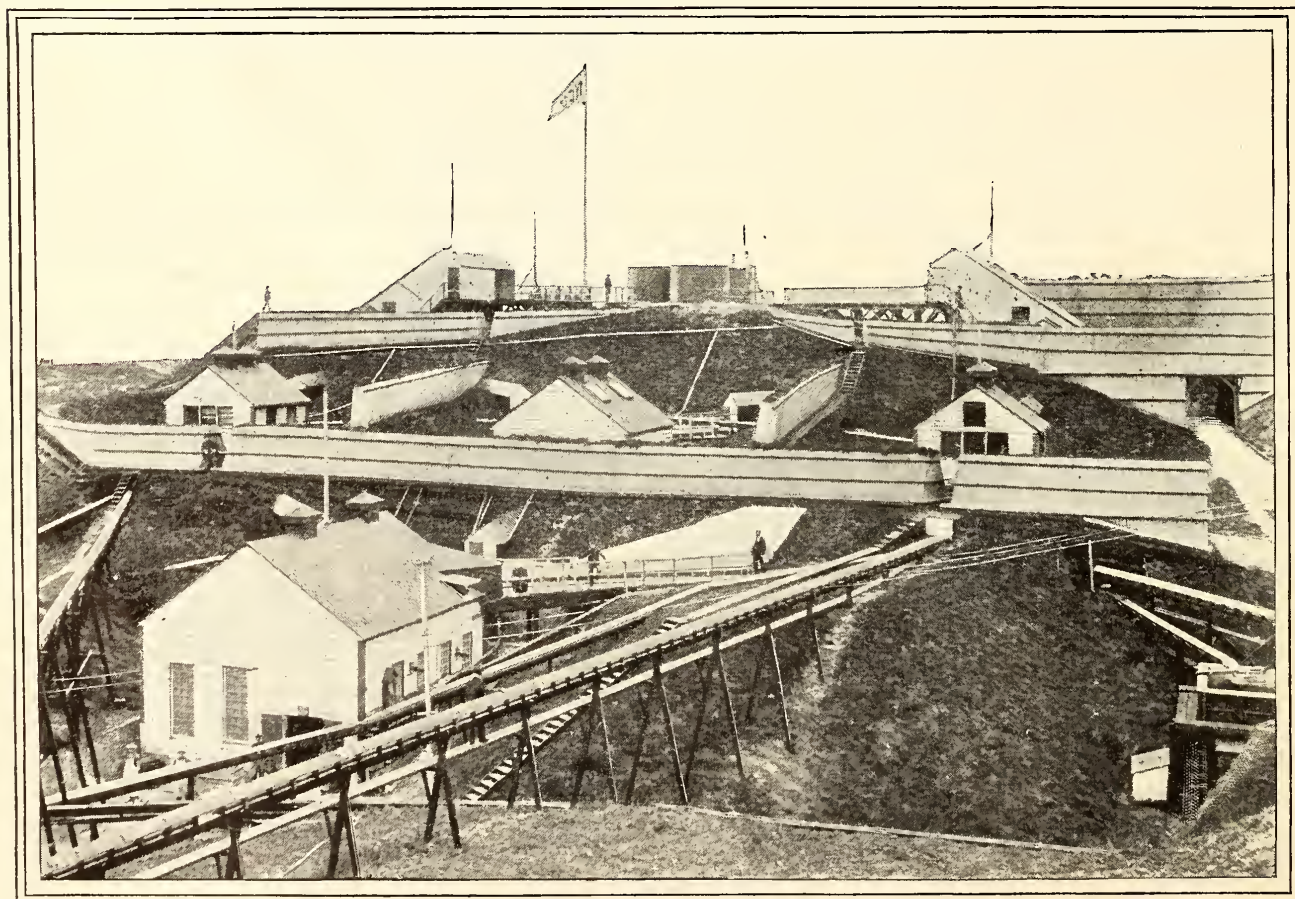
From the top of one of the nitroglycerin "hills" the factory looks like an enormous and eccentric landscape garden. In every direction rise green embankments, square, conical, or diamond-shaped, from fourteen to seventy feet in height, and covered with long rank grass. Many of them are faced with corrugated iron, and look like high fences. From the top of each mound peeps the red canvas roof of a white wooden house—a house within a hill—which is from one to four stories in

height. Every explosive structure is surrounded by artificial banks, so that in the event of an accident all the others will be protected from concussion or flying fragments. There are three nitroglycerin "hills"; and on the one before you the nitrating-houses, two in number, in which the nitroglycerin is made, stand out in clear relief at the top. They are frail wooden cabins, which were expected by Mr. Nobel when he built them to last six months, but which have not yet been blown to pieces after twenty-five years of constant use. Tunnels through the banks open everywhere. Tramways and lines of pipes on trestles cross each other diversely. This is the "Danger Area," the wide expanse in which the explosives are made and moved about. It is surrounded in an irregular semicircle by fourteen large groups of structures, from which rise fourteen high chimney-stacks. These include the nitric-acid works, acid recovery, ammonia-mill, potash-mill, "guhr"-mill, steam and power houses, box-factories, washing, carding, and bleaching departments for the cotton, pulping-mills, and other contributing industries, connected by steam railway tracks which join the Glasgow line. There are 450 separate

structures, now occupying 400 acres out of the 600 owned by the company, which were, when the site was chosen by Mr. Nobel in 1871, a barren waste of sand dunes, stretching for a mile and three-quarters along the sea.

Into this kingdom of high explosives you enter by the courtesy of Mr. C. O. Lundholm, the works manager, under the guidance of the engineer of the works, Mr. E. W. Findlay. The strain upon your nerves begins mildly. Your hair is quite ready to rise, so ready that you can feel it awake and stretch itself at every spot of grease—which may be nitroglycerin—and every stray pinch of cotton—which may be gun-cotton. You now understand for the first time the psychological condition of a shying horse. You go along just as the horse does, with eyes strained at every small object and a lurking predisposition to bolt.

The acid-works are soothing, however. They are quite safe. Nitroglycerin is made from glycerin, the sweetish adjunct of the dressing-table, and nitric acid. The glycerin is bought by hundreds of tons from various sources. In this big barn which you enter the nitric acid is manufactured. In two rows stand fifty-eight



A NITROGLYCERIN "HILL" AT ARDEER.

The nitroglycerin is made in the two houses at the top of the hill, and washed in those immediately beneath. The house in the center is a "drowning-tank," and that at the bottom of the hill is the "final" washing-house. "Every explosive structure is surrounded by artificial banks, so that in the event of an accident all the others will be protected from concussion or flying fragments."



THE "SEARCHER" AT WORK AT THE ENTRANCE TO A NITROGLYCERIN HILL.

"He searches every man who enters, no matter how often the man may come and go."

steel retorts about six feet in diameter and four feet deep, which are bricked up like ovens. Here sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol, from Glasgow is combined with nitrate of soda from Chili, and the nitric acid thus set free passes over in pipes to a high framework carrying numberless brown earthenware jars in which it condenses. As it passes over it gives off reddish fumes which are suffocating—a whiff of them gives you a fit of coughing, and a full breath of them would choke a locomotive. Mr. Findlay explains that the nitric acid thus made is mixed with a larger quantity of sulphuric acid, and moved in steel pony-cars to a station at the foot of each nitroglycerin "hill." Thence the acids are drawn up by cable or blown up through pipes to a tank at the top of the "hill" by compressed air. You mentally compare the advantages of being blown up with compressed air to being blown up by other means, and smoothing down your hair, enter the "Danger Area."

THE "DANGER AREA."

To enter the "Danger Area" you must pass the "searcher." He stands in front

of his cabin, and you will find one of him always blocking the way at the four entrances to the explosive district. He is a tall, military-looking man in a blue uniform faced with red, and he takes from you all metallic objects—your watch, money, penknife, scarf-pin, match-case, matches, and keys. None of these are allowed to be where nitroglycerin is. He searches every man who enters, no matter how often the man may come and go. The girls, 200 of whom are employed, are not permitted to wear pins, hair-pins, shoe-buttons, or metal pegs in their shoes, or carry knitting, crochet, or other needles. These regulations are the outgrowth of experience and the long-ago discovery in dynamite cartridges of buttons and other foreign substances calculated to make trouble at unexpected moments. The girls are searched thrice a day by the three matrons who have them in charge. From the lack of hair-pins they wear their hair in braids, tied with ribbons, which gives them all an unduly youthful look. The searcher tells you that his chief trouble is with matches. Some of the lower-class male employees—there are 1,100 men in

the factory—are willing at times to smuggle in matches for a quiet smoke in a secluded corner. This quiet smoke may of course produce a much louder smoke in a corner not secluded, and is therefore rigidly banned. The discipline in the factory is most extraordinary, and to it must be attributed the marvelous immunity from accidents.

At this point, too, you get your first glimpse of the “costumes.” A man in a Tam o’ Shanter cap comes up clothed from head to foot in vivid scarlet. He belongs to a nitroglycerin house. Then comes a man in dark blue, a “runner” or carrier of explosives. Then comes a man in light blue, who belongs to a smokeless-powder factory. All the girls are in dark blue. The different colors are used so that a superintendent at any distance can always tell if a man is on his own ground and attending to his own work. A few weeks since, a cartridge lassie in dark blue said to a man in scarlet, “Gi’e us a kiss,” and he promptly “gi’ed” her one. This unlawful combination of colors caught the eye of an overseer hundreds of yards away, and the pair were instantly removed from

the works and the pay-roll. Kissing and skylarking are absolutely prohibited during working hours, but on Saturdays and Sundays the workers make full amends. If reports are to be believed, the workers are more than usually romantic in their tendencies, the alleged cause being the constant breathing of nitroglycerin; and inquiring Pickwicks have taken many notes thereupon, in which the statistics of marriage and population are not entirely neglected.

THE NITRATING-HOUSES.

Having passed the searcher, you mount the “hill,” an artificial one, built of sand, and perhaps sixty feet high. On the top of it are two “nitrating-houses.” They are of thin clapboards painted white, and are about twenty feet square. These houses are always placed on the tops of “hills,” in order that the nitroglycerin, passing from process to process, may flow by its own weight downward. It is not exactly the kind of liquid that one wants to pump. At the door of the house you are confronted by two pairs of yawning rubber shoes. Large shoes of rubber, in-



THE GIRLS OF THE FACTORY UNDERGOING SEARCH BY THE MATRONS.

The girls are searched thrice a day by the three matrons who have them in charge, in order to prevent their wearing or carrying any metallic objects into the works. From the lack of hairpins, which are one of the forbidden articles, they wear their hair in braids.

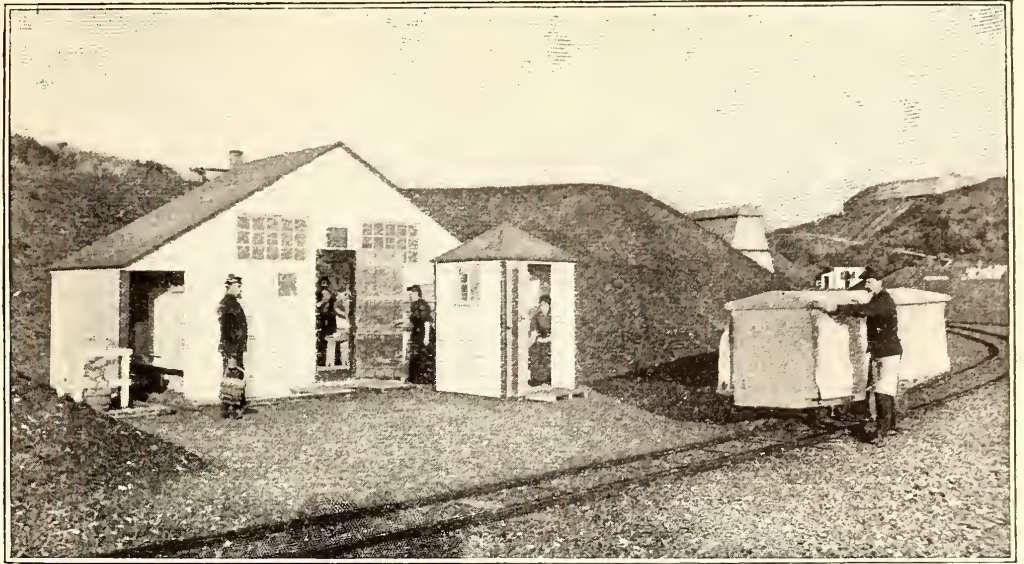
deed, and sometimes even larger ones of leather confront you at the door of every danger house. No shoe which touches the ground outside is allowed to touch the floor of a danger department. The least grit might make friction and lead to an explosion. In all departments the girls are compelled to change to slippers or

work barefooted, the majority, in summer, preferring the latter. Having stepped into the overshoes, you begin to flop like a great auk over the sheet-lead which covers the floor. The shoes are trying, particularly as you have other things to worry you. Snow-shoes, ski, and stilts can all be practiced on with advantage before endeavoring to get about in a pair of overshoes which do not fit your own shoes

and are ceaselessly trying to trip you up.

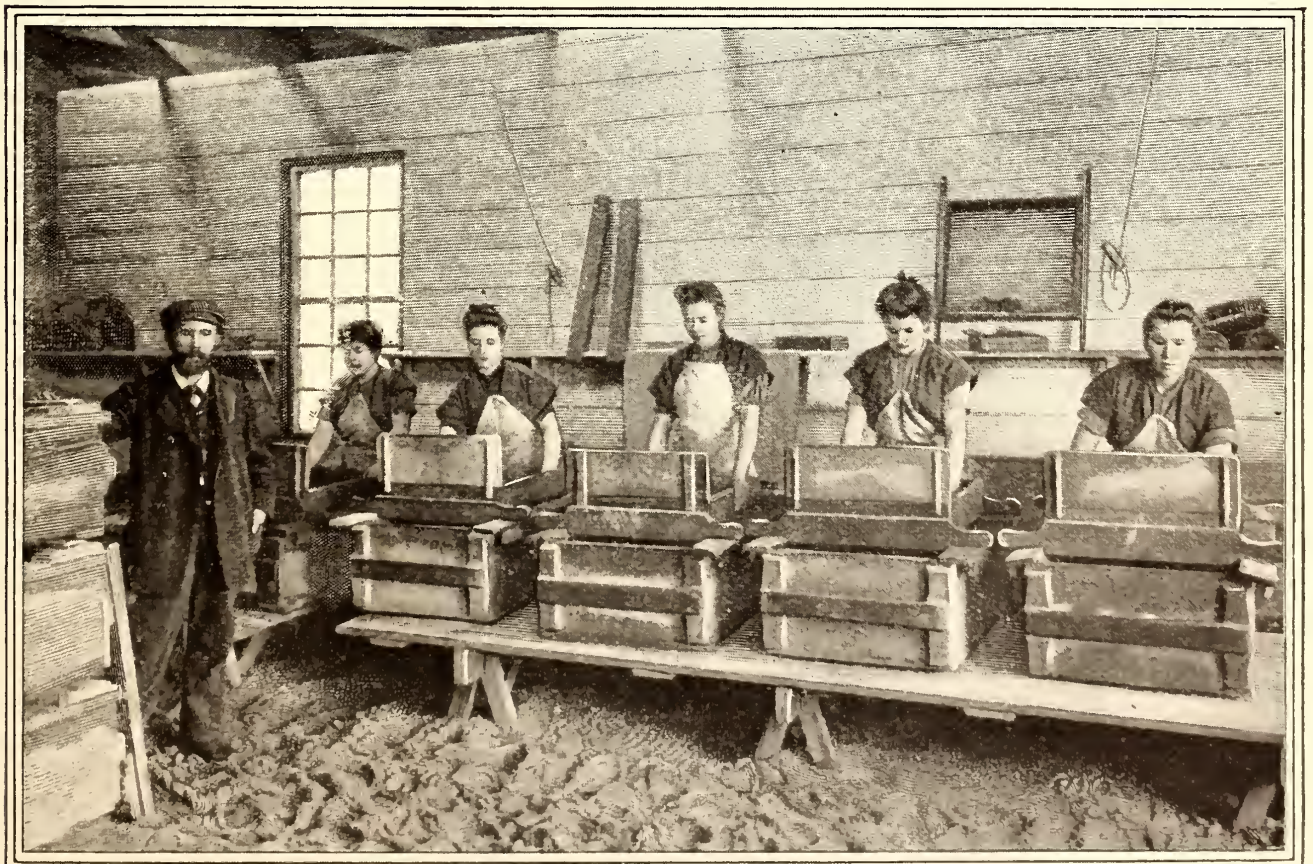
As you enter the nitrating-house your eye is caught by two lead cylinders, five feet in diameter and six feet deep, which are sunk in the floor. They have closed, dome-shaped tops, over which many lead pipes curl and into which they enter.

At the farther cylinder sits a man in scarlet watching a thermometer. He



A DYNAMITE CARTRIDGE HOUSE.

In the small cabin before the house the girls stop to remove their walking shoes before going to their work.



INTERIOR OF A MIXING-HOUSE.

Here the mixture of kieselguhr, carbonate of ammonia, and nitroglycerin, which makes dynamite, is thoroughly worked by hand and put through a sieve.



MAKING BLASTING GELATIN CARTRIDGES.

"Blasting gelatin, a yellow, tough, elastic paste, . . . is being forced through a sausage machine, and chopped, by hand, into three-inch lengths."

neither moves, looks up, nor betrays any sign of your presence. The thermometer which he is watching is five feet in length. Only the top or marked portion extends

quires fifty-five minutes, during which the 700 pounds of glycerin becomes about 1,500 of nitroglycerin. Great heat is caused by the chemical action, and the absolute necessity is that the heat shall be kept down or it will explode the newly formed nitroglycerin. To this end the cylinder is surrounded by a water-jacket, through which cold water is rushing constantly, and four concentric coils of lead pipe occupy the interior of the cylinder, carrying four steady rushes of cold water.

If the heat, through vagaries in the glycerin, rose above the danger point, the thermometer would instantly reveal this to the man on watch. If the thermometer rose ever so little above twenty-two degrees centigrade, the man would turn on more air and shut off the inflow of glycerin. If it continued to rise slowly and he could not stop it by more air and water, he would give a warning shout, "Stand by," to a man watching below. If it continued, he would shout "Let her go," and the man would open a valve; this would sweep the whole charge down to a "drowning-tank" lower down the hill, which would drown the coming explosion in excess of water. The two men the meanwhile would bolt to a safe position behind banks. If the heat rose rap-



MAKING DYNAMITE CARTRIDGES.

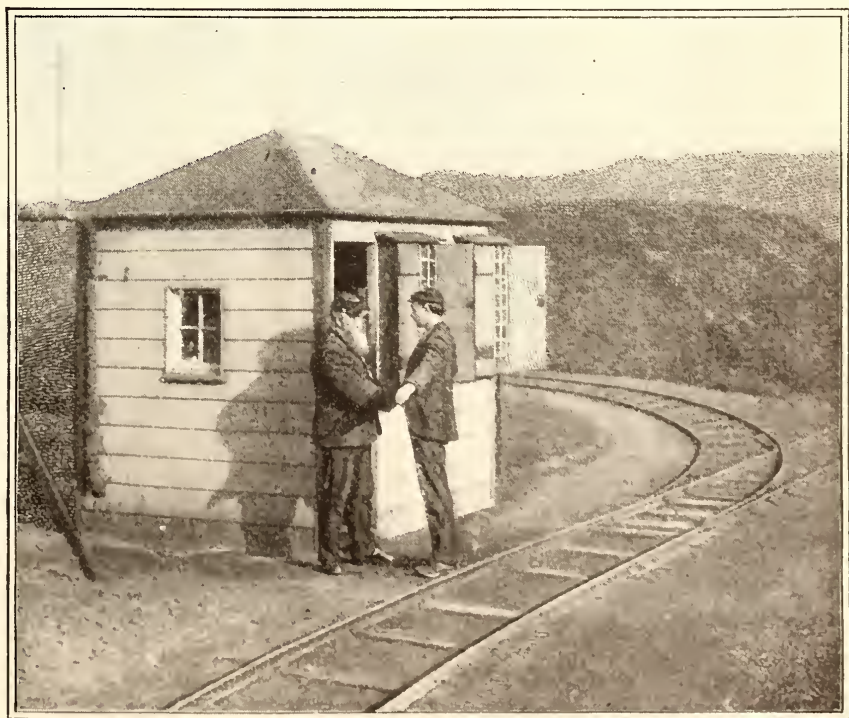
"The girls work with the greatest rapidity. . . . The sliding brass rod of the machine is actually lubricated with nitroglycerin."

idly, too rapidly for "drowning," the man would pull the valve, give a warning shout, and run. So would everybody, you included. You might run on one side to the protecting arms of a dynamite magazine holding twenty tons, or on the other to the soothing shelter of a house where gun-cotton is baking at 120 degrees Fahrenheit. Failing these, there is the pond. This is a sweet, placid pond which is formally blown up once a week because some dregs of nitroglycerin have drained into it and collected at the bottom, making it unsafe. It is comforting to feel, in the hour of danger, that you have havens of perfect security such as these.

The glycerin having duly become nitroglycerin, you flop down the stairs to another department, to witness its separation from the acids with which it is now mixed. It comes shooting down a lead gutter, and falls, a cream-colored stream, to the bottom of a lead tank, eight feet in length and two in width. As soon as the tank is full, the nitroglycerin, lighter than the acid, rises to the surface like oil. It is skimmed off in an aluminium skimmer resembling a tin wash-hand basin with a handle, and is poured into a lead pocket at the end, whence it flows through pipes to a tank, where it receives its first washing with cold water. Thence it goes through gutters farther down to another department, where it is washed with warm water and carbonate of soda. Every particle of the free acid must be removed, as remnants of it might cause chemical action, heat, and explosion in the dynamite or blasting gelatin later on. A sample is taken of each lot of nitroglycerin when made. This is placed in a small clear glass bottle and covered with blue litmus solution, to detect the presence of any remaining free acid, which would color the litmus red. *En passant*, your guide mentions that some years ago one of the foremen was carrying a little felt-lined box of these samples to one of the sample magazines when he unfortunately stumbled and fell. He was blown to pieces.

You have now reached the bottom of the "hill" (all nitroglycerin factories are called "hills"), and are in a

wooden cabin, with a floor of loose sand, where the making of dynamite and blasting gelatin actually begins. Dynamite consists merely of liquid nitroglycerin which has been absorbed by some porous material. The liquid was discovered by Sobrero, an Italian, in 1846. Its transport and use were attended with such danger, however, that the late Alfred Nobel conceived, in 1867, the plan of absorbing it in some non-explosive medium. After experimenting with saw-dust, brick-dust, charcoal, paper, rags, and kieselguhr, he finally settled upon the last named as the best material. Kieselguhr, known in the factory as "guhr," is a silicious earth, mainly composed of the skeletons of mosses and microscopic diatoms, which is found as a slaty black peat in Scotland, Germany, and Italy. Before being used it goes to the "guhr-mill," where it is calcined in a large kiln, rolled, and sifted, the result being a very light pink powder of the consistency of flour. In the house you have entered, twenty-five pounds of kieselguhr, with about one pound of carbonate of ammonia, are weighed into a wooden box about three feet square and eighteen inches deep. Upon it is drawn seventy-five pounds of nitroglycerin from the filter tank by a man in scarlet. Another man in scarlet, with his arms bare to the shoulders, takes the box to a table, and gives it a preliminary mix, to see that all the nitroglycerin is roughly absorbed. Then a man in blue seizes it, places it with other boxes on his hand-car or "bogie," and



THE SEARCHER (OF THE CORDITE DEPARTMENT) AT WORK.

pushes the load off to the "mixing-houses."

A DISASTROUS EXPLOSION—THE MIXING-HOUSES.

At half-past six on the morning of the 24th of February, one week after the writer's visit to this house, it was the scene of a very disastrous explosion. Twenty-four hundred pounds of nitroglycerin was collected here, in the tanks and boxes mentioned, and from some cause which may never be known it exploded, killing six people—a chemist, a foreman, and four workmen. A few other employees were slightly hurt by flying débris. The sound was of course tremendous, and the effects of the explosion, which were very clear at Irvine, three and one-half miles away, are said to have been so strong in a town ten miles away that the gas-lamps were extinguished by the air concussion. A disaster such as this, whose suddenness is not its least painful characteristic, cannot of course be minimized in its tragic importance. At the same time, it serves as the best possible testimony to the value of the system of protection employed. That over a ton of nitroglycerin can explode in the heart of a factory where 1,300 people are at work, and only the six men, within a few feet of it, lose their lives, shows better than any other evidence the meaning and value of the Ardeer mounds.

You follow the box to a "mixing-house." This, in the case of dynamite, is a large wooden cabin, containing a long narrow table on each side. In it six girls are at work. The runner sets the open box of the mixture down in the doorway. A girl hoists it to a table, and flies at it with bare arms as if it contained only flour

and water. She mixes it thoroughly. Then she takes a big wooden scoop, jabs it into the box, and dumps the scoopful into a raised box of the same size, with a brass sieve bottom. She then, as if the sieve bottom were a washing-board, rubs the dynamite with all her strength against the sieve, forcing it through the small holes. A few of the girls use a leather hand-flap to rub with, but most of them prefer their bare hands. You view the process with consternation. Hitherto you



READING THE THERMOMETER BEFORE ENTERING THE TESTING MAGAZINE "INDIA."

It is in "India" that the company's explosives are tested through long periods under high heat and severe cold.

have looked upon dynamite as something to be regarded politely from a safe distance as if it were a rattle-snake. The girls handle it, however, as coolly as if it were the sand on the floor. Some of it is continually spilt, of course, and mixes with this sand, but the sand is all removed at short intervals and buried. One of the few fatal accidents in the history of Ardeer took place near this house. A cartridge hut wherein four girls were working exploded, killing the girls. Burning dust from this hut fell into the open boxes of dynamite in three other huts. The dynamite began to blaze, and the deadly smoke from it, which consists of hyponitric-acid fumes, immediately filled the huts. Two girls in each hut had the courage to jump over the blazing boxes, and escaped; but the others, six in number, were suffocated in a few minutes. Thus, ten persons lost

their lives. When the huts were entered, the six girls were found seated in perfectly natural attitudes, their faces showing no trace of agony or fear. It was evident that, having been stunned by the sudden explosion, they had been suffocated before recovering from the shock. It will be noted that the loose dynamite burned and did not explode. This is one of several curious facts concerning dynamite which will be considered later.

It may be well to state at this point that the two hundred and odd young ladies employed in this dangerous work are all strictly beautiful. Everybody who visits the factory admits this at once. Nobody, in fact, seems inclined to invidious comparisons among strong and courageous girls, when each of them has enough dynamite in her possession to blow a hole in Scotland. Moreover, there is some reason for the statement. The breathing of nitroglycerin by the workers gives them a universal clearness of skin, and among the fairer girls the contrast of scarlet and white in their faces is most unusual. You learn that (perhaps in consequence of their

complexions) the girls marry quickly after entering the factory.

THE CARTRIDGE HOUSES.

After being rubbed through the sieves the dynamite becomes a finely divided, greasy, coffee-colored earth. It is now the dynamite of commerce, and is ready to be made into cartridges. As you approach one of the cartridge houses, which are small white one-story buildings, you hear a tremendous thumping. You ask your guide in some perturbation if it is a good day to look at cartridge houses, but he smiles and says that the noise is merely the cartridge machines. The hut is about ten feet square, with a single door. Four girls are at work. Against the right and left walls are four spring pump-handles about the height of a girl's head. Each pump-handle when pulled down forces a brass rod through a small conical hopper of loose dynamite fixed to the wall, and jams a portion of the dynamite down a brass tube at the bottom of the box. The girl wraps a small square of branded parch-



INTERIOR OF THE BARN-LIKE BUILDING WHERE NITRO-COTTON IS MADE.

To make nitro-cotton, cotton waste is mixed with sulphuric and nitric acid. . . . "In a few minutes the chemical combination takes place, the acid is poured off, and the nitro cotton receives its first washing."

ment paper around the bottom of the tube, folding it at the lower end. Then, holding the paper with one hand, and jumping up and down as she works the pump-handle with the other, she pushes dynamite down the tube till the paper cylinder is filled to a depth of about three inches. She then removes it, folds down the top of it, drops it through a slide in the wall, whence it rolls down into her own special box a finished cartridge. She replenishes her stock of dynamite with a scoop through a sliding door in the wall, from a box of loose dynamite which the runner has placed in a closed chest immediately outside. The girls work with the greatest rapidity. The sliding brass rod is actually lubricated with nitroglycerin. To see this operation—the brass rods flying up and down, damp with nitroglycerin, and dynamite being forcibly jammed down a brass tube—entirely destroys your appetite for further knowledge. It is incredible, and you want to go away, outside the “Danger Area,” and think it over. But your guide takes you instead to a blasting gelatin cartridge hut. Here blasting gelatin, a yellow, tough, elastic paste, which consists of about seven per cent. of nitro-cotton and ninety-three of nitroglycerin, is being forced through a sausage machine, chopped, by hand, into three-inch lengths with a wooden wedge upon a lead-covered table, and wrapped into cartridges, at the greatest speed. Blasting gelatin is fifty per cent. more powerful than dynamite, and the effect on your mind is to make you exactly fifty per cent. more uncomfortable than before; to multiply by one and one-half your desire to get away before any *contretemps* occurs which you would be in no position to either explain or avoid.

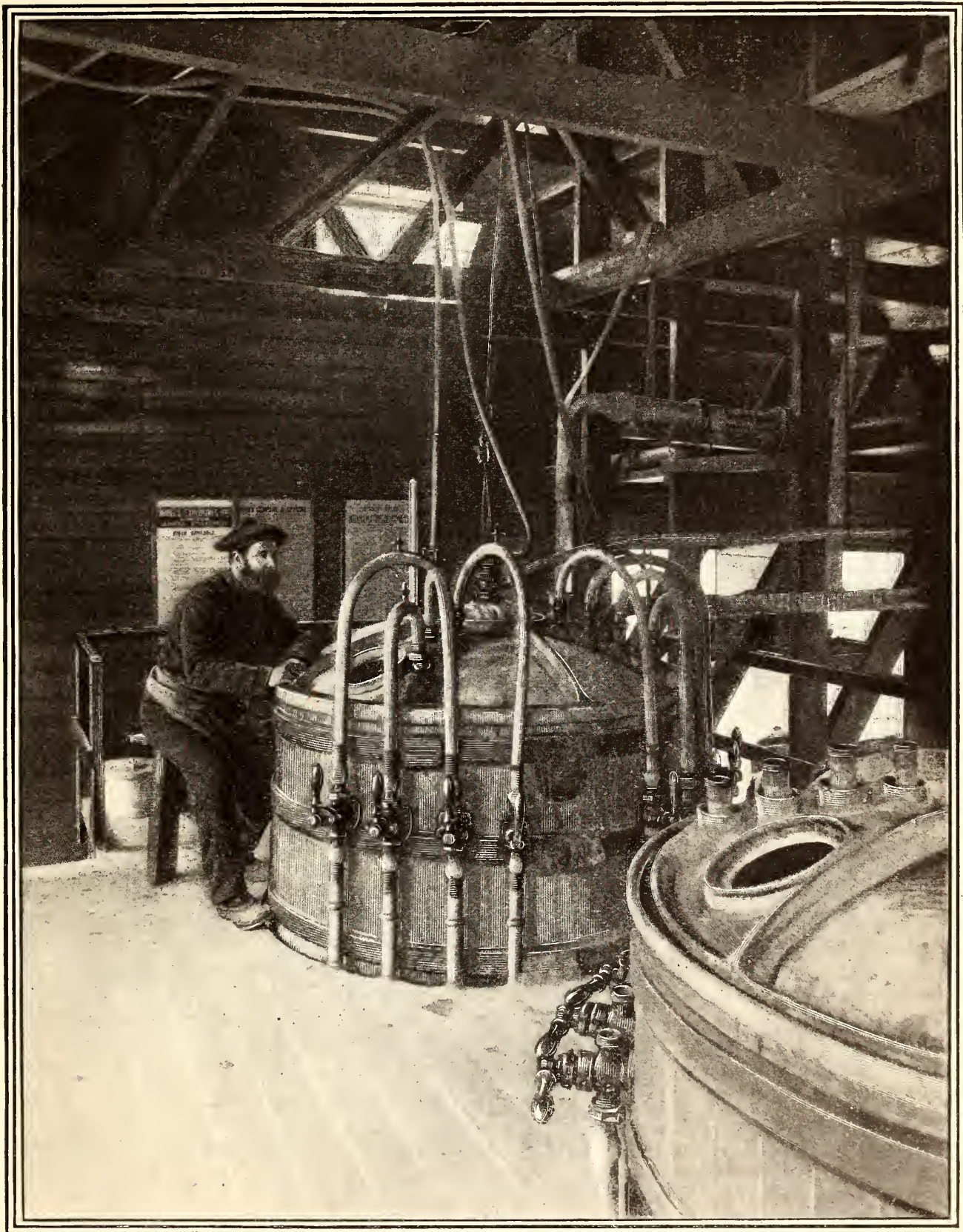
There are forty-five cartridge huts, all heated by steam to not less than fifty degrees Fahrenheit. Nitroglycerin congeals at forty-three Fahrenheit and freezes at forty, so the huts must be kept warm. If the dynamite were allowed to rest against a steam-pipe an explosion might follow, and the pipes are carefully boxed, and the thermometer is always watched by the eye of authority. In addition to dynamite and blasting gelatin cartridges, the company manufacture cartridges of gelatine dynamite and gelignite, combinations of nitroglycerin, nitro-cotton, nitrate of potash, and wood meal. The gelatin explosives are specially adapted for use under water, being entirely unaffected by dampness of any kind. The company also make “Ar-

deer powder” and “carbonite”—explosives for blasting purposes in fiery coal mines, with a lower percentage of nitroglycerin than dynamite. The output of explosives of all kinds is an average of about one hundred tons per week.

MAKING NITRO-COTTON ON A MAMMOTH SCALE.

Nitro-cotton, which by itself and in combination with nitroglycerin as cordite and ballistite is rapidly displacing gunpowder in every direction, is made and used by the ton at Ardeer. It is made from cotton-waste, the waste left on the spindles in the cotton-mills. This comes to Ardeer in bales, like bales of finished cotton, and is first washed, to remove all grease and dirt, carded, and reduced to a homogeneous mass in a big mill devoted to these processes. Then it goes to a great barn-like building where it is turned into soluble nitro-cotton or insoluble gun-cotton, as may be desired, the process taking place in small iron pans or hundreds of earthenware jars. Half the floor is taken up by these jars, which sit side by side in a shallow tank of cement about a foot deep. The object of this tank is to keep the jars cool by surrounding them with water during the nitration. Along one side of the room are the acid taps and lead pans. Four pounds of cotton are placed in a pan, and one hundred and fifteen pounds of mixed sulphuric and nitric acid are added. In a few minutes the chemical combination takes place, the acid is poured off, and the nitro-cotton receives its first washing. From this point, until every particle of the acid has been washed out of it, it is liable to burn spontaneously at any instant. As one of the workmen dumps the pan load into the “centrifugal” or acid separator, it may go up with a flash and a great column of yellow smoke; and this not unfrequently happens, but does no great harm except, perhaps, to beards and eyebrows. It takes fire slowly and gives full warning. It now goes to another department and is washed repeatedly, kept for a week in water tanks, pulped in ordinary pulping-mills, and dried in rotary centrifugal machines until all but thirty per cent. of the water is eliminated. The remainder is dried out of it on the shelves of a great drying-house, where a temperature of from 100 to 120 degrees Fahrenheit is maintained by hot air through fans.

At Ardeer this nitro-cotton is used in



THE MAN AND THE THERMOMETER IN ONE OF THE NITRATING-HOUSES.

"Death, instantaneous and pulverizing, encircles you, in fact, by the ton; but the man and the thermometer surround you also. The man's eyes never leave the instrument."

enormous quantities in combination with nitroglycerin to make blasting gelatin, of which it contributes seven per cent.; cordite, of which it is forty per cent.; and ballistite, which consists of sixty per cent. of soluble nitro-cotton and forty per cent. nitroglycerin. The extraordinary affinity of soluble nitro-cotton for nitrogly-

cerin is a curious chemical fact. No matter how much water is present in the mixing-tank, every particle of gun-cotton will find and absorb the nitroglycerin, and this "wet-mixing process" as invented and carried on at Ardeer is admirable of its kind. The material for cordite, in the form of cordite paste, is made in

large quantities at Ardeer, and sent to the government factory at Waltham, where the government smokeless ammunition is made. Ballistite is a specialty at Ardeer, and is rapidly displacing the other smokeless powders for sporting purposes. Its admirers claim that it is stronger than any other, cleaner in the gun, perfectly smokeless, and entirely unaffected by heat or dampness. It can be soaked in water and fired without any loss of efficiency. Since the professional pigeon shots have largely adopted it, and the weekly scores in the sporting papers show the majority of kills to its credit, the shot-gun fraternity, so numerous in England, have taken to it *en masse*. Ballistite is made in three forms: in cubes for cannon, in minute rings for rifles, and in square flakes for shot-guns. As first made and dried, it is a light brown, elastic paste. This is run through steel rollers which are heated to 120 degrees till it becomes as thin as tissue paper and transparent. It is like thin, elastic sheets of silky horn. Then it is cut up in cutting-machines into grains of various sizes for rifles or shot-guns, as the case may be.

These processes are most ingenious and mechanically interesting, and occupy several large mills by themselves. In all are the thermometers and the shoes. The machinery in nearly all cases represents original inventions, either conceived in Ardeer or invented by Mr. Nobel, who was the originator of smokeless powders. Absolute cleanliness reigns. Dust is never allowed to collect, and the small quantity of sweepings from the leaden floors are daily burned.

The subsidiary departments are full of interest. "India" and "Siberia" are two magazines where the company's explosives and others from all sources are tested through long periods under high heat and severe cold respectively. "India" is of course the more dangerous, and before entering it your guide climbs a ladder on the embankment which surrounds it and peeps through a three-inch hole to read the thermometer projecting from the roof of the house inside. "India" caught fire in 1895, and would have harmed nothing but itself had not some over-eager firemen gone inside the banks and attempted to extinguish the fire. In the explosion which occurred two were killed and two other employees injured. To avoid a repetition of this occurrence a huge sprinkler now rises in the center of the hut, by means of which at the first sign of fire the whole

interior can be deluged from a safe distance. A thermo-electric "tell-tale" also runs from "India" to a laboratory.

In the packing-houses the cartridges are packed by girls into five-pound cardboard boxes, which in turn are grouped in fifty-pound wooden cases. These cases are taken in hand-cars to the magazines and thence to the beach, the railways running into the sea. The cases are transferred to boats and loaded into the company's own steamers, which carry them to all the Channel and neighboring ports for shipment all over the world. There are also sample magazines, an armory containing all the ancient and modern small arms; a shooting range, with its attendant officers and experts, where the explosives for rifles and shot-guns are carefully tested; laboratories, and contributing departments of all kinds.

REMARKABLE FREEDOM FROM CASUALTIES.

Having now inspected the factory in all its interesting entirety, you are confronted with a statement so extraordinary as to be almost incredible, viz., that despite the manufacture by the ton of all these deadly explosives, Ardeer is one of the safest factories that you could possibly be in. In the whole period of its existence, about twenty-five years, the entire loss of life by accidents, including the sad occurrence of February 24th, has been only twenty-one. This, compared with the number of people employed, is lower than the death-rate in any cotton-mill, woolen-mill, foundry, boiler-shop, shipyard, or other large manufactory. The main cause of this excellent showing is the admirable character of the discipline imposed and the firm and careful system of management. But the rigid, intelligent, and systematic way in which explosive factories are guarded by government regulations and government inspectors undoubtedly also plays a large part in this result.

The nitroglycerin compounds, however, are far from being as dangerous as is generally supposed. Nitroglycerin itself is always a possible source of explosion, but up to this year no accident had ever attended its manufacture at Ardeer. The accidents that have occurred have been due to the handling of it after it has been made. With regard to dynamite, its actual safety as an explosive was ever the pride of its late inventor, Mr. Nobel. He claimed that dynamite could not be exploded by being thrown to the ground from any

height; that it could sustain any degree of shock without explosion. He claimed for blasting gelatin that, in addition to being the strongest, it was absolutely the safest explosive known. In proof of this he devised a series of experiments which have been often performed at the factory and which have never failed. They may be seen at any time by a visitor whom the company desires to convince, and as given on a late occasion were as follows:

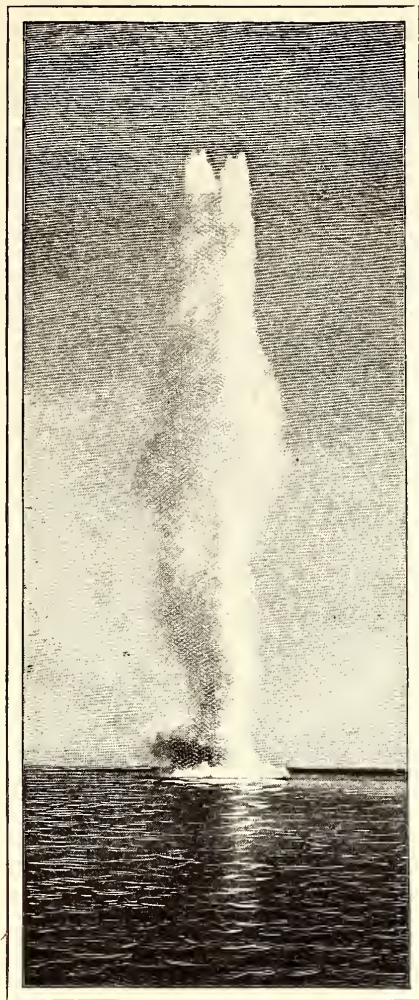
1. A cube of iron weighing 420 pounds was hoisted on crossed poles above an ordinary packing-box containing fifty pounds of dynamite cartridges, the box resting on a board on the ground. The rope was cut by electrically exploding a cartridge against it, and the weight fell twenty-five feet, smashing the box completely and pulverizing some of the cartridges; but there was no explosion.

2. The same experiment was repeated with a box of blasting gelatin cartridges, the fall being twenty-five feet and the iron weight 470 pounds. Box and contents were crushed and scattered, but there was no explosion.

3. A one-pound tin of gunpowder was placed on an open five-pound box of dynamite cartridges and exploded. The dynamite caught fire and burned up, but did not explode.

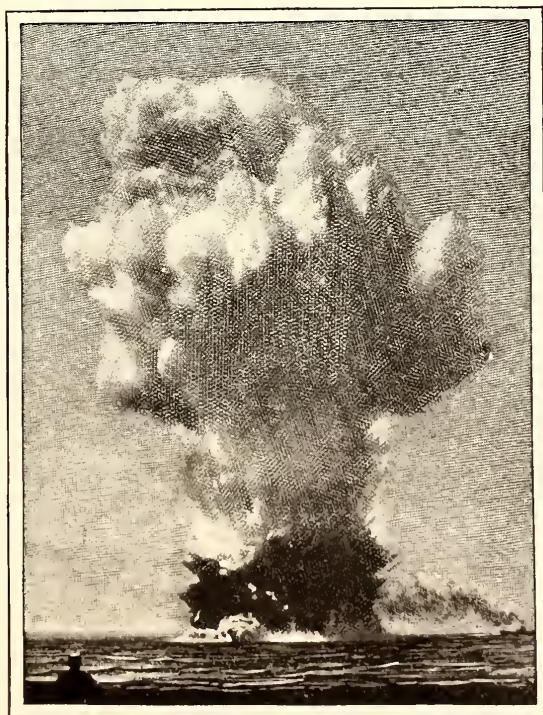
4. The same experiment was performed with a five-pound box of blasting gelatin cartridges with the same result.

5. A dynamite cartridge was set on fire



VIEW OF AN EXPLOSION OF FORTY-FIVE POUNDS OF BLASTING GELATIN AT ARDEER IN MARCH, 1896.

Depth of water, eleven feet. Height of column, 300 feet. Photograph taken 200 yards off; exposure, one-sixtieth of a second.



VIEW OF AN EXPLOSION OF TEN THOUSAND POUNDS OF BLASTING GELATIN AT ARDEER IN MARCH, 1896.

Depth of water, eleven feet. Height of column, 1,200 feet. Photograph taken one mile off; exposure, one-sixtieth of a second.

by a fuse, and burned rather rapidly. It would have burned away completely, but a detonator had been placed in the middle, and when the flame reached this the other half of the cartridge exploded.

6. To show the strictly local force of dynamite, a one-pound cartridge was hung eight inches above a three-eighths of an inch boiler-plate, which was lying on two bits of wood, and exploded. The plate was only slightly bent.

7. A similar cartridge was laid flat upon the same plate and exploded, the result being a hole torn in the plate about the size of the cartridge.

8. A similar cartridge was then placed on a similar plate and covered with sand. Upon exploding, it tore a large hole in the plate.

Dynamite and blasting gelatin when set on fire will merely burn. If the dynamite is in a loose form, it will entirely burn away without danger. If compressed, both will burn until the heat reaches a point high enough to explode the remainder, but this always requires sufficient time to give bystanders full warning and enable them to reach a point of safety. All the nitroglycerin compounds are exploded by detonation; that is, by means of explosive caps like percussion caps which fit on the ends of the fuses. The cap explosive is a mixture of fulminate of mercury and chlorate of potash, and the Nobel company have a large and separate factory in Scotland which is devoted to the manufacture of

fulminate of mercury and various kinds of detonators. The explosive force of No. 1 dynamite, weight for weight, is four times that of gunpowder. Bulk for bulk, the dynamite being much heavier, it is over seven times as powerful as gunpowder. Blasting gelatin has nearly six times, weight for weight, and a fraction less than ten times, bulk for bulk, the power of gunpowder. Gun-cotton and No. 1 dynamite are about equal in explosive strength. Dynamite is not allowed on passenger trains in England, but is transported with great freedom on the Continent, and thirty thousand tons of it have been shipped on the English and Continental railways without accident up to date. Of course, every package and case carry explicit instructions, but that the danger is small the immunity from explosions in transport clearly shows.

The moral of which is, that dynamite is safe and blasting gelatin is safer if they are treated with only reasonable care. "The accidents do not occur here but in the use of it," says Mr. Johnston. "If the company's explicit printed instructions

were followed, accidents would scarcely be known." Accidents often occur in thawing after an explosive has been frozen; but these arise from the incredible recklessness of miners. Small accidents, also, transpire at Ardeer in the repair of pipes. A drop of nitroglycerin which has seeped itself in a crack or crevice in the metal is sometimes struck by a hard tool, and costs a plumber one or more fingers.

These facts concerning dynamite are well known, and they are very reassuring. As you enter the train to leave Ardeer, however, the old habit of doubt reasserts itself. A bit of white fluff on your coat sleeve is viewed with the greatest suspicion. The question arises, "Is it cotton or gun-cotton?" Nerving yourself to the ordeal, you deliberately pick it off. You then carefully throw it out of the window to wreak its fell purpose, if it has one, on the landscape. Then you settle back with a vague desire to look at a thermometer. You have acquired a respect, an admiration, for any and all thermometers, which will abide with you to the end of your days.



SHIPPING AT ARDEER BEACH.

The high explosives (dynamite and other cartridges in fifty-pound cases) are run into the sea on hand-cars, lifted into boats, and finally put on board the company's steamers, for shipment all over the world.



SLAVES OF THE LAMP.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "The Seven Seas," "Captains Courageous," etc.

I.

THE music-room on the top floor of Number Five was filled with the "Aladdin" company at rehearsal. Dickson Quartus, commonly known as Dick Four, was Aladdin, stage manager, ballet master, half the orchestra, and largely librettist, for the "book" had been rewritten and filled with local allusions. The pantomime was to be given next week, in the downstairs study occupied by Aladdin, Abanazar, and the Emperor of China. The Slave of the Lamp, with the Princess Badroulbador and the Widow Twankay, owned the little study across the same landing, so that the company could be easily assembled. The floor shook to the stamp-and-go of the ballet, while Aladdin, in pink cotton tights, a blue and tinsel jacket, and a plumed hat, banged alternately on the piano and his banjo. He was the moving spirit of the game, as befitted a senior who had passed his Army Preliminary and hoped to enter Sandhurst next spring.

Aladdin came to his own at last, Abanazar lay poisoned on the floor, and the Widow Twankay danced her dance, and the company decided it would "come all right on the night."

"What about the last song, though?" said the Emperor, a tallish, fair-headed boy

with the ghost of a mustache, at which he pulled manfully. "We need a rousing old tune."

"'John Peel'? 'Drink, Puppy, Drink'?" suggested Abanazar, smoothing his baggy lilac pajamas. Abanazar never looked more than one-half awake, but he owned a soft, slow smile which well suited the part of the Wicked Uncle.

"Stale," said Aladdin. "Might as well have 'Grandfather's Clock.' What's that thing you were humming at 'prep' last night, Stalky?"

The Slave of the Lamp, in black tights and doublet, a black silk half-mask on his forehead, whistled lazily where he lay on the top of the piano. It was a catchy music-hall tune.

Dick Four cocked his head critically, and squinted down a large red nose.

"Once more, and I can pick it up," he said, strumming. "Sing the words."

"Arrah, Patsy, mind the baby! Arrah, Patsy, mind the child!
Wrap him in an overcoat, he's surely going wild!
Arrah, Patsy, mind the baby! just you mind the child awhile!
He'll kick and bite and cry all night! Arrah, Patsy, mind the child!"

"Rippin'! Oh, rippin'!" said Dick Four. "Only we shan't have any piano on the night. We must work it with the ban-

joes—play an' dance at the same time. You try, Tertius."

The Emperor pushed aside his pea-green sleeves of state, and followed Dick Four on a heavy nickel-plated banjo.

"Yes, but I'm dead. Bung in the middle of the stage, too," said Abanazar.

"Oh, that's Beetle's biznai," said Dick Four. "Vamp it up, Beetle. Don't keep us waiting all night. You've got to get Pussy out of the light somehow, and bring us all in dancin' at the end."

"All right. You two play it again," said Beetle, who, in a gray skirt and a wig of chestnut sausage-curls, set slantwise above a pair of spectacles mended with an old boot-lace, represented the Widow Twankay. He waved one leg in time to the hammered refrain, and the banjos grew louder.

"Um! Ah! Er—'Aladdin now has won his wife,'" he sang, and Dick Four repeated it.

"Your Emperor is appeased." Tertius flung out his chest as he delivered his line.

"Now jump up, Pussy! Say, 'I think I'd better come to life!' Then we all take hands and come forward: 'We hope you've all

been pleased.' *Twiggez-vous?*"

"*Nous twiggons.* Good enough. What's the chorus for the ballet? It's four kicks and a turn," said Dick Four.

"Oh! Er!

John Short will ring the curtain down,
And ring the prompter's bell;
We hope you know before you go
That we all wish you well."

"Rippin'! Rippin'! Now for the Widow's scene with the Princess. Hurry up, McTurk."

A dark, sallow, raw-boned Irish boy in a violet silk skirt and a coquettish blue turban slouched forward as one thoroughly ashamed of himself. The Slave of the Lamp climbed down from the piano, and dispassionately kicked him. "Play up,

Turkey," he said; "this is serious." But there fell on the door the knock of authority. It happened to be King, the most hated of the housemasters—King in gown and mortar-board enjoying a Saturday evening prowling before dinner.

"Locked doors! Locked doors!" he snapped with a scowl. "What's the meaning of this; and what, may I ask, is the intention of this—this epicene attire?"

"Pantomime, sir. The Head gave us leave," said Abanazar, as the only member of the Sixth concerned. Dick Four stood firm in the confidence born of well-

fitting tights, but Beetle strove to efface himself behind the piano. A gray princess-skirt borrowed from a day-boy's mother and a spotted cotton bodice unsystematically padded with writing-paper make one ridiculous. And in other regards Beetle had a bad conscience.

"As usual!" sneered King. "Futile foolery just when your careers, such as they may be, are hanging in the balance. I see! Ah, I see! The old gang of criminals—allied forces of disorder—Corkran"—the Slave of the Lamp

smiled politely—"McTurk"—the Irishman scowled—"and, of course, the unspeakable Beetle, our friend Gigadibs." Abanazar, the Emperor, and Aladdin had more or less of characters, and King passed them over. "Come forth, my inky buffoon, from behind yonder instrument of music! You supply, I presume, the doggerel for this entertainment. Esteem yourself to be, as it were, a poet?"

"He's found one of 'em," thought Beetle, noting the flush on King's cheekbone.

"I have just had the pleasure of reading an effusion of yours to my address, I believe—an effusion intended to rhyme. So—so you despise me, Master Gigadibs, do you? I am quite aware—you need not explain—that it was ostensibly *not* intended



WHILE ALADDIN IN PINK COTTON TIGHTS . . .

for my edification. I read it with laughter—yes, with laughter. These paper pellets of inky boys—still a boy we are, Master Gigadibs—do not disturb my equanimity.”

“Wonder which it was,” thought Beetle. He had launched many lampoons on an appreciative public ever since he discovered that it was possible to convey reproof in rhyme.

In sign of his unruffled calm, King proceeded to tear Beetle, whom he called Gigadibs, slowly asunder. From his untied shoestrings to his mended spectacles (the life of a poet at a big school is hard) he held him up to the derision of his associates—with the usual result. His wild flowers of speech—King had an unpleasant tongue—restored him to good humor at the last. He drew a lurid picture of Beetle's latter end as a scurrilous pamphleteer dying in an attic, scattered a few compliments over McTurk and Corkran, and, reminding Beetle that he must come up for judgment when called upon, went to common-room, where he triumphed anew over his victims.

“And the worst of it,” he explained in a loud voice over his soup, “is that I waste such gems of sarcasm on their thick heads. It's miles above them, I'm certain.”

“We-ell,” said the school chaplain slowly, “I don't know what Corkran's appreciation of your style may be, but young McTurk reads Ruskin for his amusement.”

“Nonsense, Clay! He does it to show off. I mistrust the dark Celt.”

“He does nothing of the kind. I went into their study the other night, unofficially, and McTurk was gluing up the back of four odd numbers of ‘Fors Clavigera.’”

“I don't know anything about their private lives,” said a mathematical master hotly, “but I've learned by bitter experience that Number Five study are best left alone. They are utterly soulless young devils.” He blushed as the others laughed.

But in the music-room there was wrath and bad language. Only “Stalky” Corkran, Slave of the Lamp, lay on the piano unmoved.

“That little swine Manders minor must have shown him your stuff. He's always suckin' up to King. Go out and kill him,” he drawled. “Which one was it, Beetle?”

“Dunno,” said Beetle, struggling out of the skirt. “There was one about his hunting for popularity with the small boys, and the other one was one about him in hell, tellin' the devil he was a Balliol man. I swear both of 'em rhymed all right. By gum! P'raps Manders minor showed him both! I'll correct his cæsuras.”

He disappeared down two flights of stairs, flushed a small pink and white boy in a form-room next door to King's study, which, again, was immediately below his own, and chased him up the corridor into a form-room sacred to the revels of the Lower Third. Thence he came back, greatly disordered, to find McTurk, Stalky, and the others of the company in his study enjoying an unlimited “brew”—coffee, cocoa, buns, new bread hot and steaming, sardine, sausage, ham, and tongue paste,



“THE FLOOR SHOOK TO THE STAMP AND GO OF THE BALLET.”



"THE SLAVE OF THE LAMP CLIMBED DOWN FROM THE PIANO AND DISPASSIONATELY KICKED HIM."

pilchards, three jams, and at least as many pounds of Devonshire cream.

"My hat!" said he, throwing himself upon the banquet. "Who stumped up for this, Stalky?" It was within a month of term end, and blank starvation had reigned in the studies for weeks.

"You," said Stalky, serenely.

"Confound you! You haven't been popping my Sunday bags, then?"

"Keep your hair on. It's only your watch."

"Watch! I lost it—weeks ago. Out on the Burrows, when we tried to shoot the old ram—the day our pistol burst."

"It dropped out of your pocket (you're so beastly careless, Beetle), and McTurk and I kept it for you. I've been wearing it for a week, and you never noticed. Took it into Bideford after dinner to-day. Got thirteen and sevenpence. Here's the ticket."

"Well, that's pretty average cool," said Abanazar behind a slab of cream and jam, as Beetle, reassured upon the safety of his Sunday trousers, showed not even surprise, much less resentment. Indeed, it was McTurk who grew angry, saying:

"You gave him the ticket, Stalky? You *pawned* it? You unmitigated beast! Why, last month you and Beetle sold mine! Never got a sniff of any ticket."

"Ah, that was because you locked your trunk and we wasted half the afternoon hammering it open. We might have pawned it if you'd behaved like a Christian, Turkey."

"My aunt!" said Abanazar, "you chaps *are* communists. Vote of thanks to Beetle, though."

"That's beastly unfair," said Stalky, "when I took all the trouble to pawn it. Beetle never knew he had a watch. Oh, I say, Rabbits-Eggs gave me a lift into Bideford this afternoon."

Rabbits-Eggs was the local carrier—an outcrop of the early Devonian formation. It was Stalky who had invented his unlovely name. "He was pretty average drunk or he wouldn't have done it. Rabbits-Eggs is a little shy of me, somehow. But I swore it was *pax* between us, and gave him a bob. He stopped at

two pubs on the way in; he'll be howling drunk to-night. Oh, don't begin reading, Beetle; there's a council of war on. What the deuce is the matter with your collar?"

"Chivied Manders minor into the Lower Third box-room. Had all his beastly little friends on top of me," said Beetle, from behind a jar of pilchards and a book.

"You ass! Any fool could have told you where Manders would bunk to," said McTurk.

"I didn't think," said Beetle, meekly, scooping out pilchards with a spoon.

"Course you didn't. You never do." McTurk adjusted Beetle's collar with a savage tug. "Don't drop oil all over my 'Fors,' or I'll scrag you!"

"Shut up, you—you Irish Biddy! 'Tisn't your beastly 'Fors.' It's one of mine."

The book was a fat, brown-backed volume of the latter sixties, which King had once thrown at Beetle's head that Beetle might see whence the name Gigadibs came. Beetle had quietly annexed the book, and had seen—several things. The quarter-comprehended verses lived and ate with him, as the be-dropped pages showed. He removed himself from all that world, drifting at large with wondrous men and women, till McTurk hammered the pilchard spoon on his head and he snarled.

"Beetle! You're oppressed and insulted and bullied by that beast King. Don't you feel it?"

"Leave me alone! I can write some more poetry about him if I am, I suppose."

"Mad! Quite mad!" said Stalky to the visitors, as one exhibiting strange beasts. "Beetle reads an ass called Brownin', and McTurk reads an ass called Ruskin; and—"

"Ruskin isn't an ass," said McTurk. "He's almost as good as the Opium Eater. He says 'we're children of noble races trained by surrounding art.' That means me, and the way I decorated the study when you two badgers would have stuck up brackets and Christmas cards. Child of a noble race, trained by surrounding art, stop reading, or I'll shove a pilchard down your neck!"

"It's two to one," said Stalky, warningly, and Beetle closed the book, in obedience to the law under which he and his companions had lived for six checkered years.

The visitors looked on delighted. Number Five study had a reputation for more variegated insanity than the rest of the school put together; and so far as its code allowed friendship with outsiders it was polite and open-hearted to its neighbors on the same landing.

"What rot do you want to do now?" said Beetle.

"King! War!" said McTurk, jerking his head toward the wall, where hung a small wooden West African war-drum, a gift to McTurk from a naval uncle.

"Then we shall be turned out of the study again," said Beetle, who loved his flesh-pots. "Mason turned us out for—just warbling on it." Mason was the mathematical master who had testified in common-room.

"Warbling?—O my!" said Abanazar. "We couldn't hear ourselves speak in our study when you played the infernal thing. What's the good of getting turned out of your study, anyhow?"

"We lived in the form-rooms for a week, too," said Beetle, tragically. "And it was beastly cold."

"Ye-es, but Mason's rooms were filled with rats every day we were out. It took him a week to draw the inference," said McTurk. "He loathes rats. Min-



"SO—SO YOU DESPISE ME, MASTER GIGADIBS, DO YOU?"

ute he let us go back the rats stopped. Mason's a little shy of us now, but there was no evidence."

"Jolly well there wasn't," said Stalky, "when I got out on the roof and dropped the beastly things down his chimney. But, look here, question is, are our characters good enough just now to stand a study row?"

"Never mind mine," said Beetle. "King swears I haven't any."

"I'm not thinking of you," Stalky returned, scornfully. "You aren't going up for the army, you old bat. I don't want to be expelled—and the Head's getting rather shy of us, too."

"Rot!" said McTurk. "The Head never expels except for beastliness or stealing. But I forgot; you and Stalky *are* thieves—regular burglars."

The visitors gasped, but Stalky interpreted the parable with large grins.

"Well, you know, that little beast Manders minor saw Beetle and me hammerin' McTurk's trunk open in the dormitory when we took his watch last month. Of course Manders sneaked to Mason, and Mason solemnly took it up as a case of theft, to get even with us about the rats."

"That delivered Mason into our hands," said McTurk, blandly. "We were awfully nice to him, 'cause he was a new master and wanted to win the confidence of the boys. Pity he draws inferences, though. Stalky went to his study and pretended to

blub, and told Mason he'd lead a new life if Mason would let him off this time, but Mason wouldn't. Said it was his duty to report him to the Head."

"Vindictive swine!" said Beetle. "It was all those rats! Then *I* blubbed, too, and Stalky confessed that he'd been a thief in regular practice for six years, ever since he came to the school; and that I'd taught him—*à la* Fagin. Mason turned white with joy; thought he had us on toast."

"Gorgeous! Gorgeous!" said Dick Four. "We never heard of this."

"Course not. Mason kept it jolly quiet. He wrote down all our statements on impot-paper. There wasn't anything he wouldn't believe," said Stalky.

"And handed it all up to the Head, *with* an extempore prayer. It took about forty pages," said Beetle. "I helped a lot."

"And then, you crazy idiots?" said Abanazar.

"Oh, we were sent for; and Stalky asked to have the 'depositions' read out, and the Head knocked him spinning into a waste-paper basket. Then he gave us eight cuts apiece—welters—for—for—takin' unheard-of liberties with a new master. I saw his shoulders shaking when we went out. Do you know," said Beetle, pensively, "that Mason can't look at us now in second lesson without blushing? We three stare at him sometimes till he

regularly trickles. He's an awfully sensitive beast."

"He read 'Eric, or Little by Little,'" said McTurk; "so we gave him 'St. Winifred's, or the World of School.' They spent all their spare time stealing at St. Winifred's, when they weren't praying or getting drunk at pubs. Well, that was only a week ago, and the Head's a little bit shy of us. He called it constructive devilry. Stalky invented it all."

"Not the least good having a row with a master unless you can make him ridiculous," said Stalky, extended at ease on the hearth-rug. "If Mason didn't know Number Five—well, he's learnt, that's all. Now, my dearly beloved 'earers"—Stalky curled his legs under him and addressed the company—"we've got that strong, perseverin' man King on our hands. He went miles out of his way to provoke a conflict." (Here Stalky snapped down the black silk domino and assumed the air of a judge.) "He has oppressed Beetle, McTurk, and me, *privatim et seriatim*, one by one, as he could catch us. But *now* he has insulted Number Five up in the music-room, and in the presence of these—these ossifers of the Ninety-third, wot look like hairdressers. Benjamin, we must make him cry 'Capivi!'"

Stalky's reading did *not* include Browning or Ruskin.

"And, besides," said McTurk, "he's a



Philistine, a basket-hanger. He wears a tartan tie. Ruskin says any man who wears a tartan tie will, without doubt, be damned everlastingly."

"Bravo, McTurk," said Tertius; "I thought he was only a beast."

"He's that, too, of course, but he's worse. He has a china basket with blue ribbons and a pink kitten on it, hung up in his window to grow musk in. You know when I got all that old oak carvin' out of Bideford Church, when they were restoring it (Ruskin says any man who'll restore a church is an unmitigated sweep), and stuck it up here with glue? Well, King came in and wanted to know whether we'd done it with a fret-saw! Yah! He is the King of basket-hangers!"

Down went McTurk's inky thumb over an imaginary arena full of bleeding Kings. "*Placetne*, child of a generous race!" he cried to Beetle.

"Well," began Beetle, doubtfully, "he comes from Balliol, but I'm going to give the beast a chance. You see I can always make him hop with some more poetry. He can't report me to the Head, because it makes him ridiculous. (Stalky's quite right.) But he shall have his chance."

Beetle opened the book on the table, ran his finger down a page, and began 'at random:

"Or who in Moscow toward the Czar,
With the demurest of footfalls,
Over the Kremlin's pavement white
With serpentine and syenite,
Steps with five other generals—"

"That's no good. Try another," said Stalky.

"Hold on a shake; I know what's coming." McTurk was reading over Beetle's shoulder.

"That simultaneously take snuff,
For each to have pretext enough
And kerchiefwise unfold his sash,
Which—softness' self—is yet the stuff

(Gummy! What a sentence!)

To hold fast where a steel chain snaps
And leave the grand white neck no gash.

(Full stop.)"

"Don't understand a word of it," said Stalky.

"More ass you! Construe," said McTurk. "Those six Johnnies scragged the Czar, and left no evidence. *Actum est* with King."

"He gave me that book, too," said Beetle, licking his lips:

"There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure if another fails."

Then irrelevantly:

"Setebos! Setebos! and Setebos!
Thinketh he liveth in the cold of the moon."

"He's just come in from dinner," said Dick Four, looking through the

window. "Manders minor is with him."

"Safest place for him just now," said Beetle.

"Then you chaps had better clear out," said Stalky politely to the visitors. "'Tisn't fair to mix you up in a study row. Besides, we can't afford to have evidence."

"Are you going to begin at once?" said Aladdin.

"Immediately, if not sooner," said Stalky, and turned out the gas. "Strong, perseverin' man is King. Make him cry 'Capiivi.' G'way, Benjamin."

The company retreated to their own neat and spacious study with expectant souls.

"When Stalky blows out his nostrils



"YESS, YEOU, YEOU LONG-NOSED, FOWER-EYED, GINGY-WHISKERED BEGGAR!"

like a horse," said Aladdin to the Emperor of China, "he's on the war-path. Wonder what King *will* get."

"Beans," said the Emperor. "Number Five always pays in full."

"Wonder if I ought to take any notice of it officially," said Abanazar, who had just remembered he was a prefect.

"It's none of your business, Pussy. Besides, if you did, we'd have them hostile to *us*; and we shouldn't be able to do any work," said Aladdin. "They've begun already."

Now that West African war-drum had been made to signal across estuaries and deltas. Number Five was forbidden to wake the diabolical engine within ear-shot of the school. But a deep, devastating drone filled the passages as McTurk and Beetle scientifically rubbed the top. Anon it changed into the blare of trumpets—of savage pursuing trumpets. Then, as McTurk slapped one side, smooth with the blood of ancient sacrifice, the roar broke into short coughing howls such as the wounded gorilla throws in his native forest. These were followed by the wrath of King—three steps at a time, up the staircase, with a dry whir of the gown. Aladdin and company, listening, squeaked with excitement as the door crashed open. King stumbled into the darkness, and cursed those performers by the gods of Balliol and quiet repose.

"Turned out for a week," said Aladdin, holding the study door on the crack. "Key to be brought down to his study in five minutes. 'Brutes! Barbarians! Savages! Children!' He's quite agitated. 'Arrah, Patsy, mind the baby,'" he sang in a whisper as he clung to the door-knob, dancing a noiseless war-dance.

King went downstairs again, and Beetle and McTurk lit the gas to confer with Stalky. But Stalky had vanished.

"Looks like no end of a mess," said Beetle, collecting his books and mathematical instrument case. "A week in the form-rooms isn't any advantage to us."

"Yes, but don't you

see that Stalky isn't here, you owl!" said McTurk. "Take down the key, and look sorrowful. King'll only jaw you for half an hour. I'm going to read in the lower form-room."

"But it's always me," mourned Beetle.

"Wait till we see," said McTurk, hopefully. "I don't know any more than you do what Stalky means, but it's something. Get out and draw King's fire. You're used to it."

No sooner had the key turned in the door than the lid of the coal-box, which was also the window-seat, lifted cautiously. It had been a tight fit, even for the lithe Stalky, his head between his knees, and his stomach under his right ear. From a drawer in the table he took a well-worn catapult, a handful of buckshot, and a duplicate key of the study; noiselessly he raised the window and kneeled by it, his face turned to the road, the wind-sloped trees, the dark levels of the Burrows, and the white line of breakers falling nine deep along the Pebble-ridge. Far down the steep-banked Devonshire lane he heard the husky hoot of the carrier's horn. There was a ghost of melody in it, as it might have been the wind in a gin-bottle essaying to sing, "It's a way we have in the army."

Stalky smiled a tight-lipped smile, and at extreme range opened fire: the old horse half wheeled in the shafts.

"Where be gwaine tu?" hiccoughed Rabbits-Eggs. Another buckshot tore through the rotten canvas tilt with a vicious zipp.

"*Habet*," murmured Stalky, as Rabbits-Eggs swore into the patient night, protesting that he saw the "domned col-leger" who was assaulting him.

"And so," King was saying in a high head voice to Beetle, whom he had kept to play with before Manders minor, well knowing that it hurts a Fifth-form boy to be held up to a fag's derision, "and so, Master Beetle, in spite of all our verses, which we are so proud of, when we presume to come into



"AS HE GUIDED THE HOWLING MANDERS TO THE DOOR,"



"IT ALL FELL SWIFTLY AS A DREAM."

direct conflict with even so humble a representative of authority as myself, for instance, we are turned out of our studies, are we not?"

"Yes, sir," said Beetle, with a sheepish grin on his lips and murder in his heart. Hope had nearly left him, but he clung to a well-established faith that never was Stalky so dangerous as when he was invisible.

"You are *not* required to criticise, thank you. Turned out of our studies, we are just as if we were no better than little Manders minor. Only inky schoolboys we are, and must be treated as such."

Beetle pricked up his ears, for Rabbits-Eggs was swearing savagely on the road, and some of the language entered at the upper sash. King believed in ventilation. He strode to the window, gowned and majestic, very visible in the gaslight.

"I zee 'un! I zee 'un!" roared Rabbits-Eggs, now that he had found a visible foe—another shot from the darkness above. "Yess, yeou, yeou long-nosed, fower-eyed, gingy-whiskered beggar! Yeu'm tu old for such goin's on. Aie! Poultice yeour nose, I tall 'ee! Poultice yeour long nose!"

Beetle's heart leaped up within him. Somewhere, somehow, he knew Stalky moved behind these manifestations. There

was hope and the prospect of revenge. He would embody the suggestion about the nose in deathless verse. King threw up the window, and sternly rebuked Rabbits-Eggs. But the carrier was beyond fear or fawning. He had descended from the cart, and was gasping by the roadside.

It all fell swiftly as a dream. Manders minor raised his hand to his head with a cry, as a jagged flint cannoned on to some fine tree-calf bindings in the bookshelf. Another quoited along the writing-table. Beetle made zealous feint to stop it, and in that endeavor overturned a student's lamp, which dripped, *via* King's papers and some choice books, greasily on to a Persian rug. There was much broken glass on the window-seat; the china basket—McTurk's aversion—cracked to flinders, had dropped her musk plant and its earth over the red rep cushions; Manders minor was bleeding profusely from a cut on the cheek-bone, and King, using strange words, every one of which Beetle treasured, ran forth to find the school-sergeant, that Rabbits-Eggs might be instantly cast into jail.

"Poor chap!" said Beetle, with a false, feigned sympathy. "Let it bleed a little. That'll prevent apoplexy," and he held the blind head skillfully over the table, and



"THREE ABREAST, ARMS LINKED, THE ALADDIN COMPANY ROLLED UP THE BIG CORRIDOR TO PRAYERS. . . ."

the papers on the table, as he guided the howling Manders to the door.

Then did Beetle, alone with the wreckage, return good for evil. How, in that office, a complete set of "Gibbon" was scarred all along the back as by a flint; how so much black and copying ink came to be mingled with Manders's blood on the table-cloth; why the big gum-bottle, unstoppered, had rolled semicircularly across the floor, and in what manner the white china door-knob grew to be painted with yet more of Manders's youthful gore, were matters which Beetle did not explain when the rabid King returned to find him standing politely over the reeking hearth-rug.

"You never told me to go, sir," he said, with the air of Casabianca, and King consigned him to the outer darkness.

But it was to a boot-cupboard under the staircase on the ground floor that he hastened, to loose the mirth that was destroying him. He had not drawn breath for a first whoop of triumph when two hands choked him dumb.

"Go to the dormitory and get me my things. Bring 'em to Number Five lavatory. I'm still in tights," hissed Stalky, sitting on his head. "Don't run. Walk. I'm all right here."

But Beetle staggered into the form-room next door, and delegated his duty to the yet unenlightened McTurk, with an hysterical *precis* of the campaign thus far.

Eggs, and Rabbits-Eggs rocked King. Wasn't it beautiful? Did you hear the glass?"

"Why, he—he—he," shrieked McTurk one trembling finger pointed at Beetle.

"Why, I—I—I was through it all," Beetle howled; "in his study, being jawed."

"Oh, my soul!" said Stalky with a yell, disappearing under water.

"The—the glass was nothing. Manders minor's head's cut open. La—la—lamp upset all over the rug. Blood on the books and papers. The gum! The gum! The gum! The ink! The ink! The ink! Oh, My!"

Then Stalky leaped out, all scarlet as he was, and shook Beetle into some sort of coherence; but his tale prostrated them afresh.

"I bunked for the boot-cupboard the second I heard King go downstairs. Beetle tumbled in on top of me. The key's hid behind the loose board. There isn't a shadow of evidence," said Stalky. They were all chanting together.

"And he turned us out himself—himself—himself!" This from McTurk. "He can't begin to suspect us. Oh, Stalky, it's the loveliest thing we've ever done."

"Gum! Gum! Dollops of gum!" shouted Beetle, his spectacles gleaming through a sea of lather. "Ink and blood all mixed. I held the little beast's head all over the Latin proses for Monday. Golly, how the oil stunk! And Rabbits-

So it was McTurk, of the wooden visage, who brought the clothes from the dormitory while Beetle panted on a form. Then the three buried themselves in Number Five lavatory, turned on all the taps, filled the place with steam, and dropped weeping into the baths, where they pieced out the war.

"*Moi! Je! Ich! Ego!*" gasped Stalky. "I waited till I couldn't hear myself think, while you played the drum. Hid in the coal-locker, and tweaked Rabbits-

Eggs told King to poultice his nose ! Did you hit Rabbits-Eggs, Stalky ? ”

“ Did I jolly well not ? Tweaked him all over. Did you hear him curse ? Oh, I shall be sick in a minute if I don’t stop. ”

But dressing was a slow process, because McTurk was obliged to dance when he heard that the musk basket was broken, and, moreover, Beetle retailed all King’s language with emendations and purple insets.

“ Shockin’ ! ” said Stalky, collapsing in a helpless welter of half-hitched trousers. “ So bad, too, for innocent boys like us ! Wonder what they’d say at ‘ St. Winifred’s, or the World of School. ’ By gum ! That reminds me we owe the Lower Third one for assaultin’ Beetle when he chivied Manders minor. Come on ! it’s an alibi, Samivel ; and besides, if we let ’em off they’ll be worse next time. ”

The Lower Third had set a guard upon their form-room for the space of a full hour, which to a boy is a lifetime. Now they were busy with their Saturday evening businesses—cooking sparrows over the gas with rusty nibs ; brewing unholy drinks in gallipots ; skinning moles with pocket-knives ; attending to paper trays full of silk-worms, or discussing the iniquities of their elders with a freedom, fluency, and point that would have amazed their parents. The blow fell without warning. Stalky upset a form crowded with small boys among their own cooking utensils, McTurk raided the untidy lockers as a terrier digs at a rabbit-hole, while Beetle poured ink upon such heads as he could not appeal to with a Smith’s Classical Dictionary. Three brisk minutes accounted for many silk-worms, pet larvæ, French exercises, school caps, half-prepared bones and skulls, and a dozen pots of home-made sloe jam. It was a great wreckage, and the form-room looked as though three conflicting tempests had smitten it.

“ Phew ! ” said Stalky, drawing breath outside the door (amid groans of “ Oh, you beastly ca-ads ! You think yourselves awful funny,” and so forth). “ *That’s* all right. Never let the sun go down upon your wrath. Rummy little devils, fags, got no notion o’ combinin’ . ”

“ Six of ’em sat on my head when I went in after Manders minor,” said Beetle. “ I warned ’em what they’d get, though. ”

“ Yes, but they don’t combine as *we* used to do. ’Member when Blundell major came in and tried to slap McTurk’s head for cheek at call-over ? That was our second term. ”

“ Your second, my first,” said Beetle. “ My hat ! wasn’t Blundell major wrathful ! I got hold of his legs and hung on, like Billy O ! ”

“ Well, we tore the clothes off his back,” said McTurk, reflectively. “ We fought him from just after tea till prep. ’Member he tried to say it was a joke, and we half slew him ! Never tried to touch any one of us again. ”

“ Any three o’ those little beasts could have tackled us in the same way. If they only kept it up,” said Stalky.

“ Lucky job for us they don’t,” said Beetle, as they strolled along the corridor.

“ Everybody paid in full—beautiful feeling,” said McTurk, absently. “ Don’t think we’d better say much about King, though, do you, Stalky ? ”

“ Not *much*. Our line is injured innocence, of course—same as when the Sergeant reported us on suspicion of smoking in the Bunkers. If I hadn’t thought of buyin’ the pepper and spillin’ it all over our clothes, he’d have smelt us. King was gha-astly facetious about that. Called us bird-stuffers in form for a week. ”

“ Ah, King hates the Natural History Society because little Hartopp is president. Mustn’t do anything in the Coll. without glorifyin’ King,” said McTurk. “ But he must be a putrid ass, you know, to suppose at our time o’ life we’d go out and stuff birds like fags. ”

“ Poor old King ! ” said Beetle. “ He’s awf’ly unpopular in common-room, and they’ll chaff his head off about Rabbits-Eggs. Golly ! How lovely ! How beautiful ! How holy ! But you should have seen his face when the first rock came in ! And the earth from the basket ! ”

So they were all stricken helpless for five minutes.

They repaired at last to Abanazar’s study, and were received reverently.

“ What’s the matter ? ” said Stalky, quick to realize new atmospheres.

“ You know jolly well,” said Abanazar. “ You’ll be expelled if you get caught. King is a gibbering maniac. ”

“ Who ? Which ? What ? Expelled for how ? We only played the war-drum. Got turned out for that already. ”

“ Do you chaps mean to say you didn’t make Rabbits-Eggs drunk and bribe him to rock King’s rooms ? ”

“ Bribe him ? No, that I’ll swear we didn’t,” said Stalky, with a relieved heart, for he loved not to tell lies. “ What a low mind you’ve got, Pussy ! We’ve been down having a bath. Did Rabbits-Eggs

rock King? Strong, perseverin' man, King. Shockin'!"

"Awf'ly. King's frothing at the mouth. There's bell for prayers. Come on."

"Wait a sec," said Stalky, continuing the conversation in a loud and cheerful voice, as they descended the stairs. "What did Rabbits-Eggs rock King for?"

"I know," said Beetle, as they passed King's open door. "I was in his study."

"Hush, you ass!" hissed the Emperor of China.

"Oh, he's gone down to prayers," said Beetle, watching the shadow of the house-master on the wall. "Rabbits-Eggs was only a bit drunk, swearin' at his horse, and King jawed him through the window, and then, of course, he rocked King."

"Do you mean to say," said Stalky, "that King began it?"

King was behind them, and every well-weighed word went up the staircase like an arrow. "I can only swear," said Beetle, "that King cursed like a bargee. Simply disgustin'. I'm goin' to write to my father about it."

"Better report it to Mason," suggested

Stalky. "He knows our tender consciences. Hold on a shake. I've got to tie my bootlace."

The other study hurried forward. They did not wish to be dragged into stage asides of this nature. So it was left to McTurk to sum up the situation beneath the guns of the enemy.

"You see," said the Irishman, hanging on the banister, "he begins by bullying little chaps; then he bullies the big chaps; then he bullies some one who isn't connected with the college, and then he catches it. Serves him jolly well right. . . . I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't see you were coming down the staircase."

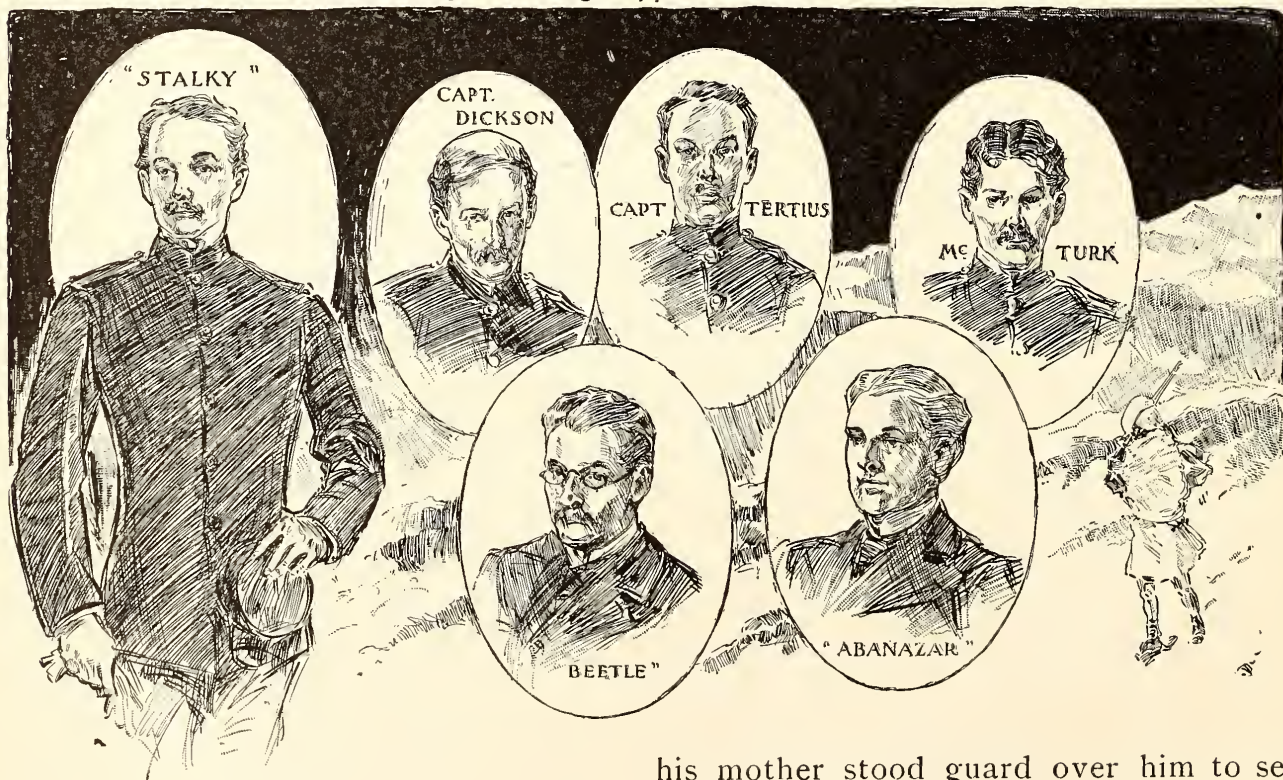
The black gown tore past like a thunderstorm, and in its wake, three abreast, arms linked, the Aladdin company rolled up the big corridor to prayers, singing with most innocent intention:

"Arrah, Patsy, mind the baby! Arrah, Patsy, mind the child!

Wrap him up in an overcoat, he's surely goin' wild! Arrah, Patsy, mind the baby; just ye mind the child awhile!

He'll kick an' bite an' cry all night! Arrah, Patsy, mind the child!"

The PERSONS of the Story as they appear in PART II. ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧



II.

THAT very Infant who told the story of the capture of Boh Na Ghee to Eustace Cleaver, novelist, inherited an estateful baronetcy, with vast revenues, resigned the service, and became a landholder, while

his mother stood guard over him to see that he married the right girl. But, new to his position, he presented the local volunteers with a full-sized magazine-rifle range, two miles long, across the heart of his estate, and the surrounding families, who lived in savage seclusion among woods full of pheasants, regarded him as an erring maniac. The noise of the firing

disturbed their poultry, and Infant was cast out from the society of J. P.'s and decent men till such time as a daughter of the county might lure him back to right thinking. He took his revenge by filling the house with choice selections of old schoolmates home on leave—affable detrimentials, at whom the bicycle-riding maidens of the surrounding families were allowed to look from afar. I knew when a troop-ship was in port by the Infant's invitations. Sometimes he would produce old friends of equal seniority; at others, young and blushing giants whom I had left small fags far down in the Lower Second; and to these Infant and the elders expounded the whole duty of man in the army.

"I've had to cut the service," said the Infant; "but that's no reason why my vast stores of experience should be lost to posterity." He was just thirty, and in that same summer an imperious wire drew me to his baronial castle: "Got good haul; ex Tamar. Come along."

It was an unusually good haul, arranged with a single eye to my benefit. There was a baldish, broken-down captain of native infantry, shivering with ague behind an indomitable red nose—and they called him Captain Dickson. There was another captain, also of native infantry, with a fair mustache; his face was like white glass, and his hands were fragile, but he answered joyfully to the cry of Tertius. There was an enormously big and well-kept man, who had evidently not campaigned for years, clean-shaved, soft-voiced, and cat-like, but still Abanazar for all that he adorned the Indian Political Service; and there was a

lean Irishman, his face tanned blue-black with the suns of the Telegraph Department. Luckily the baize doors of the bachelors' wing fitted tight, for we dressed promiscuously in the corridor or in each other's rooms, talking, calling, shouting, and anon waltzing by pairs to songs of Dick Four's own devising.

There were sixty years of mixed work to be sifted out between us, and since we had met one another from time to time in the quick scene-shifting of India—a dinner, camp, or a race-meeting here; a dak-bungalow or railway station up country somewhere else—we had never quite lost touch. Infant sat on the banisters, hungrily and enviously drinking it in. He enjoyed his baronetcy, but his heart yearned for the old days.

It was a cheerful babel of matters personal, provincial, and imperial, pieces of old call-over lists, and new policies, cut short by the roar of a Burmese gong, and we went down not less than a quarter of a mile of stairs to meet Infant's mother, who had known us all in our school-days and greeted us as if those had ended a week ago. But it was fifteen years since, with tears of laughter, she had lent me a



"THERE WERE SIXTY YEARS OF MIXED WORK TO BE SIFTED OUT BETWEEN US, . . ."

gray princess-skirt for amateur theatricals.

That was a dinner from the "Arabian Nights," served in an eighty-foot hall full of ancestors and pots of flowering roses, and, what was more impressive, heated by steam. When it was ended and the little mother in blue velvet and silver had gone away—"You boys want to talk, so I

kill you, Infant. I've got a liver, too. 'Member when we used to think it a treat to turn out of our beds on a Sunday morning—thermometer fifty-seven degrees if it was summer—and bathe off the Pebble-ridge? Ugh!"

"Thing I don't understand," said Tertius, "was the way we chaps used to go down into the lavatories, boil ourselves



"SO I HAMMERED ON THE GATE AND NIPPED IN, . . ."

shall say good-night now")—we gathered about an apple-wood fire, in a gigantic polished steel grate, under a mantelpiece ten feet high, and the Infant compassed us about with curious *liqueurs* and that kind of cigarette which serves best to introduce your own pipe.

"Oh, bliss!" grunted Dick Four from a sofa, where he had been packed with a rug over him. "First time I've been warm since I came home."

We were all nearly on top the fire, except Infant, who had been long enough at home to take exercise when he felt chilled. This is a grisly diversion, but much affected by the English of the Island.

"If you say a word about cold tubs and brisk walks," drawled McTurk, "I'll

pink, and then come up with all our pores open into a young snow storm or a black frost. Yet none of our chaps died, that I can remember."

"Talkin' of baths," said McTurk, with a chuckle, "'member our bath in Number Five, Beetle, the night Rabbits-Eggs rocked King? What wouldn't I give to see old Stalky now! He is the only one of the two Studies not here."

"Stalky is the great man of his century," said Dick Four.

"How d'you know?" I asked.

"How do I know?" said Dick Four, scornfully. "If you've ever been through a tight place with Stalky you wouldn't ask."

"I haven't seen him since the camp at Pindi in '87," I said. "He was goin'

strong then—about seven feet high and four feet through."

"Adequate chap. Infernally adequate," said Tertius, pulling his mustache and staring into the fire.

"Got very near court-martialed and broke in Egypt in '84," the Infant volunteered. "I went out in the same trooper with him—raw as he was. Only *I* showed it, and Stalky didn't."

"What was the trouble?" said McTurk, reaching forward absently to twitch a dress-tie into position.

"Oh, nothing. His colonel weakly trusted him to take twenty Tommies out to wash, or groom camels, or something at the back of Suakin, and Stalky got embroiled with Fuzzies five miles in the interior. Conducted a masterly retreat and wiped up eight of 'em. He knew jolly well he'd no right to go out so far, so he took the initiative and pitched in a letter to his colonel, who was frothing at the mouth, complaining of the 'paucity of support accorded to him in his operations.' Gad, it might have been one fat brigadier slangin' another! Then he went into the Staff Corps."

"That—is—entirely—Stalky," said Abanazar from his armchair.

"*You've* come across him, too?" I said.

"Oh, yes," he replied in his softest tones. "I was at the tail of that—that epic. Don't you chaps know?"

We did not—Infant, McTurk, and I; and we called for information very politely.

"'Twasn't anything," said Tertius. "We got into a mess up in the Khye-Kheen Hills a couple o' years ago, and Stalky pulled us through. That's all."

McTurk gazed at Tertius with all an Irishman's contempt for the tongue-tied Saxon.

"Heavens!" he said. "And

it's *you* and your likes govern Ireland. Tertius, aren't you ashamed?"

"Well, I can't tell a yarn. I can chip in when the other fellow starts *buhking*. Ask *him*." He pointed to Dick Four, whose nose gleamed scornfully over the rug.

"I knew you wouldn't," said Dick Four. "Give me a whisky and soda. I've been drinking lemonade squash and ammoniated quinine while you chaps were bathin' in champagne, and my head's singin' like a top."

He wiped his ragged mustache above the drink; and, with his teeth chattering in his head, began:

"You know the Khye-Kheen-Malôt expedition, when we scared the souls out of 'em with a field force they daren't fight against? Well, both tribes—there was a coalition against us—came in without firing a shot; and a lot of hairy villains, who had no more power over their men than I had, promised and vowed all sorts of things. On that very slender evidence, Pussy dear—"

"I was at Simla," said Abanazar, hastily.

"Never mind, you're tarred with the same brush. On the strength of those tuppenny-ha'penny treaties, your asses of Politicals reported the country pacified, and the Government, being a fool, as usual, began road-makin'—dependin' on local supply for labor. 'Member *that*, Pussy? Rest of our chaps who'd had no look in



"TO MAKE US *QUITE* COMFY, STALKY TOOK US UP TO THE WATCH-TOWER TO SEE POOR EVERETT'S BODY, LYIN' IN A FOOT O' DRIFTED SNOW."

during the campaign didn't think there'd be any more of it, and were anxious to get back to India. But I'd been in two of these little rows before, and I had my suspicions. I engineered myself, *summo ingenio*, into command of a road patrol—no shovelin', only marching up and down genteelly with a guard. They'd withdrawn all the troops they could, but I nucleused about forty Pathans, recruits chiefly, of my regiment, and sat tight at the base-camp while the road parties went to work, as per Political survey."

"Had some rippin' sing-songs in camp, too," said Tertius.

"My pup"—thus did Dick Four refer to his subaltern—"was a pious little beast. He didn't like the sing-songs, and so he went down with pneumonia. I rootled round the camp, and found Tertius gas-sing about as a D.A.Q.M.G., which, any one knows, he isn't cut out for. There were six or eight of the old school at base-camp (we're always in force for a frontier row), but I'd heard of Tertius as a steady old hack, and I told him he had to shake off his D.A.Q.M.G. breeches and help *me*. Tertius volunteered like a shot, and we settled it with the authorities, and out we went—forty Pathans, Tertius, and me, looking up the road parties. Macnamara's—'member old Mac, the Sapper, who played the fiddle so horribly at Umballa?—Mac's party was the last but one. The last was Stalky's. He was at the head of the road with some of his pet Sikhs. Mac said he believed he was all right."

"Stalky *is* a Sikh," said Tertius. "Takes his men to pray at the Durbar Sahib at Amritzar, regularly as clock-work, when he can."

"Don't interrupt, Tertius. It was about forty miles beyond Mac's before I found him; and my men pointed out gently, but firmly, that the country was risin'. What kind o' country, Beetle? Well, I'm no word-painter, thank goodness, but *you* might call it a hellish country! When we weren't up to our necks in snow, we were rolling down the khud. The well-disposed inhabitants, who were to supply labor for the road-making (don't forget that, Pussy dear), sat behind rocks and took pot-shots at us. Old, old story. We all legged it in search of Stalky. I had a feeling that he'd be in good cover, and about dusk we found him and his road party, as snug as a bug in a rug, in an old Malôt stone fort, with a watch-tower at one corner. It overhung the road they had blasted out of the cliff fifty

feet below; and under the road things went down pretty sheer, for five or six hundred feet, into a gorge about half a mile wide and two or three miles long. There were chaps on the other side of the gorge scientifically gettin' our range. So I hammered on the gate and nipped in, and tripped over Stalky in a greasy, bloody old poshteen, squatting on the ground, eating with his men. I'd only seen him for half a minute about three months before, but I might have met him yesterday. He waved his hand all serene.

"'Hullo, Aladdin! Hullo, Emperor!' he said. 'You're just in time for the performance.'"

"I saw his Sikhs looked a bit battered. 'Where's your command? Where's your subaltern?' I said.

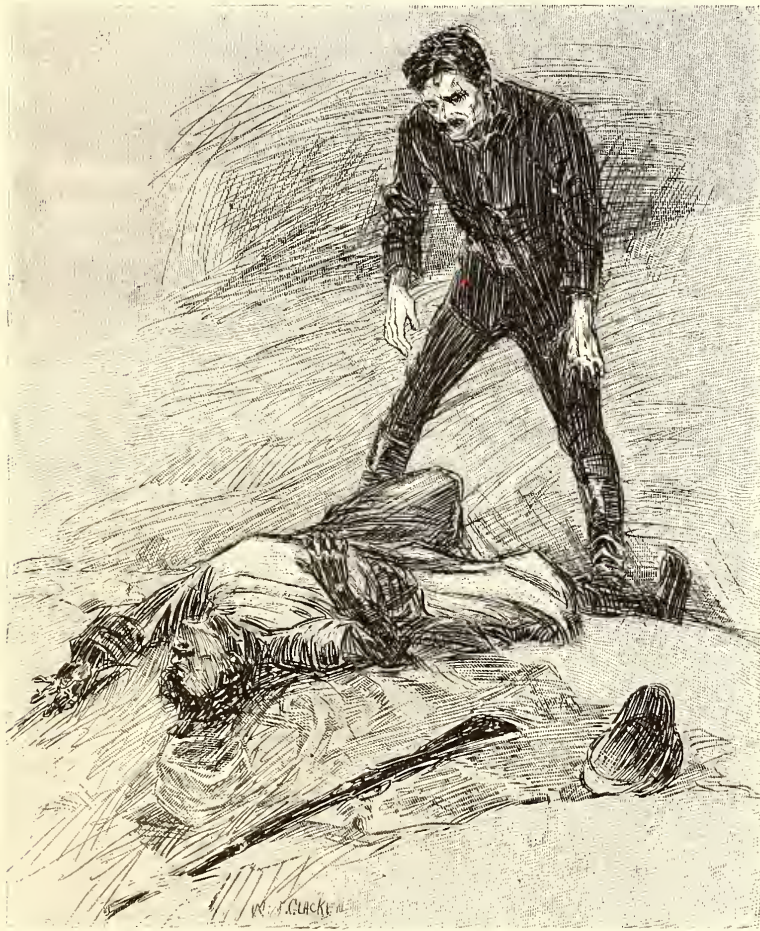
"'Here—all there is of it,' said Stalky. 'If you want young Everett, he's dead, and his body's in the watch-tower. They rushed our road party last week, and got him and seven men. We've been besieged for five days. I suppose they let you through to make sure of you. The whole country's up. Strikes me you've walked into a first-class trap.' He grinned, but neither Tertius nor I could see where the deuce the fun lay. We hadn't any grub for our men, and Stalky had only four days' whack for his. That came of dependin' upon your asinine Politicals, Pussy dear, who told us the inhabitants were friendly.

"To make us *quite* comfy, Stalky took us up to the watch-tower to see poor Everett's body, lyin' in a foot o' drifted snow. It looked like a girl of fifteen—not a hair on the little fellow's face. He'd been shot through the temple, but the Malôts had left their mark on him. Stalky unbuttoned the tunic, and showed it to us—a rummy sickle-shaped cut on the chest. 'Member the snow all white on his eyebrows, Tertius? 'Member when Stalky moved the lamp and it looked as if he was alive?'"

"Ye-es," said Tertius, with a shudder. "'Member the beastly look on Stalky's face, though, with his nostrils all blown out, same as he used to look when he was bullyin' a fag? That was a lovely evening."

"We held a sort of council of war up there over Everett's body. Stalky said the Malôts and Khye-Kheens were up together, havin' sunk their blood feuds to settle us. The chaps we'd seen across the gorge were Khye-Kheens. It was about half a mile from them to us as a bullet

flies, and they'd made a line of sungars under the brow of the hill to sleep in and starve us out. The Malôts, he said, were in front of us promiscuous. There wasn't good cover behind the fort, or they'd have been there, too. Stalky didn't mind the Malôts half as much as he did the Khye-Kheens. Said the Malôts were treacherous curs. What I couldn't understand was, why in the world the two gangs didn't join in and rush us. There must have been at least five hundred of 'em. Stalky said they didn't trust each other very well, because they were ancestral enemies when they were at home, and the only time they'd tried rushin' he'd hove a couple of blasting charges among 'em, and that had sickened 'em a bit.



"SO STALKY ABOLISHED HIM QUIETLY, . . ."

"It was dark by the time we finished, and Stalky, always serene, said: 'You command now. I don't suppose you mind my taking any action I may consider necessary to reprovise the fort?' I said, 'Of course not,' and then the lamp blew out. So Tertius and I had to climb down the tower steps (we didn't want to stay with Everett) and got back to our men. Stalky had gone off—to count the stores, I supposed. Anyhow, Tertius and I sat up in case of a rush (they were

plugging at us pretty generally, you know), relieving each other till the mornin'.

"Mornin' came. No Stalky. Not a sign of him. I took counsel with his senior native officer—a grand, white-whiskered old chap—Rutton Singh, from Jullunder way. He only grinned, and said it was all right. Stalky had been out of the fort twice before, somewhere or other, accordin' to him. He said Stalky 'ud come back unchipped, and gave me to understand that Stalky was an invulnerable *Guru* of sorts. All the same, I put the whole command on half rations, and set 'em pickin' out loop-holes.

"About noon there was no end of a snow-storm, and the enemy stopped firing. We replied gingerly, because we were awfully short of ammunition. Don't suppose we fired five shots an hour, but we generally got our man. Well, while I was talking with Rutton Singh I saw Stalky coming down from the watch-tower, rather puffy about the eyes, his poshteen coated with claret-colored ice.

"'No trustin' these snow-storms,' he said. 'Nip out quick and snaffle what you can get. There's a certain amount of friction between the Khye-Kheens and the Malôts just now.'

"I turned Tertius out with twenty Pathans, and they bucked about in the snow for a while till they came on to a sort of camp about eight hundred yards away, with only a few men in charge and half a dozen sheep by the fire. They finished off the men, and snaffled the sheep and as much grain as they could carry, and came back. No one fired a shot at 'em. There didn't seem to be anybody about, but the snow was falling pretty thick.

"'That's good enough,' said Stalky when we got dinner ready and he was chewin' mutton kababs off a cleanin' rod. 'No sense riskin' men. They're holding a pow-wow between the Khye-Kheens and the Malôts at the head of the gorge. I don't think these so-called coalitions are much good.'

"Do you know what that maniac had done? Tertius and I shook it out of him by installments. There was an underground granary cellar-room below the watch-tower, and in blasting the road Stalky had blown a hole into one side of

it. Being no one else *but* Stalky, he'd kept the hole open for his own ends; and laid poor Everett's body slap over the well of the stairs that led down to it from the watch-tower. He'd had to move and replace the corpse every time he used the passage. The Sikhs wouldn't go near the place, of course. Well, he'd got out of this hole, and dropped on to the road. Then, in the night *and* a howling snow-storm, he'd dropped over the edge of the khud, made his way down to the bottom of the gorge, forded the nullah, which was half frozen, climbed up on the other side along a track he'd discovered, and come out on the right flank of the Khye-Kheens. He had then—listen to this!—crossed over a ridge that paralleled their rear, walked half a mile behind that, and come out on the left of their line where the gorge gets shallow and where there was a regular track between the Malôt and the Khye-Kheen camps. That was about two in the morning, and, as it turned out, a man spotted him—a Khye-Kheen. So Stalky abolished him quietly, and left him—with the Malôt mark on his chest same as Everett had.

"‘I was just as economical as I could be,’ said Stalky. ‘If he'd shouted I should have been slain. I'd never had to do that kind of thing but once before, and that was the first time I tried that path. It's perfectly practicable for infantry, you know.’"

"‘What about your first man?’ I said.

"‘Oh, that was the night after they killed Everett, and I went out lookin’ for a line of retreat for my men. I abolished him—*privatim*—scragged him. But on thinkin’ it over it occurred to me that if I could find the body (I'd hove it down some rocks) I might decorate it with the Malôt mark and leave it to the Khye-Kheens to draw inferences. So I went out again the next night and did. The Khye-Kheens were shocked at the Malôts perpetratin’ these dastardly outrages after they'd sworn to sink all blood feuds. I lay up behind their sungars early this morning and watched 'em. They all went to confer about it at the head of the gorge. Awf'ly annoyed they are. Don't wonder.’ You know the way Stalky drops out his words, one by one.

"Wonderful!" said the Infant, explosively, as the full depth of the strategy dawned on him.

"Dear-r man!" said McTurk, purring rapturously.

"Stalky stalked," said Tertius. "That's all there is to it."

"No, he didn't," said Dick Four. "Don't you remember how he insisted that he had only applied his luck? Don't you remember how Rutton Singh grabbed his boots and groveled in the snow, and how our men shouted?"

"None of our Pathans believed that was luck," said Tertius. "They swore Stalky ought to have been born a Pathan, and—'member we nearly had a row in the fort when Rutton Singh said Stalky was a Sikh? Gad, how furious the old chap was with my Jemadar! But Stalky just waggled his finger and they shut up.

"Old Rutton Singh's sword was half out, though, and he swore he'd cremate every Khye-Kheen and Malôt he killed. That made the Jemadar pretty wild, because he didn't mind fighting against his own creed, but he wasn't going to crab a fellow Musulman's chances of Paradise. Then Stalky jabbered Pushtu and Punjabi in alternate streaks. Where the deuce did he pick up his Pushtu from, Beetle?"

"Never mind his language, Dick," said I. "Give us the gist of it."

"I flatter myself I can address the wily Pathan on occasion, but, hang it all, I can't make puns in Pushtu, or top off my arguments with a smutty story, as he did. He played on those two old dogs o' war like a—like a concertina. Stalky said—and the other two backed up his knowledge of Oriental nature—that the Khye-Kheens and the Malôts between 'em would organize a combined attack on us that night, as a proof of good faith. They wouldn't drive it home, though, because neither side would trust the other on account, as Rutton Singh put it, of the little accidents. Stalky's notion was to crawl out at dusk with his Sikhs, manœuver 'em along this ungodly goat track that he'd found, to the back of the Khye-Kheen position, and then lob in a few long shots at the Malôts when the attack was well on. 'That'll divert their minds and help to agitate 'em,' he said. 'Then you chaps can come out and sweep up the pieces, and we'll rendezvous at the head of the gorge. After that, I move we get back to Mac's camp and have something to eat.'

"You were commandin'?" the Infant suggested.

"I was about three months senior to Stalky, and two months Tertius's senior," Dick Four replied. "But we were all from the same old school. I should say ours was the only affair on record where some one wasn't jealous of some one else."



"SAW THE WHOLE CREW WHIRL OFF, FIGHTIN' AND STABBIN' AND SWEARIN' IN A BLINDING SNOW-STORM."

"*We weren't*," Tertius broke in, "but there was another row between Gul Sher Khan and Rutton Singh. Our Jemadar said—he was quite right—that no Sikh living could stalk worth anything; and that Koran Sahib had better take out the Pathans, who understood that kind of mountain work. Rutton Singh said that Koran Sahib jolly well knew every Pathan was a born deserter, and every Sikh was a gentleman, even if he couldn't crawl on his belly. Stalky struck in with some woman's proverb or other, that had the effect of doublin' both men up with a grin. He said the Sikhs and the Pathans could settle their claims on the Khye-Kheens and Malôts later on, but he was going to take his Sikhs along for this mountain-climbing job, because Sikhs could shoot. They can, too; give 'em a mule load of ammunition apiece, and they're perfectly happy."

"And out he gat," said Dick Four. "As soon as it was dark, and he'd had a bit of a snooze, him and thirty Sikhs went down through the staircase in the tower, every mother's son of 'em salutin' little Everett where it stood propped up against the wall. The last I heard him say was,

'Kubbadar! tumbleinga! '* and they tumbleingaed over the black edge of nothing. Close upon 9 P.M. the combined attack developed, Khye-Kheens across the valley, and Malôts in front of us, pluggin' at long range and yellin' to each other to come along and cut our infidel throats. Then they skirmished up to the gate, and began the old game of calling our Pathans renegades, and invitin' 'em to join the holy war. One of our men, a young fellow from Dera Ismail, jumped on the wall to slang 'em back, and jumped down, blubbing like a child. He'd been hit smack in the middle of the hand. Never saw a man yet who could stand a hit in the hand without weepin' bitterly. It tickles up all the nerves. So Tertius took his rifle and smote the others on the head to keep them quiet at the loopholes. The dear children wanted to open the gate and go in at 'em generally, but that didn't suit our book.

"At last, near midnight, I heard the wop, wop, wop, of Stalky's Martinis across the valley, and some general cursing among the Malôts, whose main body was

* "Look out; you'll fall!"

hid from us by a fold in the hillside. Stalky was brownin' 'em at a great rate, and very naturally they turned half right and began to blaze at their faithless allies, the Khye-Kheens—regular volley firin'. In less than ten minutes after Stalky opened the diversion they were going it hammer and tongs, both sides the valley. Then our recruits began to dance on one leg with excitement. But we wouldn't join the ball so long as the ruffians outside were doing our work for us. We sat tight till the dawn, thinkin' how deuced well armed they were, and how they were wastin' their ammunition. When we could see, the valley was rather a mixed-up affair. The Khye-Kheens had streamed out of their sungars above the gorge to chastise the Malôts, and Stalky—I was watching him through my glasses—had slipped in behind 'em. Very good. The Khye-Kheens had to leg it along the hillside up to where the gorge got shallow and they could cross over to the Malôts, who were awfully cheered to see the Khye-Kheens taken in the rear.

"Then it occurred to me to comfort the Khye-Kheens. So I turned out the whole command, and we advanced *a la pas de charge*, doublin' up what, for the sake of argument, we'll call the Malôts' left flank. Even then, if they'd sunk their differences, they could have eaten us alive; but they'd been firin' at each other half the night, and they went on firin'. Queerest thing you ever saw in your born days! As soon as our men doubled up to the Malôts, they'd blaze at the Khye-Kheens more zealously than ever, to show they were on our side; run up the valley a few hundred yards, and halt to fire again. The moment Stalky saw our game he duplicated it his side the gorge; and, by Jove! the Khye-Kheens did just the same thing."

"Yes, but," said Tertius, "you've forgot him playin' 'Arrah, Patsy, mind the baby' on the bugle to hurry us up."

"Did he?" roared McTurk. Somehow we all began to sing it, and there was an interruption.

"Rather," said Tertius, when we were quiet. "No one of the Aladdin company could forget that tune. Yes, he played Patsy'—Go on, Dick."

"Finally," said Dick Four, "we drove both mobs into each other's arms on a bit of level land at the head of the valley, and saw the whole crew whirl off, fightin' and stabbin' and swearin' in a blinding snow-storm. They were a heavy, hairy lot, and we didn't follow 'em."

"Stalky had captured one prisoner—an old pensioned Sepoy of twenty-five years' service, who produced his discharge—an awf'ly sportin' old card. He had been tryin' to make 'em rush us early in the day. He was sulky—angry with his own side for their cowardice, and Rutton Singh wanted to bayonet him—Sikhs don't understand fightin' against the Government after you've served it honestly—but Stalky rescued him, and froze on to him tight, with ulterior motives, I believe. When we got back to the fort, we buried young Everett—Stalky wouldn't hear of blowin' up the place—and bunked. We'd only lost ten men, all told."

"Only ten, out of seventy. How did you lose 'em?" I asked.

"Oh, there was a rush on the fort early in the night, and a few Malôts got over the gate. It was rather a tight thing for a minute or two, but the recruits took it beautifully. Lucky job we hadn't any badly wounded men to carry, because we had forty miles to Macnamara's camp. By Jove, how we legged it! Half way in, old Rutton Singh collapsed, so we slung him across four rifles and Stalky's overcoat; and Stalky, his prisoner, and a couple of Sikhs were his bearers. After that I went to sleep. You *can*, you know, on the march, when your legs get properly numbed. Mac swears we *all* marched into his camp snoring and dropped where we halted. His men lugged us into the tents like gram-bags. I remember wakin' up and seeing Stalky asleep with his head on old Rutton Singh's chest. *He* slept twenty-four hours. I only slept seventeen, but then I was coming down with dysentery."

"Coming down? What rot! He had it on him before we joined Stalky in the fort," said Tertius.

"Well! *You* needn't talk. You hove your sword at Macnamara and demanded a drumhead court-martial every time you saw him. The only thing that soothed you was putting you under arrest every half hour. You were off your head for three days."

"Don't remember a word of it," said Tertius, placidly. "I remember my orderly giving me milk, though."

"How did Stalky come out?" McTurk demanded, puffing hard over his pipe.

"Stalky? Like a serene Brahmini bull. Poor old Mac was at his Royal Engineers' wits' end to know what to do. You see I was putrid with dysentery, Tertius was ravin', half the men had frost-bite, and Macnamara's orders were to break camp

and come in before winter. So Stalky, who hadn't turned a hair, took half his supplies to save him the bother o' luggin' 'em back to the plains, and all the ammunition he could get at, and, *consilio et auxilio* Rutton Singhi, tramped back to his fort with all his Sikhs and his precious prisoner, and a lot of dissolute hangers-on that he and the prisoner had seduced into service. Had sixty men of sorts—and his brazen cheek. Mac nearly wept with joy when he went. You see there weren't any explicit orders to Stalky to come in before the passes were blocked: Mac is a great man for orders, and Stalky's a great man for orders—when they suit his book. He'd taken every firebrand and camp devil and professional mutineer with him."

"Told me he was goin' to the Engadine," said Tertius. "Sat on my cot smokin' a cigarette, and makin' me laugh till I cried. Macnamara bundled the whole lot of us down to the plains next day. We were a walkin' hospital."

"Stalky told me that Macnamara was a simple godsend to him," said Dick Four. "He blarneyed that virtuous old Sapper out of his boots. I used to see him in Mac's tent listenin' to Mac playin' the fiddle, and, between the pieces, wheedlin' Mac out of picks and shovels and dynamite cartridges hand over fist. Well, that was the last we saw of Stalky. A week or so later the passes were shut with snow, and I don't

think Stalky wanted to be found particularly just then."

"He didn't," said the fair and fat Abanazar. "He didn't. Ho, ho!"

Dick Four threw up his thin, dry hand with the blue veins at the back of it. "Hold on a minute, Pussy; I'll let you in at the proper time. I went down to my regiment, and that spring, five months later, I got off with a couple of companies on detachment: nominally to look after some friends of ours across the border; actually, of course, to recruit. It was a bit unfortunate, because an ass of a young Naick carried a frivolous blood feud he'd inherited from his aunt into those hills, and the local gentry wouldn't



" . . . TRAMPED BACK TO HIS FORT, WITH ALL HIS SIKHS AND HIS PRECIOUS PRISONER, . . . "

volunteer into my corps. Of course, the Naick had taken short leave to manage the business; that was all regular enough; *but* he'd stalked my pet orderly's uncle. It was an infernal shame, because I knew Harris of the Ghuznees would be covering that ground three months later, and he'd snaffle all the chaps I had my eyes on. Everybody was down on the Naick, because they felt he ought to have had the decency to postpone his—his disgusting amours till our companies were full strength.

"Still the beast had a certain amount of professional feeling left. He sent one of his aunt's clan by night to tell me that, if I'd take safeguard, he'd put me on to a batch of beauties. I nipped over the border like a shot, and about ten miles the other side, in a nullah, my rapparee-in-charge showed me about seventy men variously armed, but standing up like a Queen's company. Then one of 'em stepped out and lugged round an old bugle, just like—who's the man?—Bancroft, ain't it?—feeling for his eyeglass in a farce, and played 'Arrah, Patsy, mind the baby. Arrah, Patsy, mind'—that was as far as he could get."

That, also, was as far as Dick Four could get, because we had to sing the old song through twice, again and once more, and subsequently, in order to repeat it.

"He explained that if I knew the rest of the song he had a note for me from the man the song belonged to. Whereupon, my children, I finished that old tune on that bugle, and *this* is what I got. I knew you'd like to look at it. Don't grab." (We were all struggling for a sight of the well-known unformed handwriting.) "I'll read it aloud.

"'FORT EVERETT, *February 19.*

"'DEAR DICK, OR TERTIUS: The bearer of this is in charge of seventy-five recruits, all pukka devils, but desirous of leading new lives. They have been slightly polished, and after being boiled may shape well. I want you to give thirty of them to my adjutant, who will need men this spring. The rest you can keep. You will be interested to learn that I have extended my road to the end of the Malôt country. All headmen and priests concerned in last September's affair worked one month each, supplying road metal from their own houses. Everett's grave is covered by a forty-foot mound, which should serve well as a base for future triangulations. Rutton Singh sends his best salaams. I am making some treaties, and have given my prisoner—who also sends his salaams—local rank of Khan Bahadur.

"'A. L. COCKRAN."

"Well, that was all," said Dick Four, when the roaring, the shouting, the laughter, and, I think, almost the tears, had sub-

sided. "I chaperoned the gang across the border as quick as I could. They were rather homesick, but they cheered up when they recognized some of my chaps, who had been in the Khye-Kheen row, and they made a rippin' good lot. It's rather more than three hundred miles from Fort Everett to where I picked 'em up. Now, Pussy, tell 'em the latter end o' Stalky as you saw it."

Abanazar laughed a little nervous, misleading, official laugh.

"Oh, it wasn't much. I was at Simla in the spring, when our Stalky, out of his snows, began corresponding direct with the Government."

"After the manner of a king," suggested Dick Four.

"My turn now, Dick. He'd done a whole lot of things he shouldn't have done, and constructively pledged the Government to all sorts of action."

"Pledged the State's ticker, eh?" said McTurk, with a nod to me.

"About that; but the embarrassin' part was that it was all so thunderin' convenient, so well reasoned, don't you know? Came in as pat as if he'd had access to all sorts of information—which he couldn't, of course."

"Pooh!" said Tertius, "I back Stalky against the Foreign Office any day."

"He'd done pretty nearly everything he could think of, except strikin' coins in his own image and superscription, all under cover of buildin' this infernal road and bein' blocked by the snow. His report was simply amazin'. Von Lennaert tore his hair over it at first, and then he gasped, 'Who the dooce is this unknown Warren Hastings? He must be slain. He must be slain officially! The Viceroy'll never stand it. It's unheard of. He must be slain by his Excellency in person. Order him up here and pitch in a stinger.' Well, I sent him no end of an official stinger, and I pitched in an unofficial telegram at the same time."

"You!" This with amazement from the Infant, for Abanazar resembled nothing so much as a fluffy Persian cat.

"Yes—me," said Abanazar. "'Twasn't much, but after what you've said, Dicky, it was rather a coincidence, because I wired:

"'Aladdin now has got his wife,
Your Emperor is appeased.
I think you'd better come to life:
We hope you've all been pleased.

"Funny how that old song came up in my head. That was fairly non-committal

and encouragin'. The only flaw was that his Emperor wasn't appeased by very long chalks. Stalky extricated himself from his mountain fastnesses and loafed up to Simla at his leisure, to be offered up on the horns of the altar."

"But," I began, "surely the C.-in-C. is the proper—"

"His Excellency had an idea that if he blew up one single junior captain—same as King used to blow us up—he was holdin' the reins of empire, and, of course, as long as he had that idea, Von Lennaert encouraged him. I'm not sure Von Lennaert didn't put that notion into his head."

"They've changed the breed, then, since my time," I said.

"P'r'aps. Stalky was sent up for his wiggin' like a little bad boy. I've reason to believe that His Excellency's hair stood on end. He walked into Stalky for one hour—Stalky at attention in the middle of the floor, and (so he vowed) Von Lennaert pretending to soothe down His Excellency's topknot in dumb show in the background. Stalky didn't dare to look up, or he'd have laughed."

"Now, wherefore was Stalky not broken publicly?" said the Infant, with a large and luminous leer.

"Ah, wherefore?" said Abanazar. "To give him a chance to retrieve his blasted career, and not to break his father's heart. Stalky hadn't a father, but that didn't matter. He behaved like a—like the Sanawas Orphan Asylum, and His Excellency graciously spared him. Then he came round to my office and sat opposite me for ten minutes, puffing out his nostrils. Then he said, 'Pussy, if I thought that basket-hanger—'"

"Hah! He remembered *that*," said McTurk.

"That two-anna basket-hanger governed India, I swear I'd become a naturalized Muscovite to-morrow. I'm a *femme incomprise*. This thing's broken my heart. It'll take six months' shootin' leave in India to mend it. Think I can get it, Pussy?"

"He got it in about three minutes and a half, and seventeen days later he was back in the arms of Rutton Singh—horrid disgraced—with orders to hand over his command, etc., to Cathcart MacMonnie."

"Observe!" said Dick Four. "One colonel of the Political Department in charge of thirty Sikhs, on a hilltop. Observe, my children!"

"Naturally, Cathcart not being a fool, even if he *is* a Political, let Stalky do his shooting within fifteen miles of Fort Ever-

ett for the next six months, and I always understood they and Rutton Singh *and* the prisoner were as thick as two thieves. Then Stalky loafed back to his regiment, I believe. I've never seen him since."

"I have, though," said McTurk, swelling with pride.

We all turned as one man.

"It was at the beginning of this hot weather. I was in camp in the Jullunder doab and stumbled slap on Stalky in a Sikh village; sitting on the one chair of state, with half the population grovelin' before him, a dozen Sikh babies on his knees, an old harridan clappin' him on the shoulder, and a garland o' flowers round his neck. Told me he was recruitin'. We dined together that night, but he never said a word of the business at the Fort. Told me, though, that if I wanted any supplies I'd better say I was Koran Sahib's *bhai*; and I did, and the Sikhs wouldn't take my money."

"Ah! That must have been one of Rutton Singh's villages," said Dick Four; and we smoked for some time in silence.

"I say," said McTurk, casting back through the years. "Did Stalky ever tell you *how* Rabbits-Eggs came to rock King that night?"

"No," said Dick Four.

Then McTurk told.

"I see," said Dick Four, nodding. "Practically he duplicated that trick over again. There's nobody like Stalky."

"That's just where you make the mistake," I said. "India's full of Stalkies—Cheltenham and Haileybury and Marlborough chaps—that we don't know anything about, and the surprises will begin when there is really a big row on."

"Who will be surprised?" said Dick Four.

"The other side. The gentlemen who go to the front in first-class carriages. Just imagine Stalky let loose on the south side of Europe with a sufficiency of Sikhs and a reasonable prospect of loot. Consider it quietly."

"There's something in that, but you're too much of an optimist, Beetle," said the Infant.

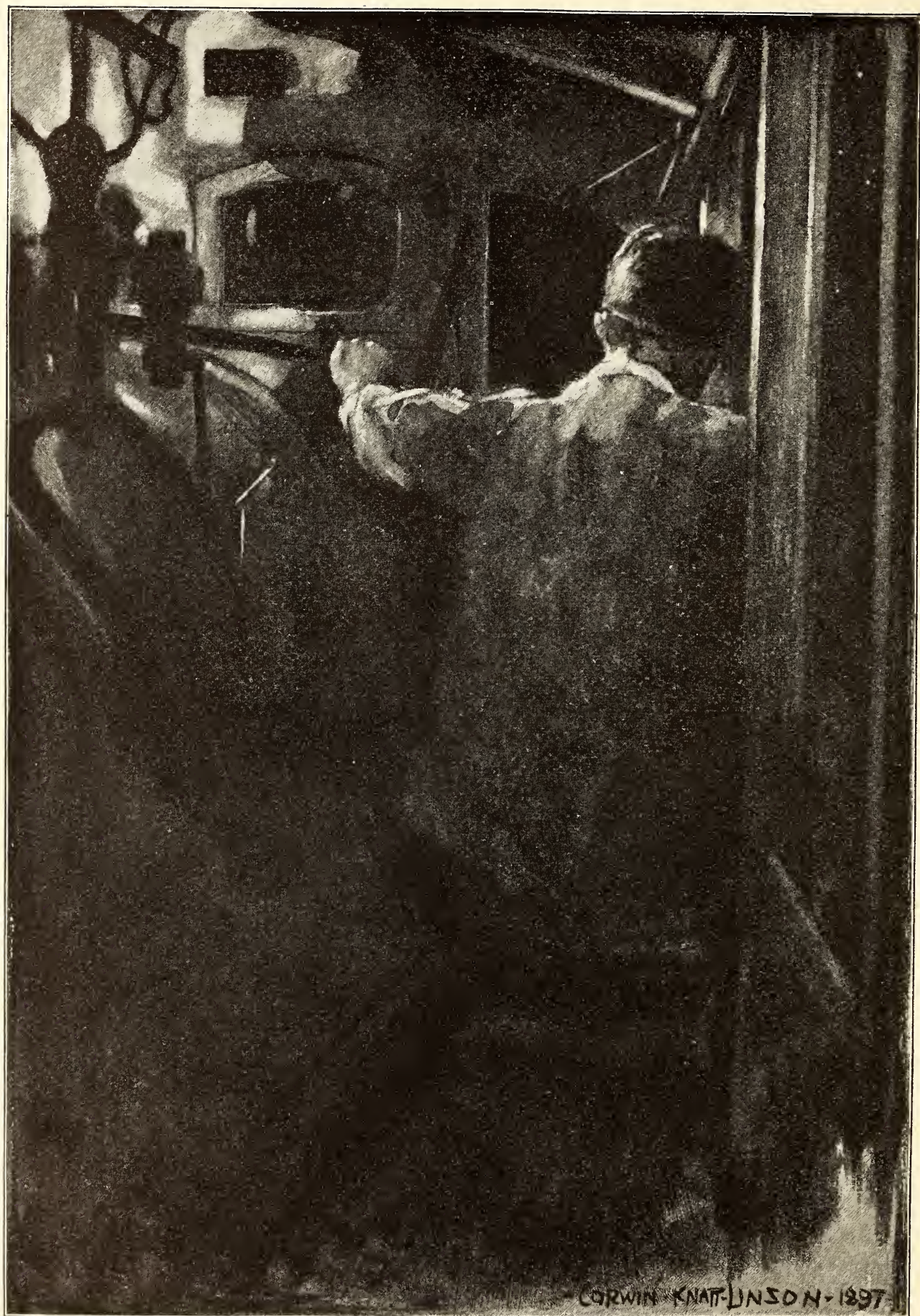
"Well, I've a right to be. Ain't I responsible for the whole thing? You needn't laugh. Who wrote 'Aladdin now has got his wife'—eh?"

"What's that got to do with it?" said Tertius.

"Everything," said I.

"Prove it," said the Infant.

And I have.



"I LOOK ALONG THE LINE TO SEE
THAT ALL THE LAMPS ARE WHITE."

WILL THE LIGHTS BE WHITE ?

BY CY WARMAN,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer."

OFt when I feel my engine swerve,
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eyes around the curve
For what awaits us there.

When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown, at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white.

A blue light! (rep track) crippled car;
The green light signals "slow,"
The red light is a danger light,
The white light "Let her go."

Again the open fields we roam,
And when the night is fair,
I gaze up in the starry dome,
And wonder what is there.

For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.

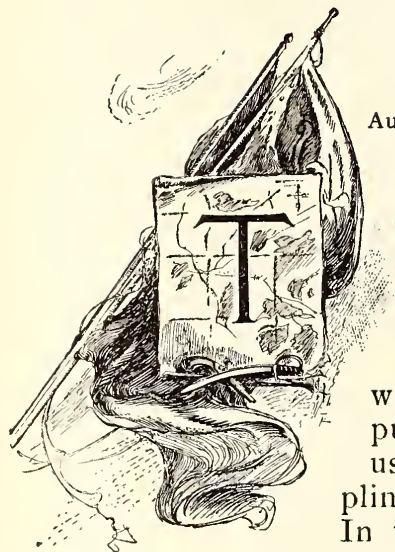
Swift towards life's terminal I trend,
The run seems short to-night.
God only knows what's at the end;
I hope the lamps are white.

THE VOYAGE OF COPLEY BANKS.

A TALE OF THE HIGH SEAS.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "Rodney Stone," etc.



HE buccaneers were something higher than a mere band of marauders. They were a floating republic with laws, usages, and discipline of their own. In their endless and remorseless quarrel with the Spaniards they had some semblance of right upon their side. Their bloody harryings of the cities of the Main were not more barbarous than the inroads of the Spaniards upon the Netherlands—or upon the Caribs in these same American lands.

The chief of the buccaneers, were he English or French, a Morgan or a Granmont, was still a responsible person, whose country might countenance him, or even praise him, so long as he refrained from any deed which might shock the leathery seventeenth-century conscience too outrageously. Some of them were touched with religion, and it is still remembered how Sawkins threw the dice overboard upon the Sabbath and Daniel pistoled a man before the altar for irreverence.

But there came a day when the fleets of the buccaneers no longer mustered at the Tortugas, and the solitary and outlawed pirate took their place. Yet even with him the tradition of restraint and of discipline still lingered, and among the early pirates, the Avorys, the Englands, and the Robertses, there remained some respect for human sentiment. They were more dangerous to the merchant than to the seaman.

But they in turn were replaced by more savage and desperate men, who frankly recognized that they would get no quarter in their war with the human race and who swore that they would give as little as they got. Of their histories we know little that is trustworthy. They wrote no mem-

oirs, and left no trace, save an occasional blackened and bloodstained derelict adrift upon the face of the Atlantic. Their deeds could only be surmised from the long roll of ships that never made their port.

Searching the records of history, it is only here and there in an Old-World trial that the veil that shrouds them seems for an instant to be lifted and we catch a glimpse of some amazing and grotesque brutality behind. Such was the breed of Ned Low, of Gow the Scotchman, and of the infamous Sharkey, whose coal-black bark, the "Happy Delivery," was known from the Newfoundland banks to the mouths of the Orinoco as the dark forerunner of misery and of death.

There were many men, both among the islands and on the main, who had a blood feud with Sharkey, but not one who had suffered more bitterly than Copley Banks of Kingston. Banks had been one of the leading sugar merchants of the West Indies. He was a man of position, a member of the council, the husband of a Percival, and a cousin of the governor of Virginia. His two sons had been sent to London to be educated, and their mother had gone over to bring them back. On their return voyage the ship, the "Duchess of Cornwall," fell into the hands of Sharkey, and the whole family met with an infamous death.

Copley Banks said little when he heard the news, but he sank into a morose and enduring melancholy. He neglected his business, avoided his friends, and spent much of his time in the low taverns of the fishermen and seamen. There, amidst riot and deviltry, he sat silently puffing at his pipe, with a set face and a smoldering eye. It was generally supposed that his misfortunes had shaken his wits, and his old friends looked at him askance, for the company which he kept was enough to bar him from honest men.

From time to time there came rumors of Sharkey over the sea; and once there came a man who had been mate of a



"FOR HOURS THEY SAT TOGETHER OVER THE MAP, AND THE DUMB MAN POINTED HERE AND THERE."

Guineaman and who had escaped from the pirate's hands. He could not speak—for reasons which Sharkey could best supply—but he could write; and he did write, to the very great interest of Copley Banks. For hours they sat together over the map, and the dumb man pointed here and there to outlying reefs and tortuous inlets, while his companion sat smoking in silence, with his unvarying face and his fiery eyes.

One morning, some two years after his misfortune, Mr. Copley Banks strode into his own office with his old air of energy and alertness. The manager stared at him in surprise, for it was months since he had shown any interest in business.

"Good morning, Mr. Banks," said he.

"Good morning, Freeman. I see that the 'Ruffling Harry' is in the bay."

"Yes, sir; she clears for the Windward Islands on Wednesday."

"I have other plans for her, Freeman.

I have determined upon a slaving venture to Whydah."

"But her cargo is ready, sir."

"Then it must come out again, Freeman. My mind is made up, and the 'Ruffling Harry' must go slaving to Whydah." All argument and persuasion were vain, so the manager had dolefully to clear the ship once more.

And then Copley Banks began to make preparations for his African voyage. It appeared that he relied upon force rather than barter for the filling of his hold, for he carried none of those showy trinkets which savages love; but the brig was fitted with eight nine-pounder guns and racks full of muskets and cutlasses. The after sailroom next the cabin was transformed into a powder magazine, and she carried as many round shot as a well-found privateer. Water and provisions were shipped for a long voyage.

But the preparation of his ship's com-

pany was most surprising. It made Freeman, the manager, realize that there was truth in the rumor that his master had taken leave of his senses. For, under one pretext or another, he began to dismiss the old and tried hands, who had served the firm for years, and in their place he embarked the scum of the port—men whose reputations were so vile that the lowest crimp would have been ashamed to furnish them.

There was Birthmark Sweetlocks, who was known to have been present at the killing of the logwood cutters, so that his hideous scarlet disfigurement was put down by the fanciful as being a red afterglow from that great crime. He was first mate, and under him was Israel Martin, a little sun-wilted fellow who had served with Howell Davies at the taking of Cape Coast castle.

The crew were chosen from amongst those whom Banks had met and known in their own infamous haunts, and his table-steward was a haggard-faced man who gobbled at you when he tried to talk. His beard had been shaved, and it was impossible to recognize him as the same man whom Sharkey had placed under the knife and who had escaped to tell his experiences to Copley Banks.

These doings were not unnoticed, nor yet uncommented upon, in the town of Kingston. The commandant of the troops—Major Harvey of the artillery—made serious representations to the governor.

“What do you suspect?” asked the governor, who was a slow-witted man, broken down with fevers and port wine.

“I suspect,” said the soldier, “that it is Stede Bonnet over again.”

Now Stede Bonnet was a planter of high reputation and religious character, who, from some sudden and overpowering freshet of wildness in his blood, had given up everything in order to start off pirating in the Caribbean Sea. The example was a recent one, and it had caused the utmost consternation in the islands. Governors had before now been accused of being in league with pirates and of receiving commissions upon their plunder, so that any want of vigilance was open to a sinister construction.

“Well, Major Harvey,” said he, “I am vastly sorry to do anything which may offend my friend, Copley Banks, for many a time have my knees been under his mahogany; but, in face of what you say, there is no choice for me but to order you to board the vessel and to satisfy yourself as to her character and destination.”

So at one in the morning Major Harvey, with a launchful of his soldiers, paid a surprise visit to the “Ruffling Harry,” with the result that they picked up nothing more solid than a hempen cable floating at the moorings. It had been slipped by the brig, whose owner had scented danger.

When, upon the next morning, the brig had left Morant Point a mere haze upon the southern horizon, the men were called aft, and Copley Banks revealed his plans to them. He had chosen them, he said, as brisk boys and lads of spirit, who would rather run some risk upon the sea than starve for a living upon the shore. King’s ships were few and weak, and they could master any trader who might come their way. Others had done well at the business, and with a handy, well-found vessel, there was no reason why they should not turn their tarry jackets into velvet coats. If they were prepared to sail under the black flag, he was ready to command them; but if any wished to withdraw, they might have the gig and row back to Jamaica.

Four men out of six and forty asked for their discharge, went over the ship’s side into the boat, and rowed away amidst the jeers and howlings of the crew. The rest assembled aft, and drew up the articles of their association. A square of black tarpaulin had the white skull painted upon it, and was hoisted, amidst cheering, at the main.

Officers were elected, and limits of their authority fixed. Copley Banks was chosen captain; but as there are no mates on a pirate craft, Birthmark Sweetlocks became quartermaster and Israel Martin the boatswain. There was no difficulty in knowing what was the custom of the brotherhood, for half the men, at least, had served upon pirates before. Food should be the same for all, and no man should interfere with another man’s drink. The captain should have a cabin, but all hands should be welcome to enter it when they chose.

All should share and share alike, save only the captain, quartermaster, boatswain, carpenter, and master gunner, who had from a quarter to a whole share extra. He who saw a prize first should have the best weapon taken out of her. He who boarded her first should have the richest suit of clothes aboard of her. Every man might treat his own prisoner, be it man or woman, after his own fashion. If a man flinched from his gun, the quartermaster should pistol him. These were some of the rules which the crew of the “Ruffling

Harry" subscribed to by putting forty-two crosses at the foot of the paper upon which they had been drawn.

So a new rover was afloat upon the seas, and her name before a year was over became as well known as that of "Happy Delivery." From the Bahamas to the Leewards, and from the Leewards to the Windwards, Copley Banks became the rival of Sharkey and the terror of traders. For a long time the bark and the brig never met, which was the more singular as the "Ruffling Harry" was forever looking in at Sharkey's resorts; but at last, one day when she was passing down the inlet of Coxon's Hole, at the east end of Cuba, with the intention of careening, there was the "Happy Delivery," with her blocks and tackle-falls already rigged for the same purpose.

Copley Banks fired a shotted salute and hoisted the green trumpeter ensign, as the custom was among the gentlemen of the sea. Then he dropped his boat and went aboard.

Captain Sharkey was not a man of a genial mood, nor had he any kindly sympathy for those who were of the same trade as himself. Copley Banks found him seated astride one of the after guns, with his New England quartermaster, Ned Galloway, and a crowd of roaring ruffians

standing about him. Yet none of them roared with quite such assurance when Sharkey's pale face and filmy blue eyes were turned upon him.

He was in his shirt-sleeves, with his cambric frills breaking through his open, red satin, long-flapped vest. The scorching sun seemed to have no power upon his fleshless frame, for he wore a low fur cap, as though it had been winter. A many-colored band of silk passed across his body and supported a short, murderous sword, while his broad, brass-buckled belt was stuffed with pistols.

"Sink you for a poacher!" he cried, as Copley Banks passed over the bulwarks. "I will drub you within an inch of your life, and that inch also! What mean you by fishing in my waters?"

Copley Banks looked at him, and his eyes were like a traveler's who sees his home at last.

"I am glad that we are of one mind," said he, "for I am myself of opinion that the seas are not large enough for the two of us. But if you will take your sword and pistols and come upon a sand bank with me, then the world will be rid of a villain whichever way it goes."

"Now, this is talking!" cried Sharkey, jumping off the gun and holding out his hand. "I have not met many who could

look John Sharkey in the eyes and speak with a full breath. May the devil seize me if I do not choose you as a consort! But if you play me false, then I will come aboard of you and gut you upon your own poop."

"And I pledge you the same," said Copley Banks.

That summer they went north as far as the Newfoundland banks, and harried the New York traders and the whaleships from New England. It was Copley Banks who captured the Liverpool ship, "House of Han-



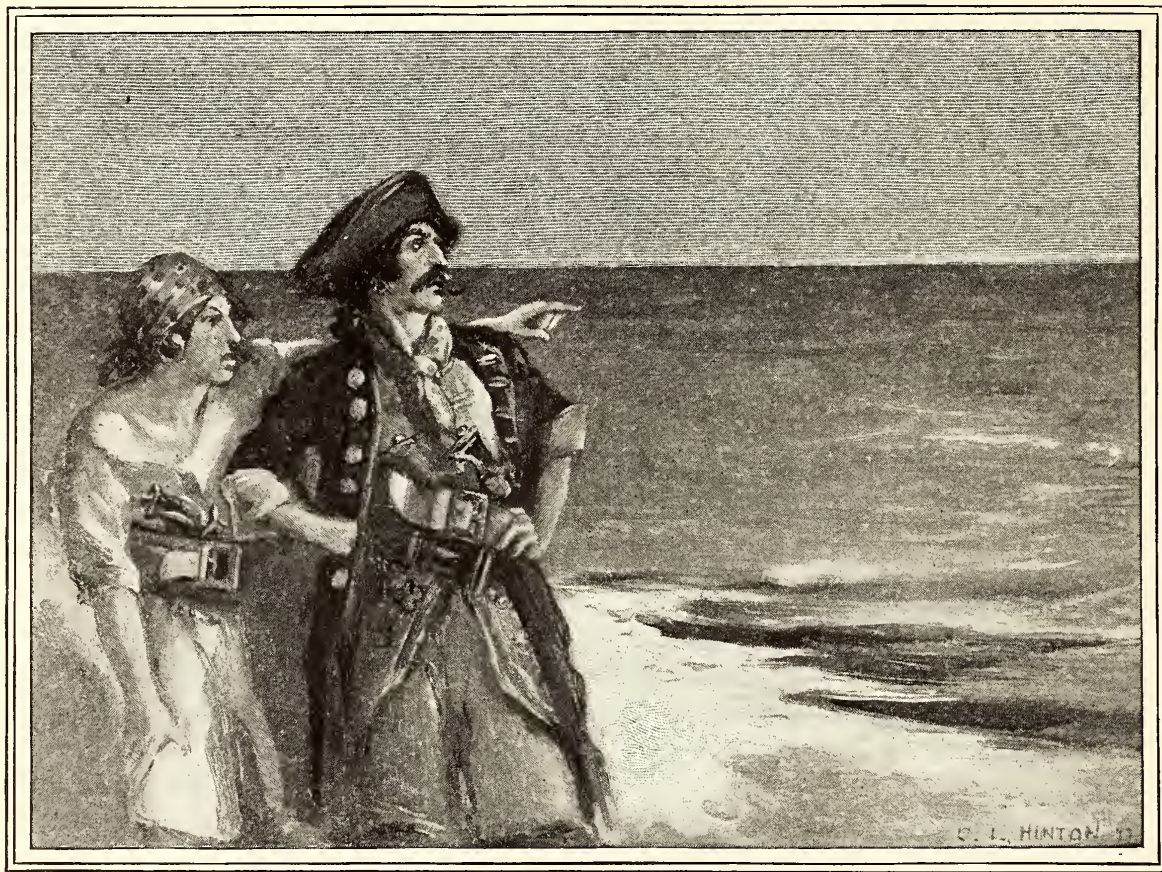
"BUT BEFORE HE CLOSED IT HE TOOK AN EXULTANT LOOK BACKWARDS."

over," but it was Sharkey who fastened her master to the windlass and pelted him to death with empty claret bottles.

Together they engaged the king's ship, "Royal Fortune," which had been sent in search of them, and beat her off after a night action of five hours, the drunken, raving crews fighting naked in the light

boys whom he had slain with such levity so long ago? When, therefore, he received a challenge to himself and to his quartermaster for a carouse upon the last evening of their stay at the Caicos bank, he saw no reason to refuse.

A well-found passenger ship had been rifled the week before, so their fare was of



"THEY WAITED AND WAITED, WATCHING."

of the battle-lanterns, with a bucket of rum and a pannikin laid by the tackles of every gun. They ran to Topsail Inlet in North Carolina to refit, and then in the spring they were at the Grand Caicos, ready for a long cruise down the West Indies.

By this time Sharkey and Copley Banks had become very excellent friends, for Sharkey loved a whole-hearted villain and he loved a man of metal, and it seemed to him that the two met in the captain of the "Ruffling Harry." It was long before he gave his confidence to him, for cold suspicion lay deep in his character. Never once would he trust himself outside his own ship and away from his own men.

But Copley Banks came often on board the "Happy Delivery," and joined Sharkey in many of his morose debauches, so that at last his misgivings were set at rest. He knew nothing of the evil that he had done him, for of his many victims, how could he remember the woman and the two

the best, and after supper five of them drank deeply together. There were the two captains, Birthmark Sweetlocks, Ned Galloway, and Israel Martin, the old buccaneersman. To wait upon them was the dumb steward, whose head Sharkey split with his glass because he had been too slow in the filling of it.

The quartermaster had slipped Sharkey's pistols away from him, for it was an old joke with him to fire them cross-handed under the table, and see who was the luckiest man. It was a pleasantry which had cost his boatswain his leg; so now when the table was cleared they would coax Sharkey's weapons away from him on the excuse of the heat, and lay them out of his reach.

The captain's cabin of the "Ruffling Harry" was in a deckhouse upon the poop, and a stern-chaser gun was mounted at the back of it. Round shot were racked round the wall, and three great hogsheads of powder made a stand for dishes and for bottles. In this grim room the five

pirates sang and roared and drank, while the silent steward still filled up their glasses and passed the box and the candle round for their tobacco-pipes. Hour after hour the talk became fouler, the voices hoarser, the curses and shoutings more incoherent, until three of the five had closed their bloodshot eyes and dropped their swimming heads upon the table.

Copley Banks and Sharkey were left face to face, the one because he had drunk the least, the other because no amount of liquor would ever shake his iron nerve or warm his sluggish blood. Behind him stood the watchful steward, forever filling up his waning glass. From without came the low lapping of the tide, and from over the water a sailor's chanty from the bark :

"A trader sailed from Stepney town,
Wake her up! Shake her up! Try her with the
mainsail!

A trader sailed from Stepney town,
With a keg full of gold and a velvet gown.

Ho, the bully Rover Jack,
Waiting with his yard aback
Out upon the Lowland sea."

The two boon companions sat listening in silence. Then Copley Banks glanced at the steward, and the man took a coil of rope from the shot-rack behind him.

"Captain Sharkey," said Copley Banks, "do you remember the 'Duchess of Cornwall,' which you took and sank three years ago off the Statira shoal?"

"Curse me if I can bear their names in mind," said Sharkey. "We did as many as ten ships a week about that time."

"There were a mother and two sons among the passengers. May be that will bring it back to your mind."

Captain Sharkey leaned back in thought, with his huge thin beak of a nose jutting upward. Then he burst suddenly into a high treble, neighing laugh. He remembered it, he said, and he added details to prove it.

"But burn me if it had not slipped from my mind!" he cried. "How came you to think of it?"

"It was of interest to me," said Copley Banks, "for the woman was my wife and the lads were my only sons."

Sharkey stared across at his companion, and saw that the smoldering fire which lurked always in his eyes had burned up into a lurid flame. He read their menace, and he clapped his hands to his empty belt. Then he turned to seize a weapon, but the bight of rope was cast about him, and in an instant his arms were bound to

his side. He fought like a wild-cat, and screamed for help.

"Ned!" he yelled. "Ned! Wake up! Here's villainy! Help, Ned, help!"

But the three men were far too deeply sunk in their swinish sleep for any voice to wake them. Round and round went the rope, until Sharkey was swathed like a mummy from ankle to neck. They propped him stiff and helpless against a powder-barrel, and they gagged him with a handkerchief, but his filmy, red-rimmed eyes still looked curses at them. The dumb man chattered in his exultation, and Sharkey winced for the first time when he saw the empty mouth before him. He understood that vengeance, slow and patient, had dogged him long and clutched him at last.

The two captors had their plans all arranged, and they were somewhat elaborate.

First of all they stove the heads of two of the great powder-barrels, and they heaped the contents out upon the table and floor. They piled it round and under the three drunken men, until each sprawled in a heap of it. Then they carried Sharkey to the gun, and they triced him sitting over the port-hole, with his face about a foot from the muzzle. Wriggle as he would he could not move an inch either to right or left, and the dumb man trussed him up with a sailor's cunning, so that there was no chance that he should work free.

"Now, you bloody devil," said Copley Banks, softly, "you must listen to what I have to say to you, for they are the last words that you will hear. You are my man now, and I have bought you at a price, for I have given all that a man can give here below, and I have given my soul as well.

"To reach you I have had to sink to your level. For two years I strove against it, hoping that some other way might come, but I learned that there was no other way. I've robbed and I have murdered—worse still, I have laughed and lived with you—and all for the one end. And now my time has come, and you will die as I would have you die, seeing the shadow creeping slowly upon you, and the devil waiting for you in the shadow."

Sharkey could hear the hoarse voices of his rovers singing their chanty over the water:

"Where is the trader of Stepney town?
Wake her up! Shake her up! Every stick
a-bending!

Where is the trader of Stepney town?
His gold's on the capstan, his blood's on his
gown,

All for bully Rover Jack,
Reaching on the weather tack
Right across the Lowland sea."

The words came clear to his ear, and just outside he could hear two men pacing backward and forward upon the deck. And yet he was helpless, staring down the mouth of the nine-pounder, unable to move an inch or to utter so much as a groan. Again there came the burst of voices from the deck of the bark:

"So it's up and it's over to Stornoway Bay,
Pack it on! Crack it on! Try her with the stunsails!

It's off on a bowline to Stornoway Bay,
Where the liquor is good and the lasses are gay,
Waiting for their bully Jack,
Watching for him sailing back
Right across the Lowland sea."

To the dying pirate the jovial words and rollicking tune made his own fate seem the harsher, but there was no softening in his venomous blue eyes. Copley Banks had brushed away the priming of the gun, and had sprinkled fresh powder over the touch-hole. Then he had taken up the candle, and cut it to the length of about an inch. This he placed upon the loose powder at the breech of the gun. Then he scattered powder thickly over the floor beneath, so that when the candle fell at the recoil it must explode the huge pile in which the three drunkards were wallowing.

"You've made others look death in the face, Sharkey," said he. "Now it has come to be your own turn. You and these swine here shall go together." He

lit the candle-end as he spoke, and blew out the other lights upon the table. Then he passed out with the dumb man, and locked the cabin door upon the outer side. But before he closed it, he took an exultant look backwards and received one last curse from those unconquerable eyes. In the single dim circle of light, that ivory-white face with the gleam of moisture upon the high bald forehead was the last that was ever seen of Sharkey.

There was a skiff alongside, and in it Copley Banks and the dumb steward made their way to the beach, and looked back upon the brig riding in the moonlight, just outside the shadow of the palm-trees. They waited and waited, watching that dim light which shone through the stern port. And then at last there came the dull thud of a gun, and an instant later the shattering crash of the explosion. The long, sleek, black bark, the sweep of white sand, and the fringe of nodding, feathery palm-trees sprang into dazzling light, and back into darkness again. Voices screamed and called upon the bay.

Then Copley Banks, his heart singing within him, touched his companion upon the shoulder, and they plunged together into the lonely and unexplored jungle of the Caicos. Two months later an outward-bound tobacco ship from Havana found two desolate outcasts upon Mosquito Point, and, touched by their tale of outrage and marooning, landed them safely in London, where all trace of them was forever lost.





Too Late.

MR. C. D. GIBSON ON LOVE AND LIFE.

A NOTE BY ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Phroso," etc.

With reproductions of some of the more significant drawings by Mr. Gibson.



O speak in adequate terms and with competent knowledge of the technical qualities which have won for Mr. Gibson's work its high and deserved fame would not be in my power, and I am not going to make any attempt at such a task. But lack of the qualifications of a critic of art does not interfere with the pleasure and interest with which one who is from time to time called upon to study somewhat similar aspects of life turns over a portfolio of the drawings in which this artist records his impressions of society and reflects the spirit with which he regards his material.

THE ARTIST'S PREFERENCE FOR THE ATTRACTIVE SIDES OF LIFE.

If you thus direct your mind rather to the thing expressed than to the excellence of the means at the artist's command for expressing it, your first thought, perhaps, will be that you are following one who is undoubtedly a bit of a satirist; his humor is bound to make him that; yet he is a cheerful satirist. Even when he is presenting scenes for which we can expect nothing but a frown from the moralist, he is seldom irredeemably grim; his indignation is liberally tempered with amusement, and is chastened by a recognition that ordinary folk may occupy some of their time in foolish and unbecoming ways and yet not be such very bad fellows after

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all. His pen is dipped in charity, and he prefers subjects where this pleasantest of the virtues need not despair of proper opportunity. There are Bohemians, ragamuffins, persons whose characters will not bear investigation ; but he seldom shows you the most revolting vices, such as cruelty, mercilessness, or the hatred of good. And, thanks probably in part to his very remarkable power of depicting beautiful human beings (a gift, I venture to think, rather curiously rare), he turns by preference to the attractive sides of life and draws for much of his work on the normal, simple, healthy procession of our days from an eager youth, through a vigorous middle age, to a calm and honorable decline. But youth is his favorite ; when its reality is gone he will still bring it back in visions. Look at these two pictures, "Previous Tenants" and "The Old Tune." These touch finely the note of gentle sadness with which man, resigned but never reconciled, accepts his decay and mortality ; they breathe the sigh with which he remembers how the fruit of life tasted and that now he is too stiff and infirm to climb the trunk of the tree and bring down the prize. But there is no moroseness ; the young girl stands by the old man, reminding us that youth is deathless, although the young are not.

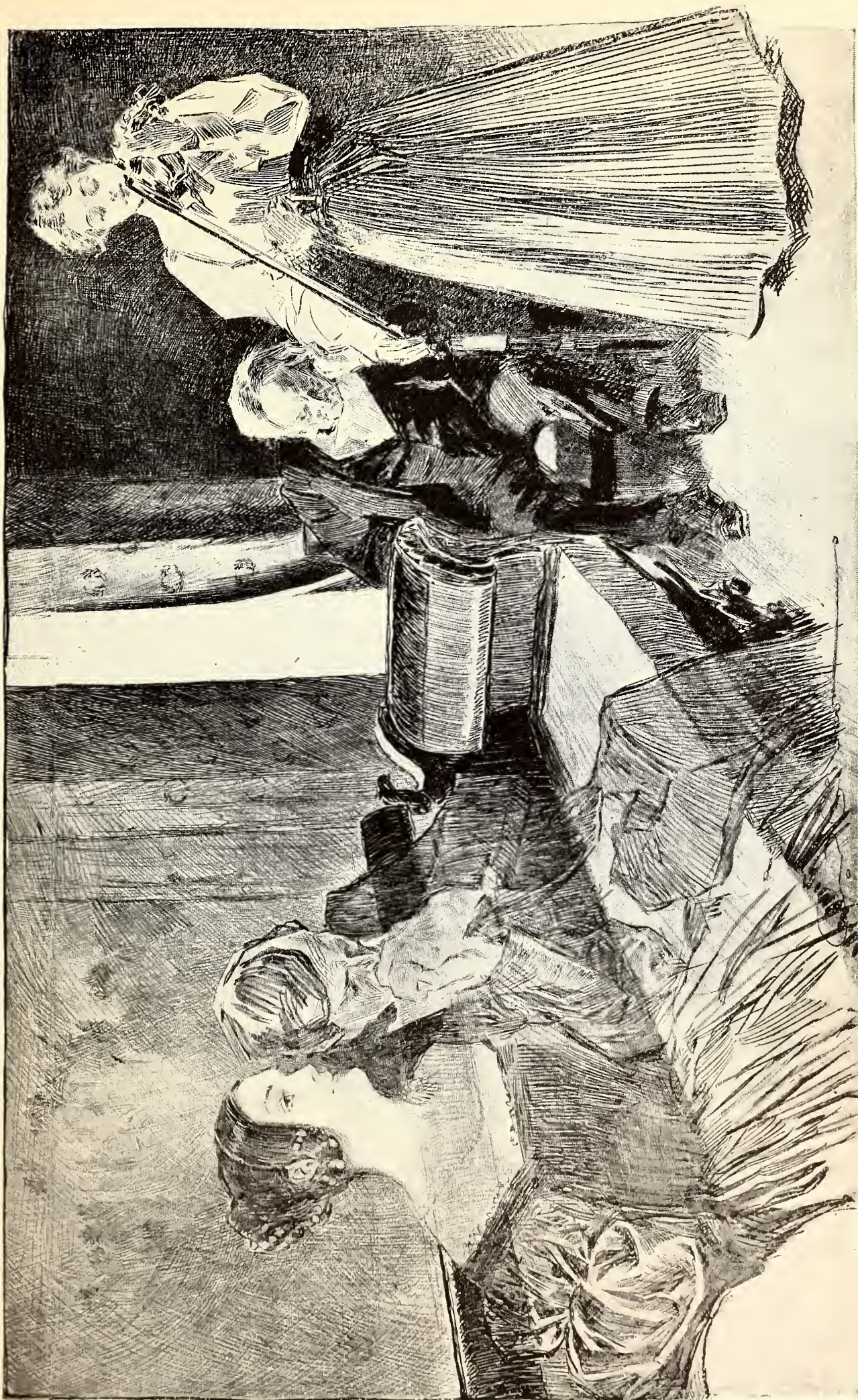
HIS CUPID.

The same color of mood is very visible in Mr. Gibson's treatment of love, a subject which properly engages much of his attention. The little figure of Cupid which he is so fond of drawing seems to me very significant as well as very charming. No doubt the satirist peeps out here ; the boy is not tragic (Mr. Gibson perhaps eschews as too easy that path to a reputation for profundity) ; he is hardly serious, though he is engaged on work that has serious results. He can, indeed, assume great emotions for his own purposes ; he can sigh and look very despairing. But there is a want of sincerity about these assumptions ; they are tricks played to persuade you to let him in. His native temper is an insinuating impishness, cloaked sometimes by a deceitful innocence and pathos, but breaking through at every minute. This may be studied in "The Last Guest." Here, again, the artist lightly touches the note of sorrow, of youth gone, of the inevitable contrast that years so cruelly perfect. But Cupid does not take the moment that way at all. He sits laughing and sipping champagne ! He's not old. And he seems very much amused to find himself where he is ; the place was very differ-

ent when he came ; he is chaffing his faithful hosts ; he finds them, I fear, a little absurd. Look at him again in a most delightful drawing, "One More Victim," where he stands in his smith's apron and looks at the chains with which he has bound his prisoner ; his face is alight with roguish triumph, and he hugs himself with fat little arms ; he had those chains locked on her before she knew that he had so much as begun to forge them. There is another drawing, which I have not before me now, but remember very well. A pretty young widow, clad in mournful black, sits alone—as she thinks ; the world is over for her, poor thing ! Then her eyes fall suddenly on the small impudent form which has got into the house somehow and sits there deriding her ; he exults all the more because he knows that the solemn will be much shocked by his arrival. In such a guise he is irresistible ; you would fall in love, if only for the sake of sharing the fun.

HIS LOVERS.

It helps us to sympathize with Cupid's triumphs when we look at the girls over whom they are won. We perceive that there is something to conquer. For the girl whom the artist gives us is not a ready prey to sentiment and does not yield very easily. She is happy, healthy, and proud ; there is a touch of austerity and a hint of haughtiness in her maidenly air ; she does not languish, though no doubt she might sometimes flirt securely. Love must stalk his game ; though confident of success in the end, he is strategic in his approaches ; he seeks to surprise her, gets in when she isn't looking, and knows that he is most dangerous when he is least expected. So it should be ; the artist's humorous presentment of the artifices of his Cupid's pursuit is a true testimony to the quarry's purity of heart and healthy soundness of nature ; we believe that the hard-won victory will be complete, and do not refuse our consent when we are invited to trust to such a permanence of it as will resist the lapse of years and the decay of beauty. And Mr. Gibson is most commendably jealous for his pretty girls ; he knows that they have much to give, and would not have them give it unworthily. He finds for them very handsome young men, fine fellows who worship them as they deserve, and he is roused to an unusual directness of indignation when they play false to themselves and go hunting after money, rank, and such-like snares. His pencil is never more relentless than in depicting the husband in such a match, with his lined,



THE OLD TUNE.

wrinkled, pimpled face, wicked as old Lord Methuselah's in Thackeray. Alas ! I fear that in Mr. Gibson's mind this person is only too often a fellow-countryman of mine. But I will not charge him with national jealousy. I applaud and beg leave to share an indignation so well warranted and so true an evidence of reverence for that whose betrayal it rebukes ; and to be more indignant in proportion as the lady is more beautiful, though, indeed, it may not be logic, is surely mere humanity. Why, but for these unworthy motives, one of ourselves might have been the man ! Mr. Gibson is as convinced a prophet of love as any romancer of them all ; neither wealth nor splendor nor even (as the tragic figure in his "Nothing but Fame" reminds us) glory can be allowed to fill its place. When Mr. Gibson deals with love, his pictures, closely as they reflect modern and every-day life, are in fact on the plane and in the temper of romance. We have the simple, joyous, intense love of well-conditioned and comely young people for one another, a love that is sound and abides ; this he extracts from the complexities of society and exhibits with the simplicity of romance, almost with the single-heartedness of poetry. It is a very sunny corner of the world's landscape, and the sunshine gleams brightly in these sketches of it.

PICTURES OF ENGLISH LIFE.

But to stop here would be to do sore injustice to the range and versatility of Mr. Gibson's talent, and in an Englishman would betray a special ingratitude ; for he has crossed the seas to tell us what we are like, and has carried out his task in many drawings of very remarkable acuteness. I have before me the drawing entitled "In a London Theatre." A man and his wife sit in the back row of the stalls ; behind them is the crowded and ebullient front bench of the pit. Here we have an admirable variety of types ; but to my mind the cream of the picture is the man and woman in the stalls. The man is of the professional classes, probably a lawyer ; he is not handsome, but he's very clean ; he has practical ability, but the play does not quite appeal to him ; his solidity, just bordering on stolidity, makes him an admirable specimen of a large and very valuable class of his fellow-countrymen. Yet the woman is, as it seems to me, even a greater triumph. In her there is no touch at all of caricature ; and I feel that I have known thousands of her. She is pleasing to look at, not pretty ;

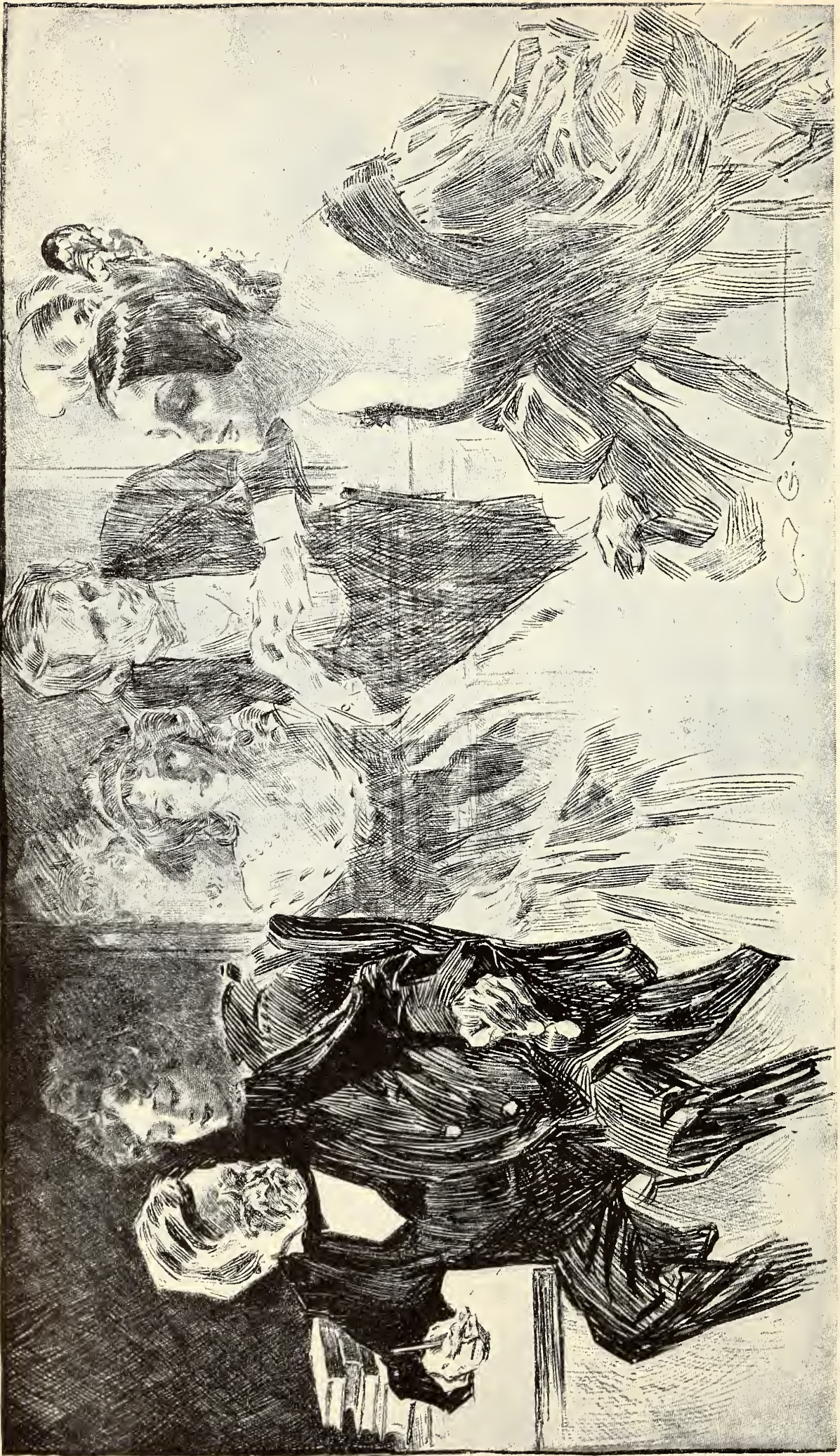
capable in her way as her husband is in his, but very little more poetic than he ; she holds strongly the received opinions of her sex, position, and time ; she is very orderly ; even dress is with her not an unscrupulous passion, but only a preoccupation necessarily and properly very engrossing. Really, I do not think that any other single figure could cover and sum up more that is characteristic of English life and society and of what is perhaps the prevailing temper of mind in England. Then look at the picture of the "Drawing-Room" ("Her First Glimpse of Royalty"). My duty has never called me to a Drawing-Room, and consequently I have not been ; but obviously it must be just like that. I will not give any reasons for this opinion, but content myself with remarking how effectively the artist, again with nothing that can be called caricature, indeed with an obvious fidelity, yet brings out and exhibits the humor of the scene and extorts smiles from the loyalest lips. It is no flattery to say that Mr. Gibson's inspiration and skill enable him to interpret to us in England the society that we know, even as he reveals to us the society of his own land ; he catches the spiritual essence of a Lord Chamberlain with no less certainty than that with which he sets before us the hard-bitten man of dollars whose pretty daughter is his only apology to a world out of which he has grown monstrously rich.

ANTHONY HOPE'S JUDGMENT OF MR. GIBSON'S WORK.

It is not for me to pass any judgment on Mr. Gibson ; and even if it were, there is a danger (not always enough apprehended) in trying to "size up" men who are still in the early days of their career. Up to the present Mr. Gibson has devoted himself mainly to what are called the lighter sides of life ; it is, perhaps, probable that the brightness and beauty to be found here will always prove the things most attractive to a man of his temperament. But a part of his merit lies in the fact that, while dealing mainly with the apparently superficial, he has contrived to get into his work and to convey to the minds of those who study it so much of what is really true and fundamental in human life and character, and to develop, in a series of sketches often fanciful in design and by no means ethical or didactic in intention, a view of the world so broad and so consistent. I do not accuse him of the solemn deliberateness which these words may seem to imply ; it is not



THE LAST GUEST.

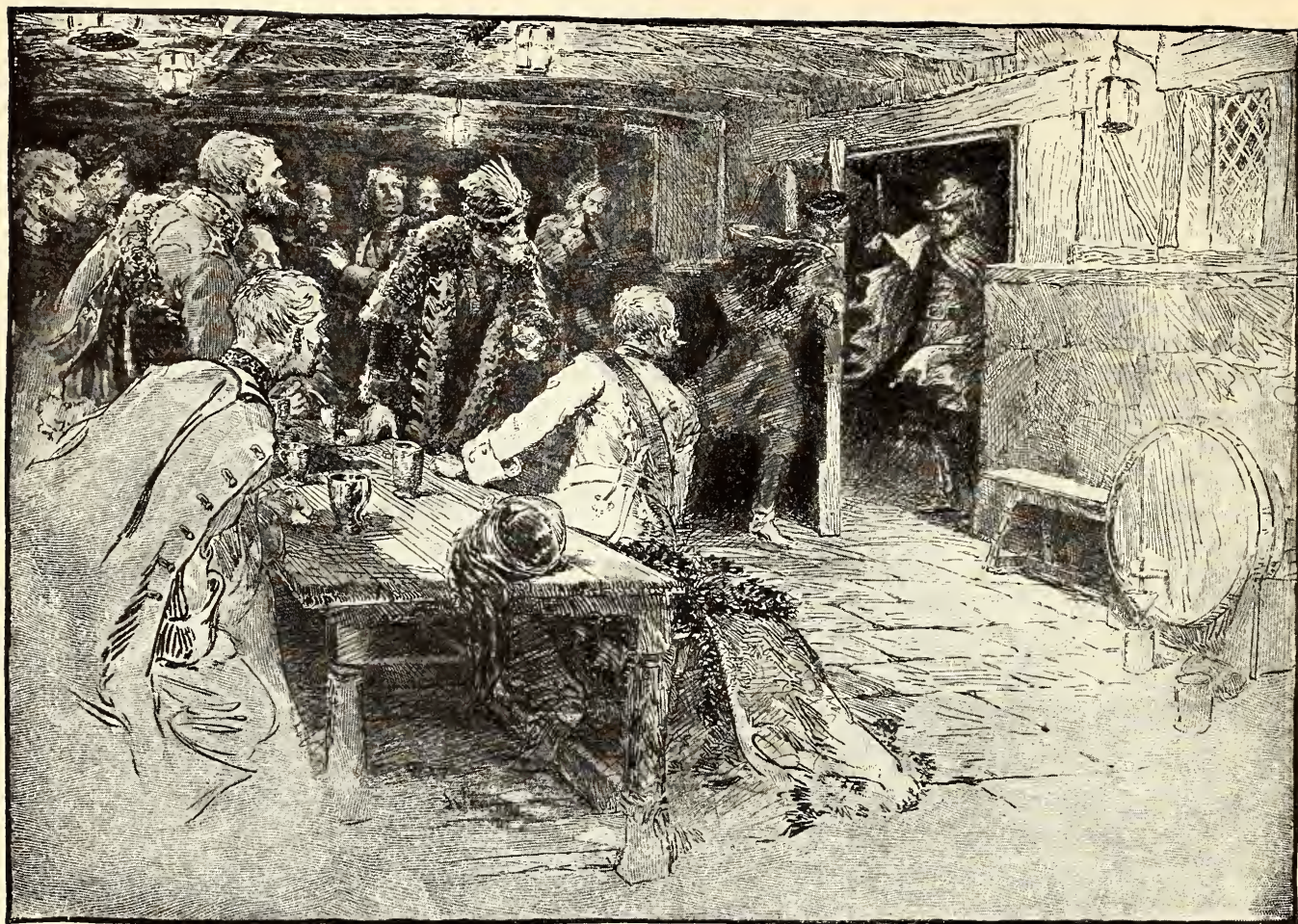


PREVIOUS TENANTS. (SOME MIDNIGHT VISITORS IN AN OLD HOUSE IN WASHINGTON SQUARE.)

in that way, I take it, that the mind of an artist most commonly works. It chooses what it likes and needs by impulse and instinct, rather than on any calculation; the revelation of the point of view is gradual to the worker no less than to the onlooker. At any rate, it is safe to say that Mr. Gibson has the true gift of the comedian; he sees the humor of situations and the variety of types, and is skilled in eliciting just the touch of sympathy which makes us feel at one with the scenes which we are regarding. As an example of what I now say, I will end by pointing to the drawing called "An Argument with the Leading Lady." Here we understand so well the position: how the four men, all men of the theater, find the poor lady so utterly and hopelessly unreasonable; yet each is very differently affected by her refusal to be reasonable. But we can sympathize with the woman also; we know that to her the men seem very brutal, and the trouble, whatever it may happen to be, real, immense, and poignant; probably she thinks that she would never respect herself again if she yielded her point.

Lastly we have her maid, staid, prim, motionless behind her mistress, taking no part, no view, no side in a controversy that is no concern of hers, just waiting till her share of the world's work begins again, till there is hair to do, or something to put on or take off. We are less excited than the men; we are less impassive than the maid; we smile, as the comedian would have us smile, in recognition of truth, in a little amusement that this should be truth, with just a little prick of regret that truth should so often show things in a very uncomfortable condition. But such a drawing proves for the artist beyond doubt the possession of that humor and that sympathy which are so closely allied to one another and between them give the power of reading the feelings and minds of men. Such a power, working through a technical skill so great as Mr. Gibson's, leaves no question as to his position and his fame; and, moreover, since it is a quality of literature no less than of art, may perhaps be allowed to excuse these few words from a sadly uninstructed but very cordial admirer.





“GENTLEMEN, THE KING!”

BY ROBERT BARR,

Author of “In the Midst of Alarms,” “The Mutable Many,” etc.

THE room was large, but with a low ceiling, and at one end of the lengthy, broad apartment stood a gigantic fireplace, in which was heaped a pile of blazing logs, whose light, rather than that of several lanterns hanging from nails along the timbered walls, illuminated the faces of the twenty men who sat within. Heavy timbers, blackened with age and smoke, formed the ceiling. The long, low, diamond-paned window in the middle of the wall opposite the door had been shuttered as completely as possible, but less care than usual had been taken to prevent the light from penetrating into the darkness beyond, for the night was a stormy and tempestuous one, the rain lashing wildly against the hunting-chalet, which in its time had seen many a merry hunting-party gathered under its ample roof. Every now and then a blast of wind shook the wooden edifice from garret to foundation, and caused a puff of smoke to come

down the chimney and the white ashes to scatter in little whirlwinds over the hearth. On the opposite side from the shuttered window was the door, heavily barred. A long oaken table occupied the center of the room, and round this, in groups, seated and standing, were a score of men, all with swords at their sides; bearing, many of them, that air of careless hauteur which is supposed to be a characteristic of noble birth.

Flagons were scattered upon the table, and a barrel of wine stood in a corner of the room farthest from the fireplace. But it was evident that this was no ordinary drinking-party and that the assemblage was brought about by some high purport, of a nature so serious that it stamped anxiety on every brow. No servants were present, and every man who wished a fresh flagon of wine had to take his measure to the barrel in the corner and fill for himself.

The hunting-chalet stood in a wilderness, near the confines of the kingdom of Alluria, twelve leagues from the capital, and was the property of Count Staumn, whose tall, gaunt form stood erect at the head of the table as he silently listened to the discussion which every moment was becoming more and more heated, the principal speaking parts being taken by the obstinate, rough-spoken Baron Brunfels on the one hand, and the crafty, fox-like ex-Chancellor Steinmetz on the other.

"I tell you," thundered Baron Brunfels, bringing his huge fist down on the table, "I will not have the king killed. Such a proposal goes beyond what was intended when we banded ourselves together. The king is a fool, so let him escape like a fool. I am a conspirator, but not an assassin."

"It is not assassination, but justice," said the ex-chancellor, suavely, as if his tones were oil and the baron's boisterous talk were troubled waters.

"Justice!" cried the baron, with great contempt. "You have learned that cant word in the cabinet of the king himself, before he thrust you out. He eternally prates of justice; yet, much as I loathe him, I have no wish to compass his death, either directly or through gabbling of justice."

"Will you permit me to point out the reason that induced me to believe his continued exemption and state policy will not run together?" replied the advocate of the king's death. "If the king escapes he will take up his abode in a neighboring territory, and there will inevitably follow plots and counter-plots for his restoration; thus Alluria will be kept in a constant state of turmoil. There will doubtless grow up within the kingdom itself a party sworn to his restoration. We shall thus be involved in difficulties at home and abroad, and all for what? Merely to save the life of a man who is an enemy to each of us. We place thousands of lives in jeopardy; render our own positions insecure; bring continual disquiet upon the state; when all might be avoided by the slitting of one throat, even though that throat belong to the king."

It was evident that the lawyer's argumentative tone brought many to his side, and the conspirators seemed about evenly divided upon the question of life or death to the king. The baron was about to break out again with some strenuousness in favor of his own view of the matter when Count Staumn made a proposition

that was eagerly accepted by all save Brunfels himself.

"Argument," said Count Staumn, "is ever the enemy of good comradeship. Let us settle the point at once, and finally, with the dice-box. Baron Brunfels, you are too seasoned a gambler to object to such a mode of terminating a discussion. Steinmetz, the law, of which you are so distinguished a representative, is often compared to a lottery; so you cannot look with disfavor upon a method that is as conclusive and as reasonably fair as the average decision of a judge. Let us throw, therefore, for the life of the king. I, as chairman of this meeting, will be umpire. Single throws, and the highest number wins. Baron Brunfels, you will act for the king, and if you win may bestow upon the monarch his life. Chancellor Steinmetz stands for the state. If he wins, then is the king's life forfeit. Gentlemen, are you agreed?"

"Agreed, agreed," cried the conspirators, with practically unanimous voice.

Baron Brunfels grumbled somewhat, but when the dice-horn was brought, and he heard the rattle of the bones within the leathern cylinder, the light of a gambler's love shone in his eyes and he made no further protest.

The ex-chancellor took the dice-box in his hand, and was about to shake, when there suddenly came upon them three stout raps against the door, given apparently with the hilt of a sword. Many not already standing started to their feet, and nearly all looked one upon another with deep dismay in their glances. The full company of conspirators were present; exactly a score of men knew of the rendezvous, and now the twenty-first man outside was beating the oaken panels. The knocking was repeated, but now accompanied by the words:

"Open, I beg of you."

Count Staumn left the table, and stealthily as a cat approached the door.

"Who is there?" he asked.

"A wayfarer, weary and wet, who seeks shelter from the storm."

"My house is already filled," spoke up the count. "I have no room for another."

"Open the door peacefully," cried the outlander, "and do not put me to the necessity of forcing it."

There was a ring of decision in the voice which sent quick pallor to more than one cheek. Ex-Chancellor Steinmetz rose to his feet with terror in his

eyes and chattering teeth; he seemed to recognize the invisible speaker. Count Staumn looked over his shoulder at the assemblage with an expression that plainly said, "What am I to do?"

"In the fiend's name," hissed Baron Brunfels, taking the precaution, however, to speak scarce above his breath, "if you are so frightened when it comes to a knock at the door, what will it be when the real knocks are upon you? Open, Count, and let the insistent stranger in. Whether he leave the place alive or no, there are twenty men here to answer."

The count undid the fastenings and threw open the door. There entered a tall man, completely enveloped in a dark cloak that was dripping wet. Drawn over his eyes was a hunter's hat of felt, with a drooping, bedraggled feather on it. The door was immediately closed and barred behind him, and the stranger, pausing a moment when confronted by so many inquiring eyes, flung off his cloak, throwing it over the back of a chair; then he removed his hat with a sweep, sending the raindrops flying. The intriguants gazed at him speechless, with varying emotions. They saw before them his Majesty, Rudolph, King of Alluria.

If the king had any suspicion of his danger, he gave no token of it. On his smooth, lofty forehead there was no trace of frown and no sign of fear. His was a manly figure, rather over than under six feet in height; not slim and gaunt like Count Staumn's, nor yet stout to excess like that of Baron Brunfels. The finger of time had touched with frost the hair at his temples, and there were threads of white in his pointed beard, but his sweeping mustache was still as black as the night from which he came. His frank, clear, honest eyes swept the company, resting momentarily on each; then he said in a firm voice, without the suspicion of a tremor in it:

"Gentlemen, I give you good evening; and although the hospitality of Count Staumn has needed spurring, I lay that not up against him, because I am well aware his apparent reluctance arose through the unexpectedness of my visit; and if the count will act as cup-bearer, we will drown all remembrance of a barred door in a flagon of wine, for, to tell the truth, gentlemen, I have ridden hard in order to have the pleasure of drinking with you."

As the king spoke these ominous words, he cast a glance of piercing intensity upon

the company, and more than one quailed under it. He strode to the fireplace, spurs jingling as he went, and stood with his back to the fire, spreading out his hands to the blaze. Count Staumn left the bolted door, took an empty flagon from the shelf, filled it at the barrel in the corner, and, with a low bow, presented the brimming measure to the king.

Rudolph held aloft his beaker of Burgundy, and as he did so spoke in a loud voice that rang to the beams of the ceiling:

"Gentlemen, I give you a suitable toast. May none here gathered encounter a more pitiless storm than that which is raging without."

With this he drank off the wine, and, inclining his head slightly to the count, returned the flagon. No one, save the king, had spoken since he entered. Every word he had uttered seemed charged with double meaning, and brought to the suspicious minds of his hearers visions of a trysting-place surrounded by troops and the king standing there playing with them as a tiger plays with its victims. His easy confidence appalled them. When first he came in, several who were seated remained so, but one by one they rose to their feet, with the exception of Baron Brunfels, although he, when the king gave the toast, also stood. It was clear enough their glances of fear were not directed towards the king, but towards Baron Brunfels. Several pairs of eyes beseeched him in silent supplication, but the baron met none of these glances, for his gaze was fixed upon the king.

Every man present knew the baron to be reckless of consequences, frankly outspoken, thoroughly a man of the sword, and a despiser of diplomacy. They feared that at any moment he might blurt out the purport of the meeting, and more than one was thankful for the crafty ex-chancellor's planning, who, throughout, had insisted there should be no documentary evidence of their designs, either in their houses or on their persons. Some startling rumor must have reached the king's ear to bring him thus unexpectedly upon them. The anxiety of all was that some one should persuade the king that they were merely a storm-besieged hunting-party. They trembled in anticipation of Baron Brunfels's open candor, and dreaded the revealing of the real cause of their conference. There was now no chance to warn him: a man who spoke his mind, who never looked an inch beyond his nose,

even though his head should roll off in consequence; and if a man does not value his own head, how can he be expected to care for the heads of his neighbors?

"I ask you to be seated," said the king, with a wave of his hand.

Now, what should that stubborn fool of a baron do but remain standing when all but Rudolph the king and himself had seated themselves, thus drawing his Majesty's attention directly towards him and

therefore, to the conclusion that you play for a human life. Whose life is in the cast, my Lord of Brunfels?"

Before the baron could reply, ex-Chancellor Steinmetz rose with some indecision to his feet. He began, in trembling voice:

"I beg your gracious permission to explain the reason of our gathering—"

"Herr Steinmetz," cried the king, sternly, "when I



making a colloquy between them well nigh inevitable. Those next the ex-chancellor were nudging him, in God's name, to stand also, and open whatever discussion there must ensue between themselves and his Majesty, so that it might be smoothly carried on. But the ex-chancellor was ashen gray with fear, and his hand trembled on the table.

"My Lord of Brunfels," said the king, a smile hovering about his lips, "I see that I have interrupted you at your old pleasure of dicing. While requesting you to continue your game as though I had not joined you, may I venture to hope the stakes you play for are not high?"

Every one held his breath, awaiting with deepest concern the reply of the frowning baron; and, when it came growling forth, there was little in it to ease their disquiet.

"Your Majesty," said Baron Brunfels, "the stakes are the highest that a gambler may play for."

"You tempt me, Baron, to guess that the hazard is a man's soul; but I see that your adversary is my worthy ex-chancellor, and as I should hesitate to impute to him the character of the devil, I am led,

"THE KING STOOD UNMOVED AS BARON BRUNFELS WAS ABOUT TO RUSH UPON HIM."

desire your interference I shall call for it; and remember this, Herr Steinmetz, the man who begins a game must play it to the end, even though he finds luck running against him."

The ex-chancellor sat down again, and drew his hand across his damp forehead.

"Your Majesty," spoke up the baron, a ring of defiance in his voice, "I speak not for my comrades, but for myself. I begin no game I am afraid to finish. We were about to dice in order to discover whether your Majesty should live or die."

A simultaneous moan seemed to rise from the assembled traitors. The smile returned to the king's lips.

"Baron," he said, "I have ever chided myself for loving you, for you were always a bad example to weak and impressionable natures. Even when your overbearing, obstinate intolerance compelled me to dismiss you from the command of my army, I could not but admire your sturdy honesty. Had I been able to graft your

love of truth upon some of my councilors, what a valuable group of advisers might I have gathered round me. But we have had enough of comedy, and now tragedy sets in. Those who are traitors to their ruler must not be surprised if a double traitor is one of their number. Why am I here? Why do two hundred mounted and armed men surround this doomed chalet? Miserable wretches, what have you to say that judgment be not instantly passed upon you?"

"I have this to say," roared Baron Brunfels, drawing his sword, "that whatever may befall this assemblage, you, at least, shall not live to boast of it."

The king stood unmoved as Baron Brunfels was about to rush upon him; but Count Staumn and others threw themselves between the baron and his victim, seeing in the king's words some intimation of mercy to be held out to them could but actual assault upon his person be prevented.

"My Lord of Brunfels," said the king, calmly, "sheath your sword. Your ancestors have often drawn it, but always for, and never against, the occupant of the throne. Now, gentlemen, hear my decision, and abide faithfully by it. Seat yourselves at the table, ten on each side, the dice-box between you. You shall not be disappointed, but shall play out the game of life and death. Each dices with his opposite. He who throws the highest number escapes. He who throws the lowest, places his weapons on the empty chair, and stands against yonder wall to be executed for the traitor that he is. Thus half of your company shall live, and the other half shall seek death with such courage as may be granted them. Do you agree, or shall I give the signal?"

With unanimous voice they agreed, all excepting Baron Brunfels, who spoke not.

"Come, Baron, you and my devoted ex-chancellor were about to play when I came in. Begin the game."

"Very well," replied the baron, nonchalantly. "Steinmetz, the dice-box is near your hand; throw."

Some one placed the cubes in the leathern cup and handed it to the ex-chancellor, whose shivering fingers relieved him of the necessity of shaking the box. The dice rolled out on the table—a three, a four, and a one. Those nearest reported the total.

"Eight!" cried the king. "Now, Baron."

Baron Brunfels carelessly threw the dice into their receptacle, and a moment after the spotted bones clattered on the table.

"Three sixes!" cried the baron. "If I only had such luck when I played for money!"

The ex-chancellor's eyes were starting from his head, wild with fear.

"We have three throws," he screamed.

"Not so," said the king.

"I swear I understood that we were to have three chances," shrieked Steinmetz, springing from his chair. "But it is all illegal, and not to be borne. I will not have my life diced away to please either king or commons."

He drew his sword, and placed himself in an attitude of defense.

"Seize him; disarm him, and bind him," commanded the king. "There are enough gentlemen in this company to see that the rules of the game are adhered to."

Steinmetz, struggling and pleading for mercy, was speedily overpowered and bound; then his captors placed him against the wall, and resumed their seats at the table. The next man to be doomed was Count Staumn. The count rose from his chair, bowed to the king and to the assembled company, drew forth his sword, broke it over his knee, and walked to the wall of the condemned.

The remainder of the fearful contest was carried on in silence, but with great celerity, and before a quarter of an hour was past, ten men had their backs to the wall, while the remaining ten were seated at the table, some on one side, and some on the other.

The men ranged against the wall were downcast, for however bravely a soldier may meet death in a hostile encounter, it is a different matter to face it bound and helpless at the hands of the executioner.

A shade of sadness seemed to overspread the countenance of the king, who still occupied the position he had taken at the first, with his back towards the fire.

Baron Brunfels shifted uneasily in his seat, and glanced now and then with compassion at his sentenced comrades. He was first to break the silence.

"Your Majesty," he said, "I am always loath to see a coward die. The whimperings of your former chancellor annoy me; therefore will I gladly take his place, and give to him the life and liberty you perhaps design for me, if, in exchange, I have the privilege of speaking my mind regarding you and your precious kingship."

"Unbind the valiant Steinmetz," said

the king. "Speak your mind freely, Baron Brunfels."

The baron rose, drew his sword from the scabbard, and placed it on the table.

"Your Majesty, backed by brute force," he began, "has condemned to death ten of your subjects. You have branded us as traitors, and such we are, and so find no fault with your sentence, merely recognizing that you represent, for the time being, the upper hand. You have reminded me that my ancestors fought for yours and they never turned their swords against their sovereign. Why, then, have our swords been pointed toward your breast? Because, King Rudolph, you are yourself a traitor. You belong to the ruling class, and have turned your back upon your order.

You, a king, have made yourself a brother to the demagogue on the street corner, yearning for the cheap applause of the serf. You have shorn nobility of its privileges, and for what?"

"And for what?" echoed the king, with rising voice. "For this: that the plowman on the plain may reap what he has sown; that the shepherd on the hillside may enjoy the increase which comes to his flock; that taxation may be light; that my nobles should deal honestly with the people and not use their position for thievery and depredation; that those whom the state honors by appointing to positions of trust shall content themselves with the recompense lawfully given and refrain from peculation; that peace and security shall rest on the land; and that blood-thirsty swashbucklers shall not go up and down, inciting the people to carnage and rapine under the name of patriotism; that



"BARON BRUNFELS CRIED ALOUD: 'GENTLEMEN, THE KING!'"

the kingdom of Alluria may live in amity with its neighbors, attending to its own affairs and meddling not with the concerns of others. This is the task I set myself when I came to the throne. What fault have you to find with the program, my Lord Baron?"

"The simple fault that it is the program of a fool," replied the baron, calmly. "In following it you have gained the resentment of your nobles and have not even received the thanks of those pitiable hinds, the plowmen in the valley, or the shepherds on the hills. You have impoverished us so that the clowns may have a few more coins with which to muddle in drink their already stupid brains. You are hated in cot and castle alike. You would not stand in your place for a moment, were not an army behind you. Being a fool, you think the common people like honesty, whereas they only curse

that they have not a share in the thieving."

"The people," said the king, soberly, "have been misled. Their ear has been abused by calumny and falsehood. Had it been possible for me personally to explain to them the good that must ultimately accrue to the land where honesty rules, I am confident I would have had their united and undivided support, even though my nobles deserted me."

"Not so, your Majesty; they would listen to you and cheer you, but when the next orator came among them, promising to divide the moon and give a share to each, they would gather round his banner and hoot you from the kingdom. What care they for rectitude of government? They see no farther than the shining florin that glitters on their palm. When your nobles were rich, they came to their castles among the people and scattered their gold with a lavish hand. Little recked the peasant how it was got, so long as he shared it. 'There,' they said, 'the coin comes to us that we have not worked for.' But now, with castles deserted and retainers dismissed, the people have to sweat to wring from traders the reluctant silver, and they cry, 'Thus it was not in times of old, and this king is the cause of it;' and so they spit upon your name, and shrug their shoulders when your honesty is mentioned. And now, Rudolph of Alluria, I have done, and I go the more jauntily to my death that I have had fair speech with you before the end."

The king, whose gaze had been fixed upon the floor before him, drew a deep sigh, and when he looked up at them, his eyes were veiled with moisture.

"I thought," he said slowly, "until to-night, that I had possessed some qualities, at least, of a ruler of men. I came here alone among you, and although there are brave men in this company, yet I had the ordering of events as I chose to order them, notwithstanding that odds stood a score to one against me. I still venture to think that whatever failures have attended my eight years' rule in Alluria arose from faults of my own, and not through imperfections in the plan or want of appreciation in the people. I have now to inform you that if it is disastrous for a king to act without the coöperation of his nobles, it is equally disastrous for them to

plot against their leader. I beg to acquaint you with the fact that the insurrection so carefully prepared has broken prematurely out. My capital is in possession of the factions, who are industriously cutting each other's throats to settle which one of two smooth-tongued rascals shall be their president. While you were dicing to settle the fate of an already deposed king, and I was sentencing you to a mythical death, we were all alike being involved in common ruin. I have seen to-night more property in flames than all my savings during the last eight years would pay for. I have no horsemen at my back, and have stumbled here blindly, a much bedraggled fugitive, having lost my way in every sense of the phrase. And so I beg of the hospitality of Count Staumn another flagon of wine, and either a place of shelter for my patient horse, who has been left too long in the storm without, or else direction towards the frontier, whereupon my horse and I will set out to find it."

"Not towards the frontier!" cried Baron Brunfels, grasping again his sword and holding it aloft, "But towards the capital! We will surround you, and hew for you a way through that fickle mob back to the throne of your ancestors."

Each man sprang to his weapon, and brandished it above his head, while a ringing cheer echoed to the timbered ceiling.

"The king! The king!" they cried.

Rudolph smiled, and shook his head.

"Not so," he said. "I leave a thankless throne with a joy I find it impossible to express. As I sat on horseback, half way up the hill above the burning city, and heard the clash of arms, I was filled with amazement to think that men would actually fight for the position of ruler of the people. Whether the insurrection has brought freedom to themselves or not, the future will alone tell; but it has, at least, brought freedom to me. I now belong to myself. No man can question either my motives or my acts. Gentlemen, drink with me to the new president of Alluria, whoever he may be."

But the king drank alone, none other raising flagon to lip.

Then Baron Brunfels cried aloud:

"*Gentlemen, the king!*"

And never in the history of Alluria was a toast so heartily honored.

OUR QUEER OLD WORLD.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY,

Author of "The Old Swimmin'-Hole," "Poems Here at Home," etc.

*Fer them 'at's here in airliest infant stages,
It's a hard world:
Fer them 'at gits the knocks o' boyhood's ages,
It's a mean world:
Fer them 'at nothin's good enough they're gittin',
It's a bad world:
Fer them 'at learns at last what's right and fittin',
It's a good world.*

—THE HIRED MAN.

I.

It's a purty hard world you find, my child—
It's a purty hard world you find!
You fight, little rascal! and kick and squall,
And snort out medicine, spoon and all!
When you're here longer you'll change your mind
And simmer down sort o' half-rickonciled.
But *now*—Jee!
My!—mun-nee!
It's a purty hard world, my child!

II.

It's a purty mean world you're in, my lad—
It's a purty mean world you're in!
We know, of course, in your schoolboy-days
It's a world o' too many troublesome ways
O' tryin' things over and startin' agin—
Yit *your* chance beats what your *parents* had
But *now*—O!
Fire-and-tow!
It's a purty mean world, my lad!

III.

It's a purty bad world you've struck, young chap—
It's a purty bad world you've struck!
But study the cards 'at you hold, you know,
And your hopes 'll sprout and your mustache grow,
And your store-clothes likely 'll change your luck
And you'll rake a rich heiress right into your lap!
But *now*—Poke,
Pool—and smoke—
It's a purty bad world, young chap!

IV.

It's a purty good world this is, old man—
It's a purty good world this is!
Fer all its follies and shows and lies—
It's rainy weather, and cheeks likewise,
And age, hard-hearin', and rheumatiz.
But *we're* not a-faultin' the Lord's own plan:
All thing's jest
At their best!
It's a purty good world, old man!

W. V.—HER VIOLETS.

BY WILLIAM CANTON,

Author of "W. V.—Her Book," "The Invisible Playmate," etc.

"SHALL we go into the Forest and get some violets?" W. V. asks gleefully, as she muffles herself in what she calls her bearskin. "And can't we take the Man with us, father?"

It is a clear forenoon in mid January; crisp with frost, but bright, and there is not a ripple in the sweet air. On the morning side of things the sun has blackened roofs and footpaths and hedges, but the rest of the world looks delightfully hoar and winterly.

Now when trunks and branches are clotted white to windward, the Forest, as every one knows, is quite an exceptional place for violets. Of course, you go far and far away—through the glades and dingles of the oak-men, and past the Webs of the Iron Spider, and beyond the Water of Heart's-ease, till you are on the verge of the Blue Distances. There all the roads come to an end, and that is the real beginning of the ancient wilderness of wood, which, W. V. tells me, covered nearly the whole of England in the days before the "old Romans" came. From what she has read in history, it appears that in the rocky regions of the wold there are still plenty of bears and fierce wolves and wild stags; and that the beavers still build weirs and log-houses across the streams. Well, when you have gone far enough, you will see a fire blazing in the snow on the high rocky part of the Forest, and around it twelve strange men sitting on huge boulders, telling stories of old times.

"And if January would let April change places with him," W. V. explains, "you would see *jumbos* of violets just leaping up through the snow in a minute. And I think he would, if we said we wanted them for the Man."

You see, the Man, who has been only three months with us and has had very little to say to any one since he came, is still almost a stranger, and W. V. treats him accordingly with much deference and consideration. The bleak foggy weather had set in when he arrived, and it has grown sharper and more trying ever since;

and as he came direct from a climate of perpetual sunshine and everlasting blossom, there is always danger of his catching cold. He keeps a good deal to his own room, never goes abroad when the wind is in the east or north, and has not yet set foot in the Forest. This January day, however, is so bright and safe that we think we may lure him away; and in all the divine region of fresh air, what place is sunnier and more sheltered than the Forest? And then there is the hint of violets!

So off to the woods we go, and with us the Man, warm and snug, and companionable enough in his peculiar silent way.

It is pleasant to notice the first catkins, and to get to white sunlit spots where the snow shows that no one has preceded us. And what a delightful surprise it is to catch sight of the footprints of the wild creatures along the edge of the paths and among the bushes!

"Are the oak-men really asleep, father?" asks W. V. "Nobody else is."

We stop to examine the trail where Bunny has scuttled past. And here some small creature, a field-mouse perhaps, has waded through the fluffy drift. And do look at the bird-tracks at the foot of the big oaks!

"Oh, father, these go right inside that little hole under the root; is the bird there?"

And others go right round the trunk as though there had been a search for some small crevice of shelter.

As we wander along I think of all the change which has taken place since last I recorded our birthday rambles in the Forest. It is only a year ago, and yet how amazingly W. V. has grown in a twelve-month! Even to her the Forest is no longer quite the same vague enchanted region it used to be. Strange people have started up out of history and invaded its green solitude; on the outskirts "ancient Britons," tattooed with blue woad, have made clearings and sown corn, and "old Romans" have run a long straight

"street" through one portion of it. There still lingers in her heart a coy belief in little green-clad oak-men, and flower-elves, and subtle sylvan creatures of fancy; indeed, it was only the other day that she asked me, "How *does* the sun keep up in the sky? Is it hanging on a fairy tree?" but I notice a growing impatience at "sham stories," and a preference for what has really happened,—“something about the Romans, or the Danes or Saxons, or Jesus.” When I begin some wonderful saga, she looks up alertly, “True?”—then settles down to her enjoyment.

The shadowy figures of our old England perplex as much as they delight her imagination. I believe she cherishes a wild hope of finding some day the tiled floor of a Roman villa in a corner of her garden, “like the one in the Cotswolds, you know, father; Miss Jessie saw it.” I find a note of the following conversation, just after the last hug had been given and the gas was being turned down to a peep:

W. V. The Ancient Britons are all dead, are they not?

MOTHER. Oh yes, of course; long ago.

W. V. Then they can't come and attack us now, can they?

MOTHER. No! No one wants to attack us. Besides, we are Britons ourselves, you know.

W. V. [*after a pause*]. I suppose we are the Ancient Britons' little babies. How funny!

And so to sleep, with, it may be, lively dreams springing out of that fearsome legend which Miss Jessie inscribes (in letters of fire) on the blackboard as a writing exercise: “England was once the home of the Britons. They were wild and savage.”

In spite of her devotion to history and her love of truth, I fear W. V. cannot be counted on for accuracy. What am I to say when, in a rattle-pate mood, she tells me that not only Julius Cæsar but Oliver Cromwell was lost on board the “White Ship,”—like needles in a haystack? Her perception of the lapse of time and the remoteness of events is altogether untrustworthy. Last August we went across the Heath to visit the tumulus of Boadicea. As we passed the Ponds the sparkling of the water in the sun lit up her fancy,—“Wasn't it like fairies dancing?” After a little silence she was anxious to know whether there was a wreath on Boadicea's grave. Oh no. “Not any leaves either?” No, all the people who knew her had died long ago. There used to be two pine-trees, but they were dead too,—only two broken trunks left, which she could see

yonder against the sky. A pause, and then, “We might have taken some flowers.” Poor queen of old days, hear this, and smile and take solace! “If she hadn't poisoned herself, would she be alive now?” (Did she poison herself? How one forgets!) Alas, no! she, too, would have been dead long ago. A strange mystery, this of the long, long, long time that has gone by.

When I told her the story of the hound Gelert—“True?”—and described how, after the Prince had discovered that the child was safe, and had turned, full of pity and remorse, to the dying hound, poor Gelert had just strength to lick his hand before falling back dead, the licking of the hand moved her deeply and set her thinking for hours. Next day she wanted to know whether “that Gelert Prince” was still alive. No. Well, the Prince's son? No. *His* son then? No; it was all long, long ago.

It is incomprehensible to her that “every one” should have died so long ago. She does not understand how it happens that even I, venerable as I am, did not know the Druids, or the Saxons, or any of “those old Romans.” “You are very old, aren't you, father?—thirty-four?” “I am more than thirty-five, dear!” “That *is* a lot older than me,” somewhat dubiously. “Nearly six times.” After a long pause: “What was your first little girl's name?” “Violet, dear.” “How old would she have been?” “Nearly twenty, dearie.” “Did I ever see her, father?” “No, chuck.” “Did she ever see me?” N—— Who can tell? Perhaps, perhaps.

All these things appeal strongly to her imagination. What a delight it is to her to hear read for the twentieth time that passage about the giant Atlas in “The Heroes”: “They asked him, and he answered mildly, *pointing to the seaboard with his mighty hand*, ‘I can see the Gorgons lying on an island far away; but this youth can never come near them unless he has the hat of darkness.’” And they touch her feelings more nearly than I should have thought. On many occasions we have heard her crying shortly after being tucked up for the night. Some one always goes to her, for it is horrible to leave a child crying in the dark; and the cause of her distress has always been a mysterious pain, which vanishes at the moment any one sits down beside her. One evening, however, I had been reading her “The Wreck of the ‘Hesperus,’” and while she

was being put to bed she was telling her mother what a sad story it was—and what should she do if she thought of it in her sleep? Here was a possible clue to her troubles. Ten minutes later we heard the sound of sobbing. It was the pain, she said; the mysterious pain; but I was as certain as though I had been herself that it was

“The salt sea frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes.”

Yet another evening she begged me to stay a little while with her, as she was sure she could not fall asleep. The best way for a little girl to fall asleep, I told her—and every little girl ought to know it—is to think she is in a garden, and to gather a lot of moss-roses, and to make a chain of them; and then she must glide away over the grass, without touching it, to a stile in the green fields and wait till she hears a pattering of feet; and, almost immediately, a flock of sheep will pass by, dozens and dozens, and then a flock of lambs, and she must count them every one; and at last a lovely white lamb with a black face will come, and she must throw the rose-chain over its head and trot along beside it till she reaches the daffodil meadows where the dream-tree grows, and the lamb will lie down under the tree, and she must lie down beside it, and the tree will shake down the softest sleep on them, and there will be no waking till daylight comes. Once more, a few minutes later, there was a sound of weeping in the dark. Oh, yes, she *had* counted the sheep and the lambs, every one of them, and had got to the meadows; but one little lamb had stayed behind and had got lost in the mountains, and she could hear it crying for the others.

There is a foolish beatitude in dallying with these childish recollections, but unless I record them now I shall be the poorer to the end of time; they will vanish from memory like that diamond dust of dew which I once saw covering the nasturtium leaves with a magical, iridescent bloom. All during the summer months it has been a joy to see the world through her young eyes. She is a little shepherdess of vagrant facts and fancies, and her crook is a note of interrogation. “What is a sponge, father?” she asks. And there is a story of the blue sea-water and the strange jelly-like creature enjoying its dim life on the deep rocks, and the diver, let down from his boat by a rope with a heavy stone at the end to sink him. “Poor sponge!” says

W. V., touching it gently. As we go along the fields we see a horse lying down and another standing beside it—both of them as motionless as stone. “They think they are having their photographs taken,” says W. V. The yellow of a daisy is of course “the yolk.” On a windy May morning “it does the trees good being blown about; it is like a little walk for them.” When she sees the plane-tree catkins all fluffed over with wool, she thinks they *are* very like little kittens. Crossing the fields after dusk I tell her that all that white shimmer in the sky is the Milky Way; “Oh, is that why the cows lie out in the grass all night?” After rain I show her how the water streams down the hill and comes away in a succession of little rushes; “It is like a wet wind, isn’t it?” she observes. Having modeled an ivy leaf in clay, she wonders whether God would think it pretty good if He saw it; but “it is a pity it isn’t green.” When the foal springs up from all four hoofs drawn together and goes bounding round in a wild race, “Doesn’t he *folâtre*, father?” then in explanation, “that comes in Madame’s lesson, *Le poulain folâtre*.”

In the woods in June we gathered tiny green oaklets shooting from fallen acorns, and took them home. By-and-by we shall have oaks of our own, and a swing between them; and if we like we can climb them, for no one will then have any right to shout “Hi! come down, there!” So we planted our prospective woods, and watered them. “They think it is raining,” whispered W. V. with a laugh; “they fancy we are all indoors, don’t they?” At 7:30 P.M. on the longest day of the year the busiest of bumble-bees is diving into bell after bell of the three foxglove spires in the garden. W. V.’s head just reaches the lowest bell on the purple spire. “Little girls don’t grow as fast as foxgloves, do they?” She notices that the bells are speckled inside with irregular reddish-brown freckles on a white ground; “Just like a bird’s eggs.” This is the only plant in the garden which does not outrun its flower; there is always a fresh bell in blossom at the top; however high it goes, it always takes its joy with it. That will be a thing to tell her when she is older; meanwhile—“I *may* have some of the gloves to put on my fingers, mayn’t I, father?”

In July the planet was glorified by the arrival of her Irish terrier. She threw us and creation at large the crumbs from her table, but her heart was bound up in her

"hound." She named him Tan. "Tan," she explained, "is a better name than Dan. Tan is his color. Dan is a sleepy sort of voice (sound). If he had been called Dan, perhaps he would have been sleepy." Seeing the holes in my flower-beds and grass-plot, I wish he had. "He thinks it a world of delight to get outside," she remarks; and she is always somewhat rueful when he has to be left at home. On these occasions Tan knows he is not going, and he races round to the yard-door, where he looks out from a hole at the bottom—one bright dark brown eye and a black muzzle visible—with pleading wistfulness, "Can't I go too?" "Look at One-eye-and-a-nose!" cries W. V. "I don't think he likes that name; his proper name is Tan. It wouldn't be a bad idea to make a poem—

'One-eye-and-a-nose looks out at the gate,'

would it, father? Will you make it?" And she laughs remorselessly; but long before we return her thoughts are with the "hound." The puffing of the train is like his panting; its whistle reminds her of his howl. "I expect he will be seeking for me sorrowfully," she tells me, "but when he sees me all his sorrow will be gone. The dear old thing! You'll pat him, father, won't you?" All which contrasts drolly enough with her own occasional intolerance of tenderness. "Oh, mother, don't kiss me so much; too many kisses spoil the girl!" But then, of course, her love for her "hound" is mixed with savagery. Ever since I taught her the craft of the bow and arrow, Tan (as a wolf) goes in terror for his life. Still, it is worth noting that she continues to kiss the flowers good-night. Do flowers touch her as something more human, something more like herself in color? At any rate, Tan has not superseded them.

Early in the spring it occurred to me to ascertain the range of her vocabulary. I did not succeed, but I came to the conclusion that a child of six, of average intelligence, may be safely credited with a knowledge of at least 2,000 words. A clear practical knowledge, too; for in making up my lists I tried to test how far she had mastered the sense as well as the sound. *Punctual*, she told me, meant "just the time;" *dead*, "when you have left off breathing—and your heart stops beating, too," she added as an afterthought; *messenger*, "anybody who goes and fetches things;" then, as a bee flew

past, "a bee is a messenger; he leaves parcels of flower-dust on the sticky things that stand up in a flower." "The pistils?" "Oh yes, pistils and stamens; I remember those old words." *Flame*, she explained, is "the power of the match." What did she mean by "power"? "Oh, well, we have a power of talking;" so that flame, I gather, is a match's way of expressing itself. What was a *hero*? "Perseus was one; a very brave man who could kill a Gorgon." "*Brain* is what you think with in your head; and"—physiological afterthought—"the more you think the more crinkles there are." And *sensible*? "The opposite to silly." And *opposite*? "One at the top" (pointing to the table) "and one at the bottom; they would be opposite." *Lady*? "A woman." But a woman is not always a lady. "If she was *kind* I would know she was a lady." *Noble*? "Stately; a great person. You are the noble of the office, you know, father." "Domino," as an equivalent for "That's done with," has a ring of achievement about it, but "jumbos" in the sense of "lots," "heaps," cannot commend itself even to the worshippers of the immortal elephant. While I linger over these fond trivialities, let me set down one or two of her phrases. "You would laugh me out of my death-bed, mother," she said the other day, when her mother made a remark that greatly tickled her fancy. As the thread twanged while a button was being sewn on her boot, "Auntie, you are making the boot laugh!" "I shall clench my teeth at you, if you won't let me." "Mother, I haven't said my prayers; let me say them on your blessed lap of heaven."

What a little beehive of a brain it is, and what busy, hustling, swarming thoughts and fancies are filling its cells! I told her that God made the heavens and the earth and all things a long, long while ago. "And isn't He dead?"—like the "old Romans" and the others. "I think God must be very clever to make people. We couldn't make ourselves, could we? Is there really a man in the sky who made us?" "Not a man, a great invisible Being." "A Sorcerer? I suppose we have to give Him a name, so we call Him God." And yet at times she is distinctly orthodox. "Do you really love your father?" "Oh yes, father." "Do you worship him?" "I should think not," with a gracious smile. "Why? What is worship?" "You and mother and I and everybody worships God. He is the

greatest King in the world." I was telling her how sternly children were brought up fifty or sixty years ago; how they bowed to their father's empty chair, stood when he entered the room, did not dare speak unless they were spoken to, and always called him "sir." "Did they never say 'father'?" Did they not say it on Sundays for a treat?" A little while later, after profound reflection, she asked—"God is very old; does Jesus call Him Father?" "Yes, dear; He always called Him Father." It was only earthly fathers after all who did not suffer their babes to come to them.

Oh, the good summer days when merely to be alive is a delight. How easily we were amused! One could always float needles on a bowl of water—needles? nay, little hostile fleets of ironclads which we manœuvred with magnets, and which rammed each other and went down in wild anachronism, galley and three-decker, off Salamis or Lepanto. Did you ever play at rainbows? It is refreshing on a tropical day; but you need a conservatory with a flagged floor and the sun shining at your back. Then you syringe the inside of the glass roof, and as the showers fall in fine spray, there is the rainbow laughing on the wet pavement! When it is "too hot for anything," W. V. makes a small fire of dry leaves and dead wood under a tree, and we sit beside it making believe it is wet and wintry, and glad at heart that we have a dry nook in a cold world.

Still in the last chilly days of autumn, and afterwards, we have our resources. Regiments of infantry and squadrons of rearing chargers make a gay show, with the red and blue and white of their uniforms reflected on the polished oak table. The drummer-boys beat the charge, the buglers blow. The artillery begins; and Highlanders at the double spin right about face, and horsemen topple over in groups, and there is a mighty slaughter and a dire confusion around the man with the big drum—"his Grace's private drum." Then farewell the plumed troop and the big wars! We are Vikings now. Here is the atlas and Mercator's projection. W. V. launches her little paper boat with its paper crew, and a snoring breeze carries us through the Doldrums and across the Line, and we double the Cape of Storms and sniff the spices of Taprobane, and—behold the little island where I was born! "That little black spot, father?" "Yes." "Oh, the dear old

place!" I am surprised that the old picturesque Mappemonde, with its elephants and camel trains and walled towns and queer-rigged ships, does not interest her. She will enjoy it later.

The day closes in and the curtains are drawn, and I light a solitary candle. As I bring out the globe, she calls laughingly, "Oh, father, you can't carry the world—don't try!" Here we are in the cold of stellar space, with a sun to give us whatever season we want. With her fan she sets a wind blowing over half the planet. She distributes the sunshine in the most capricious fashion. We feel like icy gods in this bleak, blue solitude. "I suppose God made the suns to keep Himself warm." "He made you, dear, to keep me warm, and He made all of us to keep Him warm." She will get the meat out of that nut later. "I wonder what will happen when everybody is dead. Will the world go whirling round and round just as it does now?"

In all these amusements one consideration gives her huge joy: "You ought to be doing your work, oughtn't you, father?" Once, when I admitted that I really ought, she volunteered assistance. "Would it help you, father, if I was to make you a poem?" "Indeed it would, dear." "Well, then, I must think." And after due thought, this was the poem she made me:

"Two little birdies sat on a tree, having a talk with each other. In the room sat a little girl reading away at her picture-book. And in the room, as well, there was a boy playing with his horse and cart. Said one little birdie to the other, how nice it would be if you were a girl and I was a boy." (Hands are dropped full length and swept backward, and she bows.)

This was after the Man came.

Oh, the Man! I have been day-dreaming, and have forgotten the snowy woods, and the tracks of the wild creatures.

This is the story of the Man.

The Man arrived on the fifth of November. As soon as I reached home in the evening, W. V. had her lantern ready to go out Guy-Fawkesing. "I must go and see mother first, dear;" for mother had not been well. "May I go too, father?" "Certainly, dear."

We found mother looking very delicate and very happy. "We are going out to see the bonfires; we shall not be long. Give mother a kiss, dear." As W. V. approached the pillow, the clothes were gently folded back, and there on mother's arm—oh, the wonder and delight of it!—

lay the Man. W. V. gazed, reddened, looked at mother, looked at me, laughed softly, and gave expression to her feelings in a prolonged "Well!"

"You kiss him first, dear, and we'll let the little man get to sleep. He's come a long way, and is very tired."

A darling, a little gem, a dear wee man! She "wanted a boy!" How shockingly ecstatic it all was! For days her thoughts were constantly playing round him. She even forgot to give Tan his biscuits. "Even when I am an old lady I shall always be six and a half years older than Guy; and when Guy is a little old man he will be six and a half years younger than me." The very fire revealed itself in the guise of motherhood: "It has its arms about its baby." Cross-questioned by deponent: "Why, the log is the baby, father. And the fire has yellowy arms."

This was the chance, I thought, of helping her to realize Bethlehem. "The donkey and the cow would be kind to Guy, wouldn't they? They would let no one touch him." "Was Jesus very tiny and pink, too?" "And was God quite pink and tiny?" When I explained that God was not born, had never been a baby at all—"Oh, poor little boy!"

Out of the ox and the ass and Gelert and Guy she speedily made herself a wonderful drama. Watching her round the corner of my book, I saw the following puppet-play enacted, with some subdued mimetic sounds, but without a spoken word.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A doll, a cardboard dog, a horse ditto.

SCENE I. The doll gets a ride on the dog's back; the horse runs whinnying round the meadow.

SCENE II. The doll asleep; the dog and horse watching. Enter the serpent (a string of beads); crawls stealthily to the doll. The dog barks and bites. The horse jumps on the serpent. The doll wakes. Saved!

To stand and gaze at the Man is bliss; to hold him on her lap for a moment is very heaven. "Tell me what you saw when you came down," she prayed him; but the Man never blinked an eyelid (babes and alligators share this weird faculty). Mother suggested: "I saw a snow-cloud, so I made haste before the snow came." W. V. "guesses" that when *she* came she saw many lovely things, but unhappily she has forgotten them.

My daughter's admiration of my great gifts has always been exhilarating to me. Time was when I cudgeled the loud wind for clattering her windows, and saw that malignant stones and obdurate wood and iron were condignly chastised for hurting her. No one has so much mechanical genius for the mending of her dolls and slain soldiers; no one can tell her such good stories as I; no one makes up such funny poems. Now she contrasted her voice with mine—alas! *she* cannot sing Guy to sleep. Well, let us make a new song and try together:

The creatures are all at rest,
The lark in his grassy furrow,
The crow in his faggoty nest,
And Bunny's asleep in his burrow;
But this little boy—
He is no longer his mother's joy,
For he will not, will not, will not,
will not go to sleep!

Oh yes, if we sing with gentle patience and a sweet *diminuendo*, he always does go to sleep—in the long run.

I do not think there is anything she would not do for the Man. "Father, you will always be a stanch friend to Guy?" Why, naturally, and so must she; she must love him, and help him, and guide him, and be good to him all her life, for there is only one Guy and one W. V. in all the world. She has now caught hold of the notion of the little mother, of considerateness, thoughtfulness, helpfulness, self-denial, self-sacrifice.

Yesterday the little Man noticed a bird painted on a plate and put out his hand. "Fly out, little bird, to Guy!" cried W. V. It was a pretty fancy, and I wrote:

IN CHINA.

With wings green and black and a daffodil breast,
He flies day and night; without song, without rest;
Through summer, through winter—the cloudy, the clear—
Encircling the sun in the round of the year.

But now that it's April and shiny; oh, now
That nests are a-building, and bloom's on the bough,
Alight, pretty rover, and get you a mate—
Our almond's in blossom—fly out of the plate!

But this was not at all successful. There were no almonds in blossom, and it should have been, "Fly out to Guy!"

No almonds in blossom! I know the oaks are "in feathers," as W. V. says, and the Forest is full of snow; yet I feel that the almond is in blossom too.

The Man is sleeping peacefully in his time?" says W. V. with a sly gleam in her furs, but it is time we were turning for eyes.
home.

"Then we shan't get any violets this Oh, little woman, yes; the woods and the world are full of the smell of violets.

THE PARIS GAMIN.

BY TH. BENTZON (MADAME BLANC).

With drawing by Boutet de Monvel. See frontispiece.

EVERY city has its street boys or Arabs, but Paris has the monopoly of the *gamin*; for he is the product of a special civilization. Indeed, the street alone seems to have borne all the costs of his education. Still, Parisian streets are more suggestive than others; they fill his eyes and his imagination with sights and influences which develop and refine him, either for better or worse, according to his disposition, environing conditions and events. He inhales wit in puffs, while art enters at every pore; he may be lamentably precocious, idle, and even vicious, but he is never coarse in the brutal sense of the word, and never romps or flings about wildly. A pretty young girl is not offended if she is thought to have something of the look of a *gamin*, for that particular look supposes an indefinable compound of roguishness, mischief, and piquancy; and a humorous writer is delighted when his wit is said to have a touch of *gaminerie*.

Gamin, in fact, cannot be translated either by boy, urchin, scamp, or rogue, and yet it is a mixture of all these, together with much besides, all going to make up the ironical, indomitable, and unique creature named, once for all and for posterity, —Gavroche—by Victor Hugo in his great work, "Les Misérables;" although his unconscious sins and sufferings had been pictured still earlier by Eugène Sue in the character of Tortillard, and Jules Janin, with his usual mannerism, had called him "the policeman's butterfly." He is the gay rioter, the mischievous revolutionist, respecting and fearing nothing under the sun, and ever ready at a moment's notice to tear up pavements and build barricades. He is, indeed, the strangest child in France, or in the world, for that matter; good and

bad at once, without any surplus animal spirits to work off in rough-and-tumble play; but, on the other hand, having more brains than he knows what to do with; above all else, witty and critical, quizzing everybody and everything—in short, philosophy and good humor personified. He is the young chap who opens your carriage door in front of the theater and waggishly says: "Thanks, Prince," in case your gratuity is slender. It is he, too, who, after dining on two cents' worth of *galette*, his cheap and favorite pastry, puts a bit of cigarette, picked up from the pavement, between his lips, and climbs to the uppermost gallery of the theater to applaud or hiss a melodrama, interrupt the villain, and then go to the stage door to address the popular actor; for *Titi*, as the youngster is called at the "Ambigu" or the "Porte St. Martin" theaters, is a critic to whom a certain kind of authority is granted there. He sets off fire-crackers on the fourteenth of July, throws *confetti* at Carnival time, dangles from the trees and lamp-posts to watch a procession, follows the passing regiment, keeping step with it, or puts all his admiration in the word "Mazette!" when an elegant woman passes him and he turns to gaze at her with the look that Madame Récamier preferred to all compliments.

For he has taste and brilliant fancy, besides being what Americans call "smart," and our journalists frequently borrow his bold and keen wit. Gavarni must certainly have heard him make the remark he puts in the mouth of the funny urchin who, with hands crossed behind his back, stands staring at a stout lady in heavy furs and ample crinoline sailing by him: "What a barge!" No doubt he had seen

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Madame Blanc—better known, perhaps, by her pen name of "Th. Bentzon"—has long been a member of the staff of the French "Revue des Deux Mondes." (See the June number of McClure's for her interesting account of the "Revue" and its editors.) She is the recognized authority in France on English, and particularly American, literature, which has always been her special interest and study. She has, however, written a large number of novels: novels of purely French life—not the Parisian life which gives its peculiar distinction to the so-called "French school," but the wholesome life of the intelligent and worthy French middle class. As the result of her first visit to the United States, she wrote a book on the "Condition of Women in America," a series of critical essays thoroughly sympathetic and friendly, which has justly attracted wide attention and has been awarded a prize by the French Academy.

him make fun of the "single eyeglass" dandy: "They're a poor lot, anyhow; only got one eye for seein' and can't see out o' that without a skylight!" And he must have written down his criticism of a lady's very thin legs on a windy day: "Say, where did you get your tenpins?" He has illustrated his impudence by making him carelessly address a passing gentleman, disfigured by smallpox, with a "Why didn't you take out an insurance policy against hail?" and by making him say to himself, after a low whistle, on meeting a man with an unusually long nose: "I guess he got up before breakfast, the day noses were handed round!" All this free and easy impudence, flung off with inimitable accent and gestures, belongs specially to the *gamin de Paris*.

The great actor Bouffé and the greater actress Déjazet transferred the *gamin's* quaint and amusing peculiarities to the stage with endless and unvarying success, and he always holds his own at Guignol, the French Punch and Judy show, on the Champs Elysées. There are four of these small puppet booths under the clumps of trees in the neighborhood of the President's residence, the Elysée, four tiny theaters fully exposed to view, with neither roof nor inclosure for their spectators, simply a few rows of chairs, where maids and nurses sit with their young charges, while behind them there are always a number of *gamins* who, as they occupy "standing room only," do not pay, and nevertheless enjoy every good point made. The smallest, plainest, and oldest of these booths is by far more popular than the others, and alone bears the title, *par excellence*, of "Guignol." It permits its modern rivals, "Bambochet," "Gringalet," or whatever they choose to call themselves, boasting of richer decorations, and a more numerous troupe of actors, with more perfectly jointed limbs; but Polichinelle, the constable, and the two traditional Guignols, father and son, the latter a *gamin*, belong to the oldest booth, and sufficiently explain a popularity which has lasted for several generations.

The legless actors, seen only to the waist, are moved by means of three fingers, and the "squeaker," a little tin instrument in the invisible showman's mouth, produces very amusing varieties of shrill or hoarse voices, with that genuine Parisian drawl and throaty roll of the letter *R* called *grassement*. Young Guignol, the *gamin*, wears a blue linen

blouse, a leather belt, and his cap awry. He surpasses even Polichinelle in squabbling with the landlord whom his father refuses to pay, and in playing tricks on the constable sent to arrest the family and lead them off to prison. The two representatives of law and order are invariably clubbed and circumvented, to the delirious joy of the young spectators, and they applaud Guignol's success with all their might.

In fact, both the *gamin*, from his earliest days, as well as the French Punch, have a strong tendency to oppose the ruling powers, although this opposition is usually limited to making a noise.

He may, however, become a much more seriously conspicuous figure in revolutionary times, and far more than a mere nuisance, even going as far as burning down buildings "for fun," as he did, alas! during the Commune. Yet we must add that he is just as likely to die at thirteen, like little Bara, shouting "Vive la république!" when "Vive le roi!" would have saved his life.

One of Charlet's splendid drawings shows two *gamins*, six or seven years old, in rags, under their newspaper *soldier hats*, their wooden swords at their side, playing at "war" and shouting: "The guard dies, but does not surrender!"

The *gamin* has always been infatuated with "the Little Corporal" in his gray overcoat, but he, however, not being logical, is fond of liberty. Delacroix has painted him black with gunpowder under his torn cap, standing, pistol in hand, on one of the street barricades during the revolution of 1830. In 1848 we saw him scale the very throne of Louis Philippe at the Tuileries, and have himself carried about on it in triumph. Always impulsive, he is as ready to save as to destroy, and will leap into the Seine to rescue a drowning child of his own age without ever stopping to think whether he knows how to swim or not.

What is he doing when not playing tops or marbles in the gutter? Sometimes he is a plasterer's help, and so powdered with white dust as to seem Pierrot himself; sometimes an apprentice in a green linen apron; or a pastry-cook's boy, clothed in a questionably white cotton suit from head to heels, balancing his basket on his head as he saunters along; or a printer's "devil" in blouse and paper cap; or he pushes a hand-cart, or sells flowers, newspapers, matches, etc.; or he may join the army of young telegraph messengers. He may,

by chance, rise to the position of errand-boy in a lawyer's office, or even soar to the elegance of a painter's *rapin*.

Who knows what his future may be? There are painters and sculptors who began by sweeping studios, and some of these *gamins* have quick and bright minds and clever hands; they catch everything on the wing, and assimilate it without taking the trouble to study. There are others, nevertheless, who, after having tried several trades, follow none of them, but pass from loafing to idleness, turn out badly, and finally are arrested for misdemeanors. Some of them, true to their instincts, manage to be amusing even when on trial, by their cynicism under the unfortunate circumstances.

Usually puny in appearance—for misery has been his foster-mother—the *gamin* seems younger than he is; this adds a spice to his remarks, which he scatters about him like fireworks. His sharp, sneering features, utterly devoid of the least trace of innocence, can be seen in every crowd, at every public demonstration. He hums the newest tunes, learns all that is going on, and glean enough to form an opinion on politics by glancing at the newspapers exposed for sale. General Boulanger was his idol. He can be seen

walking impudently into confectioners' shops, where he asks for stale cakes, and they are rarely refused him. If he is the owner of two cents, the chestnut-roaster may be sure of his early visit, and his piping-hot dinner is easily carried away in a paper cornucopia. As far as school is concerned, he prefers playing truant. Compulsory education has put a stop to that in a certain measure, and will probably modify the type by degrees. But the genuine *gamin* is always ready to run away from *hard duty*, and continues to be the special model of the incorrigible city lounge and idler. In spite of all this, as he grows older he often develops into a good workman or soldier, unless he has become a good-for-nothing too early; for no more impressionable or mobile imagination than his can be found anywhere, or one more easily carried to extremes.

The very considerable number of criminals under twenty, who are a characteristic feature of these times, would seem to prove that even though he may lose some of his drollness and picturesqueness thereby, the *gamin* needs to be disciplined and curbed. Otherwise Gavroche will finally increase the battalion of young blackguards who, after all, are really nothing but unfledged gallows-birds.

THE FIRST MEETING OF LINCOLN AND GRANT.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

An account based on the testimony of eye-witnesses, Grant's own account, Congressional reports, and other original documents.

JUST as Grant's success at Vicksburg had brought him to the command of the armies in the West, so his superb campaign at Chattanooga led to the thought that he was the one man in America to command in the East. Rightly or wrongly, the feeling grew that the leaders of movements in the East were insufficient. Grant was the man. Make him commander-in-chief in place of Halleck.

Halleck professed entire willingness to be deposed in Grant's favor. He said: "I took it against my will and shall be most happy to leave it as soon as another is designated to fill it. . . . We have no time to quibble and contend for pride of personal opinion. On this subject there appears to be a better feeling among the officers of the West than here."

In general the demand was that Grant should lead the Army of the Potomac against Lee. But a larger scheme was on foot. Washburne introduced into Congress a bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general, which had died with Washington, though General Scott had borne it by brevet. To the ebullient patriots of the lower house nothing was now too good for General Grant, and the bill was received with applause. There was no concealment of their wishes. They recommended Grant by name for the honor.

Washburne took much pride in his early advocacy of Grant, and called on his colleagues to witness whether his *protégé* had not more than fulfilled all prophecies. "He has fought more battles and won more victories than any man living. He

has captured more prisoners and taken more guns than any general of modern times." The bill passed the lower house by a vote of ninety-six to fifty-two, and the Senate with but six dissenting votes. In the Senate, however, the recommendation of Grant was stricken out, although it was suggested that the President might appoint some one else to the new rank instead of Grant.

But the President was impatient to put Grant into the high place. He had himself had to plan battles and adjudicate between rival commanders, in addition to his presidential duties, until he was worn out. With a profound sigh of relief he signed the bill and nominated General Grant to be the Lieutenant-General of the Armies of the United States.

Grant was at Nashville when an order came from the Secretary of War directing him to report in person to the War Department. His first thought seems to have been of Sherman, and his next of McPherson. On March 4, 1864, in a private letter, he wrote:

Dear Sherman: The bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General in the army has become a law, and my name has been sent to the Senate for the place. I now receive orders to report to Washington in person, which indicates either a confirmation or a likelihood of confirmation. I start in the morning to comply with the order; but I shall say very distinctly on my arrival there, that I accept no appointment which will require me to make that city my headquarters. This, however, is not what I started to write about.

Whilst I have been eminently successful in this war in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I how much of this success is due to the skill and energy, and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill, of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying a subordinate position under me.

There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate to their ability as soldiers; but what I want is to express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and suggestions have been of service you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I. I feel all the gratitude this letter can express, giving it the most flattering construction.

The word "you" I use in the plural, intending it for McPherson also. I should write him, and will some day; but starting in the morning, I do not know that I will find time now.

To this modest, manly, and deeply grateful letter Sherman replied in kind. The friendship between these three men was of the most noble and unselfish character, difficult to parallel. Sherman said:

Dear General: You do yourself injustice and us too much honor in assigning to us too large a share of the merits which have led to your high advancements. . . . You are Washington's legitimate successor, and occupy a place of almost dangerous elevation; but if you can continue, as heretofore, to be yourself, simple, honest, and unpretending, you will enjoy through life the respect and love of friends and the homage of millions of human beings that will award you a large share in securing them and their descendants a government of law and stability. . . .

Until you had won Donelson I confess I was almost cowed by the terrible array of anarchical elements that presented themselves at every point; but that admitted the ray of light which I have followed ever since.

I believe you are as brave, patriotic, and just as the great prototype Washington; as unselfish, kind-hearted, and honest as a man should be; but the chief characteristic is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in a Saviour. This faith gave you victory at Shiloh and Vicksburg. Also, when you have completed your last preparations, you go into battle without hesitation, as at Chattanooga, no doubts, no reserves; and I tell you it was this that made us act with confidence. I knew wherever I was that you thought of me, and if I got in a tight place you would come if alive.

Now as to the future. Don't stay in Washington. Halleck is better qualified than you to stand the buffets of intrigue and policy. Come west. Take to yourself the whole Mississippi Valley. . . . Here lies the seat of coming empire, and from the West, when our tasks are done, we will make short work of Charleston and Richmond and the impoverished coast of the Atlantic.

With some such feeling in his own heart General Grant went to Washington to report to the War Department and to see Lincoln, whom up to this time he had never met. Of intrigue and jealousy he was aware the Western army had enough, but he knew they were weak and mild compared to the division and bitterness at the East. He had no fear of Lee—he was eager to meet him—but he feared the politicians, the schemes, the influences of the capital. He went with the intention of returning to Chattanooga at once and making it his headquarters.

He arrived in Washington late in the afternoon, and went at once to a hotel. As he modestly asked for a room the clerk loftily said, "I have nothing but a room on the top floor."

"Very well, that will do," said Grant, registering his name.

The clerk gave one glance at the name, and nearly leaped over the desk in his eagerness to place the best rooms in the house at Grant's disposal.

As Grant entered the dining-room, some one said, "Who is that major-general?" His shoulder-straps had betrayed him.

The inquiry spread till some one recognized him. "Why, that is Lieutenant-General Grant!"

A cry arose—"Grant—Grant—Grant!" The guests sprang to their feet, wild with excitement. "Where is he?" "Which is he?"

Some one proposed three cheers for Grant, and when they were given, Grant was forced to rise and bow, and then the crowd began to surge toward him. He was unable to finish his dinner, and fled.

Accompanied by Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania, he went to the White House to report to the President. Doubtless he would not have gone had he known that the President was holding a reception, for he was in his every-day uniform, which was considerably worn and faded. The word had passed swiftly that Grant was in town and that he would call upon the President; therefore the crowd was denser than usual. They did not recognize him at first; but as the news spread, a curious murmur arose, and those who stood beside the President heard it and turned toward the door. As Grant entered, a hush fell over the room. The crowd moved back, and left the two chief men of all the nation facing each other.

Lincoln took Grant's small hand heartily in his big clasp, and said, "I'm glad to see you, General."

It was an impressive meeting. There stood the supreme executive of the nation and the chief of its armies—the one tall, gaunt, almost formless, with wrinkled, warty face, and deep, sorrowful eyes; the other compact, of good size, but looking small beside the tall President, his demeanor modest, almost timid, but in the broad, square head and in the close-clipped lips showing decision, resolution, and unconquerable bravery. In some fateful way these two men, both born in humble conditions, far from the esthetic, the superfine, the scholarly, now stood together—the rail-splitter and the prop-hauler. In their hands was more power for good than any kings on earth possessed. They came of the West, but they stood for the whole nation and for the Union and for the rights of man. The striking together of their hands in a compact to put down rebellion and free the blacks was perceived to be one of the supremest moments of our history.

For only an instant they stood there. Grant passed on into the East Room, where the crowd flung itself upon him. He was cheered wildly, and the room was

jammed with people, crazy to touch his hands. He was forced to stand on a sofa and show himself. He blushed like a girl. The handshaking brought streams of perspiration from his forehead and over his face. The hot room and the crowd and the excitement swelled every vein in his brow, till he looked more like a soldier fighting for his life than a hero in a drawing-room. There was something delightfully diffident and fresh and unspoiled about him, and words of surprise gave way to phrases of affection. He was seen to be the plain man his friends claimed him to be: homespun, unaffected, sincere, and resolute.

He was relieved at last by the approach of a messenger to call him to Mrs. Lincoln's side. With her he made a tour of the room, followed by the President with a lady on his arm, Lincoln's rugged face beaming with amused interest in his new general-in-chief. This ended Grant's sufferings for the moment. The President, upon reaching comparative privacy, said:

"I am to formally present you with your commission to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. I know, General, your dread of speaking, so I shall read what I have to say. It will only be four or five sentences. I would like you to say something in reply which will soften the feeling of jealousy among the officers and encourage the nation."

At last the general escaped from the close air of the room, and as he felt the cool wind on his face outside the White House, he wiped the sweat from his brow, drew a long breath of relief, and said: "I hope that ends the show business."

There were solemnity and a marked formality in the presentation of the commission. In the presence of his cabinet, the President rose and stood facing General Grant, beside whom was his little son and the members of his staff. From a slip of paper the President read these words:

General Grant: The nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to be done, in the existing great struggle, are now presented with this commission constituting you Lieutenant-General in the Army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you, also, a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add, that with what I here speak goes my own hearty concurrence.

General Grant's reply was equally simple, but his hands shook, and he found some difficulty in controlling his voice.

Mr. President: I accept the commission, with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought in so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon me; and I know that if they are met it will be due to those armies and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men.

The two men again shook hands. Lincoln seemed to be profoundly pleased with Grant. He found in him one of his own people, suited to his own conception of an American citizen: a man of "the plain people," whom, he said, God must have loved. He made so many of them. He liked Grant's modesty, and was too shrewd to call it weakness. He had tried handsome and dashing generals, and big and learned generals, and cautious and strategic generals, and generals who filled a uniform without a wrinkle, and who glittered and gleamed on the parade and had voices like golden bugles, and who could walk the polished floor of a ball-room with the grace of a dancing-master; and generals bearded and circumspect and severe. Now he was to try a man who despised show, who never drew his sabre or raised his voice or danced attendance upon women; a shy, simple-minded, reticent man, who fought battles with one sole purpose to put down the rebellion and restore peace to the nation; a man who executed orders swiftly, surely, and expected the like obedience in others; a man who hated politics and despised trickery.

A heavy rain was falling the second day of Grant's stay in Washington, but he did not allow it to interfere with his work. All day he rode about visiting the fortifications. That night he dined with Secretary Seward, delighting everybody by his simple directness of manner. He said little, but every word counted. The city was mad to see him. All day crowds surged to and fro in the hope of catching a momentary glimpse of him. A thousand invitations to dine were waiting him; but he kept under cover, and the next day he started for the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac. He spent one day in swift, absorbed study of the situation. The day after, he returned to Washington and started for Nashville to arrange his affairs there so that he could return East. He had found it necessary to take command of the Army of the Potomac in person, or at least to make his headquarters in

the field with it. He told the President that nine days would enable him to put his Western command in shape to leave it.

This intent, undeviating, and unhesitating action was a revelation of power to the East. The New York "Tribune" said: "He hardly slept on his long journey East, yet he went to work at once. Senators state with joy that he is not going to hire a house in Washington and make war ridiculous by attempting to manœuvre battles from an armchair in Washington." His refusal to dine and to lend himself to any "show business" was commented on with equal joy. The citizens of Washington could scarcely believe he had visited the city at all. The New York "Herald" said: "We have found our hero."

Returning to Nashville, he quickly made his dispositions. His own command there, Sherman was to take; and McPherson, Sherman's, while Logan moved into McPherson's command. These men Grant felt that he could trust absolutely, and though disappointed rivals complained severely, it made no difference. Promptly at the end of his nine days he was back in Washington.

On the day of his return he held his first interview with Lincoln alone. Lincoln said, in his half-humorous fashion: "I have never professed to be a military man, nor to know how campaigns should be conducted, and never wanted to interfere in them. But procrastination on the part of generals, and the pressure of the people at the North and of Congress, which is always with one, have forced me into issuing a series of military orders. I don't know but they were all wrong, and I'm pretty certain some of them were. All I wanted, or ever wanted, is some one to take the responsibility and *act*—and call on me for all assistance needed. I pledge myself to use all the power of government in rendering such assistance." *That* was the substance of the interview, Grant replying simply: "I will do the best I can, Mr. President, with the means at hand." He went straight to headquarters at Culpeper, and the newspapers delightedly quoted him as saying on his arrival: "There will be no grand review and no show business."

Lincoln said later, in reply to a question: "I don't know General Grant's plans, and I don't want to know them. Thank God, I've got a general at last!"

ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER—SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Viscount Anne de St. Ives, under the name of Champdivers, while held a prisoner of war in Edinburgh Castle, attracts the sympathy of Flora Gilchrist, who, out of curiosity, visits the prisoners, attended by her brother Ronald. On her account St. Ives kills a comrade, Goguelat, in a duel, fought secretly in the night, with the divided blades of a pair of scissors. An officer of the prison, Major Chevenix, discovers the secret of the duel and of St. Ives's interest in the young lady: a fact that promises importance later. Having escaped from prison, St. Ives plans to proceed to a rich uncle in England, Count de K roual, who, as he has learned from a solicitor, Daniel Romaine, is near dying, and

is likely to make him his heir in place of a cousin, Alain de St. Ives. First, however, he steals to the home of Flora Gilchrist. Discovered there by the aunt with whom Flora lives, he is regarded with suspicion; but still is helped to escape across the border, under the guidance of two drovers. Thus he comes to one Burchell Fenn, whose business is to help French fugitives southward. He continues his journey in Fenn's cart, with two fellow-countrymen, a colonel and a major. The colonel dies by the way. Then, in an inn, St. Ives and the major run up against a suspicious attorney's clerk, who would arrest them. As soon as they can, they separately flee from the inn.

CHAPTER XV.—*Continued.*

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ATTORNEY'S CLERK.

I WAS scarce clear of the inn before the limb of the law was at my heels. I saw his face plain in the moonlight; and the most resolute purpose showed in it, along with an unmoved composure. A chill went over me. "This is no common adventure," thinks I to myself. "You have got hold of a man of character, St. Ives! A bite-hard, a bull-dog, a weasel is on your trail; and how are you to throw him off?" Who was he? By some of his expressions I judged he was a hanger-on of courts. But in what character had he followed the assizes? As a simple spectator, as a lawyer's clerk, as a criminal himself, or—last and worst supposition—as a Bow-Street "runner"?

The cart would wait for me, perhaps, half a mile down our onward road, which I was already following. And I told myself that in a few minutes' walking, Bow-Street runner or not, I should have him at my mercy. And then reflection came to me in time. Of all things, one was out of the question. Upon no account must this obtrusive fellow see the cart. Until I had killed or shook him off, I was quite divorced from my companions—alone, in

the midst of England, on a frosty by-way leading whither I knew not, with a sleuth-hound at my heels, and never a friend but the holly-stick!

We came at the same time to a crossing of lanes. The branch to the left was overhung with trees, deeply sunken and dark. Not a ray of moonlight penetrated its recesses; and I took it at a venture. The wretch followed my example in silence; and for some time we crunched together over frozen pools without a word. Then he found his voice, with a chuckle.

"This is not the way to Mr. Merton's," said he.

"No?" said I. "It is mine, however."

"And therefore mine," said he.

Again we fell silent; and we may thus have covered half a mile before the lane, taking a sudden turn, brought us forth again into the moonshine. With his hooded great-coat on his back, his valise in his hand, his black wig adjusted, and footing it on the ice with a sort of sober doggedness of manner, my enemy was changed almost beyond recognition: changed in everything but a certain dry, polemical, pedantic air, that spoke of a sedentary occupation and high stools. I observed, too, that his valise was heavy; and putting this and that together, hit upon a plan.

"A seasonable night, sir," said I.

"What do you say to a bit of running? The frost has me by the toes."

"With all the pleasure in life," says he.

His voice seemed well assured, which pleased me little. However, there was nothing else to try, except violence, for which it would always be too soon. I took to my heels, accordingly, he after me; and for some time the slapping of our feet on the hard road might have been heard a mile away. He had started a pace behind me, and he finished in the same position. For all his extra years and the weight of his valise, he had not lost a hair's breadth. Another might race him for me—I had enough of it!

And, besides, to run so fast was contrary to my interests. We could not run long without arriving somewhere. At any moment we might turn a corner and find ourselves at the lodge-gate of some Squire Merton, in the midst of a village whose constable was sober, or in the hands of a patrol. There was no help for it—I must finish with him on the spot, as long as it was possible. I looked about me, and the place seemed suitable: never a light, never a house—nothing but stubble-fields, fallows, and a few stunted trees. I stopped and eyed him in the moonlight with an angry stare.

"Enough of this foolery!" said I.

He had turned, and now faced me full, very pale, but with no sign of shrinking.

"I am quite of your opinion," said he. "You have tried me at the running; you can try me next at the high jump. It will be all the same. It must end the one way."

I made my holly whistle about my head.

"I believe you know what way!" said I. "We are alone, it is night, and I am wholly resolved. Are you not frightened?"

"No," he said, "not in the smallest. I do not box, sir; but I am not a coward, as you may have supposed. Perhaps it will simplify our relations if I tell you at the outset that I walk armed."

Quick as lightning I made a feint at his head; as quickly he gave ground, and at the same time I saw a pistol glitter in his hand.

"No more of that, Mr. French-Prisoner!" he said. "It will do me no good to have your death at my door."

"Faith, nor me either!" said I; and I lowered my stick and considered the man, not without a twinkle of admiration. "You see," I said, "there is one consideration that you appear to overlook: there

are a great many chances that your pistol may miss fire."

"I have a pair," he returned. "Never travel without a brace of barkers."

"I make you my compliment," said I. "You are able to take care of yourself, and that is a good trait. But, my good man, let us look at this matter dispassionately. You are not a coward, and no more am I; we are both men of excellent sense; I have good reason, whatever it may be, to keep my concerns to myself and to walk alone. Now, I put it to you pointedly, am I likely to stand it? Am I likely to put up with your continued and—excuse me—highly impudent *ingérence* into my private affairs?"

"Another French word," says he composedly.

"Oh! bother your French words!" cried I. "You seem to be a Frenchman yourself!"

"I have had many opportunities, by which I have profited," he explained. "Few men are better acquainted with the similarities and differences, whether of idiom or accent, of the two languages."

"You are a pompous fellow, too!" said I.

"Oh, I can make distinctions, sir," says he. "I can talk with Bedfordshire peasants; and I can express myself becomingly, I hope, in the company of a gentleman of education like yourself."

"If you set up to be a gentleman—" I began.

"Pardon me!" he interrupted. "I make no such claim. I only see the nobility and gentry in the way of business. I am quite a plain person."

"Come," I exclaimed, "set my mind at rest upon one point. In the name of mystery, who and what are you?"

"I have no cause to be ashamed of my name, sir," said he; "nor yet my trade. I am Thomas Dudgeon, at your service, clerk to Mr. Daniel Romaine, solicitor of London; High Holborn is our address, sir."

It was only by the ecstasy of the relief that I knew how horribly I had been frightened. I flung my stick on the road.

"Romaine?" I cried. "Daniel Romaine? An old hunk with a red face and a big head, and got up like a Quaker? My dear friend, to my arms!"

"Keep back, I say!" said Dudgeon weakly.

I would not listen to him. With the end of my own alarm, I felt as if I must infallibly be at the end of all dangers likewise;

as if the pistol that he held in one hand were no more to be feared than the valise that he carried with the other and now put up like a barrier against my advance.

"Keep back, or I declare I will fire," he was crying. "Have a care! My pistol—"

He might scream as he pleased. Willy nilly, I folded him to my breast, I pressed him there, I kissed his ugly mug as it had never been kissed before and would never be kissed again; and in the doing so knocked his wig awry and his hat off. He bleated in my embrace; so bleats the sheep in the arms of the butcher. The whole thing, on looking back, appears incomparably reckless and absurd; I no better than a madman for offering to advance on Dudgeon, and he no better than a fool for not shooting me while I was about it. But all's well that ends well; or, as the people in these days kept singing and whistling on the streets:

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
And looks out for the life of poor Jack."

"There!" said I, releasing him a little, but still keeping my hands on his shoulders, "*je vous ai bel et bien embrassé*—and, as you would say, there is another French word." With his wig over one eye, he looked incredibly rueful and put out. "Cheer up, Dudgeon; the ordeal is over, you shall be embraced no more. But do, first of all, put away your pistol; you handle it as if it were a cockatrice; some time or other, depend upon it, it will certainly go off. Here is your hat. No, let me put it on square, and the wig before it. Never suffer any stress of circumstances to come between you and the duty you owe to yourself. If you have nobody else to dress for, dress for God!

Put your wig straight
On your bald pate,
Keep your chin scraped,
And your figure draped.

Can you match me that? The whole duty of man in a quatrain! And remark, I do not set up to be a professional bard; these are the outpourings of a *dilettante*."

"But, my dear sir!" he exclaimed.

"But, my dear sir!" I echoed, "I will allow no man to interrupt the flow of my ideas. Give me your opinion on my quatrain, or I vow we shall have a quarrel of it."

"Certainly you are quite an original," he said.

"Quite," said I; "and I believe I have my counterpart before me."

"Well, for a choice," says he, smiling, "and whether for sense or poetry, give me

'Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather and prunello.'"

"Oh, but that's not fair—that's Pope! It's not original, Dudgeon. Understand me," said I, wringing his breast-button, "the first duty of all poetry is to be mine, sir—mine. Inspiration now swells in my bosom, because—to tell you the plain truth, and descend a little in style—I am greatly relieved at the turn things have taken. So, I dare say, are you yourself, Dudgeon, if you would only allow it. And *à propos*, let me ask you a home question. Between friends, have you ever fired that pistol?"

"Why, yes, sir," he replied. "Twice—at hedgesparrows."

"And you would have fired at me, you bloody-minded man?" I cried.

"If you go to that, you seemed mighty reckless with your stick," said Dudgeon.

"Did I indeed? Well, well, 'tis all past history; ancient as King Pharamond—which is another French word, if you cared to accumulate more evidence," says I. "But happily we are now the best of friends, and have all our interests in common."

"You go a little too fast, if you'll excuse me, Mr. — I do not know your name, that I am aware," said Dudgeon.

"No, to be sure!" said I. "Never heard of it!"

"A word of explanation—" he began.

"No, Dudgeon!" I interrupted. "Be practical; I know what you want, and the name of it is supper. *Rien ne creuse comme l'émotion*. I am hungry myself, and yet I am more accustomed to warlike palpitations than you, who are but a hunter of hedgesparrows. Let me look at your face critically: your bill of fare is three slices of cold rare roast beef, a Welsh rabbit, a pot of stout, and a glass or two of sound tawny port, old in bottle—the right milk of Englishmen." Methought there seemed a brightening in his eye and a melting about his mouth at this enumeration.

"The night is young," I continued; "not much past eleven, for a wager. Where can we find a good inn? And remark that I say *good*, for the port must be up to the occasion—not a headache in a pipe of it."

"Really, sir," he said, smiling a little, "you have a way of carrying things—"

"Will nothing make you stick to the subject?" I cried. "You have the most irrelevant mind! How do you expect to rise in your profession? The inn?"

"Well, I will say you are a facetious gentleman!" said he. "You must have your way, I see. We are not three miles from Bedford by this very road."

"Done!" cried I. "Bedford be it!"

I tucked his arm under mine, possessed myself of the valise, and walked him off unresisting. Presently we came to an open piece of country lying a thought down hill. The road was smooth and free of ice, the moonshine thin and bright over the meadows and the leafless trees. I was now honestly done with the purgatory of the covered cart; I was close to my great-uncle's; I had no more fear of Mr. Dudgeon; which were all grounds enough for jollity. And I was aware, besides, of us two as of a pair of tiny and solitary dolls under the vast frosty cupola of the midnight; the rooms decked, the moon burnished, the least of the stars lighted, the floor swept and waxed, and nothing wanting but for the band to strike up and the dancing to begin. In the exhilaration of my heart I took the music on myself—

Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
And merrily danced the Quaker."

I broke into that animated and appropriate air, clapped my arm about Dudgeon's waist, and away down the hill at a dancing step! He hung back a little at the start, but the impulse of the tune, the night, and my example were not to be resisted. A man made of putty must have danced, and even Dudgeon showed himself to be a human being. Higher and higher were the capers that we cut; the moon repeated in shadow our antic footsteps and gestures; and it came over my mind of a sudden—really like balm—what appearance of man I was dancing with, what a long bilious countenance he had shown under his shaven pate, and what a world of trouble the rascal had given me in the immediate past.

Presently we began to see the lights of Bedford. My Puritanic companion stopped and disengaged himself.

"This is a trifle *infra dig.*, sir, is it not?" said he. "A party might suppose we had been drinking."

"And so you shall be, Dudgeon," said I. "You shall not only be drinking, you old hypocrite, but you shall be drunk—dead drunk, sir—and the boots shall put you to

bed! We'll warn him when we go in. Never neglect a precaution; never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day!"

But he had no more frivolity to complain of. We finished our stage and came to the inn door with decorum, to find the house still alight and in a bustle with many late arrivals; to give our orders with a prompt severity which ensured obedience, and to be served soon after at a side-table, close to the fire, and in a blaze of candle-light, with such a meal as I had been dreaming of for days past. For days, you are to remember, I had been skulking in the covered cart, a prey to cold, hunger, and an accumulation of discomforts that might have daunted the most brave; and the white table napery, the bright crystal, the reverberation of the fire, the red curtains, the Turkey carpet, the portraits on the coffee-room wall, the placid faces of the two or three late guests who were silently prolonging the pleasures of digestion, and (last, but not by any means least) a glass of an excellent light dry port, put me in a humor only to be described as heavenly. The thought of the colonel, of how he would have enjoyed this snug room and roaring fire, and of his cold grave in the wood by Market Bosworth, lingered on my palate, *a mari aliqua*, like an after-taste, but was not able—I say it with shame—entirely to dispel my self-complacency. After all, in this world every dog hangs by its own tail. I was a free adventurer, who had just brought to a successful end—or, at least, within view of it—an adventure very difficult and alarming; and I looked across at Mr. Dudgeon, as the port rose to his cheeks, and a smile, that was semi-confidential and a trifle foolish, began to play upon his leathery features, not only with composure, but with a suspicion of kindness. The rascal had been brave, a quality for which I would value any one; and if he had been pertinacious in the beginning, he had more than made up for it before the end.

"And now, Dudgeon, to explain," I began. "I know your master, he knows me, and he knows and approves of my errand. So much I may tell you, that I am on my way to Amersham Place."

"Oho!" quoth Dudgeon, "I begin to see."

"I am heartily glad of it," said I, passing the bottle, "because that is about all I can tell. You must take my word for the remainder. Either believe me, or don't. If you don't, let's take a chaise;

you can carry me to-morrow to High Holborn, and confront me with Mr. Romaine; the result of which will be to set your mind at rest—and to make the holiest disorder in your master's plans. If I judge you aright (for I find you a shrewd fellow), this will not be at all to your mind. You know what a subordinate gets by officiousness; if I can trust my memory, old Romaine has not at all the face that I should care to see in anger; and I venture to predict surprising results upon your weekly salary—if you are paid by the week, that is. In short, let me go free, and 'tis an end of the matter; take me to London, and 'tis only a beginning—and, by my opinion, a beginning of troubles. You can take your choice."

"And that is soon taken," said he. "Go to Amersham to-morrow, or wherever you will—I wash my hands of you and the whole transaction. No, you don't find me putting my head in between Romaine and a client! A good man of business, sir, but hard as millstone grit. I might get the sack, and I shouldn't wonder! But, it's a pity, too," he added, and sighed, shook his head, and took his glass off sadly.

"That reminds me," said I. "I have a great curiosity, and you can satisfy it. Why were you so forward to meddle with poor Mr. Dubois? Why did you transfer your attentions to me? And, generally, what induced you to make yourself such a nuisance?"

He blushed deeply.

"Why, sir," says he, "there *is* such a thing as patriotism, I hope."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HOME-COMING OF MR. ROWLEY'S VISCOUNT.

By eight the next morning Dudgeon and I had made our parting. By that time we had grown to be extremely familiar; and I would very willingly have kept him by me, and even carried him to Amersham Place. But it appeared he was due at the public-house where we had met, on some affairs of my great-uncle the Count, who had an outlying estate in that part of the shire. If Dudgeon had had his way the night before, I should have been arrested on my uncle's land and by my uncle's agent, a culmination of ill-luck.

A little after noon I started, in a hired chaise, by way of Dunstable. The mere

mention of the name Amersham Place made every one supple and smiling. It was plainly a great house, and my uncle lived there in style. The fame of it rose as we approached, like a chain of mountains; at Bedford they touched their caps, but in Dunstable they crawled upon their bellies. I thought the landlady would have kissed me; such a flutter of cordiality, such smiles, such affectionate attentions were called forth, and the good lady bustled on my service in such a pother of ringlets and with such a jingling of keys. "You're probably expected, sir, at the Place? I do trust you may 'ave better accounts of his lordship's 'elth, sir. We understood that his lordship, Mosha de Carwell, was main bad. Ha, sir, we shall all feel his loss, poor, dear, noble gentleman; and I'm sure nobody more polite! They do say, sir, his wealth is enormous, and before the Revolution quite a prince in his own country! But I beg your pardon, sir; 'ow I do run on, to be sure; and doubtless all bekknown to you already! For you do resemble the family, sir. I should have known you anywheres by the likeness to the dear viscount. Ha, poor gentleman, he must 'ave a 'eavy 'eart these days."

In the same place I saw out of the inn windows a man-servant passing in the livery of my house, which you are to think I had never before seen worn, or not that I could remember. I had often enough, indeed, pictured myself advanced to be a Marshal, a Duke of the Empire, a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and some other kickshaws of the kind, with a perfect rout of flunkies correctly dressed in my own colors. But it is one thing to imagine, and another to see. It would be one thing to have these liveries in a house of my own in Paris; it was quite another to find them flaunting in the heart of hostile England; and I fear I should have made a fool of myself, if the man had not been on the other side of the street and I at a one-pane window. There was something illusory in this transplantation of the wealth and honors of a family, a thing by its nature so deeply rooted in the soil; something ghostly in this sense of home-coming so far from home.

From Dunstable I rolled away into a crescendo of similar impressions. There are certainly few things to be compared with these castles, or rather country seats, of the English nobility and gentry; nor anything at all to equal the servility of the population that dwells in their neighbor-

hood. Though I was but driving in a hired chaise, word of my destination seemed to have gone abroad, and the women curtsied and the men louted to me by the wayside. As I came near, I began to appreciate the roots of this widespread respect. The look of my uncle's park wall, even from the outside, had something of a princely character; and when I came in view of the house itself, a sort of madness of vicarious vainglory struck me dumb and kept me staring. It was about the size of the Tuileries. It faced due north; and the last rays of the sun, that was setting like a red-hot shot amidst a tumultuous gathering of snow-clouds, were reflected on the endless rows of windows. A portico of Doric columns adorned the front, and would have done honor to a temple. The servant who received me at the door was civil to a fault—I had almost said, to offense; and the hall to which he admitted me through a pair of glass doors was warmed and already partly lighted by a liberal chimney heaped with the roots of beeches.

"Vicomte Anne de St.-Yves," said I, in answer to the man's question; whereupon he bowed before me lower still, and stepping upon one side introduced me to the truly awful presence of the majordomo. I have seen many dignitaries in my time, and none who quite equaled this eminent being. He was great, he was good, he was sleek, he was obsequious, he had not an "h" in his composition, and with all these qualities he was yet good enough to answer to the unassuming name of Dawson. From him I learned that my uncle was extremely low, a doctor in close attendance, Mr. Romaine expected at any moment, and that my cousin, the Vicomte de St.-Yves, had been sent for the same morning.

"It was a sudden seizure, then?" I asked.

Well, he would scarcely go as far as that. It was a decline, a fading away, sir; but he was certainly took bad the day before, had sent for Mr. Romaine, and the majordomo had taken it on himself a little later to send word to the Viscount. "It seemed to me, my lord," said he, "as if this was a time when all the family should be called together."

I approved him with my lips, but not in my heart. Dawson was plainly in the interests of my cousin.

"And when can I expect to see my great-uncle the count?" said I.

In the evening, I was told; in the mean-

time he would show me to my room, which had been long prepared for me, and I should be expected to dine in about an hour with the doctor, if my lordship had no objections.

My lordship had not the faintest.

"At the same time," I said, "I have had an accident; I have unhappily lost my baggage, and am here in what I stand in. I don't know if the doctor be a formalist, but it is quite impossible I should appear at table as I ought."

He begged me to be under no anxiety. "We have been long expecting you," said he. "All is ready."

Such I found to be the truth. A great room had been prepared for me; through the mullioned windows the last flicker of the winter sunset interchanged with the reverberation of a royal fire; the bed was open, a suit of evening clothes was airing before the blaze, and from the far corner a boy came forward with deprecatory smiles. The dream in which I had been moving seemed to have reached its pitch. I might have quitted this house and room only the night before; it was my own place that I had come to; and for the first time in my life I understood the force of the words home and welcome.

"This will be all as you would want, sir?" said Mr. Dawson. "This 'ere boy, Rowley, we place entirely at your disposition. 'E's not exactly a trained vallet, but Mossho Powl, the viscount's gentleman, 'ave give him the benefick of a few lessons, and it is 'oped that he may give sitisfaction. Hanythink that you may require, if you will be so good as to mention the same to Rowley, I will make it my business myself, sir, to see you sitisfied."

So saying, the eminent and already detested Mr. Dawson took his departure, and I was left alone with Rowley. A man who may be said to have wakened to consciousness in the prison of the Abbaye, among those ever graceful and ever tragic figures of the brave and fair, awaiting the hour of the guillotine and denuded of every comfort, I had never known the luxuries or the amenities of my rank in life. To be attended on by servants I had only been accustomed to in inns. My toilet had long been military, to a moment, at the note of a bugle, too often at a ditch-side. And it need not be wondered at if I looked on my new valet with a certain diffidence. But I remembered that if he was my first experience as a valet, I was his first trial of a master. Cheered by which consideration, I demanded my bath in a style of

good assurance. There was a bathroom contiguous; in an incredibly short space of time the hot water was ready; and soon after, arrayed in a shawl dressing-gown, and in a luxury of contentment and comfort, I was reclined in an easy-chair before the mirror, while Rowley, with a mixture of pride and anxiety which I could well understand, laid out his razors.

"Hey, Rowley?" I asked, not quite resigned to go under fire with such an inexperienced commander. "It's all right, is it? You feel pretty sure of your weapons?"

"Yes, my lord," he replied. "It's all right, I assure your lordship."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Rowley, but for the sake of shortness, would you mind not belording me in private?" said I. "It will do very well if you call me Mr. Anne. It is the way of my country, as I daresay you know."

Mr. Rowley looked blank.

"But you're just as much a viscount as Mr. Powl's, are you not?" he said.

"As Mr. Powl's viscount?" said I, laughing. "Oh, keep your mind easy, Mr. Rowley's is every bit as good. Only, you see, as I am of the younger line, I bear my Christian name along with the title. Alain is the *Viscount*; I am the *Viscount Anne*. And in giving me the name of Mr. Anne, I assure you you will be quite regular."

"Yes, Mr. Anne," said the docile youth. "But about the shaving, sir, you need be under no alarm. Mr. Powl says I 'ave excellent dispositions."

"Mr. Powl?" said I. "That doesn't seem to me very like a French name."

"No, sir, indeed, my lord," said he, with a burst of confidence. "No, indeed, Mr. Anne, and it do not surely. I should say now it was more like Mr. Pole."

"And Mr. Powl is the viscount's man?"

"Yes, Mr. Anne," said he. "He 'ave a hard billet, he do. The viscount is a very particular gentleman. I don't think as you'll be, Mr. Anne?" he added, with a confidential smile in the mirror.

He was about sixteen, well set up, with a pleasant, merry, freckled face, and a pair of dancing eyes. There was an air at once deprecatory and insinuating about the rascal that I thought I recognized. There came to me from my own boyhood memories of certain passionate admirations long passed away and the objects of them long ago discredited or dead. I remembered how anxious I had been to serve those

fleeting heroes, how readily I told myself I would have died for *them*, how much greater and handsomer than life they had appeared. And looking in the mirror, it seemed to me that I read the face of Rowley, like an echo or a ghost, by the light of my own youth. I have always contended (somewhat against the opinion of my friends) that I am first of all an economist; and the last thing that I would care to throw away is that very valuable piece of property—a boy's hero-worship.

"Why," said I, "you shave like an angel, Mr. Rowley!"

"Thank you, my lord," says he. "Mr. Powl had no fear of me. You may be sure, sir, I should never 'ave had this berth if I 'adn't 'ave been up to Dick. We been expecting of you this month back. My eye! I never see such preparations. Every day the fires has been kep' up, the bed made, and all! As soon as it was known you were coming, sir, I got the appointment; and I've been up and down since then like a Jack-in-the-box. A wheel couldn't sound in the avenue but what I was at the window! I've had a many disappointments; but to-night, as soon as you stepped out of the shay, I knew it was my—it was you. Oh, you had been expected! Why, when I go down to supper, I'll be the 'ero of the servants' 'all: the 'ole of the staff is that curious!"

"Well," said I, "I hope you may be able to give a fair account of me—sober, steady, industrious, good-tempered, and with a first-rate character from my last place?"

He laughed an embarrassed laugh. "Your hair curls beautiful," he said, by way of changing the subject. "The viscount's the boy for curls, though; and the richness of it is, Mr. Powl tells me his don't curl no more than that much twine—by nature. Gettin' old, the viscount is. He 'ave gone the pace, 'aven't 'e, sir?"

"The fact is," said I, "that I know very little about him. Our family has been much divided, and I have been a soldier from a child."

"A soldier, Mr. Anne, sir?" cried Rowley, with a sudden feverish animation. "Was you ever wounded?"

It is contrary to my principles to discourage admiration for myself; and, slipping back the shoulder of the dressing-gown, I silently exhibited the scar which I had received in Edinburgh Castle. He looked at it with awe.

"Mercy, now! Was that from a Frenchman?" he inquired, not very tactfully.

I could truly say it was.

"French steel!" he observed, with a kind of dread gusto; and though I had every reason to believe that the scissors were of English make, I did not judge it politic to enter into discussion of the point.

"Ah, well!" he continued, "there's where the difference comes in. It's in the training. The other viscount have been horse-racing, and dicing, and carrying on all his life. All right enough, no doubt; but what I do say is, that it don't lead to nothink. Whereas—"

"Whereas Mr. Rowley's?" I put in.

"My viscount?" said he. "Well, sir, I *did* say it; and now that I've seen you, I say it again!"

I could not refrain from smiling at this outburst, and the rascal caught me in the mirror, and smiled to me again.

"I'd say it again, Mr. Anne," he said. "I know which side my bread's buttered. I know when a gen'leman's a gen'leman. Mr. Powl can go to Putney with his one! Beg your pardon, Mr. Anne, for being so familiar," said he, blushing suddenly scarlet. "I was especially warned against it by Mr. Powl."

"Discipline before all," said I. "Follow your front-rank man."

With that we began to turn our attention to the clothes. I was amazed to find them fit so well: not *à la diable*, in the haphazard manner of a soldier's uniform or a ready-made suit; but with nicety, as a trained artist might rejoice to make them for a favorite subject.

"'Tis extraordinary," cried I; "these things fit me perfectly."

"Indeed, Mr. Anne, you two be very much of a shape," said Rowley.

"Who? What two?" said I.

"The viscount," he said.

"What! Have I the man's clothes on me, too?" cried I.

But Rowley hastened to reassure me. On the first word of my coming, the count had put the matter of my wardrobe in the hands of his own and my cousin's tailors;

and on the rumor of our resemblance, my clothes had been made to Alain's measure.

"But they were all made for you, express, Mr. Anne. You may be certain the count would never do nothing by 'alf; fires kep' burning; the finest of clothes ordered, I'm sure, and a body-servant being trained a-purpose."

"Well," said I, "it's a good fire, and a good set-out of clothes; and what a valet, Mr. Rowley! And there's one thing to be said for my cousin—I mean for Mr. Powl's viscount—he has a very fair figure."

"Oh, don't you be took in, Mr. Anne," quoth the faithless Rowley; "he has to be hyked into a pair of stays to get them things on!"

"Come, come, Mr. Rowley," said I, "this is telling tales out of school. Do not you be deceived. The greatest men of antiquity, including Cæsar and Hannibal and Pope Joan, may have been very glad, at my time of life or Alain's, to follow his example. 'Tis a misfortune common to all; and really," said I, bowing to myself before the mirror like one who should dance the minuet, "when the result is so successful as this, who would do anything but applaud?"

My toilet concluded, I marched on to fresh surprises. My chamber, my new valet, and my new clothes had been beyond hope: the dinner, the soup, the whole bill of fare was a revelation of the powers there are in man. I had not supposed it lay in the genius of any cook to create, out of common beef and mutton, things so different and dainty. The wine was of a piece, the doctor a most agreeable companion; nor could I help reflecting on the prospect that all this wealth, comfort, and handsome profusion might still very possibly become mine. Here were a change indeed, from the common soldier and the camp-kettle, the prisoner and his prison rations, the fugitive and the horrors of the covered cart!

(To be continued.)



THE TALENTED MISS HOPE.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS,

Author of "A Houseboat on the Styx," "The Bicyclers," etc.

"I SUPPOSE, Mr. Bouverie," said Jackson, after ordering a fresh box of cigars and a new round of *liqueurs* for his guests, "I suppose you as a publisher have had some more or less curious experiences in your day."

"Yes, several," replied the Briton; "some of them amusing, some of them tragic, and a few of them embarrassing in a sense. The most singular incident I ever had in publishing was in connection with the works of the talented Miss Hope."

"Ah? Yes," said Valentine. "I know her work, and a most extraordinary person she must have been."

"She was," assented Mr. Bouverie. "She took London by storm. Her first book was a novel of very great force. It came to us in the spring of '83. With it came a modestly expressed letter in a dainty feminine hand, asking if we would give it a speedy reading and, if possible, publish it, since it was her first effort and she was anxious to get a start. She informed us that she was entirely dependent upon what she could earn by her pen for a living; had really no settled home and very few friends. The simplicity of the letter interested me. It was unlike other letters I had received from other beginners, but the difference was in form rather than in substance. What she had to say about herself was expressed with great cleverness, and as for the novel, while it was not great, it was far beyond what most writers who lack experience can produce. It was approved unanimously by our readers, and so glowing were their recommendations that I slipped it into my satchel and took it off to my home to read myself. It was absorbingly interesting, and despite the difficulties of reading a story of that length in manuscript, I went through it from beginning to end in one sitting.

"Of course it was published, and the view the reading public took of its merits, as evidenced by its sale, was not in any way different from that which our readers and I had taken. The first, second, and third editions went off like hot cakes, and we were besieged by the literary *causerie*

fellows for information as to this new star in the firmament of letters. I wrote to the young woman and asked her for some account of her antecedents, and received within a few days a sketch of her life, which was almost as romantic as the story we had published; it was pathetic and humorous, and through it all ran the same delightful quality that had made her book so fetching. Then people began to try to lionize her. Invitations by the dozen were addressed to her in our care, requesting her to honor literary gatherings with her presence. Others wanted her to dine with them. She was elected to honorary membership in certain women's associations, but, as far as I could gather, never accepted any of them. As time went on I began to think that it would be a good thing if she should accept some of the attentions the world seemed so ready to lavish upon her, and I ventured to write to her to that effect, excusing myself for interfering, on the ground that as her publisher I took a great deal of interest in her career, and thought it due to herself that she should come out of her seclusion as far as she could.

"Her reply was full of gratitude for the interest I had taken in her welfare, but she was firm in her refusal to desert the privacy which she so much loved. She was of an extremely diffident disposition, she said. She was wrapped up in her work, and had no taste for social diversions. She added that she was engaged upon another book, which she expected to send me shortly, and closed by saying that she hoped I would like it as well as I did the first. Several weeks later the second book came to hand. It was no more like the first than a Chinaman is like a Frenchman. It was in an entirely different vein, but every bit as clever as the first. It was in many ways a complete surprise to me. In the first place, it was a man's book, while the first had been more of a woman's book than anything else. She dealt with the fortune of a young scion of nobility in the second, and in such a way as seemed to indicate that she knew all

about the trials and temptations which beset the young men of to-day, a more or less astonishing acquirement in a girl of her tendency to make a recluse of herself. Of course I published the book; and if the first had raised a storm of applause, the second aroused a hurricane of enthusiasm. The magazines began to take notice, and Miss Hope's work was in great demand. She met the demand with a supply that was absolutely marvellous. It made no difference what she undertook, she did it well, and showed a grasp on subjects of the most diverse kinds. Her poetry was especially taking, and her essays were written with a touch which even Lang might envy. All her literary business was, at her request, carried on through our firm, and we had some difficulty in convincing outsiders that our knowledge of the young woman's personality was almost as slight as that of the world.

"When she had written a sufficient number of poems to warrant a booklet of them, I proposed that it be issued, and she readily agreed. She compiled them herself; made certain alterations in them, which showed that she possessed a nice literary instinct; added a few unpublished verses to the lot, and sent them in. As the book was about ready for the press, it occurred to me that a photograph of the author would make a good frontispiece for it. Miss Hope demurred for a while to this. She had never had her photograph taken, she wrote, and was of the opinion that it would add little to the value of the book anyhow. She wished to be judged by her work alone. Her personal appearance had nothing whatever to do with that, and, on the whole, she preferred not to let the public into the secret of how she looked. This struck me as being sensible, and I did not press the point, although I was much disappointed.

"It happened after a while, however, that she was forced to permit an authentic portrait of herself to be published. Some unscrupulous American newspaper syndicate pirated the second book, and, in connection with it, flooded the United States with a wholly fabricated wood-cut of Miss Hope, which would have driven any other creature to suicide. One of these was sent to me by an American friend, and I immediately forwarded it to the fair original, with a jocose note, expressing my regret that she should thus have favored the American public, while denying to her

countrymen the coveted privilege of gazing upon her counterfeit presentment. This had the desired effect, and within two weeks I was in possession of a photograph of Miss Hope, with permission to publish it as the frontispiece to a volume of essays which we were making ready. When I saw the photograph I became more interested in Miss Hope than ever, for it was the face of a charming girl of about twenty that gazed back at me from the print. She appeared to be of a blonde type; had deep, soulful eyes, a wealth of hair arranged tastefully over a high, intellectual forehead; a slightly irregular nose, and a mouth which indicated much firmness of character. To me the essays became the least part of the book when it was issued with that face opposite the title page, and my susceptibilities made me think of a possible Mrs. Bouverie who should be a woman of exceptional mold.

"So a year went on. The popularity of the young authoress suffered no diminution; it increased rather, until one day I received a short note from her, stating that she was in London and would be pleased to have me call, fixing the hour and date. No sooner was this received than a reply accepting her invitation was sent, though when I came to address the reply, which task I did not care to entrust to the hands of a clerk, I was somewhat disturbed to discover where the fair visitor was lodged. It was in one of the most populous and busy streets of London, the last place in the world where a jewel of humanity such as I had come to think of her as being should find lodgment.

"'An eccentricity of genius,' I thought, and then busied myself with other things until the hour appointed. I dressed with unusual care, called a hansom, and sought the house. I was received at the door by an aged woman who smiled rather broadly, I thought, when I asked if Miss Hope was in. She said she was, and requested me to go up to the third story front.

"'Wouldn't you better take my card to her first?' I asked.

"'Ho, no, sir,' replied the aged woman. 'My horders was to show you hup as soon as you kyme.'

"So up I went, through two dark halls, along three dark stairways, and tapped gently upon the door of the front room. Instead of the soft, silvery voice I had expected—for I had been thinking so much about Miss Hope of late that I had a well-developed notion in my mind as to her voice, manner, walk, gestures, and so

forth—I heard a gruff, masculine voice cry out, ‘Come in; and, having come, close after you the door.’

“For a moment I was staggered. Perhaps I had tapped on the wrong door. The thing to do was to apologize and get out. So I opened the door and saw sitting around a table, playing cards and smoking profusely, a half dozen men I knew well—Gaston of the ‘Rambler,’ Cholmondeley Phipps of the ‘Telegram,’ and others—all enormously clever men of decidedly Bohemian instincts.

“‘Halloo, Bouverie,’ cried Gaston, as I entered. ‘Glad to see you. This is an unexpected pleasure.’

“‘It certainly is for me,’ I answered as well as I could, considering my surprise. ‘I had no intention of disturbing you, I am sure. I came here to make a call on—on one of our authors. I believe he has rooms in this house.’

“Phipps laughed in a way I did not fancy very much, and then he said in a way I liked still less, ‘He?’

“‘I don’t understand you,’ I said.

“‘You said you believed “He” had rooms in this house. Sure it’s a he, Bouverie?’

“‘Well,’ I said slowly, for an idea was beginning to dawn on my mind, ‘I wasn’t sure of it when I spoke, but—’

“‘There are no rooms let in this house,

Bouverie,’ said Gaston. ‘We have it all. This is our cardroom, and you are welcome. In fact, Bouverie, you’ve paid for most of it.’

“‘I?’ I queried, a little mystified.

“‘Yes,’ returned Gaston, ‘you and the British public. Those blasted Americans didn’t pay for the stuff, did they, Phippsy?’

“‘They did not,’ said Phipps; ‘but they printed our photograph for us.’

“‘Well,’ I put in, ‘this is all very mysterious—unless I have been made the victim of a practical joke.’

“‘You have,’ said Gaston.

“‘And you, gentlemen, then, are—’

“‘The talented Miss Hope, at your service, Bouverie,’ said Phipps, and then the sextet rose up and salaamed. ‘Do you think our photograph looks like us?’ they cried.

“And so it was. Those six villains had concocted Miss Hope; had written her books; had started the furor for her work in their own papers, and I was their victim.”

“Victim or beneficiary?” asked Jackson.

“A little of both,” returned Bouverie. “So much of one that I forgave them for making me a little of the other; but from that time on the talented Miss Hope stopped writing.”

THE WHIP HAND.

BY ANN DEVOORE.

SHE was a stunning girl, straight and slim, with a bewildering way of looking at a man. Her eyes were a warm, thick brown, and their lids as white as cream; the deluding sort of eyes and eyelids that say nothing and set you to imagining everything. When I had talked to her for five minutes and she had regarded me with her soft stare for most of that time, my heart went to thumping at my ribs. I must confess I was so much surprised that I clapped my hand to my side and laughed out.

Miss Morris laughed too, and asked, “What is the matter?”

Of course I could not tell her then, but when I had known her for a month, I asked her if she remembered our first meeting.

“Yes,” she said; “what made you start?”

I took her hand and said, “I fell in love with you that minute, dear.”

I am a Westerner, and rough and sudden in my ways, I suppose; for she seemed wholly startled, slipped her hand out of mine, and told me never to speak so again.

“Why not?” I asked. “You do not love me, Kitty?”

“No,” she said, but her eyes lingered in mine.

“And you will not marry me?”

She refused steadily.

“And I am never again to tell you that I love you?”

“Never,” she said.

“Kitty, dear,” said I gently, “you do love me, and you are going to marry me, and I mean to propose to you every time I meet you.”

I went then, for she was rather angry. She said something cutting about my Western ways and shooting a man on sight. But I kept my word, and at dances and dinners, wherever we met, in spite of her disdain, I always made my speech, "Will you marry me, dear?" After awhile, when she caught sight of me across a room the color would spring to her cheeks, and though I knew it was half embarrassment I could swear the other half was pleasure. She had an obstinate way of tilting her chin when she saw me approach that was very pretty and made me only the more determined. Besides, she did not absolutely cut me, as she might have done. She would not see me when I called, and if I asked for a dance it was always engaged. But when I said firmly, "This is my dance, Miss Morris," she would not contradict me.

Late one afternoon at the beginning of Lent, when I had not seen her for several days, I overtook her walking home from church, and joined her. She greeted me frigidly, held her prayer-book tight and her head high. I watched the red steal up her cheeks.

"Miss Morris," I said. She did not answer. Ahead of us, where the church spires pierced the cold northern sky, a small star glittered. The faces of the people we met reflected the light of the sunset behind us. I began again. "When you pray," said I, and I looked at her prayer-book, "do you never ask to be made more merciful?"

She turned her soft eyes to me. "Please don't, Mr. Standish," she pleaded. "I cannot bear to have you use words that seem to me sacred to carry on this farce."

"It is anything but a farce," said I. "Call it a tragedy."

"Did any man in earnest ever propose to a girl eleven times in six weeks?" She asked this question scornfully.

"Miss Morris," said I, "it is not my fault that it has been done so often. If you had accepted me at the first—but you refused me, and what else could I do? Am I a fool to try again and again to win what is the best and most beautiful thing I ever set eyes on? How can I stop asking you to marry me until you consent? You must marry me, dear. I am sure it is the only chance of happiness for either of us."

"There," she said, with an angry laugh, "twelve times! Don't you see, Mr. Standish, that by acting so you make every word you say seem a foolish joke?"

"It is you," I told her, "who can make them all a glad reality."

"Oh!" she cried, "and you pretend it

is my fault! Well, it shall never happen again—never, never! You shall not humiliate yourself and me." Her color deepened, and she drew herself up, slender and proud. "Mr. Standish," she said, "I promise you that if ever again I give you an opportunity of speaking so to me, I shall answer whatever you wish."

We reached her home then, and she stopped. So great was my surprise that I merely bowed and let her ascend the steps in silence.

Life went sadly after that. Try as I would I could not speak to her. When we passed in the street she was never alone, and she had taken to looking on one side of me with a sweet, dark-eyed vacancy. There were few entertainments now, and though I haunted her favorite church at the afternoon services she did not come. She seemed to avoid going to the houses of those friends where she would be likely to meet me. Only once was I able to look at her for more than a passing second. I had taken a ticket for an afternoon concert in the hope of seeing her, and I chanced to sit where I could watch her profile whenever she turned to speak to her companion. She looked a trifle pale and sad. "Perhaps," thought I, "she regrets that her efforts are so successful." That thought, however, was knocked out of me when we reached the street, by the smiling unrecognition which greeted my eager bow.

Six weeks came and went, but never an opportunity to make her fulfil her promise, and then she went to Boston for a visit, and stayed away a month. I grew haggard. People told me I must take a run abroad in the summer. "Not till I'm married," said I, and gritted my teeth. I believe that at this time my love for Kitty Morris was almost forgotten in my set determination to have my own way.

There came a May morning, fresh and balmy. The horse-chestnuts spread out their green fans, the maples clapped their small palms to the breeze, and the tulips in the trim flower-beds looked primly gaudy. I was walking through Madison Square on my way to business, and hope was stirring in my heart. I suppose it was the general hilarity of nature that had taken hold of me. I did not feel much surprised when a hansom went by and I saw Kitty Morris inside. It was what the weather had led me to expect. I took joyfully to my heels and followed. Eastward we went through Twenty-fourth Street and down Second Avenue, and here, on this quiet, old-fashioned thoroughfare, the hansom stopped

before an ancient mansion. Kitty had alighted and been engulfed by the interior darkness before I could reach her, and though I knew that her great-aunt lived within, I remained gazing at the hansom cab.

Then an idea entered my mind, an idea for which the mad May season was alone accountable. When Miss Morris re-entered the hansom cab it was *I* who received the order to drive home; it was I who cracked the long whip and drove recklessly; it was I who feasted my sight on the top of a broad-brimmed hat, a loop of dark hair, and the tip of a small and haughty nose. I had the trap-door in the top of the cab open all the way.

Trusting in the disguise of the former cabby's hat, which I had hired, I made straight for the Park, and when we were rolling smoothly between green lawns, with no one of any account in sight, I bent low and whispered:

"Kitty, dear, will you marry me?"

She started violently and upturned a white face. I don't know what she thought seeing my face above her there, but her eyes filled slowly with tears, and she whispered, "Dick!"

"Kitty," I said, "don't cry, or I shall come down from the roof, and here is Mrs. Van Dam's brougham. I would not have frightened you for anything in the world." I slowed the horse to a walk, so that I could give my whole attention to the trap-door.

"I have come to claim your promise," I called down to her. "Tell me, dearest, that you are glad to see me."

Her pride seemed to be melting before my eyes. Her tears overflowed, and she held her hands up before her face, but I caught a quavering voice, "I am glad, Dick—so, so glad!"

I dropped the reins and pressed closer to the little door. "Darling Kitty, if you cry you'll break my heart," I called. "Be a brave girl. Oh, Kitty, couldn't you stretch your hand up and let me touch it once?"

"I—I can't reach," she sobbed.

"Then you do love me?" I asked.

She wiped her eyes. "Dick," she said, "couldn't you come down?"

I believe the horse was arrested that afternoon for walking on the grass and eating young trees, but it pleases me to think that while Kitty and I wandered through the sweet paths and blossoming alleys, the poor beast was tasting green food and resting his tired bones.

There in the early solitude, in the genial sunshine and the unsteady shadows, Kitty confessed to me that she had gone to Boston for fear of weakening in her resolution to avoid me.

"Oh, Dick," she said, "I thought you would never come and take me in spite of myself."

"Kitty," said I, "would you have wrecked our whole lives from pride and self-will? Would you have let me lose you?"

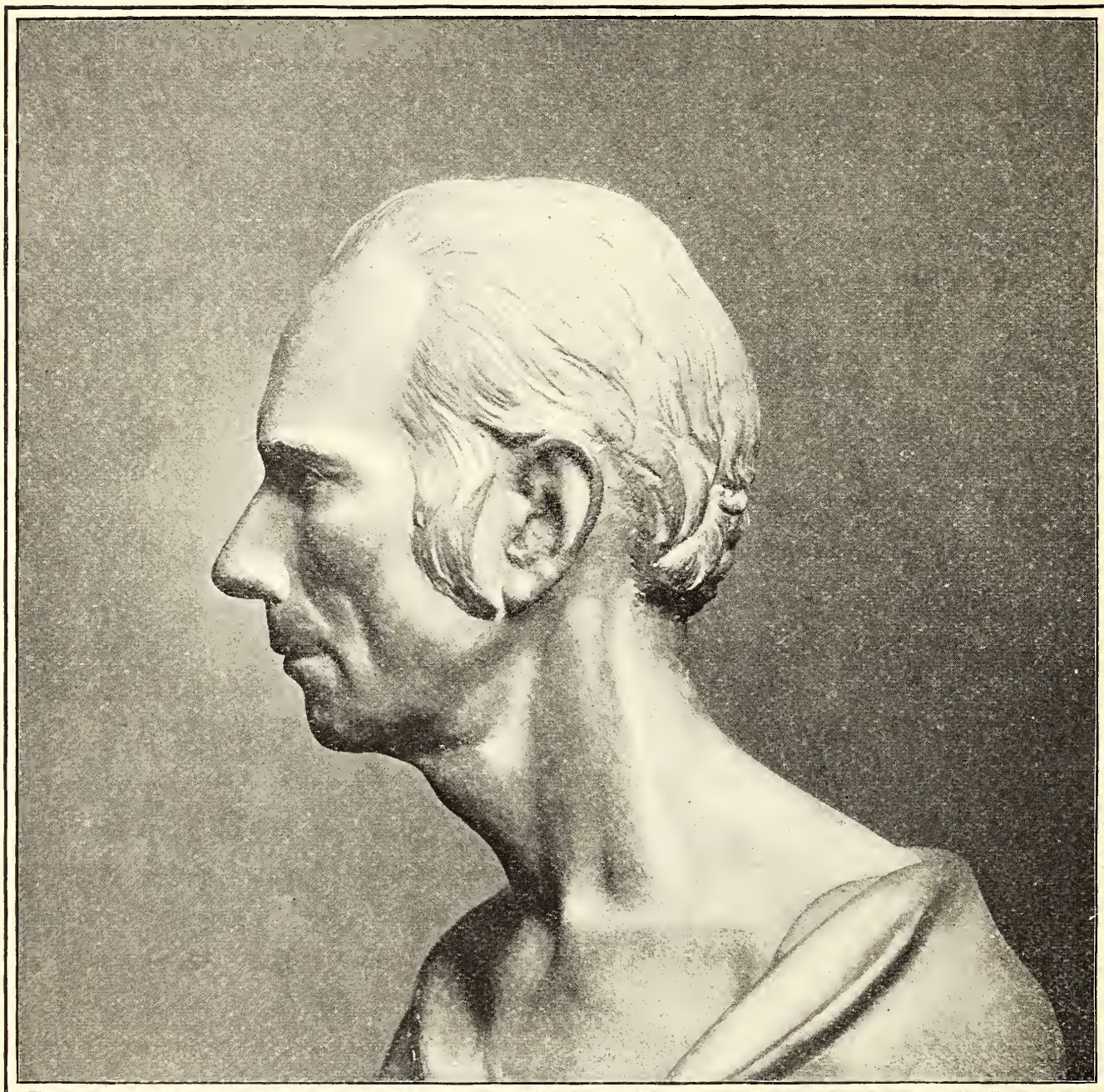
She turned away her head and blushed. "Dick," she faltered, "this afternoon you will receive an invitation to dine with my aunt, and I—I am to be there, Dick."

THE SHADOW OF THE MOSQUE.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

I TROD the path by which the Saviour went
 Across the Olive Mount to Bethany.
 Before me—down the flinty, foot-worn way—
 My shadow lengthened, for the day was spent.
 Gethsemane below the hill's descent
 Was hallowed by the glow of dying day,
 While fields of poppied wheat beyond it lay,
 Fair symbols of the final sacrament.

And then remembering, I turned to see
 The sun go down behind Jerusalem;
 And Omar's mosque aglint with tinsel gem
 Arose between the day's decline and me.
 And as I marked that Moslem diadem,
 Its shadow crept across Gethsemane.



HENRY CLAY, FROM A HITHERTO UNKNOWN LIFE MASK.

MADE BY J. H. I. BROWERE IN 1825.

First photographed and engraved for MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

The above was photographed from the copyrighted original in the possession of the artist's descendants. John Henri Isaac Browere was born in New York, November 18, 1792, where he died of cholera September 10, 1834. This artist's name, once famous in this country, is now virtually unknown, but in the next number of MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE an article will be published on Browere and his work, with reproductions from the superb and wonderful life casts, the process for taking which Browere perfected toward the close of 1824. Among the first to submit to his process of taking a cast from the living face was Henry Clay, a profile of whose bust is here reproduced for the first time, and it is also believed to be the first publication of any of Browere's work. While it was known that Browere had made a cast of Henry Clay, the whereabouts of the bust from it was unknown until lately discovered by the writer, when the bust was restored to the artist's family. There could scarcely be any truer portraiture than this, wherein we have, down to the minutest detail, the very features of the living man. Such a portrait is of the highest human, as well as historical, interest.

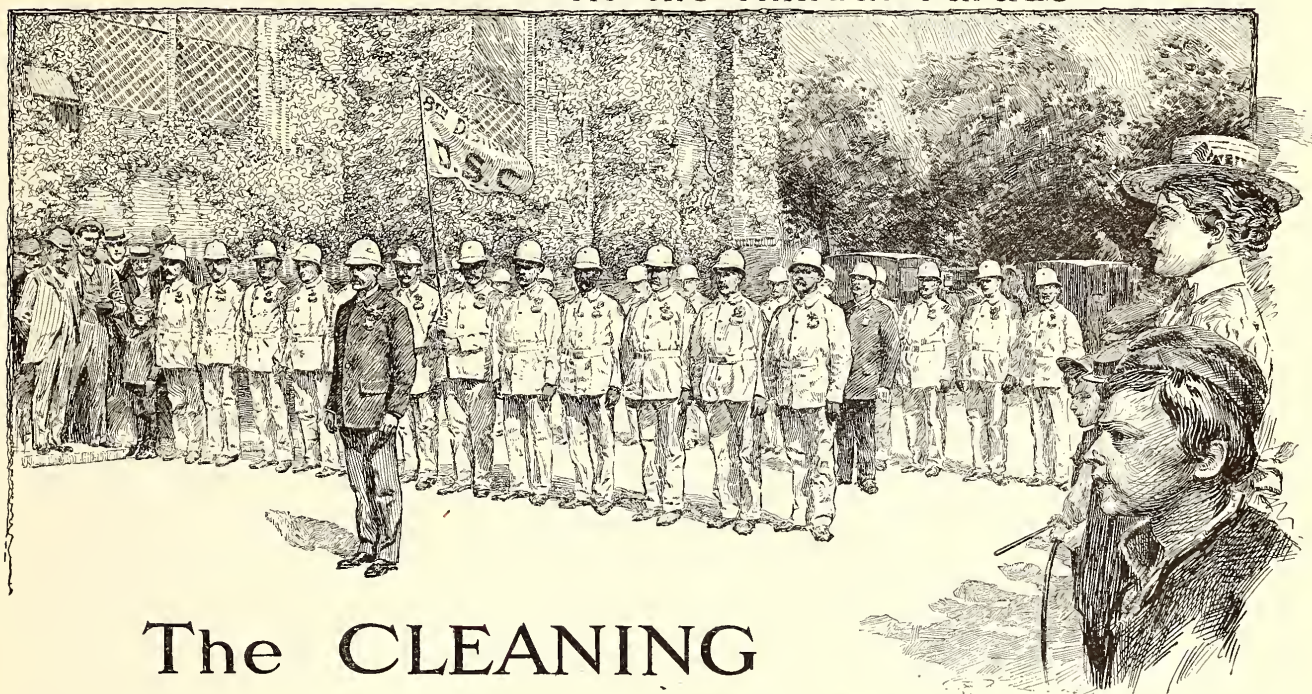
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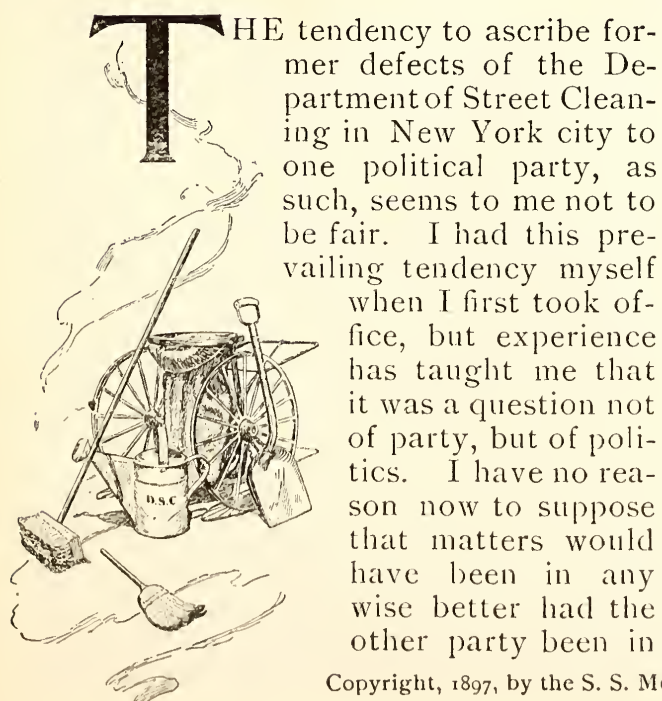
At the Annual Parade



The CLEANING of a GREAT CITY.

by GEORGE E. WARING JR.

Commissioner of Street Cleaning. New York.



THE tendency to ascribe former defects of the Department of Street Cleaning in New York city to one political party, as such, seems to me not to be fair. I had this prevailing tendency myself when I first took office, but experience has taught me that it was a question not of party, but of politics. I have no reason now to suppose that matters would have been in any wise better had the other party been in

control of the city government. Whatever may be the differences of their members in avocation or in attainments, when it is a question of the government of the city, by the spoilsmen, for the party, there is nothing to choose between political organizations.

I am, to this extent, no more an anti-Tammany man than I should be an anti-Republican man, if Republicans had brought about the same defects, had their party been in power. In describing the former condition of the streets and of the Department, I am making no criticism of Tammany Hall—only of politics as the ruling factor in city government. The improved present condition could not have been brought about without an absolute disregard of all political considerations in

the management of the business. My work has succeeded because it has been done for its own sake alone. The same success awaits any competent man who will manage any other of the city departments on the same principle.

If the whole city is ever so managed the people will be glad.

THE OLD ORDER—SLIMY STREETS AND CLOGGED SEWERS.

Whatever the cause, no one will now question that the former condition of the streets was bad—very bad. No one can question the truth of the following description:

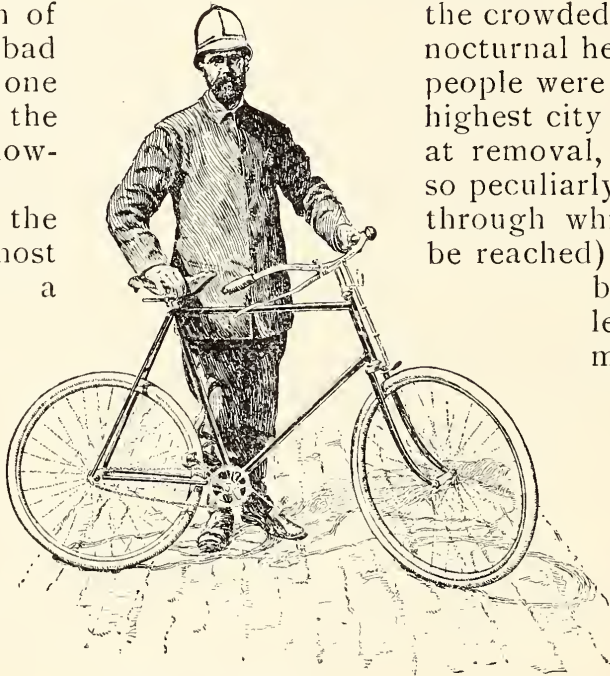
Before 1895 the streets were almost universally in a filthy state.

In wet weather they were covered with slime, and in dry weather the air was filled with dust. Artificial sprinkling in summer converted the dust into mud, and the drying winds changed the mud to powder. Rubbish

of all kinds, garbage, and ashes lay neglected in the streets, and in the hot weather the city stank with the emanations of putrefying organic matter. It was not always possible to see the pavement, because of the dirt that covered it. One expert, a former contractor of street cleaning, told me that West Broadway could not be cleaned because it was so coated with grease from wagon axles; it was really coated with slimy mud. The sewer inlets were clogged with refuse; dirty paper was prevalent everywhere, and black rotteness was seen and smelt on every hand.

The practice of standing unharnessed trucks and wagons in the public streets was well-nigh universal, in all except the main thoroughfares and the better residence districts. The Board of Health

made an enumeration of vehicles so standing on Sunday, counting twenty-five thousand on a portion of one side of the city; they reached the conclusion that there were in all more than sixty thousand. These trucks not only restricted traffic and made complete street cleaning practically impossible, but they were harbors of vice and crime. Thieves and highwaymen made them their dens, toughs caroused in them, both sexes resorted to them, and they were used for the vilest purposes, until they became, both figuratively and literally, a stench in the nostrils of the people. In the crowded districts they were a veritable nocturnal hell. Against all this the poor people were powerless to get relief. The highest city officials, after feeble attempts at removal, declared that New York was so peculiarly constructed (having no alleys through which the rear of the lots could be reached) that its commerce could not be carried on unless this privilege were given to its truckmen. In short, the removal



A SECTION FOREMAN.

Sections average about seven miles of pavement, each foreman (there are over sixty of them) having one or more assistants, according to the quality of pavement, amount of traffic, etc., of his section.



A SWEEPER WITH HIS "BAG-CARRIER" AND TOOLS.

The "White Wings" buys the uniform (two suits of duck) which he wears while at work. The fact that no man wearing this uniform can go into a saloon has closed many such places in the neighborhood of Department Stables and Dumps. During the first year's service sweepers get fifty dollars a month, the second year (if they have shown decided efficiency) fifty-five dollars, and after that sixty dollars.

of the trucks was "an impossibility."

There was also some peculiarity about New York which made it inevitable that it should have dirty streets. Other towns might be clean, but not this one. Such civic pride as existed had to admit these two unfortunate drawbacks.

FIFTY THOUSAND DEATHS A YEAR.

The average annual death rate from 1882 to 1894, inclusive, was 25.78 per thousand persons living, equal to more than fifty thousand deaths in the year, on the basis of the present population. Eye and throat diseases, due to dust, and especially to putrid dust, were rife. No effort was made to remove snow for the comfort of the people, only for the convenience of traffic. But little more than twenty miles of streets were cleared after a snow-storm. As a result, the people, especially the poorer people who could not change their wet clothing and could not buy rubber shoes, suffered to an alarming degree from colds and their results.

The department itself was such as its work would indicate. Like all large bodies of men engaged in any stated duty,

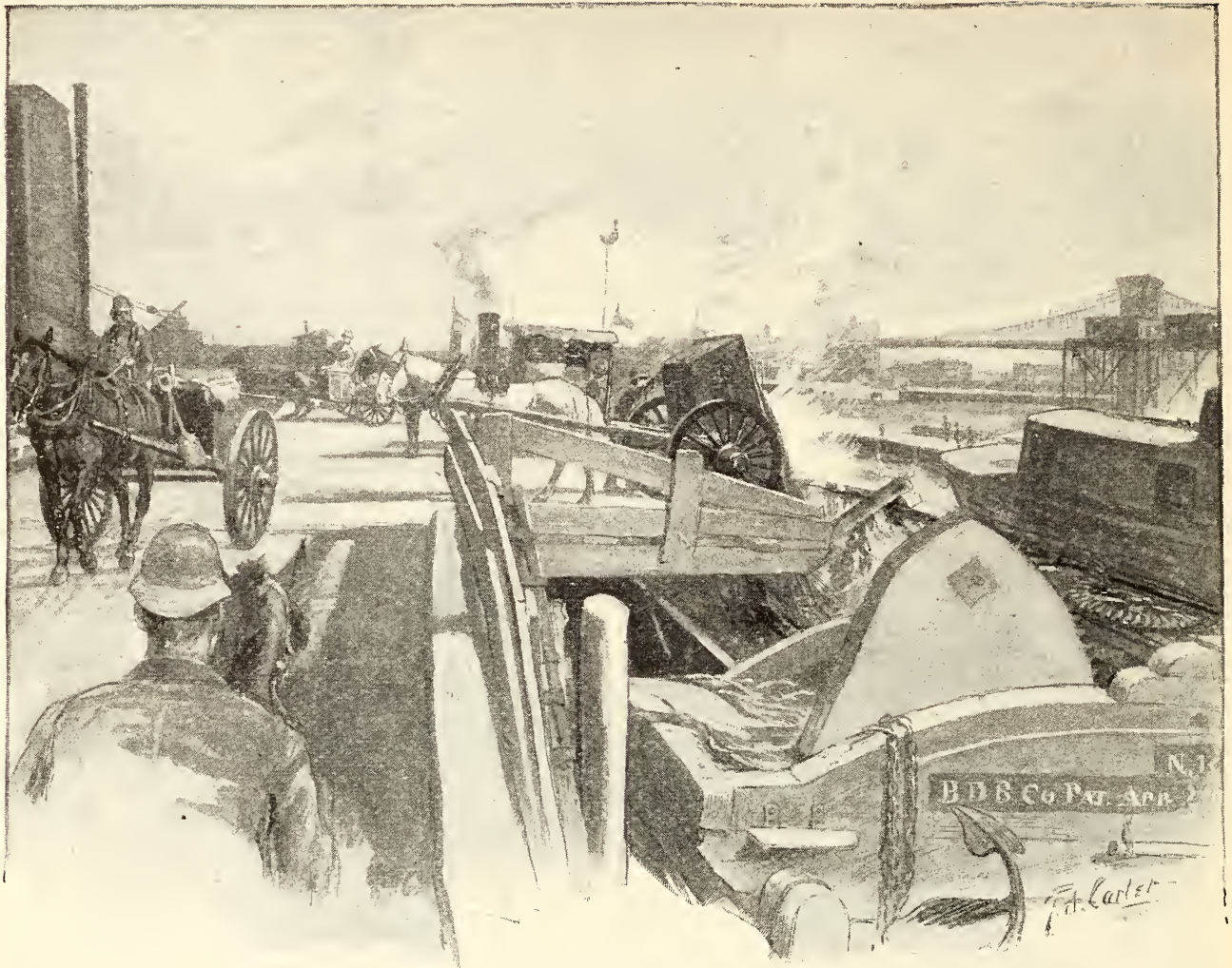
its force had much good material, but it was mainly material gone to waste for lack of proper control. It was hardly an organization; there was no spirit in it; few of its members felt secure in their positions; no sweeper who was not an unusually powerful political worker knew at what moment the politician who had got him his place would have him turned out to make room for another. A ledger account of patronage was kept with each Assembly district, and district leaders are even said to have had practically full control of the debit and credit columns, so that they could deposit a dismissal and check out an appointment at will. Useful service can be had from no force thus controlled.

STREET-CLEANERS ROBBED BY POLITICIANS
AND SCORNEO BY THE PUBLIC.

Nearly every man in the department was assessed for the political fund. I have seen



TAKING UP AND BAGGING STREET SWEEPINGS.



THE OLD-FASHIONED DUMPING-BOARD WITH A "BARNEY DUMPER" RECEIVING ITS LOAD.

an order signed by one of my predecessors, practically directing every sweeper and driver to pay to the chief clerk a certain percentage of each week's pay. This was to be used for "political" purposes—how, or by whom, or for whom was not stated. The working men of the force generally were in a miserable condition. They were the objects of ridicule and scorn, and they knew it. They did such work as they were compelled to do, and, as a rule, they did no more. Nominally, they wore a uniform, but they were not distinguished by it. The district superintendents and foremen, as a rule, either could not exercise effective control over their men, or they did not take the trouble to do so. Nothing was done *with a will*; the organization, as a whole, was a slouch.

The stock and plant were what they might have been expected to be under these conditions. In some of the stables there was not even an extra set of cart harness, and some that were in use were mended by the drivers, on the streets, with bits of wire and string. Disorder and demoralization were the rule.

This is a severe condemnation of a department that spent \$2,366,419.49 in a year

(in 1894, as against \$2,776,749.31 in 1896), and did ineffective work with it; but it is just. The condition of the streets, of the force, and of the stock was the fault of no man and of no set of men. It was the fault of the system. The department was throttled by partizan control—so throttled, it could neither do good work, command its own respect and that of the public, nor maintain its material in good order. It was run as an adjunct of a political organization. In that capacity it was a marked success. It paid fat tribute; it fed thousands of voters, and it gave power and influence to hundreds of political leaders. It had this appointed function, and it performed it well.

HOW THE DEPARTMENT WAS REORGANIZED.

I accepted the commissionership of street cleaning with the positive assurance of Mayor Strong that I should not be interfered with in the matter of appointments and dismissals, and that I should "have my own way" generally. His power to dismiss me is unlimited, and he could get rid of me any day if I did not suit him; but so long as I should remain



LOADING A SCOW WITH REFUSE.

The cartmen are emptying bags of street sweepings and dumping loads of ashes from an old-fashioned dumping board. The "scow-trimmers" are spreading the load and cutting out rags and other articles of value. These are thrown into the tube and come out at the side of the boat.

I was to be the real head of my department. The Mayor has lived up to his promise from that day to this. I have sometimes been a sore trial to him, especially in my relations with certain pensioners and labor leaders, and he has wished he might wash his hands of me more than once, but he saw reasons for bearing with my conduct until the storm blew over. He has never tried to influence me in the matter of "patronage," nor has he ever insisted on controlling the policy of my work. If he had done otherwise, the result would not have been the same.



SORTING THE RAGS AND OTHER ARTICLES OF VALUE UNDER THE OLD-FASHIONED DUMPING-BOARD.

At the outset the employees of the Department expected to be turned out, as a matter of course. Their positions were spoils which belonged to the victors, and they were filled with apprehension as to their future bread and butter. They knew the public would not longer put up with unclean streets and that the clean sweeping demanded might properly begin with them.

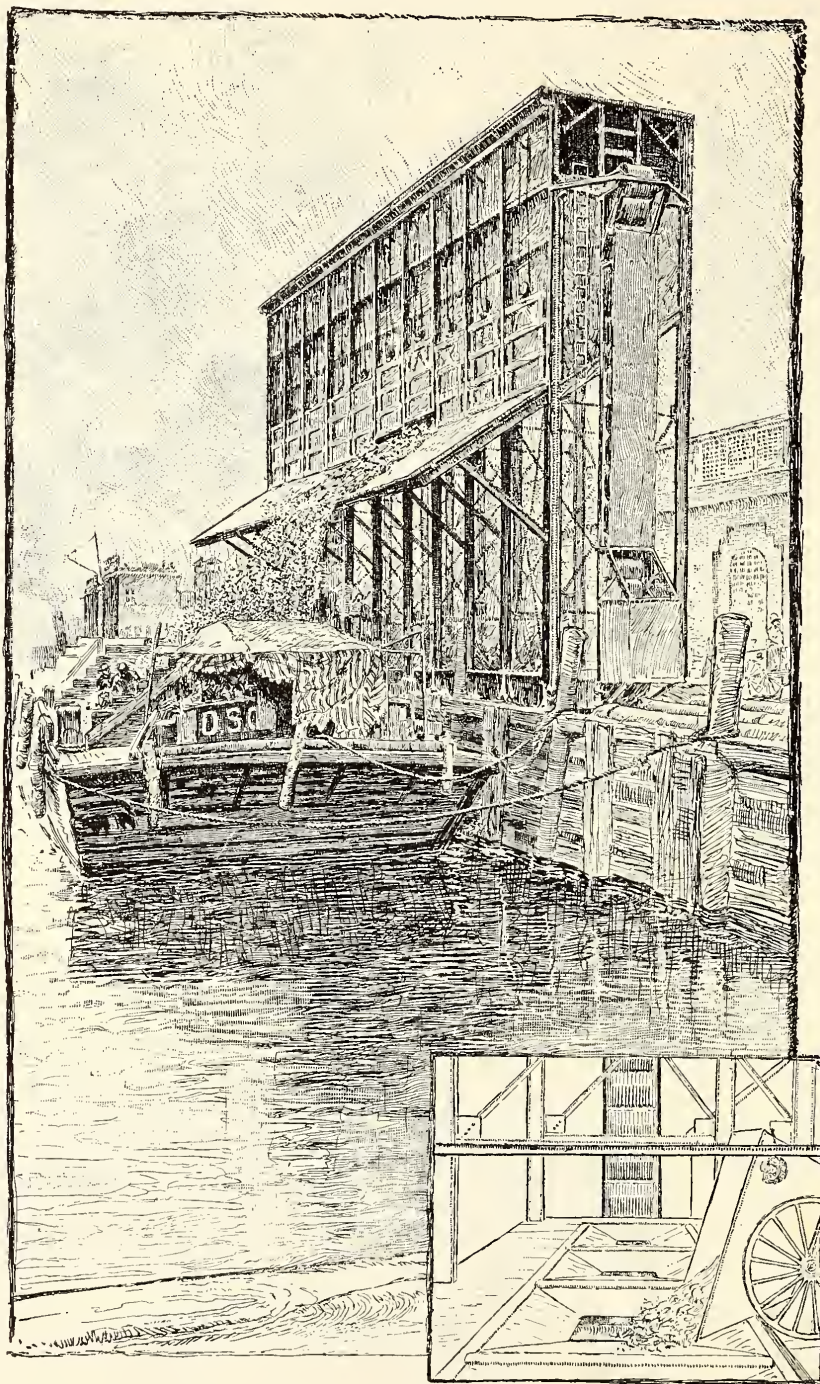
Knowing that organizations of men are good or bad according to the way in which they are handled, that "a good colonel makes a good regiment," I paid attention first to those at the top—to the colonels. I found the general superintendent to be an excellent man for his duties, while most of the others were from very indifferent to decidedly bad. These were got rid of. In filling their places I sought men mainly with military training, or with technical education and practice, not one of whom had any political alliance which he was not willing to sever. They were nearly all young men. Of the men of technical education and training who now hold important positions in the Department, three are district

superintendents, one is the master mechanic, and a fifth, twenty-five years of age, is the superintendent of final disposition, with absolute control of all work done after the dumping of the carts on to the scows, including all sea-work.

THE STREET-CLEANERS BECOME A SPLENDID BODY OF MEN.

When the important offices had been filled attention was turned to the rank and file of the working force. The men were assured that their future rested solely with themselves; that if they did their work faithfully and well, kept away from drink, treated citizens civilly, and tried to make themselves a credit to the Department, there was no power in the city that could get them out of their places so long as I stayed in mine. On the other hand, if they were drunkards, incompetents, blackguards,

or loafers, no power could keep them in. When they found that I really meant what I said—and it took them some time to get such a strange new idea into their heads—they took on a new heart of hope and turned their eyes to the front. From that day



THE POCKET-DUMP AT THE FOOT OF EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET. THE LAST STAGE IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE DUMPING-BOARD.

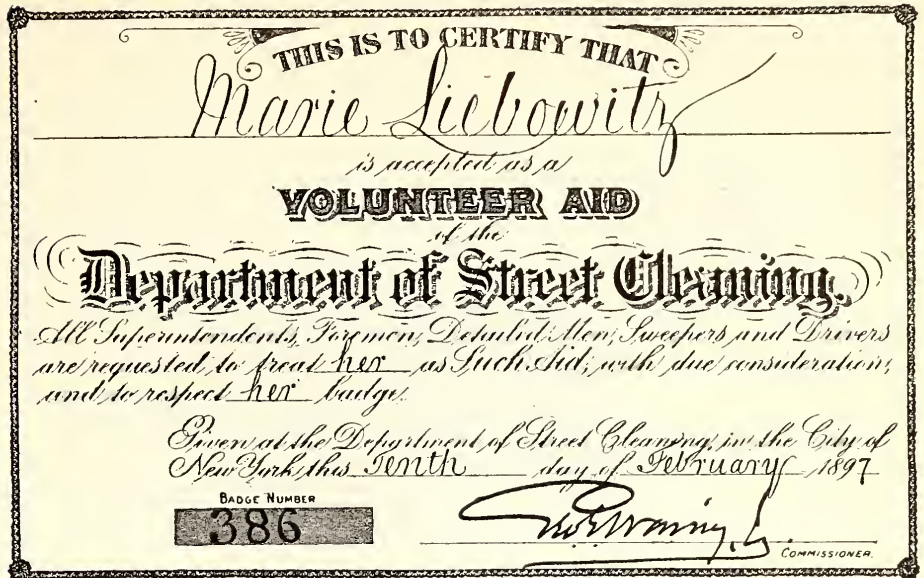
A steel structure with ten elevated storage bins. In the picture two of these bins, of which the gates are opened, are discharging on to a deck scow. Ashes and street sweepings are carried up by an elevator which runs under the entire height of the building, taking its load at hoppers, into which the carts are dumped. This is shown at the lower right-hand corner of the cut. The elevator buckets pass over the bins and descend at the other end of the structure.

their improvement has been constant and most satisfactory. Their white uniforms, once so derided, have been a great help to them, and they know it; and the recognition of the people has done still more for them. Indeed, the parade of 1896 marked an era in their history. It introduced them to the prime favor of a public by which, one short year before, they had been contemned; and the public saw that these men were proud of their positions, were self-respecting, and were the object of pride on the part of their friends and relatives who clustered along their line of march.

What has really been done has been to put a man instead of a voter at the other end of the broom-handle. The "White Wings" are by no means white angels, but they are a splendid body of men, a body on which the people of New York can depend for any needed service without regard to hours or personal comfort. A trusted sweeper, for example, will stand on a windy dock-log all night long, and night after night, protecting the city against the wiles and tricks of the snow-carters. He gets no extra pay for this, but his extra service and his hardship are compensated by the consciousness that he is doing good work, that his good work is appreciated by his officers, and that the force to which he belongs is winning public favor partly because of what he himself is doing. In other words, the whole Department is actuated by a real *esprit de corps*, without which no organization of men can do its best, either in war or in peace.

The stock and plant have undergone an almost equal change. The horses are the finest in the city for their work. They are well trimmed, well groomed, and well treated. The carts are clean and in good order, and we have a complete duplicate outfit of harness in reserve.* The stables are always in "show" condition; and order and neatness characterize all branches of our outfit so far as the kind of work done will allow.

* The harness is bought a year or more in advance, in order that it may become thoroughly seasoned before being put to hard use. The gain in durability is far more than the loss in interest.



VOLUNTEER AID CERTIFICATE.

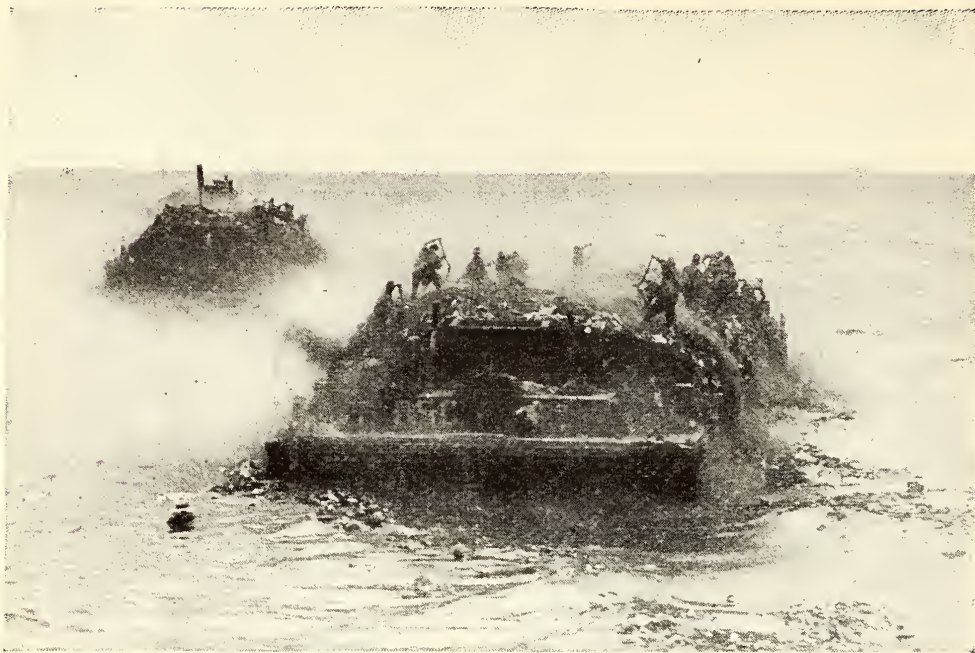
THE OLD METHOD OF STREET-SWEEPING.

The methods of work are now undergoing a change, but much of the old still remains. In its completeness it was as follows:

The streets were swept by men, to each of whom a certain area was assigned. The sweepings were gathered into little piles at the gutter. The carts, in their regular tours, took up these piles, which were thrown into them with a shovel, the wind carrying away its share of the fine dust. The refuse from houses (ashes, garbage, paper, and all manner of rubbish) was put into cans, barrels, boxes, firkins, and even bandboxes, which were stood at the edge of the curb. They were habitually over-filled, the sidewalk and the gutter being badly littered and papers being blown into the street. These receptacles were emptied into the carts with much scattering of dust in dry weather. This constituted the "street-cleaning" as the people saw it. It was supplemented, late at night, by a considerable amount of machine sweeping, which raised impenetrable clouds of dust.

DISPOSING OF THE REFUSE.

The final disposition of all matters collected is little seen, but it constitutes one of the most important and interesting parts of our work. There are seventeen dumping-boards on piers along the city's front on both rivers, where the carts discharge their loads on to scows, to be towed to sea. It is necessary that the refuse be properly spread and piled on these scows to keep them on an even keel. This is known as "scow-trimming," and it has



NEAR THE LIGHTSHIP, SANDY HOOK. UNLOADING DECK SCOWS WITH FORKS.

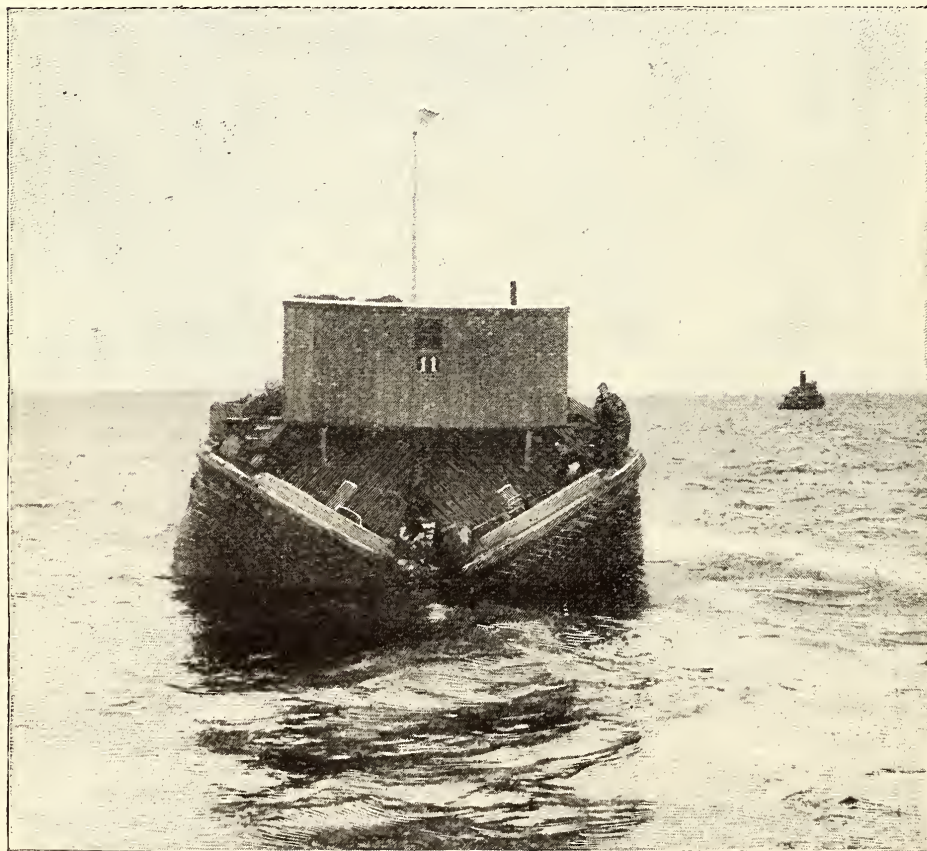
About twenty Italians unload the cargo of a deck scow in about two and one-half hours. In 1896 over 760,000 cubic yards of refuse were disposed of in this manner, on 1,531 scows, at an average cost of 17.9 cents per cubic yard.

become somewhat famous in these later days. Some sixteen years ago scow-trimming cost the city about \$11,000 per year. The work was done by Italians, a race with a genius for rag-and-bone picking and

partment stake-boat. When the tide serves, they are towed in groups of twos or threes out beyond the lightship, ten miles outside of Sandy Hook. Here they are discharged on the outgoing tide, so that their floating

matter may be carried far out to sea, which is theoretically a perfect disposal. Unfortunately, the theory does not work well in practice, and the beaches of Long Island and New Jersey are made most foul with the flotsam and jetsam of rubbish and garbage that wind and tide rescue from the widely-strewn sea. Just complaint has long been loud, but happily this condition is at last being ameliorated, and is soon to cease.

The scows are of two sorts: (1) Barney dumping-boats, which open and have their loads washed out by the sea-way as they are towed along; and (2) deck scows, from which the loads are shoveled by gangs of Italians. These men accept lower wages for this rough



A BARNEY DUMPER AT SEA, WITH ITS TUG.

The boat has been opened and is being towed along, the sea-way washing out the load. When empty it is allowed to close by flotation. The Department employs a fleet of thirteen Barney dumpers, which in 1896 carried to sea over 1,440,000 cubic yards of refuse, at an average cost of 13.8 cents per cubic yard.

and hazardous service because of the subsistence that they find in the cargo.

The question of final disposition had already become a very serious one during the administration of Mayor Gilroy, who appointed a commission to investigate the whole subject. The full report of this commission is interesting and useful. Much of what is now being done is its outgrowth, especially the pocket-dump and the self-propelling dumping-scow, both of which are due to the suggestion of Lieutenant-Commander Delehanty, Supervisor of the Harbor, who was a member of the commission.

ESSENTIAL POINTS IN THE NEW SYSTEM.

The new system, when fully inaugurated, will be as follows (much of it is now in operation):

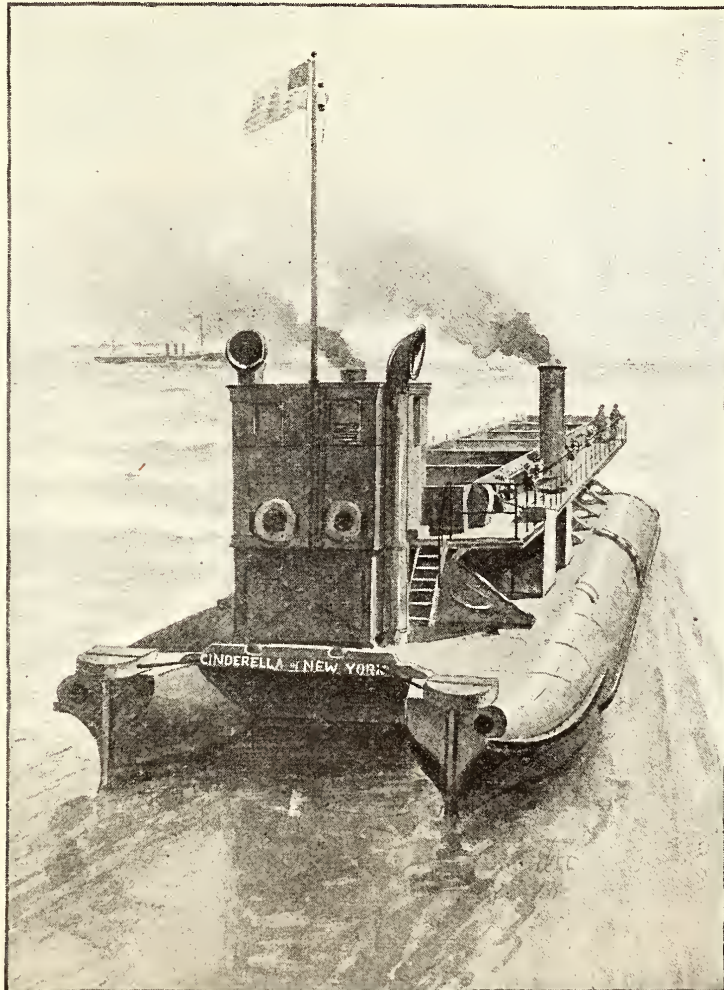
Each sweeper is supplied with a "bag-carrier," a little two-wheeled truck which supports an open bag, to receive street sweepings. On this truck he transports his tools: a broom with a scraper at the back, a watering-can, a short shovel, and, for asphalt, a broad, long-handled scraper. The sweepings are put into the bag as fast as they are collected. When full, the bag is tied and stood on the curb.

Householders are allowed to put nothing on the sidewalk. All receptacles must stand within the "stoop-line." This change from the old practice dates from 1895. Other changes, already begun, will soon be enforced universally. For simplicity they will be here described as though already established.

Garbage is kept separate from all else, and is set out in a proper vessel within a half hour of the scheduled arrival of the cart on its early morning round. This is delivered at the dumps to the scows of the Sanitary Utilization Company, and is taken to its works at Barren Island, where it is cooked by steam for some hours, and is then pressed for the extraction of its grease and liquids; the remaining solids are dried and ground. The liquid is reduced by evaporation to about the consistency of molasses. It retains most of its manurial value, and is mixed with the solids, the whole being sold as a fertilizer. The grease is roughly clarified, and is sold to soap-makers and others. The city pays to the company \$90,000 per annum under a five-year contract. The operations are free from sanitary objection, and are believed to be profitable.

Ashes are kept within the houses in cans, from which they are easily transferred to bags by a Department man. These bags are tied and set on the curb, to be taken away by the cart that collects the bags of sweepings. Ashes and sweepings are hauled

to the pocket-dumps, where the bags are emptied into hoppers which feed a bucket-elevator transporting their contents to elevated storage pockets; thence, on the opening of the gates, inclined floors discharge the matter into the pockets of the Delehanty boat, by which it is transported to Riker's Island, beyond Hell Gate. There will be a fleet of five of these boats: The "Cinderella," the "Aschenbroedel,"



THE DELEHANTY SELF-PROPELLING AUTOMATIC DUMPING-BOAT "CINDERELLA."

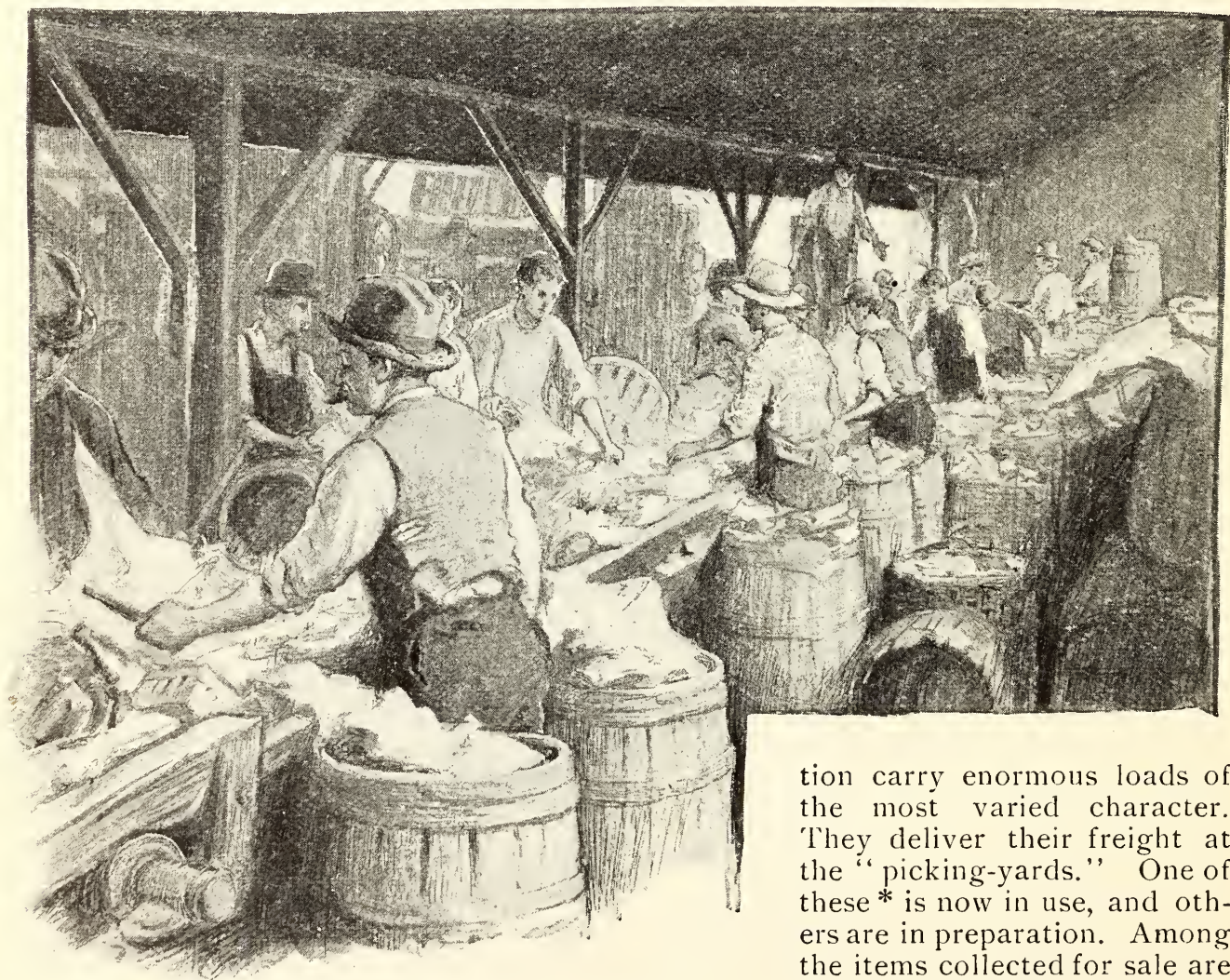
The load is carried in pockets suspended between the two pontoons. The floors of these open downward for dumping. The estimated cost of disposing of the city's ashes and sweepings behind bulkheads at Riker's Island, using the pocket-dump and the above self-propelling dumper, is less than six cents per cubic yard.

the "Cendrillon," the "Cenerentola," and the "Asschepoester." This fleet (with the shorter trip) will supplant thirteen Barney dumpers, thirty-five deck scows, and the equivalent of five tugboats in constant use. The cost of these, going to the lightship, was, in 1896, \$308,600. The cost of transporting the same wastes by the new fleet, to be dumped in deep water inside of a small inclosure of sheet piling at Riker's Island, will be \$96,300. The material so dumped will be taken up by a huge pumping plant, and conveyed through pipes or canvas tubes to any desired point of delivery on the lower portion of the island or the shoals about it. The cost per cubic yard of delivering the wastes at sea is fourteen cents. Delivery

at Riker's Island will make land of much value for the city's use.

INCREASED PROFITS OF THE PICKING-YARD.

We have now accounted for all wastes save paper and rubbish. These have hitherto been the most conspicuous of all our material, and have been the great source of street littering. In connection with the bones and fat, which now go to the contractors at Barren Island, they furnished the valuable product of the scow-trimming industry in the days when everything went into the omnivorous "ash-barrel." It is now required that all such wastes be kept indoors until called for on signal. The carts engaged in their collec-



AT THE "PICKING-YARD" IN EAST EIGHTEENTH STREET.

The table between the sorters is a wide belt which travels slowly forward. Each sorter takes from the load his especial kind of paper, rag, bottle, etc. The rejected rubbish passes up an incline into a crematory furnace.

at Riker's Island, as above, will cost only five and four-tenths cents. The sea disposal is worse than waste, for it detracts vastly from the value of bathing beaches and other shore property. The disposal

tion carry enormous loads of the most varied character. They deliver their freight at the "picking-yards." One of these* is now in use, and others are in preparation. Among the items collected for sale are five grades of paper, five grades of rags, and three grades of carpet; also bagging, twine, two grades of shoes, hats, five grades of bottles, tin cans, copper, brass, zinc, iron, rubber, hair cloth, and curled hair.

It is too early to predict anything as to the amount that may be recovered from the sale of these various materials. It is

* No. 626 East Eighteenth Street.

certain that the city has received about \$140,000 in a year for the privilege of gleaning from the scows, in a very unclean condition, certain things that were dumped upon them by the Department carts. It is equally certain that the collection of these things and others, in a clean condition, directly from the houses and shops, will yield a much larger return. The only speculation that I have ventured to indulge in is qualified by a very uncertain "if." We have a population of about two million. If we can recover the value of one-half cent per day for each head of this population, the total annual income would be \$3,650,000, or more than the entire cost of street cleaning and snow removal. It is safe to say that a goodly part of that cost will be recovered.

NEARLY A THOUSAND MILES OF STREETS
SWEEPED DAILY.

It may be of interest to show how many miles of streets are cleaned as compared with the work of 1888, when the Department was under one of its best commissioners, Mr. James S. Coleman. He reported that fifty miles were swept daily, 187 miles three times a week, sixty-five miles twice a week, and twenty-four miles "when found necessary." This makes a total of 326 miles, and an average daily sweeping of about 175 miles.

At present, thirty-five and a half miles are swept four or more times a day, fifty and a half miles three times a day, 283½ miles twice a day, and sixty-three and a half miles once a day, making a total of 433 miles, and an average daily sweeping of 924 miles, or nine miles more than the distance from New York to Chicago.

Measuring the entire expenditure of the Department by the yearly cost of each mile of daily sweeping, it was \$7,176.45 in 1888 and \$3,553.95 in 1896.

The performance of this vastly greater amount of work is largely due to a more effective supervision on the part of the foremen, who are kept under much more exact control, and who are supplied with bicycles to enable them to get more frequently over their sections. Each foreman is obliged to report daily, in writing, the exact point at which he was at each half hour of the day, and the accuracy of these reports is tested by the superintendents of districts and by others employed for the purpose. Dismissal has followed the rendering of a false report in this regard. It is found that the use of the bicycle in-

creases the potential efficiency of the foremen fully threefold.

Reference was made, in the early part of this paper, to the standing of unharnessed vehicles in the streets. To remove these was pronounced an impossibility. Within less than six months from the inauguration of Mayor Strong, these vehicles had all been removed, never to return, and even the truckmen themselves now acknowledge that the change has been a benefit to them. No man who had "votes" in his eye could ever have reached this result.

MORE SNOW REMOVED IN FIVE WEEKS THAN
PREVIOUSLY IN FIVE YEARS.

In no part of the Department's work has a greater improvement been shown than in the removal of snow. The mileage of removal after each storm is now about 145 miles, or more than six times as much as formerly. In five consecutive *weeks* of 1895 more snow was removed, and for less money, than in all of the five *years* beginning with 1889. On one day in this year the Department alone, aside from the work of the railroad companies and of the contractor for lower Broadway, removed 55,773 loads of snow. After the blizzard of 1888 the total removal, extending over the whole period, was 40,542 loads; and this was reported as "marking the high-water point of snow removal." The increased mileage of the present work is very largely in the more crowded tenement-house region and in the busiest downtown streets. Substantially the whole city below Houston Street was cleared, and one-half of all between Houston and Fifty-ninth Streets.

I have been told by the president of the United States Rubber Company that this snow removal, together with the abolition of mud from the streets at all seasons, has cost that company \$100,000 per year by reason of the decreased demand for rubber boots and shoes. What this means to the poorer people of the city, as compared with their previous suffering, need not be said.

THE MEN SETTLE THEIR OWN LABOR
TROUBLES.

Space will not permit me to give an extended account of the present method of meeting the grievances and suggestions of the men. Formerly their only recourse was to "walking delegates" and to secret com-

binations among themselves. They now have a regularly authorized "Committee of Forty-one," elected by themselves, and fully recognized by the Commissioner as an element of the general method of discipline. This is made up entirely of sweepers and drivers. To it are first sent all complaints, appeals, and suggestions. Its discussions are secret, and its freedom of speech is absolute. Five members of this committee and five officers of the Department constitute a "Board of Conference," to which are forwarded all questions which the committee has not been able to settle. In this board the laboring men are on an absolute equality with the officers. In fact, the permanent chairman of the board is always either a sweeper or a driver. If the Board of Conference cannot decide any case, it is argued before the Commissioner, whose judgment is final.

During the first year of the working of this system 345 cases were submitted by the men to the Committee of Forty-one. This settled or rejected 221 of these, sending 124 cases to the Board of Conference, where all but a single one of them were determined by unanimous action and to the satisfaction of the men. The case that came to me was decided in favor of the complainant, and the fine which had been imposed was remitted, with this statement:

"Technically, and in accordance with all rules of discipline, the fine was a just one, and should be imposed in all similar cases. At the same time, I cannot avoid the feeling that this violation was made for no improper reason, and perhaps with a laudable desire to help the service; and, in any case, probably the ends of justice and discipline are as fully satisfied by the mental anxiety to which the driver has been subjected, and the full discussion the subject has received in the 'Committee of Forty-one' and the 'Board of Conference,' as they would be by the enforcement of the penalty. I, therefore, direct that the fine be remitted."

JUVENILE STREET INSPECTORS.

In the effort for general improvement no stone has been left unturned. Everything possible has been done to enlist the interest of all the people in our work, so that all might at least give the substantial negative aid of avoiding the littering of the streets. The end is not yet, by a great deal. Still, it cannot be gainsaid that where one person gave the least thought to the condition of the streets only three years ago, a hundred are now interested in keeping them clean.

Among the agencies by which this change has been brought about, the most important has been that of the Juvenile Leagues,

the young volunteer aids of the Department. In the recent parade we turned out nearly five hundred boys and girls in white caps, representing many organizations, some of them of two years' standing. These organizations are actively engaged in "trying to keep the streets clean." This movement has been so useful and is now so promising that we are about to extend it throughout the whole public-school system, with the cordial concurrence of the Board of Education. The boys and girls constituting these leagues are active inspectors of local conditions, but they are especially useful as disseminators of ideas. They are our means of communication with their fathers and mothers, whom we often find it impossible to reach directly. Through them we get into contact with the public sentiment of large elements of the community which we could reach in no other way. Then, too, we are giving an entirely new and very useful training to those who are soon to become the men and women of the city. They are being taught that government does not mean merely a policeman to be run away from, but an influence which touches the life of the people at every point. We are making, it is hoped, citizens who will be interested in the city and who will do what they can to help improve its ways as well as its highways.

To this end we are bringing children into close relation with our work. Those who show the proper qualifications are given an official badge and a certificate (see illustration on page 917).

It is hoped that the children in the public schools will, in time, also be made familiar with the work of other departments of the city government.

It is not only through the children that the influence of clean streets has been felt by the people of the least intelligent classes. It has justly been said that "cleanliness is catching," and clean streets are leading to clean hallways and staircases and cleaner living rooms. A recent writer says:

"It is not merely justification of a theory to say that the improvement noticed in the past two and a half years in the streets of New York has led to an improvement in the interior of its tenement houses. A sense of personal pride has been awakened in the women and children, the results of which have long been noticeable to every one engaged in philanthropic work among the tenement dwellers. When, early in the present administration, a woman in the Five Points district was heard to say to another, 'Well, I don't care, my street is cleaner than yours is, anyhow,' it was felt that the battle was won."

Section Foreman.

Stable Foreman.

Driver.

Sweeper.

Sweeper.

Sweeper.



District Superintendent. Chief Clerk. Driver. General Superintendent.

THE BOARD OF CONFERENCE.

IMPROVED HEALTH AND COMFORT — DECLINE IN THE DEATH RATE.

Few realize the many minor ways in which the work of the Department has benefited the people at large. For example: There is far less injury from dust to clothing, to furniture, and to goods in shops; mud is not tracked from the streets on to the sidewalks, and thence into the houses; boots require far less cleaning; the wearing of overshoes has been largely abandoned; wet feet and bedraggled skirts are mainly a thing of the past, and children now make free use as a playground of streets which were formerly impossible to them. "Scratches," a skin-disease of horses due to mud and slush, used to entail very serious cost on truckmen and liverymen. It is now almost unknown. Horses used to "pick up a nail" with alarming frequency, and this caused great loss of service, and, like scratches, made the bill of the veterinary surgeon a serious matter. There are practically no nails now to be found in the streets.

The great, the almost inestimable, bene-

ficial effect of the work of the Department is shown in the great reduction of the death rate, and in the less keenly realized but still more important reduction in the sick rate. As compared with the average death rate of 26.78 of 1882-1894, that of 1895 was 23.10, that of 1896 was 21.52, and that of the first half of 1897 was 19.63. If this latter figure is maintained throughout the year, there will have been fifteen thousand fewer deaths than there would have been had the average rate of the thirteen previous years prevailed. The report of the Board of Health for 1896, basing its calculations on diarrheal diseases in July, August, and September, in the filthiest wards, in the most crowded wards, and in the remainder of the city, shows a very marked reduction in all, and the largest reduction in the first two classes.

It is not maintained, of course, that this great saving of life and health is due to street-cleaning work alone. Much is to be ascribed to improvements of the methods of the Board of Health, and not a little to the condemnation and destruction of rear tenements; but the Board of



ANNUAL SNOW REMOVAL FORMERLY,	55,568 LOADS.
ANNUAL SNOW REMOVAL NOW,	. . 495,977 LOADS.
TOTAL DAILY SWEEPING IN 1888,	. . 172½ MILES.
TOTAL DAILY SWEEPING IN 1897,	. . 924 MILES.

cost all the people of this city for all that was done in 1896, including the removal of snow and the renewal of "stock and plant"? The total sum is

Health itself credits a great share of the gain to this department. *\$3,283,853.90. And how much is that? It is almost exactly three cents per week for each one of us!*

THE INCREASE OF COST.

An effort has been made to account for the better work done on the streets solely by the larger amount of money expended. But in the matter of cleaning there has been no such increase of cost. In studying this it is proper to exclude the cost of "snow removal," and of the purchase of "new stock and plant," bought for permanent use and to repair waste due to the work of previous years. The expenditure for all other items, for all really "street-cleaning" accounts, was as follows for five years past:

		Percentage of increase.
1892.....	\$1,890,376.46	
1893.....	2,036,812.81	7.7%
1894.....	*2,366,419.49	16.2%
1895.....	2,704,577.26	14.3%
1896.....	2,776,749.31	2.7%

The increase in 1893-1894 was 23.9%.
" " " 1895-1896 " 17%.

Furthermore, during this administration the employment of private ash-carts and private sweepers has greatly decreased, as people have found that the department service could be relied on.

However, suppose the work has cost more. It has been well and honestly done, and it has produced the results cited above. I accept cheerfully full responsibility for the outlay, and I should gladly spend still more if it were needed for the good of the people. And, after all, how much did it

* Includes \$140,000 secured in judgments against the city for increase in wages.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Colonel Waring is at work upon a book that will deal more at length with this subject and contain the result of his observations and study in foreign cities. The volume will be published in the fall by the Doubleday and McClure Company.

SOLDIERS OF CLEANLINESS AND HEALTH.

The progress thus far made is satisfactory. An inefficient and ill-equipped working force long held under the heel of the spoilsman has been emancipated, organized, and brought to its best. It now constitutes a brigade three thousand strong, made up of well-trained and disciplined men, the representative soldiers of cleanliness and health—soldiers of the public—self-respecting and life-saving. These men are fighting daily battles with dirt, and are defending the health of the whole people. The trophies of their victories are all about us, in clean pavements, clean feet, uncontaminated air, a look of health on the faces of the people, and streets full of healthy children at play.

This is the outcome of two and a half years of strenuous effort—at first against official opposition and much public criticism. Two and a half years more, with a continuance of the present official favor and universal public approval, should bring our work to its perfection. It should make New York much the cleanest, and should greatly help to make it the healthiest, city in the world. By that time its death rate should be reduced to fifteen per thousand—which would mean for our present population a saving of sixty lives per day out of the 140 daily lost under the average of 25.78 (1882-94).

I venture to predict a recovery, from the sale of refuse material, of at least one-half the cost of the whole work.

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

. . . consider that the meritorious services of the Sergeant Instructors attached to the Egyptian Army have been inadequately acknowledged . . . To the excellence of their work is mainly due the great improvement that has taken place in the soldiers of H. H. the Khedive.
Extract from letter.

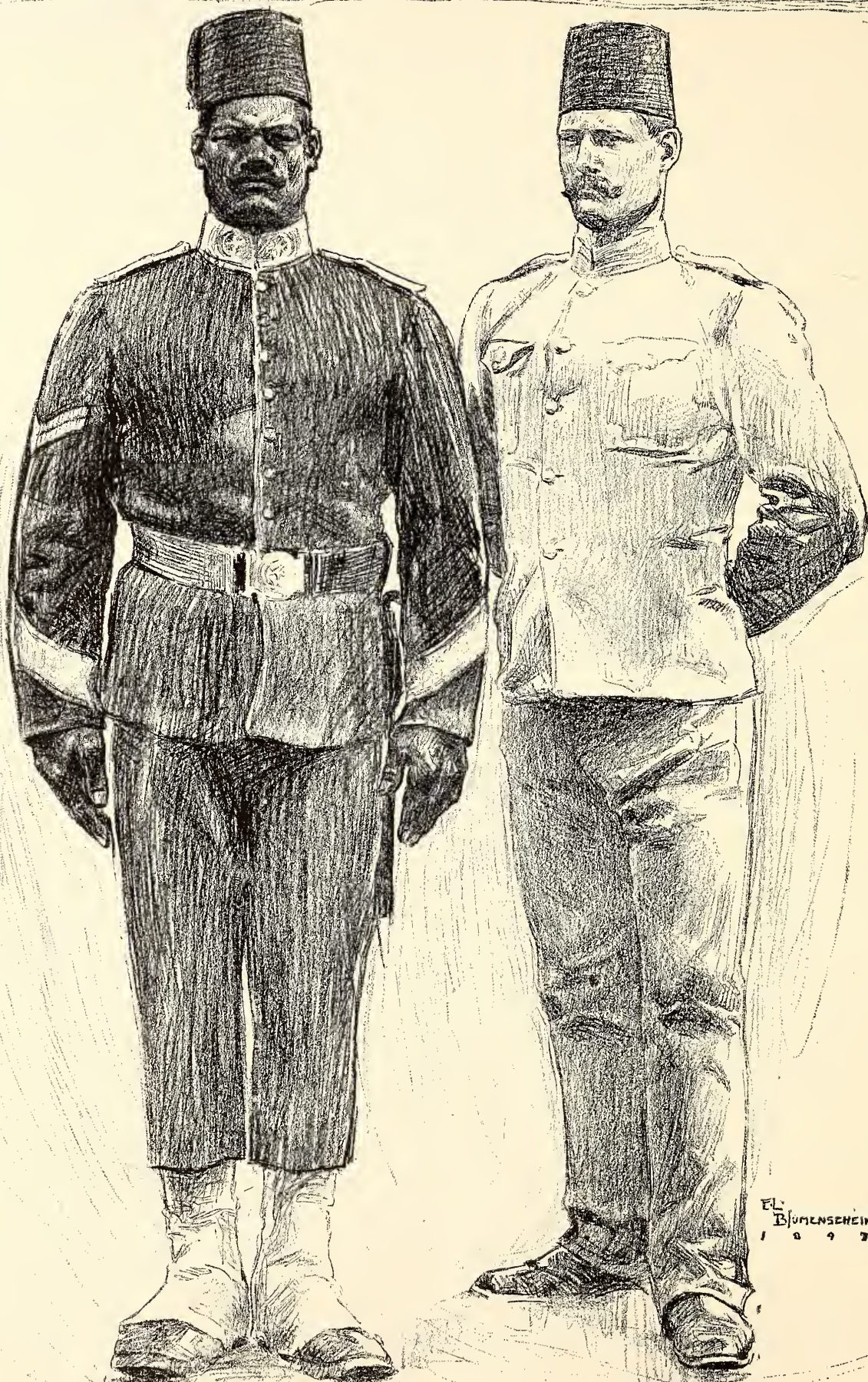
Said England unto Pharaoh, "I must make a man of you
That will stand upon his feet and play the game;
That will Maxim his oppressor as a Christian ought to do."
And she sent old Pharaoh Sergeant Whatisname.
It was not a Duke nor Earl nor yet a Viscount—
It was not a big brass General that came;
But a man in khaki kit who could handle men a bit,
With his bedding labelled Sergeant Whatisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "Tho' at present singing small,
You shall hum a proper tune before it ends,"
And she introduced old Pharaoh to the Sergeant once for all,
And left 'em in the desert making friends.
It was not a Crystal Palace nor Cathedral,
It was not a public house of common fame,
But a piece of red-hot sand, with a palm on either hand,
And a little hut for Sergeant Whatisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "You've had miracles before,
When Aaron struck your rivers into blood;
But if you watch the Sergeant he can show you something more—
He's a charm for making riflemen from mud."
It was neither Hindustani, French, nor Coptic;
It was odds and ends and leavings of the same,
Translated by a stick (which is really half the trick),
And Pharaoh hearkened to Sergeant Whatisname.

(There were years that no one talked of: there were times of
horrid doubt;
There was faith and hope and whacking and despair;

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT.



*While the Sergeant gave the Cautions, and he combed old Pharaoh out,
And England didn't look to know nor care.*

*That is England's awful way o' doing business;
She would serve her God or Gordon just the same;
For she thinks her Empire still is the Strand and Hol-
born Hill,
And she didn't think o' Sergeant Whatisname.)*

*Said England to the Sergeant, "You can let my people go!"
(England used 'em cheap and nasty from the start)
And they entered 'em at Firkeh on a most astonished foe—
But the Sergeant he had hardened Pharaoh's heart
That was broke, along of all the plagues of Egypt,
Three thousand years before the Sergeant came—
And he mended it again in a little more than ten,
So Pharaoh fought like Sergeant Whatisname!*

*It was wicked bad campaigning (cheap and nasty from the first),
There was heat and dust and coolie work and sun,
There were vipers, flies, and sandstorms, there was cholera and thirst,
But Pharaoh done the best he ever done.
Down the desert, down the railway, down the river,
Like the Israelites from bondage so he came,
'Tween the clouds o' dust and fire to the land of his desire,
And his Moses it was Sergeant Whatisname!*

*We are eating dirt in handfuls for to save our daily bread,
Which we have to buy from those that hate us most,
And we must not raise the money where the Sergeant raised the dead,
And it's wrong and bad and dangerous to boast;
But he did it on the cheap and on the quiet,
And he's not allowed to forward any claim—
Though he drilled a black man white, though he made
a mummy fight,
He will still continue Sergeant Whatisname—
Private, Corporal, Colour-Sergeant, and Instructor—
But the everlasting miracle's the same!*

A MAN FIGHTS BEST IN HIS OWN TOWNSHIP.

BY ROBERT BARR,

Author of "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Mutable Many," etc.

UNDER the hot sun Tom Stover rode slowly across the Texas plains towards the collection of shanties which he saw ahead of him, some miles away. He meditated deeply as he rode, for he was on the eve of a momentous enterprise. As he approached the group of buildings they resolved themselves into items; first, a long, low, wooden building that served at once for freight shed, telegraph office, and station house of Chapman's Junction; next to it on the east was a shanty with a stovepipe sticking through the board roof, where Peters, the station agent, lived. On the other side, near the track, were fenced-in enclosures, all whitewashed, with slatted, inclined planes up which the cattle traveled to be wedged side by side in the stock cars of the trains going East.

Tom tied his horse to the topmost rail of the whitewashed enclosure, and walked up the steps to the broad platform that surrounded the station building.

The station was on the south side of the straight track, the two converging steel rails of which, like lines without a turning drawn on the level plain of Texas, disappeared into the eastern horizon on the one hand and into the western horizon on the other. The overhanging eave of the northern side of the building threw a grateful shade upon the broad platform, and in that shade, upon a chair tilted back against the side of the house, his heels on the lower rungs of the chair, his back resting against the wall, sat a man with his broad-brimmed hat drawn over his eyes, apparently sound asleep. His slumber was guarded by the outstretched arms of the red signal boards: one to the east and one to the west of him, up and down the iron lines.

"Hallo, Peters!" shouted Stover. "You are a hard-worked laboring man."

Peters slowly shoved the brim of his slouched hat back from his brow and stared up at the interloper.

"Hallo, Tom!" was all he said; then he tilted his chair down on its four legs again, rose, and stretched himself, after

which he offered his hand to the newcomer.

"Say, Peters, you haven't another chair about the place, have you? I want to sit down and have a talk with you."

"No," replied Peters. "There isn't another chair within ten miles, I guess, but there's a box in the telegraph office that'll do just as well; so you sit down in my chair and fire away. I've got something a mighty sight more practical than chairs, and that is a bottle of good Kentucky."

"Now, you're shouting," rejoined Tom with undisguised glee. "Some people might think it a little too hot for drinking whisky, but I can stand it if you can."

"Oh," said the station master, in a tone of authority, "that's one thing I like about whisky, it suits any climate."

Saying which, he dragged a square box out of the telegraph office and sat down upon it, after handing the bottle over to Tom, who took a pull, wiped the mouth of the bottle on his coat sleeve, and passed it solemnly back to the station master, who, echoing his sentiment, "Here's to you," turned the bottom of the flask toward the clear Texan sky. "Well," said Peters, setting the bottle down an equal distance between them, "I'm mighty glad you came in. I was getting a bit lonesome."

"I should think," said Tom, "that seeing you are station master and telegraph operator and switch tender and freight shover, all in one, you would have enough to do to keep you awake at least."

"Well, I haven't," said Peters. "You see, with about one train in twenty-four hours, for the night express doesn't count, there isn't much excitement around the junction; in fact, Chapman's Junction isn't even a junction, because the line they surveyed from here was never put through, on account of the panic coming on. And then the city those speculators staked out—well, there's some of the stakes left, and that's about all. No—there isn't much excitement round here."

"That's so," admitted Tom; "and for

my part, I'm goin' off where there's something goin' on."

"What do you mean?" cried Peters. "You're not going to leave us, are you?"

"Well, only for a little while. I'm going to take a trip. I'm going clean through to New York."

"You don't mean it!" cried Peters in amazement.

"Yes, I do. You see I've been steady to work on Chapman's ranch for more than five years. Now, Chapman, at the first, wasn't doing very well, and so we

"You bet he was!" cried Tom, enthusiastically. "So I told the old man I was going to take two or three weeks off and blow in some of that money, and I've just rode out to see you and find how much it costs to New York and back."

"You're not going to take all that money with you?" said Peters, warningly.

Peters had once visited St. Louis, and knew what a large city was.

"Oh, I think I shall try and take it along," said Tom. "A fellow never knows how much he wants to blow in when he goes to a place. Things may be more expensive in New York than they are in Texas."

"Expensive!" cried Peters. "Why, you could buy half the town for three thousand dollars. Do you know anybody in New York?"

"No one but Billy Smith; he went there a while ago, and I haven't heard from him for three years, but I'll just inquire around till I find him. Somebody there will be sure to know him. Billy was always hard up, and I can perhaps help him out a bit."

"If you don't know his address," said Peters, with the caution of a man who has traveled as far as St. Louis and spent a week in that city, "you may have some trouble in finding him."

"Oh, I guess not," said Tom. "I know pretty near everybody in Texas, and Texas is a good deal bigger than New York, from what I've heard."

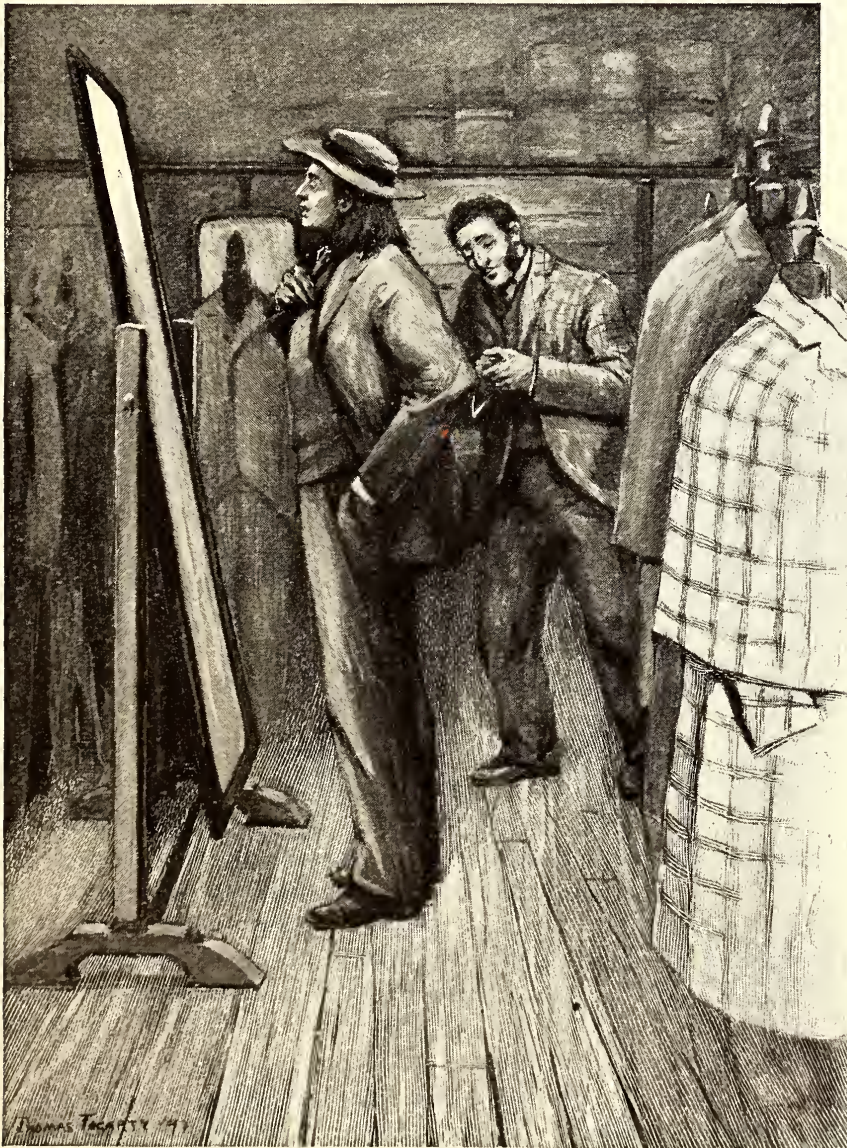
"Well, maybe, maybe," grudgingly admitted Pe-

ters, "but they're different, you know."

"What I wanted to find out," said Tom, "is what does it cost to go from here to New York. What's the price of a ticket?"

Peters scratched his head doubtfully.

"It takes a good bit of money," he said. "I don't know exactly how much. I couldn't sell you a ticket any farther than St. Louis, and then you'd have to get



"... AND BOUGHT WHAT WAS NEEDED TO MAKE HIM APPEAR AS A RESIDENT OF THE CITY."

were all glad enough to get our board and something to drink now and then from him. But these last two or three years, since the panic, he's making money hand over fist, and last week he paid me up—owed me \$3,200, and I got every cent of it."

"You don't say?" replied Peters. "Well, Chapman always was a white man."

another there. But say, Tom, couldn't you get a letter from old man Chapman setting out that you are going East on cattle business? If he can do that, I'll send it on to headquarters, and I'm not sure but we can get you a pass right through. You see Chapman ships a lot of cattle over this line, and he has never been anywhere, and the big ranchmen always get transportation over the road when they want to go east or west. Of course it isn't any of my business to knock down the receipts of the railway company, but still I've known you for five years, and although I'm not sure I can work it, I think I can. I'm dead certain I can get you a pass from here to St. Louis anyhow, and if Chapman sends the right sort of a letter, I shouldn't wonder but the folks at headquarters can fix you clear to New York and back, and never cost you a cent."

"Geewhillicans!" cried Tom, who never had an idea that anybody traveled on a railway without paying his fare.

"How soon are you going?" asked Peters.

"Oh, I'm not particular for a week or two."

"Very well! Now you get me that letter from Chapman. Tell him to put it strong. He can say that nobody's ever had transportation from his ranch and that he's shipped thousands of cattle through on this line, and I'll see what I can do."

"Well," said Tom gratefully, "you are a white man, Peters. I'll bring the letter in to-morrow."

And so, each taking another pull at the bottle, they parted.

Next day Peters sent on to headquarters the request of Chapman, and in a day or two he got a letter of inquiry from some one in authority, which he answered enthusiastically. A week later the documents came, all pinned together, and Tom started East with the proud consciousness that he didn't need to pay a cent, unless he took a sleeping-car, until he entered the city of New York.

It was an amazing journey, and Tom found that it exceeded his wildest expectations. He made the mistake for a whole day of thinking that Jersey City was New York, and he wandered round and was much stared at; they thought that Buffalo Bill and his company had arrived in town once more. He reached Jersey City in the morning, and towards four o'clock, after spending his admiration on it, discovered

that New York was on the other side of the river. He went across, and found for himself a reasonably modest hotel, where he was expected to pay two dollars a day for room and food. He expected to be swindled right and left, but, to his surprise, everything was very reasonable, and no one attempted to take any advantage of him, although he had his suspicions of the ready-made clothing man from whom he bought a complete outfit, for Tom was a shrewd fellow, and realized that his costume was not quite the same as those of the regular citizens of New York; so he went to the ready-made clothing store and bought what was needed to make him appear as a resident of the city, even to shirts, neck-tie, and linen collar, which he had to be measured for, never having worn one before.

The clothing-store man told Tom that he would send the things to his hotel, but Tom, casting one suspicious glance at him, resolved not to be "done" in that simple fashion, and, taking the bundle under his arm, carried it to his hotel himself. Tom told the clerk of the hotel, with whom he had established confidential relations, of this attempt on the part of the clothing-store man to swindle him, and was amazed when the clerk informed him that it would very likely have been all right. And thus Tom's suspicions of the great city began to disappear, and he found that this world was not nearly as bad as some people represented.

When fitted out in his new suit Tom hardly recognized himself. He felt very uncomfortable, but had the satisfaction of knowing that he looked exactly like every other citizen in the metropolis, except as far as his hair was concerned. His hair was light, almost of a golden color, and, like that of the girl in the song, it hung down his shoulders. Resolved to make his sacrifice to fashion complete, he entered a hair-cutting establishment and demanded to be closely shorn. The barber stood back and looked at him with admiration. "It's a pity," he said, "to put shears into anything like that. I never saw anything to compare with it since Paderewski was here, and his stuck up on end more than yours does."

"That's all right," said Tom. "I don't want people turning round to stare after me as I pass along. You give me a close cut." And in a very short time Tom's luxuriant auburn tresses lay scattered on the barber's floor, and he left the place with a sigh of relief to think there was

now no distinguishing marks of Texas about him. He made diligent inquiries for his friend Billy Smith, and was disappointed when he could find no one who knew him. When he spoke to the hotel clerk about it, that alert young man, who he supposed knew everything, said at once he would find him if he was in New York, and he turned to the bulky directory of the city and looked up the Smiths, and, just as he predicted, he found several hundred of them; so he advised Tom that the only thing he could do was to call on each one of them and discover the real Billy Smith, a task, the clerk estimated, that would occupy Tom, if he gave it close attention, for about a year. The cowboy, with a sigh, gave up the attempt, and grew more and more lonely in the big city.

One day as he passed down Broadway a man accosted him:

"Hallo!" he said. "Is this you, John?"

"No," said Tom, "I'm not John; my name's Tom Stover."

"Well," said the other, with an air of disappointment, "I could have sworn that you were John Bloomingdale from Buggin's Corners, New York."

"No," answered Tom, with a regretful sigh, for he would have been only too glad to meet some one he knew. "I'm not from York State at all. The fact is that I come from the West. My name's Tom Stover, and I worked for five years on Chapman's ranch in Texas. Only came to New York the other day. Never been here before."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the man.

"I took you for another fellow altogether. Good-by!"

"Good-by," said Tom, and he stood on the crowded edge of the pavement watch-

ing the retreating figure of the man who might perhaps have known him; but better luck was in store for him. He had hardly gone a hundred yards down the street when a stranger, looking keenly at him, placed his hands on Tom's shoulders.

"Thunder and lightning!" said the stranger, "if you're not Tom Stover, you're the dead image of him."

Tom's face lighted up.

"You're dead right," he said, "but how the deuce you come to know me now that I got my hair cut, I can't imagine."

"Know you?" cried the other, "why I'd know you anywhere, hair cut or no hair cut. Weren't you on Chapman's ranch in Texas something like five years ago?"

"You bet!" cried Tom, with keen delight. "Why, were you out there?"

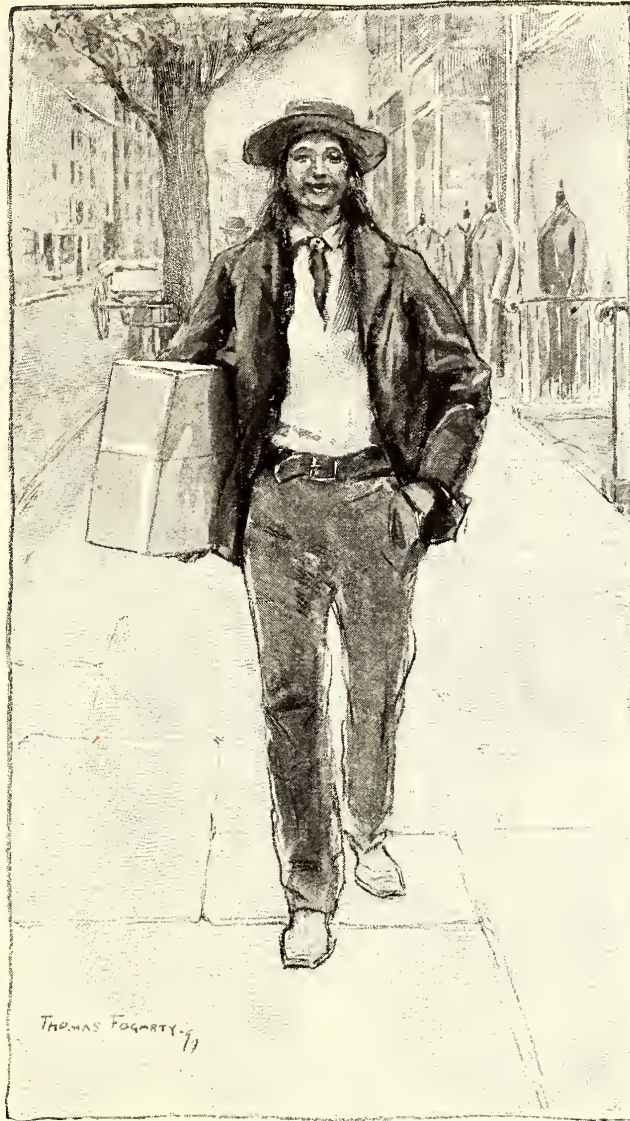
"Certain," cried the man. "My name's Smithers. I don't suppose you recollect me. I was going through Texas to the gold fields. I'm a miner, I am, and don't know New York at all; only came here about a week ago."

"Same with me," cried Tom, smiting his big right hand down on the other's palm and shaking his arm vigorously. "Same with me. I've just come through from Texas. First time I've ever been in New York."

"Is that so?" cried Smithers. "Come on and let's have something to drink."

"You bet!" said Tom, taking him by the arm.

Smithers had a smooth-shaven face,



"... TAKING THE BUNDLE UNDER HIS ARM, CARRIED IT TO HIS HOTEL HIMSELF."

and a quick furtive look in his eye which seemed to rove all about him, with frequent glances to the rear. He drew Tom down a side street, and then turning a corner with apparently more knowledge of New York 'than a man who had just landed there should have, he pushed open the swinging door of a saloon, and they entered. They found a secluded corner, and sat down at a table.

Smithers said, "What will you have?"

"No, no," cried Tom, "this is my treat," and he pulled out a bundle of paper money from his pocket that made the other's eyes glisten. "It's strange," said Tom, "that you should have remembered me right here in New York after not seeing me for five years, while I can't remember you at all. I suppose you only stayed at the ranch a night or so?"

"Yes," said Smithers, "that was all, but I never forget a man when I once take to him; and besides, you weren't long there, I think you told me at the time."

"No; that is so. I was a newcomer then, and I guess that accounts for it. Still, we never had many visitors at the ranch, so I can't think how it is I don't remember you. You must have a wonderful memory to recognize not only my face but remember my name as well."

"I must admit," said Smithers, "I have, and, as I told you, I never forget a man I once take to. Are you going back soon?"

"Yes," said Tom, "I expect to. I came with \$3,200 dollars in my pocket—"

"What, and spent it all already?" asked the other in alarm.

Tom laughed boisterously, and said, "No, I've only spent a little on new clothes and a few other things. I keep my cash right here," added Tom, tapping the inside breast pocket of his coat.

"Yes," said Smithers, with a sigh, "that's the best place to keep it. I wish I had my money in my inside pocket."

"And haven't you?" asked Tom.

"No. You see, as I told you, I went through to the mines, and for three or four years had a hard time of it, but at last I struck it rich. I struck a nugget that is worth a hundred thousand dollars if it's worth a cent."

"Gee whizz!" exclaimed Tom, with wide-open eyes.

"Yes, sir, and I brought that nugget with me right here to New York. I had no ready money, and I had to put it in pawn. It isn't a thing you can sell off-hand, right in a minute. A man has got it, and he gives me a hundred dollars now,

and fifty dollars another time, and so on. He says I owe him three thousand dollars, but I don't, and he refuses to give it up unless I pay him three thousand dollars. Of course I haven't the money, and I can't get it until I get a hold of that nugget. Now I know how to sell it, and could get my hundred thousand dollars for it in ten minutes if I once had hold of the gold. But he won't let it go. He expects I'll be knocked on the head, I suppose, then he'll own it."

"Jumping bunco!" cried Tom, bringing his fist down on the table. "Tell me who the man is, and I'll blow the top of his head off. I'll fill him with lead."

"No, no," said the other. "That won't do here in New York, you know. You could have done that in a mining camp right enough, but it won't do in the East. No, I must have the money or I can't get that lump of gold."

"How much money did you say you needed?" cried Tom.

"I need three thousand dollars cash, and if any man would let me have that for about half an hour, till I could get my lump of gold changed into bills, I'd willingly give five thousand for the accommodation of the money."

"George Washington!" cried Tom. "What are you talking about? Don't you know I've got the three thousand dollars? Why, bless my soul, let's go and get that lump of gold out at once."

"Well," demurred the other, "you're a stranger to me, you know; I couldn't ask you for the money, only knowing you half an hour."

"You've known me five years," said Tom, rising. "You come along with me, and show me where this man is, and I'll fork over the three thousand dollars. I've got it right here with me."

The other still demurred, and seemed to hesitate.

"Well," he said, "I'll do it on one condition, that you take the lump of gold yourself and get the cash for it."

"You'll do it," said Tom enthusiastically, "on no conditions at all. You take the money and get your gold, and bring me back the money to the Sellers House; you know where that hotel is, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Smithers, "I know it very well," and he took out a note-book and put down the name. "Very well, then," he said. "To-morrow I will bring back your money, and we'll go out and have dinner together."

"You bet!" cried Tom, delighted to

think he had overcome the scruples of the other.

Smithers led the cowboy down one street and up another, and at last they came to a dark passage, and went up three flights of stairs, where he pushed open the door of a shabby room and they found a man sitting beside an ordinary wooden table of the roughest sort.

"I say!" cried Smithers, "have you got that piece of gold of mine?"

"Yes," said the other, grumblingly, "if you've got the money to pay me what you owe."

"I got the money," replied Smithers bitterly; "at least I've got a friend here who'll put up the money, and I guess that's the same thing."

"Yes," cried Tom, "and you may be plagued glad that you're not out in Texas, where you'd get your cursed head blown off."

The man in the room looked in alarm at the huge figure of Tom, and as he did so, Tom seemed to recognize him, but could not think where he had met him. The man rose hastily and went to a cupboard, and brought out a huge lump of yellow metal.

"There it is," he said, placing the metal on the table.

Tom pulled out his long leather pocket-book from his inside pocket, and counted out the three thousand dollars. The other, rolling it up in a bundle, thrust it in his trousers pocket, and pushed the lump of gold towards the cowboy.

"There," said Smithers, "you take that as security."

"Security be hanged," cried Tom with indignation. "You

drop round at my hotel to-morrow. Come about four o'clock, and I'll stay in for you."

"Very well," said Smithers, shaking him warmly by the hand. "I'll take this now and get my money for it."

Tom went down the stairs alone, and the two men looked at each other with a grin.

"I'll be hanged," said Smithers, "if it isn't too disgustingly easy."

"Oh," said the other man, "he'll soon meet some one who will put him on to the game, so we'd better close up this establishment as quickly as possible, and get away." Which they accordingly did.

Only once did suspicion cross the mind of Tom Stover. As he was walking up Broadway it suddenly came to him that the man in the room was the same who had accosted him and asked if he were not John Bloomingdale. He wondered at the coincidence, because he had been much struck within the past day or two with the size of New York and the impossibility of meeting any one a person knew.

Four o'clock next day arrived, but no Smithers came with it. It was late that evening when Tom confided the situation to the hotel clerk. After waiting till six o'clock, he had roamed about the city trying to find the room to which Smithers had taken him, but he could not even find the saloon where they had first drank together. It was late at night when he returned, and, ashamed of himself for harboring unworthy suspicions, he hesitatingly told the clerk what had happened to him. The clerk looked at him with unfeigned amazement.

"Well," he said, "if I had had any idea that you were so green as that I would have put you on your guard. It never struck me that you would be taken in by the first gold-brick man you met on the streets. You've been buncoed. How much money did they get out of you?"



"I MUST HAVE THE MONEY OR I CAN'T GET THAT LUMP OF GOLD."

"Three thousand dollars," said Tom, with a sigh.

"Have you got any left?" asked the clerk sharply, thinking of the hotel bill.

"I've got a little over a hundred dollars," replied Tom.

"Well," said the clerk, a little more cordially, "you take my advice and get right back to Texas. Have you got your ticket?"

"Yes."

"Very well then, a hundred dollars will see you through. New York's not your size. I didn't think there was a man in this country from one end to the other that

"Well," said Peters, as Tom stepped from the train, "what kind of a time did you have? Back sooner than you expected, aren't you?"

"Yes, a little sooner," replied Tom. "Oh, I had a great time. Big city, New York."

"I suppose it is," said Peters. "How much of the three thousand dollars did you bring back with you?"

"Oh, I've got a ten-dollar bill or so, and some change in silver."

"Geewhillicans!" cried Peters in astonishment. "Blew in the whole three thousand, every cent of it? You *have* had

a time. You didn't buy the town and give it away, did you?"

"No, but I gave myself away once or twice. But it's all in a lifetime, and I've had the worth of the money, I guess. A fellow must have a fling some time, you know, Peters."

"Yes, I know," said Peters, rubbing his chin meditatively and wrinkling his brows. "But, Tom, think how many bottles of whisky



"I SAY!" CRIED SMITHERS, 'HAVE YOU GOT THAT PIECE OF GOLD OF MINE?'"

hadn't read about these bunco-steerers and the way they work. Why, the game's been given away again and again in every newspaper in the land."

"Yes," said Tom dolefully, "but I've been living on a ranch, and I don't read newspapers."

"All right," said the clerk, "but the lesson has cost you three thousand dollars; so if I were you I'd subscribe for a paper. I don't suppose you'll ever see a cent of that money again. I'll tell the police, but it won't be any use; these fellows are too sharp."

The police were told, but as the clerk had predicted, it was no use. For two or three days Tom wandered up and down the street hoping to meet Smithers or his confederate, but that too proved useless.

that money would have bought!"

"Yes," said Tom, with the ghost of a sigh, "it would have gone a long way in old rye."

"Well," said Peters, "I suppose if you're satisfied, nobody else has a right to grumble. But three thousand dollars in less than that number of weeks, I couldn't have believed it!"

"It isn't all wasted," said Tom, "because I've got a case here that's for you, and in it are twelve bottles of as good whisky as you ever put your lips to. I don't forget my old friends merely because I'm having a high old time in New York by myself."

"You're a brick," said Peters gratefully, shaking him warmly by the hand, and, as the rear car of the westward train

was now dim in the distance, Tom opened the case, and Peters opened a bottle.

Tom's adventures in New York were for many days the wonder of Chapman's ranch. He wasn't a man of much imagination, and was sometimes hard put to it when the cowboys pressed for details of the fun which involved such enormous expenditure in so short a time. The general opinion was that Tom must have lived high and gone the pace in order to get through so much money. Even old Chapman himself shook his head and doubted whether a man in a couple of weeks could have all the fun which such a sum represented. However, Tom put on no airs over his comrades; he was as genial as ever, and continued to be as well liked as he always had been. His yellow hair grew down to his shoulders once more, and if there was a pleasant swagger in his manner, that was merely to be expected from a man who had had such a wild time in the metropolis for two weeks. The New York affair also had another effect: Tom now subscribed for a New York paper, and read it assiduously, as did also most of the other boys in the camp. The numbers accumulated in bundles at the railway station, and were forwarded by Peters every time any one went out from the ranch to Chapman's Junction. It was generally supposed that Tom in his two weeks had become so addicted to the frivolities of New York society that he must now read of those balls and theater parties which he could no longer attend.

"I see your friend Mrs. Vandergould has given another great dance," old man Chapman would say as he read the paper. "Here's a whole column of people who attended it. I suppose you met most of these folks while you were down at New York?"

"Couldn't help meeting 'em," said Tom. "Of course they were very nice to me, and naturally I had to give a blow-out or two in return. I couldn't have 'em think a fellow coming from Chapman's ranch in Texas was mean with the money."

"No," said old Chapman proudly, "you did it up fine, Tom, even if it did cost you three thousand dollars. I guess they know by this time that there's no flies on Texas."

"You bet!" said Tom. And so it was felt that, all in all, Tom had done credit to the locality during his brief sojourn in New York. But all the while Tom was saving up his money and carefully reading the criminal columns in the paper he sub-

scribed for. He knew that such a man as Smithers was bound to be arrested sooner or later, and he expected to read his description when the police took him in, and probably see a picture of him on the front page of the paper. The journal he took dealt very fully with criminal matters; in fact it was his friend the hotel clerk who had advised what paper to take in, if he wanted to keep up with the police news of the big city.

At last Tom's vigilance was rewarded. The moment he opened the paper and saw the portrait of a man's smooth, cynical face, he recognized Smithers. He also, though less certainly, recognized the man who was his comrade. Other pictures were given, also a view of a house, also a picture of a man bound and gagged, also a picture of the same man as he appeared to the ordinary citizen. It had been a big affair: not a bunco game this time, but a fair and square robbery. The man had stepped into his carriage at the bank door, with over sixty thousand dollars in the valise he carried in his hand. The man thought everything was right, but Smithers was sitting in the driver's seat, for the driver had been inveigled away by a false message from his master. The trick had been cleverly done. In a certain narrow street the carriage stopped; Smithers's confederate stepped in and promptly knocked the man on the head. He was then bound and gagged and carried into a house these two had rented. There he was left, tied up in a hard knot, while Smithers drove his confederate to the Cunard docks. When they reached the docks, Smithers engaged some one to mind his horse until he returned. They divided the money, thirty thousand dollars each, and the confederate got on the steamer and sailed away, while Smithers crossed the ferry and made for the boundless West, each man carrying out his idea of the surest method of escape. Smithers, whose real name appeared to be Brownlow, had been traced as far as St. Louis. The Cunard steamer was spec'ing across the Atlantic, but a cable despatch was awaiting the confederate at Queens-town, and there the authorities had every hope of arresting him.

When Tom had read thus far in the first day's paper he eagerly turned to the next. The thieves had had a good opportunity of getting away, for it was a day before the rich man was found in the deserted house, still alive and intensely anxious. The next day's papers told of the rich man's offer of five thousand dollars for

the capture of either one of his assailants, and gave the further news that Smithers had been arrested at a town a hundred miles or so west of St. Louis. Tom at once made up his mind to go there. He was firmly resolved to have one shot at Smithers, even if he spent the remainder of his life in jail for doing so. He told old man Chapman that he would like a holiday for a week or two, and wanted a few hundred dollars if the old man would advance him so much. Old Chapman asked no questions, but gave him the money, and Tom got on his horse and rode towards Chapman's Junction, where he took a ticket for the town in which Smithers had been arrested. But a surprise awaited him there; Smithers, in some unaccountable way, had escaped. It was known, of course, that Smithers was in ample funds, and those who arrested him were now highly indignant because they were charged with accepting a bribe. The man, they said, was desperate and well armed. He had pulled a revolver on them and held them up while he escaped. It was known that he had taken the train for Texas, but all trace of him was now lost. The men, for some inexplicable reason, had neglected to give the alarm as promptly as they might have done, and once more Smithers had a fair chance of getting into Mexico before an officer could put his hand on his shoulder and arrest him in the name of the law. Detectives from New York were coming, but Smithers had a long start of them. Tom cursed the luck that had allowed his prey to escape, but promptly took train over the ground Smithers had traveled. He knew enough of the lay of the country to be well aware that Smithers, if he were at all informed, would leave the railway, buy a horse, and ride over the Mexican border. Tom paid his fare from station to station in a way that made the conductor think there was something wrong with his passenger's head. Every time the train stopped Tom got off, seized the station master by the shoulder, and rapidly asked him if anybody answering the description of the fugitive had got off the train within a day or two, bought a horse, and started for the interior. The reply was "no" for some hundreds of miles, and Tom swung on the train, sometimes just as it was pulling out, paid his fare to the next station, where he repeated his questioning. At last he met the reward that always awaits the patient and persistent.

"Yes," said the station agent, "he

bought a horse from old Seppings. He evidently didn't know anything about a horse, because Seppings palmed off on him the oldest and poorest horse he had on his ranch and made the man pay the biggest price for it. I guess he'd lots of money, so it doesn't matter. He didn't haggle about the price at all. He said he was going to the north, but in that he lied, because, after starting north and thinking he'd got out of sight, he changed his course and went straight south."

"What sort of a looking fellow was he?" asked Tom.

"Oh, a middle-sized man, and looked like he came from the city. He had a stubbly beard that seemed as if he hadn't shaved for two or three days. I guess generally he's a smooth-shaver, that man; a keen-looking fellow. He said he was prospecting, wanted to buy a ranch, or something of that sort."

"That's my man. Where's Seppings's place? I want to buy a horse and follow him."

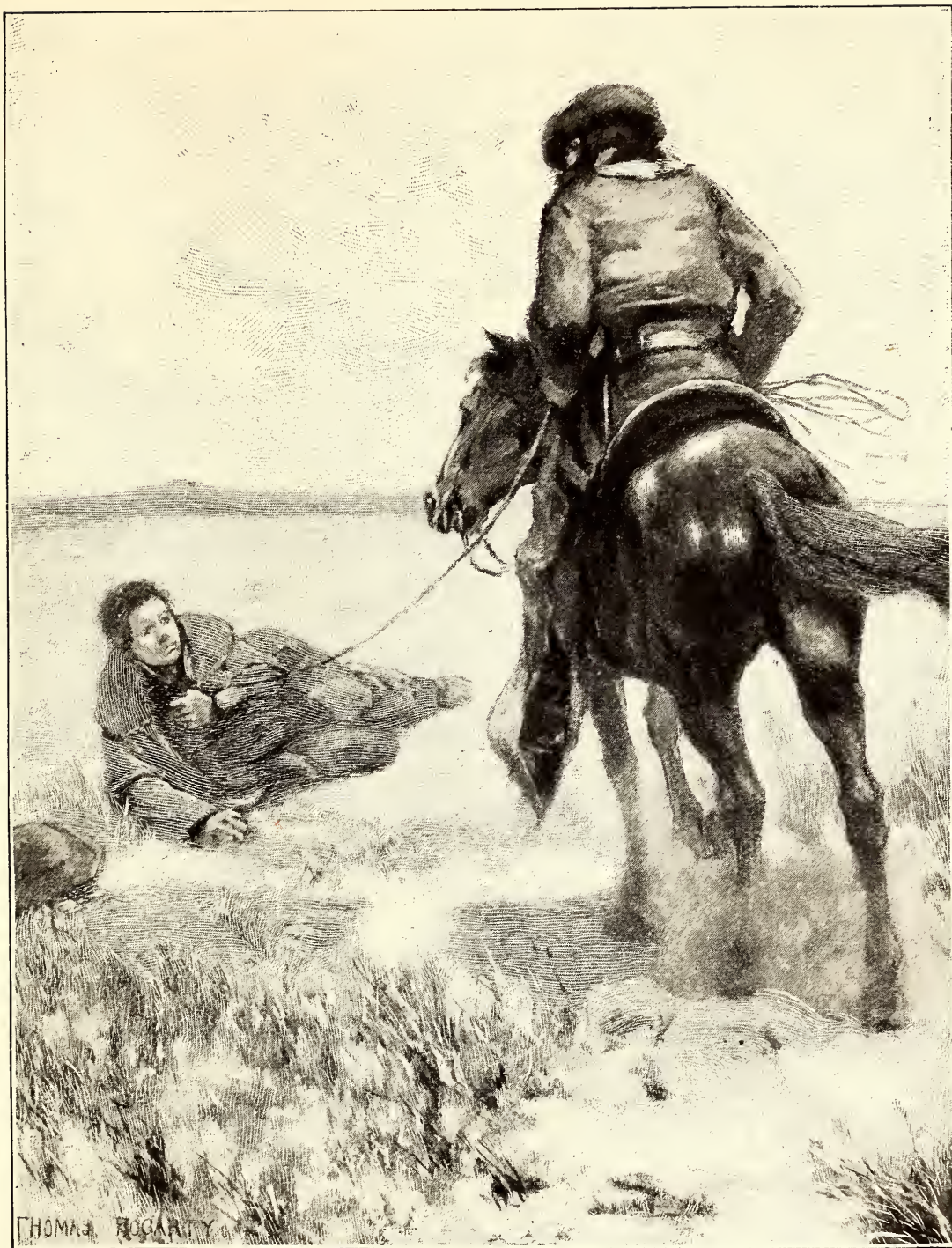
Seppings found Tom not such easy game as Smithers had been. Tom knew a horse when he saw one, and knew what its price was, too; but when old Seppings learned in the course of conversation that Tom had come from Chapman's ranch and was one of the boys himself, he wouldn't take a penny for the horse, but told him to select one for himself, and give it back when he was through with the chase. The other man had a day's start; but Tom knew he would speedily overtake him when he got on the trail. He put spurs to his horse, and on the second day out from Seppings's ranch he saw a dot on the sky line that he knew to be Smithers. It was nearly noon when he overtook him.

"Hallo, comrade!" he shouted. "Where are you bound for?"

The other, who had been urging on his horse as fast as he could for an hour before, seemed relieved at the cheery tones of the man who had overtaken him, and answered:

"Oh, I'm prospecting. Just looking round the country. I'm thinking of buying a ranch and settling down here."

"Well, that's a good plan," said Tom, spurring up beside him. "You'll find it very healthy, and lots of fun too, although you mightn't think it. I've seen more excitement in Texas in ten minutes than I've seen anywhere else in my whole life. You'll find the people all nice and neighborly, always ready to help a fellow-



"I TOLD YOU YOU COULD HAVE A LOT OF FUN IN TEXAS, AND IT'S JUST BEGINNING"

creature when he's in trouble. Oh, you'll like the people. I'm a miner myself. I've just come from Colorado, and I've got a nugget of gold that's worth a hundred thousand dollars if it's worth a cent, and I'll tell you what it is, friend, I need three thousand dollars to get it out of a fellow's clutches. He's been lending me money, and I thought perhaps if you were looking for a ranch you might have the money on your clothes somewhere, and help a fellow out without any trouble, don't you see?"

Smithers looked sharply at Tom; then it occurred to him that it perhaps would be better to escape; so he whipped up his

jaded horse and tried to worry a gallop out of him, which made Tom laugh when he thought of the futility of the move. He made no attempt to overtake him, but leisurely unwound the lariat from his waist. Then urging his horse forward, Tom airily swung the looped rope above his head, and dropped it gently over the body of Smithers. At a word Tom's horse stopped dead, bracing his feet in the turf. The rope tightened, and the unfortunate Smithers was dragged out of his saddle to the ground. The tired horse looked round and stopped, when the burden had been so promptly removed from his back.

"There," said Tom, riding up. "You

shouldn't leave an old acquaintance so suddenly as that, you know. I told you you could have a lot of fun in Texas, and it's just beginning. Stay with us and be friends."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Smithers, getting up and limping round between groans. His sudden fall had shaken him.

"Do with you?" cried Tom. "I'm going to have a lot of fun with you before I get through. How much have you got left of that thirty thousand dollars?"

"Not much," said Smithers dolefully. "I had to pay away most of it to those men who let me off. They just let me keep enough to see me into Mexico."

"Quite so," said Tom. "Well, we will test that statement. First, I'll see how much you've got in this bag."

Tom sprang off his horse, and opened the valise. It was about half full of currency notes, but they were all of small denominations. He turned them over with his hand, and at the same time a shot rang out in the still air.

"Oh, you've got a pistol, have you?" said Tom, looking up and seemingly quite interested in the fact. "I didn't search you, because I knew you New-Yorkers couldn't hit anything even if you tried; but I'll show you what shooting is." So pulling his revolver, Tom shot twice in quick succession, and Smithers felt a sharp pain in one ear and then in the other. He dropped his own pistol with a scream, and put his hands up to his head. When he took them down the blood was upon his palms.

"There," said Tom, "if you ever want to wear earrings you won't have to punch any holes. Of course you see that your life's safe with me, for I could as easily have put one shot through you as those two through your ears."

Tom walked to him, and picked up the pistol, which lay on the ground.

"Have you got another gun with you?"

"No," groaned Smithers.

Tom lightly felt over his person, then said to him: "Sit down over there. Now, if you move till I'm through counting this money I'll break your right leg and take you to the railway in front of my saddle, or if you give me too much trouble, I'll kill you right here and leave you. So if you want to get comfortably back to civilization, sit there and keep quiet."

Tom counted the money, and found under the heap of small bills some of much larger denomination, and in all there was something like four thousand dollars in the hand-bag.

"Now, Smithers," said Tom in his most serious manner, "where's the rest of this money?"

"I gave it all away, as I told you, to those fellows that let me go."

"I don't believe that. Take off your coat; I'm going to search you." Smithers reluctantly removed his coat, and tearing the lining Tom found it padded with greenbacks.

"Ah, ha," he said with satisfaction. "This is more like the thing. I'm afraid I'm going to spoil this coat, Smithers; but I guess the government will get you another, so don't you worry."

Tom sat there counting for a long time, and was not sure he had the amount correct at last, but he made it something like twenty-seven thousand dollars. He stuffed the greenbacks into the valise.

"Now, Smithers," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction, "get on your little horse, and we'll jog along back."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the trembling man for the second time. The blood was running down from his ears along his neck.

"Well, in the first place," said Tom, "I'm going to take the five thousand dollars that the New-Yorker offers as a reward for the recovery of the rest of the money. I'll send the remainder of the cash on to him by express from my station when I get there. As for you, I'll hand you over to the sheriff, or whoever is best qualified to take hold of you; then they can do what they like with you."

"But you've got no right to arrest me without a warrant," said Smithers.

"Oh, we don't bother about such trifles as warrants here in Texas. Don't you worry about that; you can make a complaint about it if you like. I think they will do everything for you that is strictly legal, in order to satisfy you, when they get you down in St. Louis or New York. I've got some salt in my pocket, which I always carry for the benefit of my horse, so let me rub a handful into those ears of yours. It will sting at first, but it will be good for 'em."

They got on their horses, and made their way back to Seppings's ranch. On the train Smithers appealed to the passengers, saying that he was being held without a warrant, and the conductor seemed to think the transaction somewhat illegal. But Tom explained to all those in the smoking-car that they were in the State of Texas, that he had two first-class active revolvers in his possession, and that if

anybody wanted to test his marksmanship, as Smithers had done, they'd only to step up and try to rescue the prisoner. So the passengers agreed not to interfere with what was strictly none of their business.

At Chapman's Junction Tom took his prisoner by the collar and lugged him off, keeping a threatening eye on the passengers as he did so.

"See here, Peters," he said, as the train was moving off, "these people on the train seem to think you must have a warrant to arrest a thief. Is that so, Peters?"

Peters stood there rubbing his chin thoughtfully, regarding the prisoner intently the while.

"Well, I guess that's so, Tom," he said, after a while. "You can't arrest a man in this country, thief or murderer, you know, without a warrant."

"You don't mean it?" cried Tom, much abashed.

"Yes," replied Peters, "we must do things according to law and order."

"That's right," said Smithers. "I told this man so, all along."

"Well, you mustn't mind him," said Peters to the stranger. "Tom's a good fellow, but he can't be expected to be a lawyer, you know. We'll do everything here legal and proper, and don't you be afraid. We'll tie you up in a hard knot, and telegraph to St. Louis, and say we're sitting on you till they come; and then, you bet, you'll have all the warrants you want. So don't you be dissatisfied, and don't you hold it against Tom."

When the officers at length arrived they made no objections to Tom's breach of the law in making his revolver his warrant for the arrest of the prisoner.

"Good-by!" said Tom, holding out his hand to Smithers, which the other curtly refused, "and remember this whenever you are doing your time, wherever it is, that if you hadn't taken in a fellow who was kind-hearted, if he was green, you'd have got off this time into Mexico."

LIFE PORTRAITS OF HENRY CLAY.

Born in Hanover County, Virginia, April 12, 1777. Died at Washington, D. C., June 29, 1852.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

THE earliest portrait of Henry Clay that I have been able to find is the first one here reproduced, painted by the erratic and irascible John Wesley Jarvis, in 1814. Others follow by Kentucky's gifted son, Matthew Harris Jouett, about 1818; John H. I. Browere, in 1825 (frontispiece); Samuel Finley Breese Morse, in 1841; John Neagle, in 1842; Joel Tanner Hart, in 1844; Marcus Aurelius Root, in 1848; and Charles W. Jarvis, about 1851; also a daguerreotype without date or name from the well-known Gilsey collection.

Mrs. John M. Clay of Lexington owns a miniature of Henry Clay, her father-in-law, which, it is claimed, represents him in early life, but I have been unable to see it or get a photograph of it. It is said to be much like the engraving by Longacre, "from a miniature," that was published in Atkinson's "Casket," Philadelphia, 1819. One Washington Blanchard painted a theatrical miniature in 1842 which he intended for Henry Clay, but it is noted only because it is in the public collection of the Corcoran Art Gallery. John Wood Dodge painted a miniature of

Clay at Ashland which he indorsed "finished June 3rd 1843." It is owned by Mrs. A. C. Gunther of New York.

The veteran Charles Willson Peale painted a portrait of Mr. Clay in Washington in the winter of 1818-19, which was recently presented to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. In 1822 C. B. King painted a portrait of him which now hangs in the Corcoran Art Gallery. It was engraved, soon after, in folio by Peter Maverick, and one state of the plate has the lettering in Italian.

Cabinet portraits on panel of Henry Clay were painted by Joseph Wood in 1825, William J. Hubbard in 1832, and George Linen in 1838. The first two are whole lengths, but their location is unknown, while the third, a three-quarter length, is owned by the painter's daughter-in-law, Mrs. John B. Linen of Buffalo, New York. All three have been engraved, the last mentioned for Horace Greeley's campaign life of Henry Clay, with Clay's certificate that it is "an excellent likeness." Mr. Linen was sent to Washington by William L. Stone, the well-known po-

litical editor of New York, expressly to paint this picture, which received a silver medal as "the best specimen of portrait painting exhibited" at the National Academy of Design in 1839. Hubbard's portrait was exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts the year it was painted, and a portion of it was engraved for Longacre's "Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans."

Manuel J. Franca, a painter from the island of Madeira, who settled in Philadelphia, but subsequently removed to St. Louis, where he died, painted a portrait of Henry Clay in 1842 for Mr. Hamilton H. Jackson, to whom Mr. Clay wrote, "Mr. Francona (*sic*), at the instance of your liberality, has made a portrait of me which, as far as I can judge, is a good likeness. He has succeeded in some features in respect to which most of the artists have failed." The picture and letter now belong to Mr. R. Hall McCormick of Chicago.

Portraits of Mr. Clay are owned by the New York Historical Society (painted by S. S. Osgood); the Long Island Historical Society (a good early portrait by an unknown hand); the city of Brooklyn, New York (a whole length, signed "P. S. Stanton, New Orleans, 1847"); the State of Kentucky (a whole length, hanging in the capitol at Frankfort, and signed "F. H. Heban, Louisville"); the Corcoran Art Gallery (a bust portrait ascribed to Henry Inman), and the District of Columbia. This last is an important whole length portrait painted by Chester Harding, in the winter of 1847-48, for the citizens of Washington. When it was completed many of the "citizens" refused to pay their quota of the price, on the ground that Mr. Clay had blasted his prospects for nomination and election to the presidency, and the artist had to carry his hat around to gather in the subscriptions. The portrait now hangs in the Criminal Court at Washington. Mr. Robert T. Ford of New York owns a bust portrait of Clay, which he purchased as the work of Matthew Jouett, but which I have no hesitation in assigning to Chester Harding, about 1830.

G. P. A. Healy went from the Hermitage, where he had been painting the portrait of "Old Hickory," to Ashland, where he painted that of Henry Clay. This portrait, dated "July 26, 1845," is owned by Mr. Thomas B. Bryan of Elmhurst, Illinois.

Oliver Frazier painted several portraits of Henry Clay, but the portrait by him preferred by members of Mr. Clay's family

was painted in 1851, and is claimed to be the last portrait made of Clay before he sought that relief in Cuba which the equatorial clime did not afford. Frazier was painting this portrait for himself, and had it nearly finished, when Mr. Clay's son called to see it. The latter was so impressed with its faithfulness that he exclaimed: "That is my father, and you must not put your brush upon him again; the portrait is mine;" and he took it without the "finishing touches" for fear they might take from the likeness. It is owned by the widow of that son, Mrs. James B. Clay, living near Lexington, Kentucky. The original study for it—a pencil drawing, finished with color—is in the possession of Mrs. Jouett Menefee of Louisville, Kentucky.

One "E. Brackett" painted a portrait of Clay which is absolutely without merit of any kind. A portrait of Clay signed "Bartlett 1831" belongs to Mr. C. Rappallo Henderson of New York; and a poor picture of him, inscribed "Painted by David A. Woodward on the birthday of the original, Washington City, 1850," was recently shown in New York.

Clevenger, Hugh Cannon, H. K. Brown, and Clark Mills each modeled Clay, while Edouart and W. H. Brown cut striking silhouettes of him, and Anthony, Brady, De Berg Richards, and others took innumerable daguerreotypes of him.

Henry Clay was as striking physically as Daniel Webster, but in a different way, and, although Clay's head appeared to be much smaller than Webster's, they are said to have worn the same size of hats. Clay was six feet one and one-half inches high, of broad frame, but spare, with long arms and small hands. His hair was sandy, his eyes light blue—"electrical when kindled"—and he had, as all his portraits show, a phenomenal mouth for size as well as shape.

On April 11, 1799, Clay was married, in Lexington, to Lucretia Hart. Mrs. Clay was born in Hagerstown, Maryland, March 18, 1781, and is spoken of as a woman of great strength of character, a marvel of good and thrifty housewifery, who, while her distinguished husband was battling in the council of the nation, remained at home "selling her butter and eggs, milk and vegetables," from the famed Ashland farm, where she reared eleven children, and died respected and mourned April 8, 1864. The only painted portrait of her is the one here reproduced and never before published.

LIFE PORTRAITS OF HENRY CLAY.



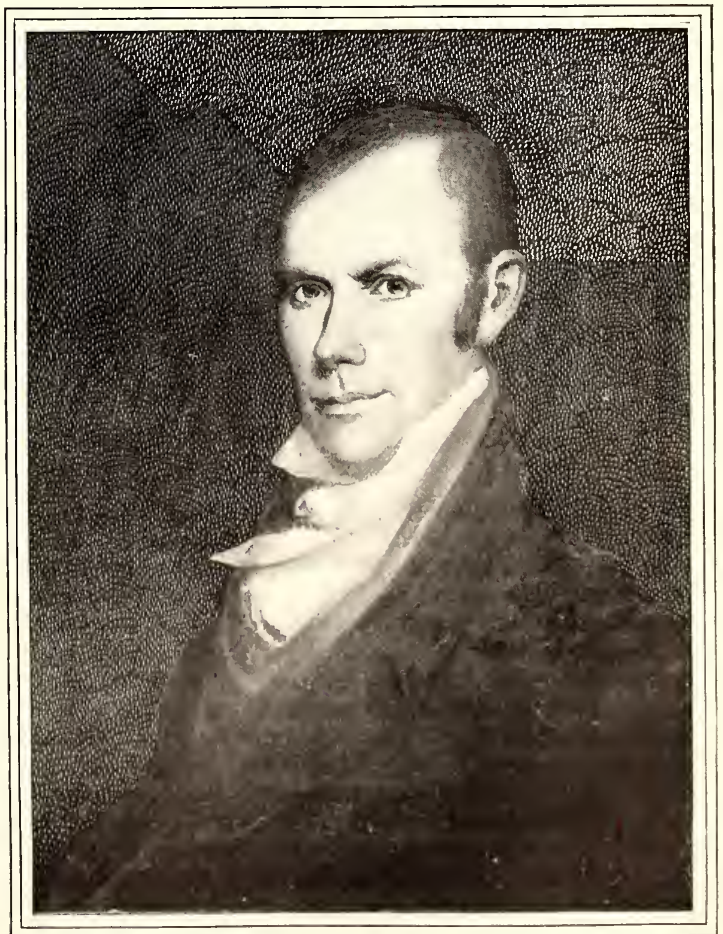
Henry Clay in 1814. Painted by J. W. Jarvis.

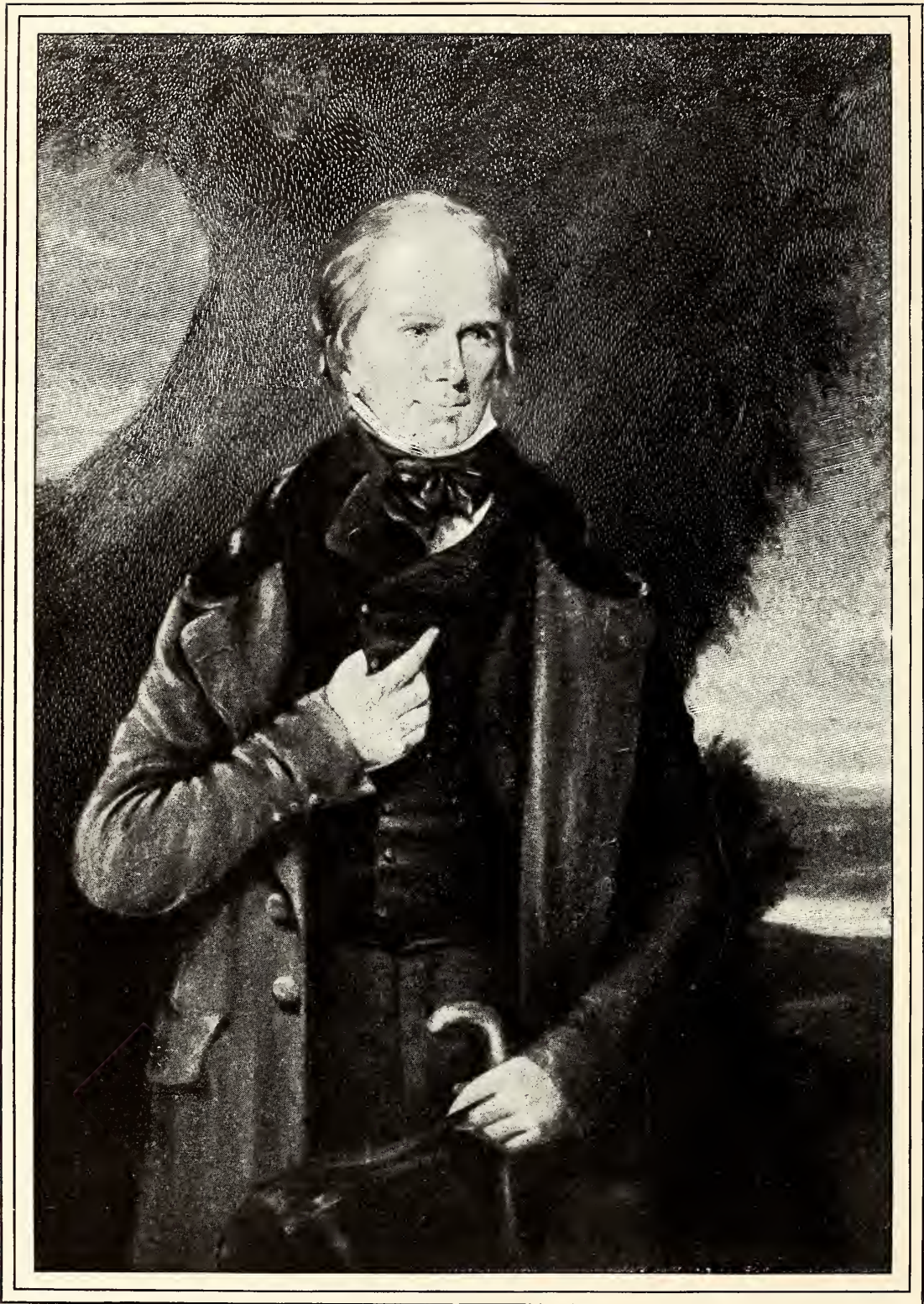
HENRY CLAY IN 1814. AGE 37. PAINTED BY J. W. JARVIS. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From the original portrait painted by John Wesley Jarvis, now in the possession of Mr. Robert T. Ford, New York. Panel, 22 by 27 inches. John Wesley Jarvis, as he called himself late in life, died in New York, January 14, 1839. His nativity is uncertain, while his generally reputed kinship to John Wesley has apparently no stronger basis than his name, which was a late assumption, his early signature being simply "J. Jarvis." He is first found in Philadelphia, apprenticed to Edward Savage, whom he maligned as he did every one with whom he was thrown in contact. Jarvis scraped a mezzotinto, painted some miniatures, and wandered about the country painting portraits of very unequal quality and merit. He has, however, left enough good work to show that he was not without considerable ability as a portrait painter. The portrait of Mr. Clay, here reproduced for the first time, was painted in New York, Jarvis's chief abiding place, in the winter of 1814, immediately before Mr. Clay sailed for Europe as one of the commissioners to negotiate the treaty of Ghent. It was painted expressly for Mrs. Clay, but she was so dissatisfied with it that she gave it to her niece, who owned it until her death in 1878, and from whose daughter it passed into Mr. Ford's possession. It is interesting as an early portrait of Mr. Clay, and historically important for its epoch; and while it is not hard to understand Mrs. Clay's dissatisfaction with it as a likeness, it is an admirable piece of painting.

HENRY CLAY ABOUT 1818. AGE 41. PAINTED BY JOUETT.

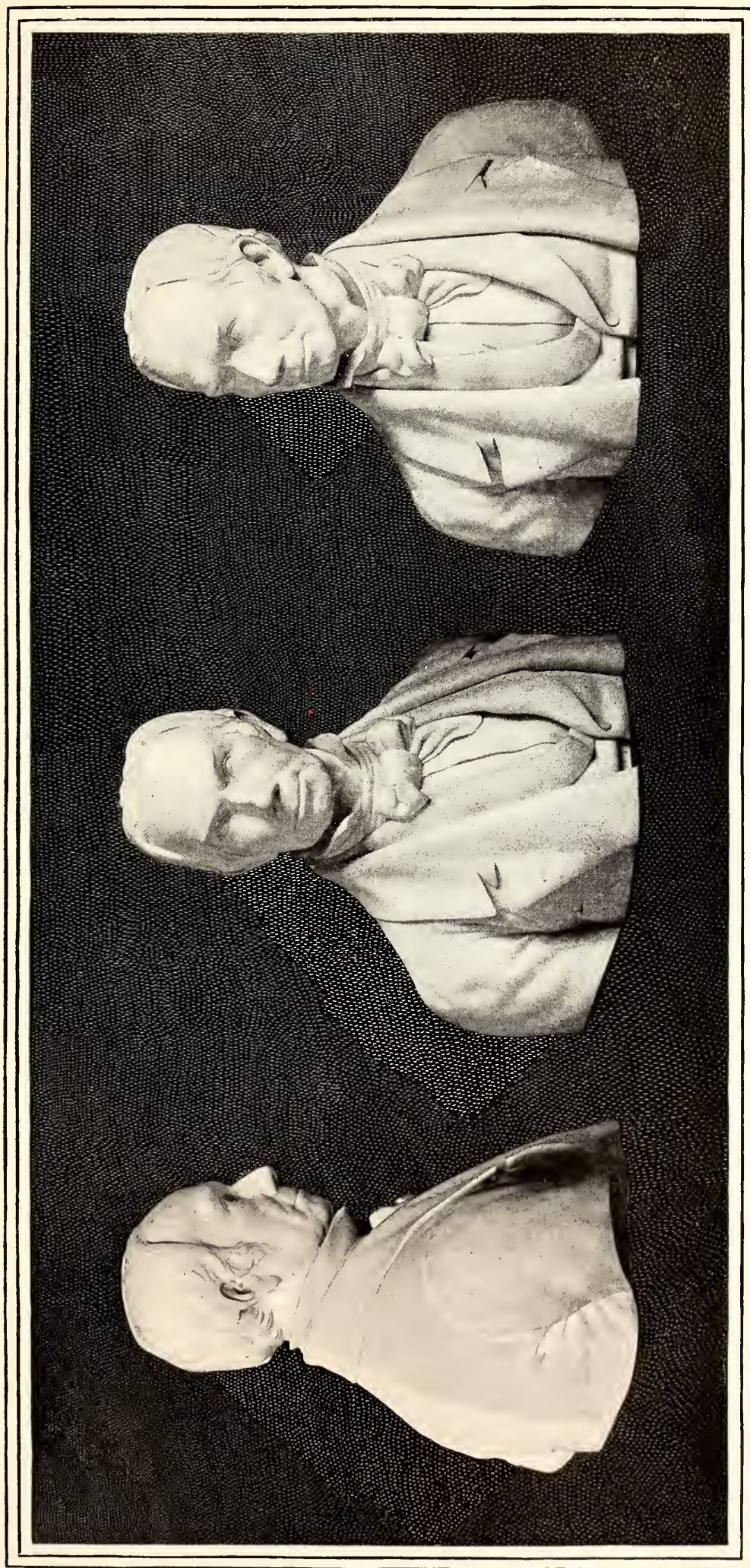
From the original portrait painted by Matthew Harris Jouett, now in the possession of Henry Clay's granddaughter, Mrs. Henry C. McDowell, of "Ashland," Lexington, Ky. Panel, 22 by 28 inches. Matthew Harris Jouett was born near Harrodsburg, Mercer County, Ky., April 22, 1788, and died at Lexington, Ky., August 10, 1827. He was bred to the law, and served in the second war with England; but whether at the bar or in the army, he was first and last an artist, and one too of wonderful ability. Indeed, it is not extravagant to say that his work borders on the marvelous, considering his environment and lack of opportunity. The only advantage he had was four months with Stuart, in Boston, in 1816. But he did not need the great master's advice, for he painted as good pictures before this experience as he did afterward. In fact, as is so often the case, he seems to have lost some of his individuality in that of his master. His versatility was greater than Stuart's, and his mastery of technical difficulties such as Stuart never attempted. Jouett resided chiefly in Lexington, and had many opportunities of intercourse with Henry Clay, of whom he painted at least three portraits—the one here reproduced, one in Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky., and one painted several years later and presented by Mr. Clay to James Calwell, of the Greenbriar, White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, which now belongs to Miss Columbia G. Calwell, of Richmond, Virginia. The present portrait is esteemed "the best ever painted of Mr. Clay in his prime."





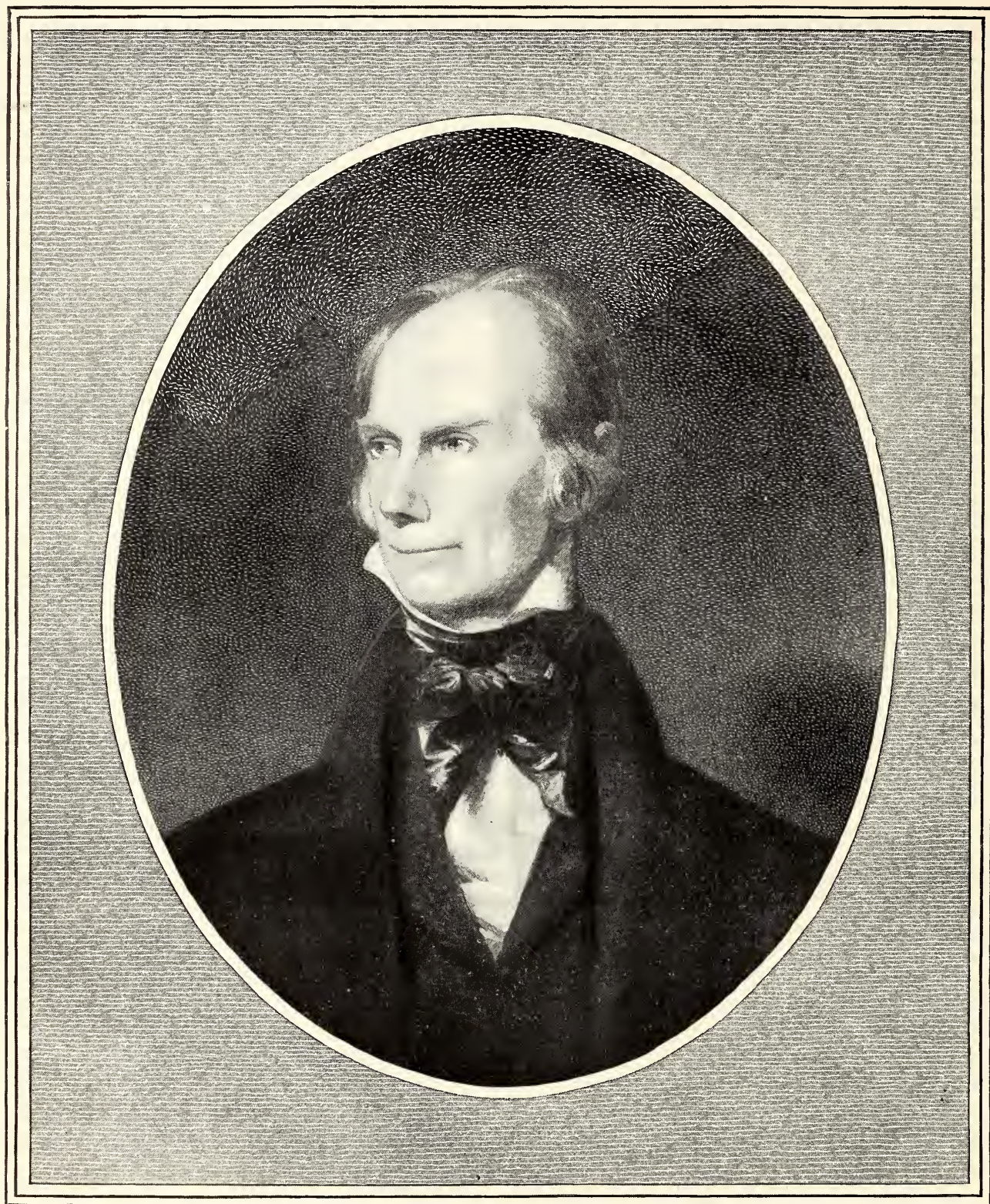
HENRY CLAY IN 1841. AGE 64. PAINTED BY S. F. B. MORSE. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From the original portrait painted by Samuel Finley Breese Morse, now in the possession of Mr. William F. Havemeyer, New York. Canvas, 48 by 60 inches. Professor Morse, as he was commonly called, was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791, and died in New York, April 2, 1872. The later career of the distinguished inventor of the electric telegraph has hidden from many the knowledge that he began life as an artist. After being graduated by Yale College, where he partially supported himself by painting miniatures at five dollars each and profiles at one dollar, he went to England with Washington Allston, and became one of the London coterie of later-day famous Americans, consisting of Irving, Leslie, Newton, Allston, and Morse. He studied under Allston and at the Royal Academy, receiving a gold medal for his model of "The Dying Hercules," a subject which he also painted. After four years he returned home, painted a number of portraits, and was chiefly instrumental in founding the National Academy of Design, New York, of which he was the first president. He visited Europe again in 1829, and three years later, on his homeward voyage, suggested the idea of the electric telegraph, which a dozen years later was put into operation between Washington and Baltimore. He abandoned art as a profession in 1839, so that his portrait of Clay, which is signed and dated "S. F. B. Morse 1841," was painted when he no longer considered himself a professional artist. Morse is not entitled to very high rank as a painter, his work having interest chiefly from his subsequent distinction in another field. His best work is perhaps his whole-length portrait of Lafayette, belonging to the corporation of New York, which is simple in treatment and broadly handled in its masses. The portrait of Clay is now published for the first time.



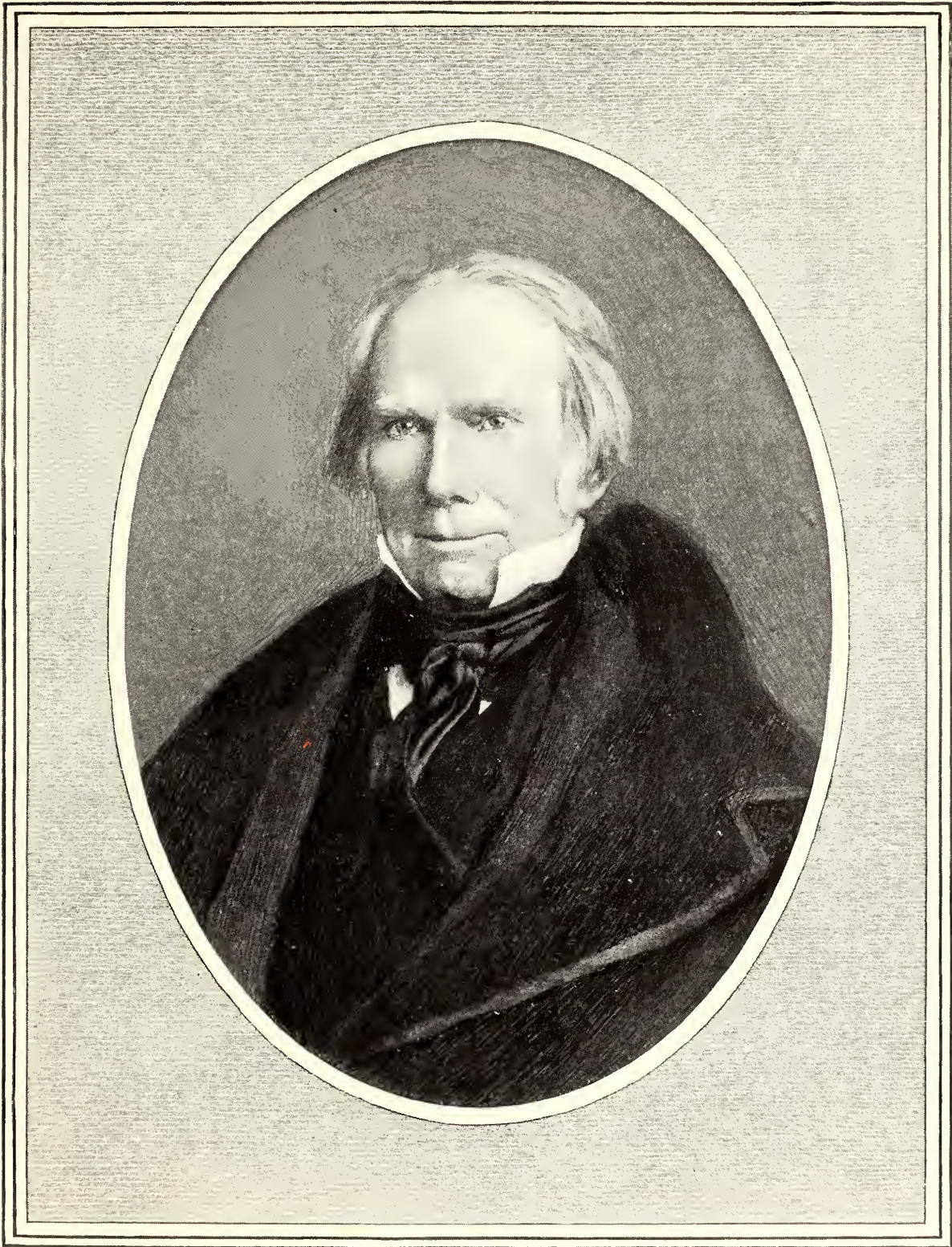
HENRY CLAY IN 1844. AGE 67. MODELED BY HART.

From the marble in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, District of Columbia. Joel Tanner Hart made his bust of Henry Clay from life in 1844. The next year it was exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. In 1849 Hart went to Italy to have put into marble a statue of Clay that he had modeled for Richmond, Virginia, and which is now in the State capitol there. In 1867 he completed a statue of Clay for the court-house at Louisville, and afterward he made a colossal statue of Clay for New Orleans. It is by his statues of Clay that Hart is most favorably known. He had every facility for studying Clay, being his near neighbor and friend, and has handed down a portrait which the family of Mr. Clay consider the best likeness of him that there is, one of them writing, "I believe the cold marble of Hart's bust conveys a better idea of Mr. Clay, with its clear outline of feature, than any of the portraits have done." Since the writing of the note to Hart's bust of Jackson, printed in *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* for July, Hart's chief creative work has been destroyed. On the morning of May 14, 1897, a fire broke out in the court-house at Lexington, and Hart's statue of "Woman Triumphant," as he calls it in his will, fell a victim to the flames. It was not a great work, but it was both interesting and important in the history of American art, and its loss is to be deplored.



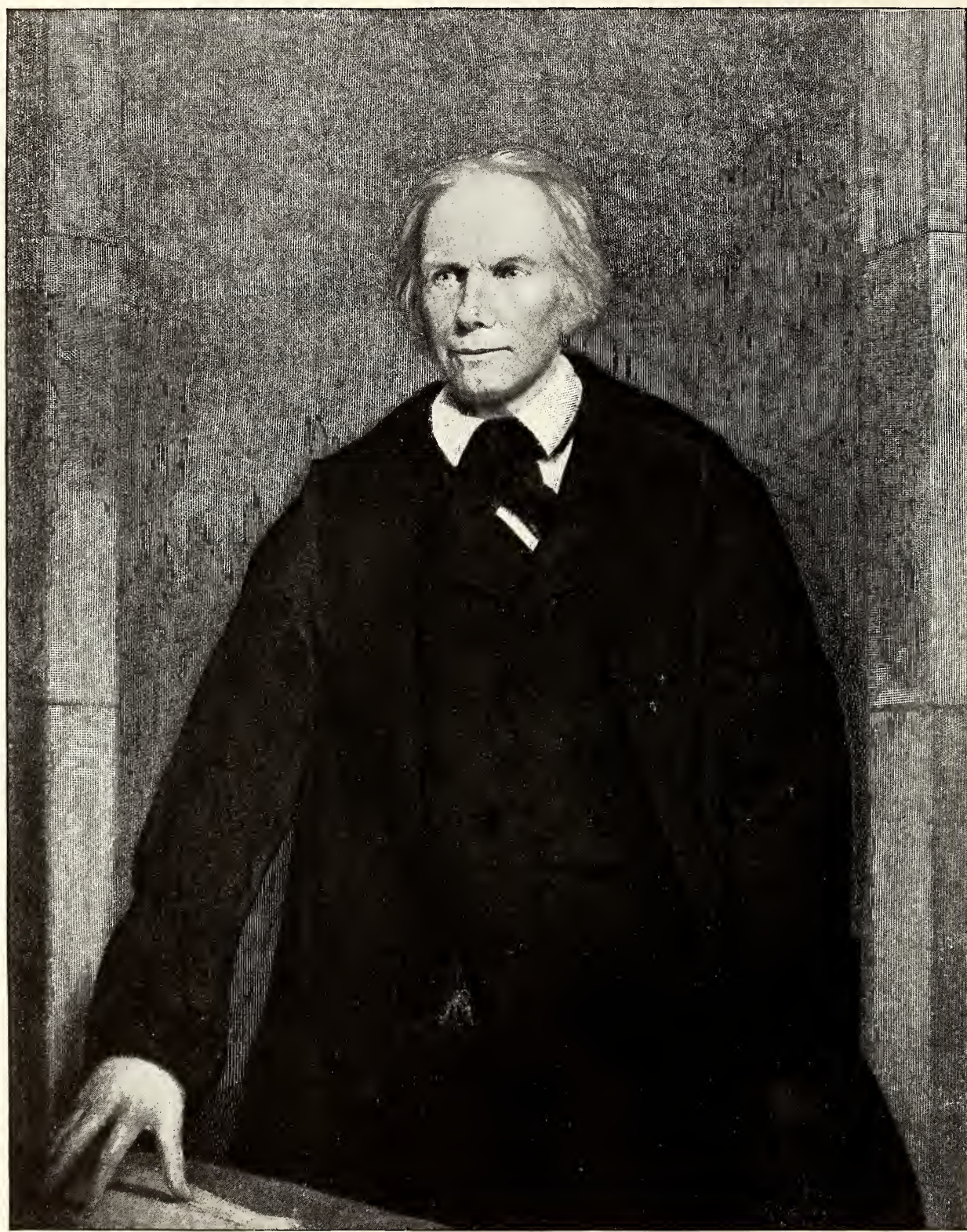
HENRY CLAY IN 1842. AGE 65. PAINTED BY NEAGLE.

From the original portrait painted by John Neagle, now in the possession of Colonel Clayton McMichael, Philadelphia. Canvas, 24 by 30 inches. John Neagle was born in Boston, November 4, 1796, during a temporary visit of his parents from Philadelphia, in which city he died September 17, 1865. He is entitled to a very high position as a portrait painter, being in his best work a close competitor with Jouett for second place to Stuart. Odd to relate, when he first entered upon his art career, he went West, determining upon Lexington as his home; but when he heard of Jouett and sought him out, he said he found there was no room for him in that section, and quickly moved along. He subsequently returned to Philadelphia, married a niece and step-daughter of Thomas Sully, and for years shared with Sully the best patronage of the city. In recognition of his ability, Neagle was sent by the National Clay Club of Philadelphia to Ashland to paint a whole-length portrait of the great Whig leader. He was accorded a number of sittings, from which he painted the portrait here reproduced, and made studies for the whole-length picture in which Clay is represented standing in an impressive position with a globe, partly covered with the American flag, in the foreground. Clay is pointing to the globe and flag in the same attitude in which he stood while speaking on the Right of Search. This whole-length picture belongs to the Union League Club, Philadelphia, while a duplicate is owned by the general government. On the back of a small oil study sketch of the figure Neagle has written, with his accustomed care, "Friday Nov. 4, 1842," while he has indorsed on the canvas of the bust portrait here reproduced, "Portrait of Hon. Henry Clay painted from life by John Neagle, November 1842, at Ashland, Ky." Neagle's picture is esteemed among the very best portraits of Clay for resemblance and character.



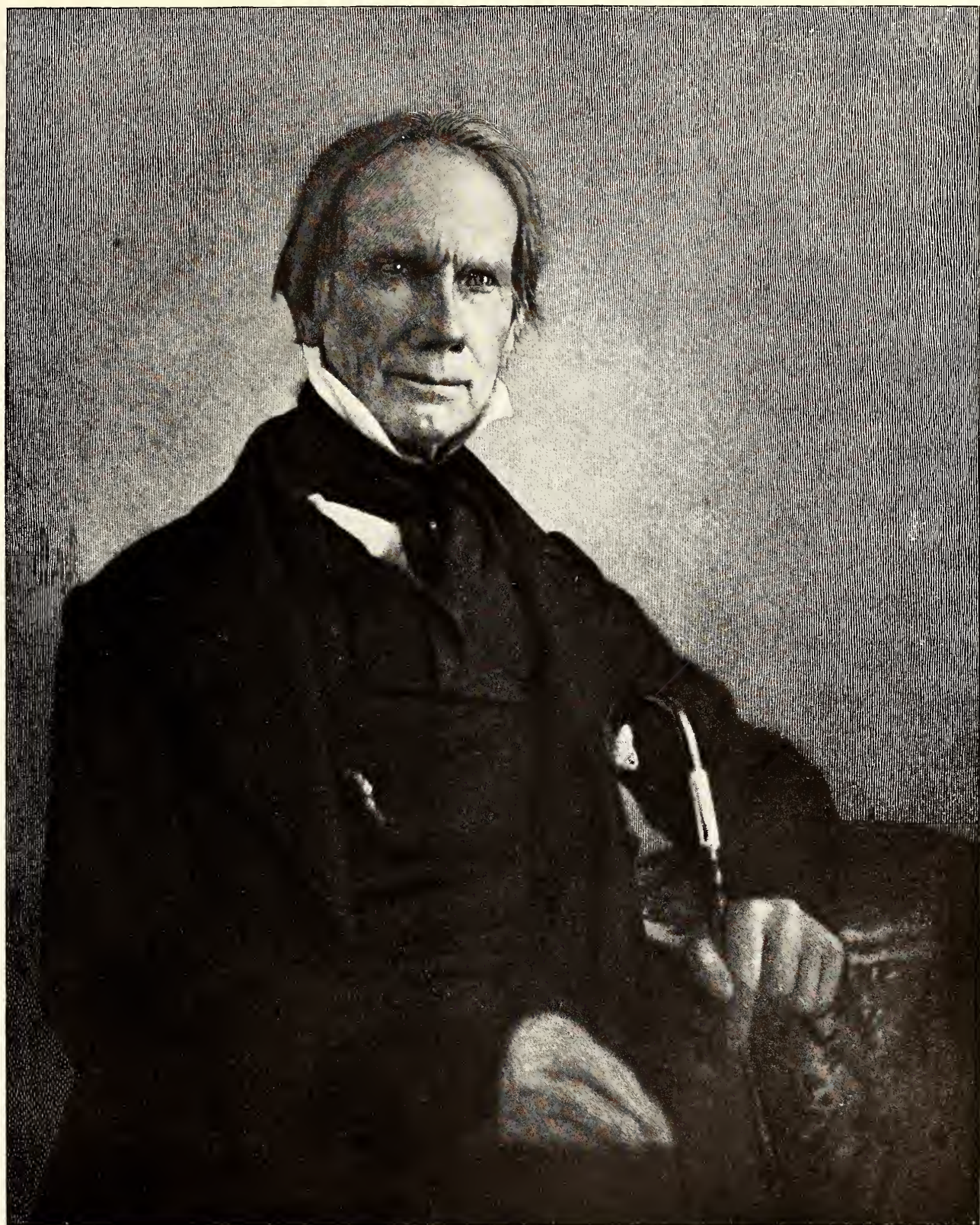
HENRY CLAY IN 1848. AGE 71. BY ROOT.

From the original daguerreotype by Marcus Aurelius Root, now in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Marcus Aurelius Root was born at Granville, Ohio, August 15, 1808, and died in Philadelphia, April 12, 1888. He was among the very first in Philadelphia to engage in the study and practice of the art of daguerreotyping, and in it he was preëminently successful. In his history of the heliographic art, entitled "The Camera and the Pencil," he gives an interesting account of the sitting that resulted in the picture here reproduced. This portrait was taken in Philadelphia, March 7, 1848, when Clay was given a popular reception by the citizens. Mr. Root says, "An appointment being made for my taking the daguerreotype of Henry Clay, I requested the mayor of our city together with several other of Mr. Clay's friends who were present to keep the statesman in brisk conversation until I was ready to expose the plates to the image, and in twenty-three seconds three good portraits were taken at once. In a few seconds more his likeness again was daguerreotyped by four cameras at once, all representing him as we then saw him engaged in conversation, mentally aroused and wearing a cheerful intellectual and noble expression of countenance. Thus seven portraits were taken in but thirteen minutes with such success that Mr. Clay remarked after inspecting them: 'Mr. Root, I consider these as decidedly the best and most satisfactory likenesses that I have ever had taken and I have had many.' These words he left in my register with his autograph. One of these portraits has since been engraved as the best likeness of him extant"—for the latest edition of the "National Portrait Gallery." The one here reproduced was used on the last stamp issued by Blood's Penny Post in Philadelphia.



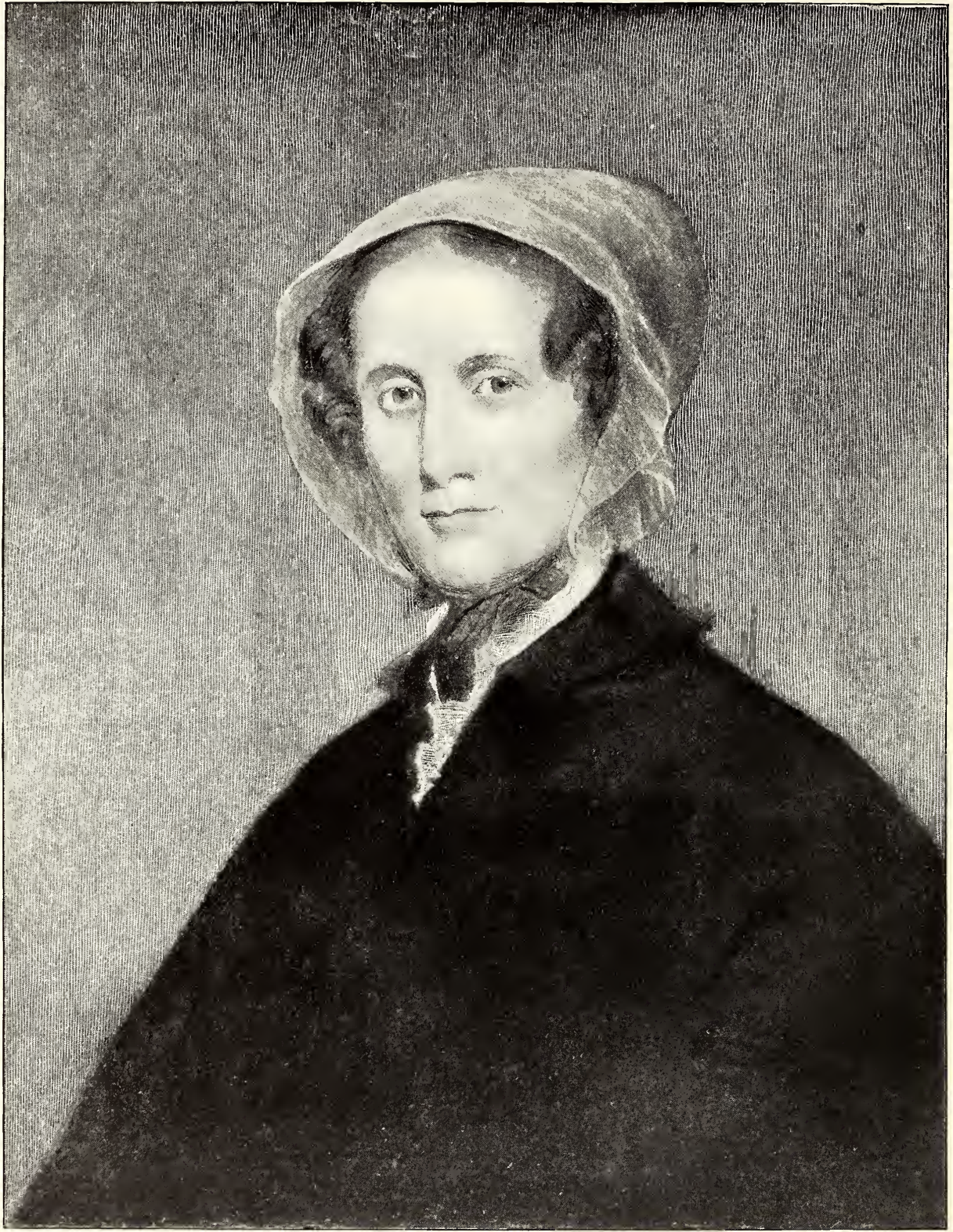
HENRY CLAY ABOUT 1851. AGE 74. PAINTED BY C. W. JARVIS. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From the original portrait painted by Charles W. Jarvis, now in the possession of the Union League Club, New York. Canvas, 40 by 50 inches. Charles W. Jarvis is reputed to have been the son of John W. Jarvis, who limned the first portrait of Henry Clay here produced, but very little is known of him. He was a student at the National Academy of Design, began exhibiting there in 1839, and continued an irregular exhibitor until 1850. In those days, when sign-painters were called upon for pictorial additions to their lettering, he was an occasional helper in this line. His portrait of Clay, here reproduced, shows careful treatment and considerable mastery of brush. It is full of character and spirit without being aggressive, and is the most intellectual portrait of Mr. Clay that we know. Its date is fixed by the "turned down collar," as the only other portrait of Clay in this article of dress is Frazer's last portrait, painted in this same year. Jarvis painted from this picture a whole-length portrait for the corporation of New York, which hangs in the Aldermen's Chamber of the City Hall, elaborately signed, probably by one of the artist's sign-painter friends, "Charles W. Jarvis." Mr. Clay's hand rests on a letter addressed "Henry Clay," a not uncommon method with early painters of inscribing the name of the subject.



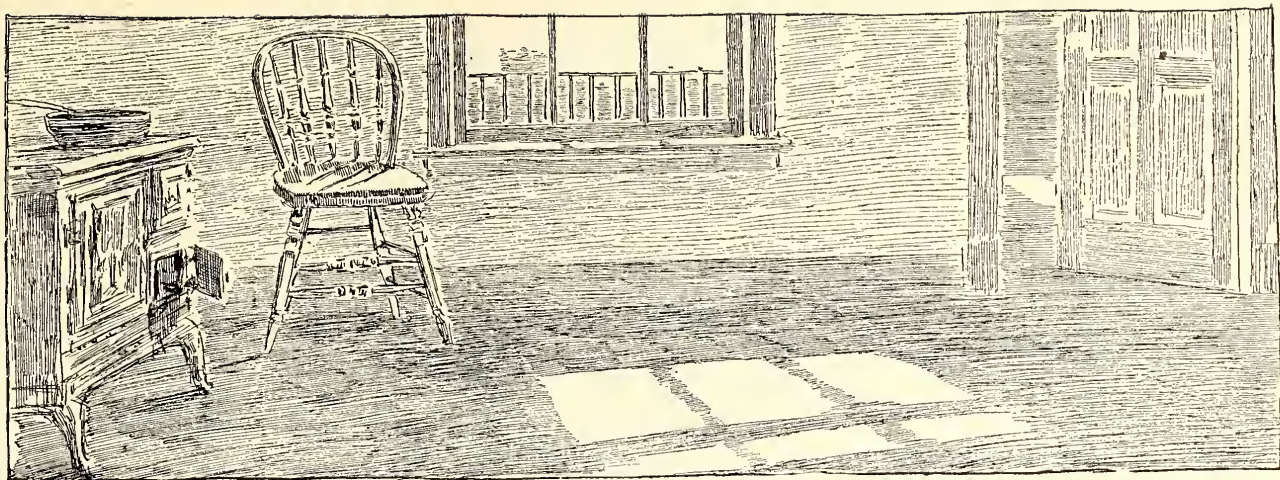
HENRY CLAY ABOUT 1845. AGE 68.

From an original daguerreotype in the collection of Mr Peter Gilsey, New York. This very fine daguerreotype of Henry Clay is, of course, from life, but when, where, or by whom taken is not known, although it is probably by M. B. Brady, of Washington. It is in the invaluable collection of reflected images formed by Mr. Gilsey, which has generously paid tribute to *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* on previous occasions by furnishing life portraits of prominent men of the recent past, and was secured by him from the representatives of Abraham Bogardus, the New York photographer. A portrait is not simply a mathematically exact reproduction of the features and form. To be a *likeness*, it requires to be the expression of the dominant character of the subject. This is shown not only by the light in the eye, the mobility of the mouth, and the natural play of the facial muscles, but also by the simple, accustomed pose, the not unusual dress, the common attitude, and make-up. It is all of these characteristics combined that make the daguerreotype of Mr. Clay here reproduced, by whomsoever it was taken, of such commanding importance that, although reproduced in a former number of this magazine, it is now reproduced again.



MRS. HENRY CLAY. PAINTED BY OLIVER FRAZER. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

From the original portrait painted by Oliver Frazer, now in the possession of Mrs. Clay's granddaughter, Mrs. Henry C. McDowell, "Ashland," Lexington, Kentucky. Canvas, 22 by 24 inches. Oliver Frazer was born in Lexington, Kentucky, February 4, 1808, and died there April 9, 1864. As a youth he received some instruction from Matthew Jouett, but, as he was only nineteen years old when Jouett died, it is impossible that he could have "studied for several years under Jouett," as his friends are proud to state, and there is certainly no trace of Jouett's art in Frazer's work. He went to Europe with his friend Healy, and, like Healy, excelled as a conversationalist and good fellow. Some years before his death his sight became impaired, and, as he was of rather a listless disposition, his pictures are few. His portrait of Mrs. Clay was left unfinished, and, after Frazer's death, was found in his studio. Its period is not known, but it is thought to have been painted about the time that Frazer painted his last portrait of Mr. Clay, which was in 1851. It portrays the face of a woman with considerable force of character, and is not without nice artistic feeling.



“BADNESS.”

BY JOHN J. A' BECKET.

JOHN MACDOWELL sat in the kitchen of his East Side tenement-house quarters, with the look on his face of one whom hope has deserted. His square chin was planted in the palm of his stout, red hand. In his face were the eloquent hollows of emaciation. His thick, wavy, brown hair, with its incongruous gleams of gold, clung to his forehead and neck in damp wisps. Despair looked from his honest blue eyes.

It is not the best moment for well-regulated thinking when a man realizes himself as the center of radiating blind alleys of misfortune. Nor was the kitchen of a small tenement-house apartment the fittest spot for brooding in, on that sweltering day of August. But Mrs. MacDowell, by the prerogative of the dead, had the darkened front room to herself, and, happily, the fire in the kitchen stove, in modest imitation of the flame of life in John's wife, had also gone out. John, only five months before, was a cheery, sanguine young stone-cutter, with good wages, whose wife was an earnest, sympathetic helpmate, and true mother to his two plump-faced little girls. She, poor woman! who had headed his small list of blessings, also started the roll-call of disasters. The air of their street and of the stived-up rooms, only one of which ever knew what sunshine was, proved a good field for microbic activity. Mrs. MacDowell fell ill of consumption. Notwithstanding conscientious efforts to preserve herself for the trials of life, she grew steadily worse. The ex-

penses of her illness were a drain on John's wages, never more than comfortably sufficient for the quartette when in health. The poor pay dearly for the misery of bodily affliction.

Then John had been stabbed in his forearm while trying to keep a drunken man from pettishly knifing his wife. The wound threw John out of work for three months (it was his right arm which was cut), and he lost his job. He had worn out his shoes, and, incidentally, his heart, running round looking for another. In the meanwhile the appetites of the little girls were unimpaired.

By this time the blasting heat of summer was at hand, and sickness and mortality thrived apace. John came home one day, after another disheartening quest for employment, to find his wife panting her last. It was only a sense of wifely duty that enabled her to hold out till his return. She pressed his strong hand to her wan face and gasped with terrible simplicity: “John, darlin', don't lose heart, 'nd be good to the childer.”

The rent had been unpaid for two months. To be sure, there was the excellent reason, from the tenant's standpoint, that there wasn't any money to pay it with. But everybody knows how inadequately that placates a landlord. After John had fallen short the first time, the agent promptly raised the rent from twelve to fifteen dollars a month. It was a neat device for getting rid of an undesirable tenant.

An undertaker who knew John and who

felt he would rather get money later on than not get it at all, supplied the cheapest of coffins and the absolutely necessary outfit for consigning Mrs. MacDowell to the earth, though even that dark burrow had to be paid for. There was a landlord for the graveyard, too.

John's landlord, though a great, mystic being, dwelling apart, was, John had learned, a young man no older than himself. He had only lately come into his estate, which was measured by acres of holdings in city realty. These old ramshackle rookeries on the East Side had first belonged to his grandfather, and had then been fairly decent dwellings. Things had changed, and while most of the lots had appreciated in value, these had steadily deteriorated. The neighborhood offered no inducement for tearing the buildings down and substituting better. Therefore the owner wrung a small rental out of poor tenants—enough, perhaps, to keep Mrs. Vanderhoff in gloves.

So on this prostratingly hot day, John MacDowell sat crouched up in the kitchen, alone with despair. He who had never wronged man, woman, nor child; who had worked hard, with grateful willingness, for his family, and had taken a manly pride in keeping them as decent as he could; he, without doing aught to effect so gross a change, had become like to the tramps in the parks, unable to keep a roof over the heads of his motherless children, or give food and clothing to their small bodies. And, in this dark hour, she who had been his greatest help and comforter lay in that front room dead. This was his lot. That other man, no older than he, was surfeited with wealth. Everything he wanted was his for the taking. And that man had raised his rent when he was penniless, out of work, and had two helpless children on his hands. Wasn't there something wrong somewhere?

There was only one thing John could see left to do. He would go himself to this young Vanderhoff and ask him, as man to man, if this was right. He would put before him his case, and, if the man was human, he could not be so void of mercy as to turn a deaf ear to his bitter needs. He could tell him as no other could of his case. There was bitterness, suffering, and torment in it, which could grow to madness. But there was no disgrace, nothing to prevent his standing erect and looking that other straight in the eye as he told it all.

He rose, took his hat, and went into the room where his wife lay. She had always given him sound counsel, and in this turmoil of thoughts he turned to her still. The gaunt body in the coffin which held it so crampingly and unsympathetically, seemed lonely to John. But the face was contentedly calm.

"Don't lose heart, 'nd be good to the childer." John framed the words with his lips as he stood holding his hat with both hands and looking down on her with blurred eyes and compressed lips. Then he put his thick fingers on her forehead, as if taking a blessing, and strode out.

He asked Mrs. Murphy, who was fat and rough and kind, a good neighbor with "bowels of compassion," to keep an eye on the little girls while he was away. He had to borrow a dollar from a workman companion to get to the place on the Hudson where his millionaire landlord lived in the summer. He was put off at the small station. A victoria with two horses was waiting to drive a gentleman who came on the same train, up the road shaded with trees, to his home. It suggested the luxury John was about to invade.

A wharf ran out into the river. In the middle of the stream floated a large steam-yacht, her white sides glistening in the sunlight as if she were sharply chiseled from compacted snow. Her brasswork threw out filaments of blinding light. Under an awning were roomy wicker-work chairs piled with cushions. To lounge in those as the snowy craft cut her gay way through the dancing blue waves, while the fresh sea-air blew around one, was not to be stirred to thoughts of hot, acrid-smelling rooms on the East Side.

MacDowell gave a sigh that was half groan, and moved on doggedly. He inquired the way to Mr. Vanderhoff's place. It proved to be an Eden of trees and fresh lawns, with a colonial house spreading its comfortable dimensions in roomy ease at the end of the drive.

When John MacDowell reached the house, he pulled the bell with a sinking of the heart. He felt his own lack of harmony with the air of everything about the place. A big, smooth-shaven servant in knee-breeches opened the door, and regarded him with a countenance that expressed something more than indifference.

"Is this Mr. Vanderhoff's?" asked MacDowell.

"Yes," said the servant, eying him deliberately.

"You're not—will you please tell him I want to see him for a few minutes?"

"What do you want to see him for?" inquired the man, bringing the door a little closer to.

"I'll tell *him* that," said McDowell, shortly. "But it's only for a few minutes, you can say."

"He won't see you unless you send your name and tell your business," returned the man stiffly. He made a motion as if preparing to close the door.

"Tell him, then, John MacDowell wants to see him about the rent he owes him," he said sharply.

"He never sees any one about that sort of thing. You'll have to go to the agent."

"I've had too much of the agent. It's the boss I want now. Go and tell him." MacDowell's voice rose, and he spoke imperiously. It sounded menacing.

"You'll have to see the agent," said the man, and shut the door.

MacDowell trembled with indignation. His first impulse was to burst in the door. But he had sense enough to know that violence like that would hardly commend him to his landlord's temperate consideration. He wandered haltingly down the walk, looking back at the house, to see if he might get a glimpse of Mr. Vanderhoff himself or of some less uppish servant.

He had passed only a few minutes in this irresolute fashion when he heard steps coming up the walk. A broad-shouldered, strong-faced man with a surly expression was approaching.

"What do you want here?" he inquired brusquely of John.

"I want to see the boss, and I must," he replied.

"Didn't the man tell you he couldn't

see you? You get out of here. Come! Hurry up! People may come out, and they don't want to see tramps round the place."

"Don't call me a tramp," flared out MacDowell, his eye flashing ominously. "I'm as honest as any one round here, and work harder for all I get than the like o' yous."

The man grasped him by the arm, and pushed him toward the gate.

"If you don't get out of here quick, I'll send for the police and have you arrested for trespassin'," he said.

With a vigorous movement MacDowell shook off his hold and raised his clenched fist. Then he thought of his children alone in the house with their dead mother, and their terror if he should not return came over him. From her coffin his wife



"WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SEE HIM FOR?"

seemed to stretch a restraining hand. His raised fist sank slowly, fell to his side.

"I'll go," he said. "But don't you lay a finger on me."

He walked toward the gate and down the beautiful country road, his brain whirling. He stood for a moment, turned and shook his fist at the house, then walked droopingly on to the station. He was standing there with bitter thoughts fermenting in his heart when a basket-phæton rolled down the hill to the station. A prim-looking *bonne*, from whose neat cap streamed two long, broad ribbons, got out, and then assisted a little girl to alight. The dainty child seemed to John MacDowell a veritable fairy. A large hat of some light, white material shaded her small, round face. Her curly hair was of the fluffiest gold. The whole of her diminutive person was clothed in soft white.

As they passed him, the little thing, who was not more than four, just the age of John's younger child, suddenly looked up into his face, with eyes as blue as his own, and broke into the sunniest smile of good-fellowship. It was a democratic touch of innocent, warm, human kinship, and the young workman, sore and broken, and battling with anger and despair, melted under the sunbeam and smiled back

on the pretty child. A moment later a sudden scream startled him, and, looking back, he saw the little elf trotting down the wharf as fast as her legs would carry her. She had stolen away from the nurse, and when discovered had broken into a run,

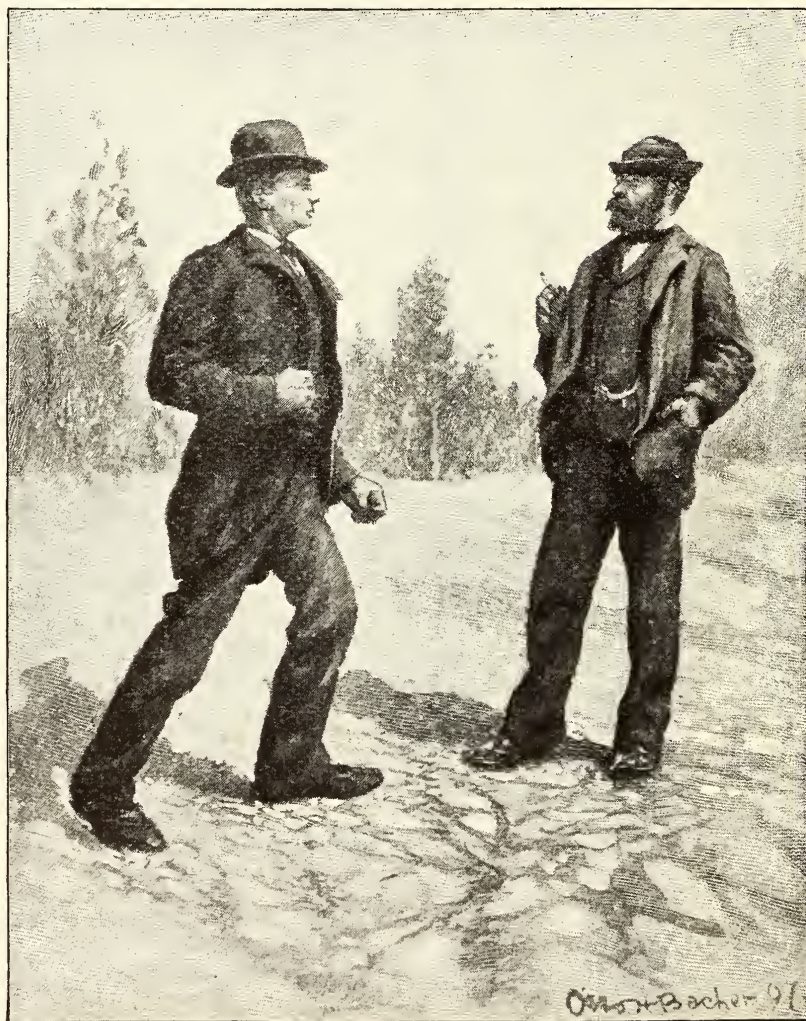
laughing mischievously. Before the nurse could catch her, she had reached the cross-piece of timber at the end of the wharf. She now clambered on to it and started to run its length; but her foot slipped, and in an instant she was in the river.

The nurse stood screaming and wringing her hands. John MacDowell tore down the wharf on a hot run, pulling off his coat as he went. After one glance at the small object drifting away on the current, he sprang into the river and struck out for her. He reached her just as she was sinking. Her gown and puffed-out coat had helped to sustain her till they became drenched. John clutched her garments with one hand, and tried to make his way back. The current was strong, and he had to swim diagonally toward the bank below the wharf. It was

hard work. He struggled manfully on. He had not realized before this exertion how much enfeebled he was by low diet, wearing cares, and the weakening heat of the summer. It was only some ten yards now to the shore, but the child weighed on him terribly. His arms were becoming numb, and he could get no air into his compressed lungs.

At last, as a final effort, he seized her with both hands, turned over on his

back, and pushed himself along, using only his legs. It was a relief, and though slow, weary work, he hoped he would hold out. Suddenly he felt a stinging blow on the back of his head. He had struck a rock barely submerged. It was the last straw.



"DON'T CALL ME A TRAMP."

Stunned, his head throbbing as if it would burst, he made a few spasmodic efforts; then, with a short gasp, he gave up. At that moment the child was snatched from his arms. As he sank, the thought of his own little girls was all that marred the perfect acquiescence with which he felt the cool water closing above his head. This last stroke of fate seemed a mercy. There was a green, blinding light; he felt the water rush into his mouth, and—

When he opened his eyes his first impression was that he was in heaven. Soft, bracing air breathed coolly about him. Under him and above him were smooth linen sheets; his head was pillowed on a soft, firm support. He stretched his legs that he might feel that cool, smooth touch of the fine linen. All smelt so pure and clean. It was different from the noisome atmosphere and grimy surroundings of the East Side.

He soon realized that he was lying in a brass bed, in a small, daintily fitted-up room, and he seemed to be moving along. Oh, how deliciously restful and comforting it was! He put his hand to his head. A linen bandage was wrapped round it, moist with bay rum. How nice that smelled. He drew a long sigh as life came back to him.

"Well, how do you feel now? Are you all right?"

He languidly rolled up his eyes. A young man dressed in white flannels and with a yachting cap on his head was standing looking down on him. He had a pleasant expression, and his voice was quiet but sympathetic.

"I'm all right, but my head feels queer," replied MacDowell, slowly. "Where am I? Is the little girl all right?"

"Yes, she's all right, and not a bit the worse for her ducking, thanks to you," said the young man, heartily. "She wasn't very much scared. 'Badness' has a knack for getting into every kind of a scrape, but she pulls out without serious damage. She is very curious to see the man that pulled her out of the water—says she knows you. They are drying her and fixing her up now. I'm her father, and am very much obliged to you. But we can talk about that later. You're on my yacht. You fainted within a few feet of the shore. It's mighty good you were there. The nurse only got Bingham on the spot in time to snatch Effie out of your arms, and then pull you out. There was no other man around, and the child would

have been— But that's all right now. You struck your head against a rock, but it wasn't a very serious wound. So I had you brought right out here to the yacht and put to bed, as we were going to take a spin down the bay, it's so hot. You lie there till you're perfectly rested. But first I think you'd better take a bite and have something to drink. Are you comfortable?"

"I never—was so comfortable—in my life," said MacDowell, with a solemn slowness which brought a spasmodic smile to the young man's face. He leaned over the bed, pressed an electric button, and gave a low-voiced order to the servant who promptly appeared. After a short while the man returned with a large bottle plunged up to its neck in cracked ice in a silver pail. Then he placed a small table near the bed, and put on it four lamb chops of which the bones terminated in small white rosettes of paper, some little triangular sandwiches, stuffed eggs, and a mold of quivering jelly that looked like a marvelous topaz.

The look with which MacDowell regarded this gastronomic tableau again made his host's facial muscles relax.

"Now, we'll fix you up in bed, and you eat and drink all you want to, and call for anything you have a fancy for besides. Then lie down and sleep some more. If you've got a family we can send them word so that they won't worry. Then a good spin down the bay, and you'll be as fresh as new paint."

"It don't seem right," muttered the stone-cutter, as the young man took a hand at bolstering him up comfortably for an attack on the "spread" before him. His grandmother in the "ould country" had never told John when a child any more startling fairy tale than this experience. Merely to ask for what you wanted, and, presto, to have it! And to sail around in a palace, just to keep cool! The very conditions of the material world seemed altered. The air, the look, the smell, and touch were not what MacDowell had known before. These thoughts ran through his mind as he ate and drank with simple zest. The amber liquid they gave him in a large, flat wine-cup bubbled and sang to him in a small, hissing whisper. It sent life prickling through him. He ate and drank his fill, propped up in the sweet, firm, clean bed, so unlike the sodden mattress on which his bones were wont to turn from bump to bump. At last he wiped his mouth with the great square of spot-

less damask and heaved an artless sigh. With twinkling eyes the other young man regarded him in ungrudging envy.

"You'd better put me on land now as soon as you can, young feller," said MacDowell, as his own world and his duty in it came back to him resentingly. "I'm all right now. That little crack on the head ain't nothin'. I'd thinned down and weakened up more'n I knew, or I wouldn't have giv'n out like that. You've put new life into me, you 'nd that little smilin' girl o' yours. I never tasted anything like that sizzling stuff before, 'nd the food was mighty good. Thank you for your kindness. I must get home."

A short sigh escaped him at the thought—Home!

"Oh, you'd better take a little spin first and get yourself full of sea air and well rested," said the young man, with animated cordiality. "You can get up and dress if you feel up to it, and come out on deck, and sit in a good, comfortable chair. It's too late to do anything to-day. Do

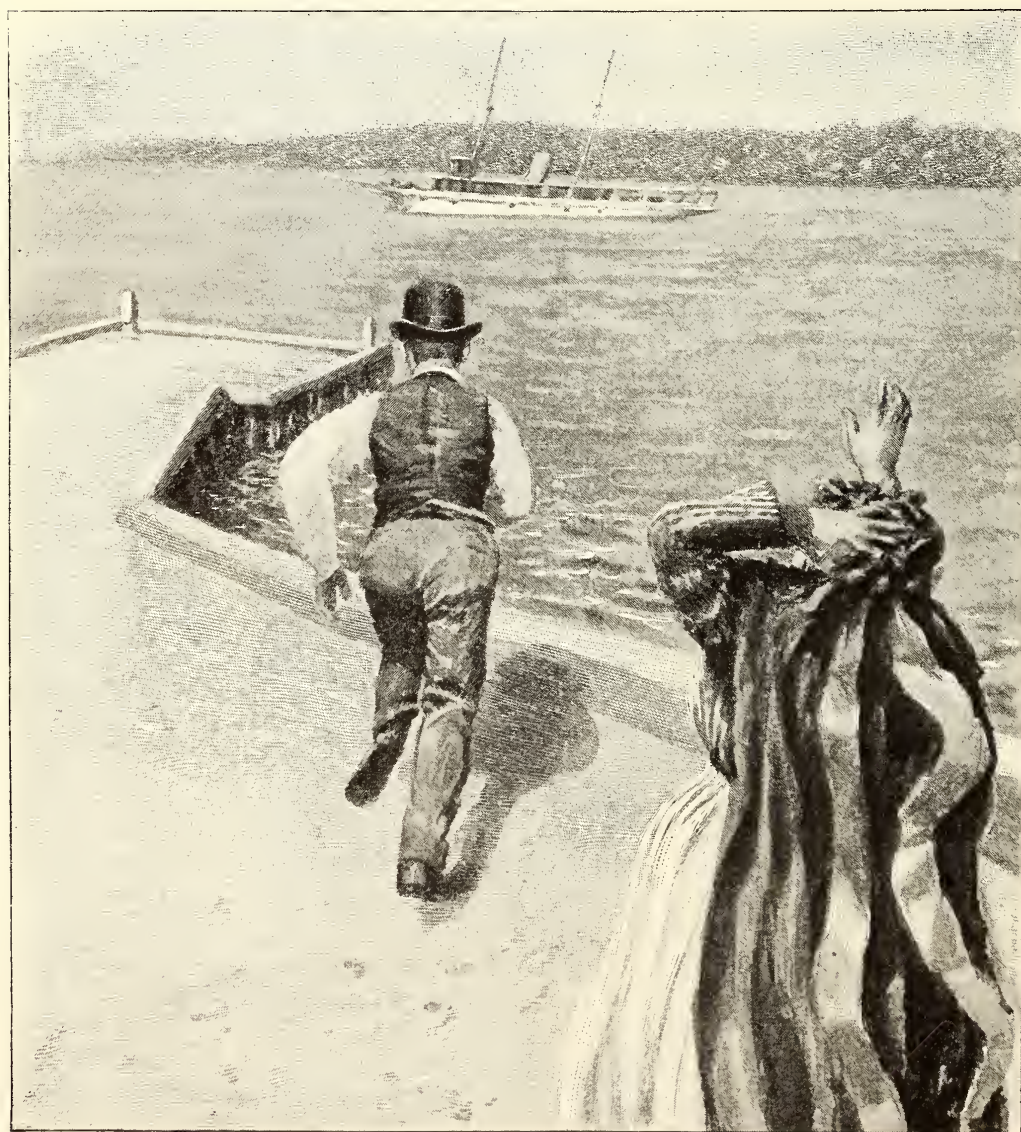
you live in New York? I can put a man ashore anywhere with word for your people, you know."

"There's nobody to get it but my little girls," said John. "My wife's dead, and laid out to be buried, and there's nobody with 'em except her 'nd Mrs. Murphy. I wouldn't have left 'em only that I had to. All they've got is me, 'nd God knows that don't seem much help to 'em," said the workman bitterly. "But there's got to be the funeral, 'nd then we can all be thrown out together. If it wasn't for them, 'twould have been better to have left me in the river. Though, the Lord knows, I ain't complainin' of you, young feller. You're a white man. If there was more of your kind, there'd be less of mine."

"Suppose you tell me a little more about yourself," said the "young feller," quietly. "I don't think there will be any throwing out. Nothing worse than a moving out, perhaps, to something better."

MacDowell did tell him, simply, truly, the facts in the case.

"I'm glad I came up here, if I didn't get what I wanted," he added in conclusion. "You don't know how that little girl o' yours made me feel when she looked up and smiled so sweet, and she all dressed up, 'nd me with a 'jumper' on and a-lookin' like something to be shy of; 'nd though I don't think my gettin' after her when she fell in the river was much, for a big dog would ha' done that 'nd made a better fist of it than I did, yet it makes me feel good to have been round to do it; 'nd I



"THE NURSE STOOD SCREAMING AND WRINGING HER HANDS."

wouldn't have been there only for this *Mister*—"

He stopped short.

"Mister?" said the young man, interrogatively.

"I guess I'd better not tell you his name, after sayin' what I have about him. I'm more willin' now to think he may be all right. When I write 'nd let him know, perhaps he'll do the square thing. You've treated me so straight I've got some heart in me again. I'll get up and dress, 'nd you land me at the first point it's convenient. And—I'd like to see your little girl again before I go," he said, shyly.

"Why, of course," said the young man, cheerfully. "I wonder they've kept her away as long as they have."

He went himself and got her. She was crisply attired in some more white clothes, and though her hair was a little wet and stringy, her smile and eyes were as bright and friendly as ever. She walked with dignity to John, and put her small hands on his knees.

"Thank you for not lettin' me drown," she said, regarding him with grateful admiration. She put up her flower-like face at an angle that seemed to invite something which her active mind conceived as the next thing in order. Poor MacDowell was abashed, and a bit conscious of how red and rough his hands looked with the tiny, dimpled ones of "Badness" resting on them. He glanced at the young man.

"I think she wants to kiss you," said that fond parent with perfect calmness. "She is enough of a woman already to seem to think a man enjoys that sort of

favor from her sex. You'd better let her, I think."

John MacDowell lifted the dainty child to his knees, his blue eyes bent on her with the look that Galahad's must have had when fixed upon the Holy Grail. She put her hands upon his neck and pressed her soft lips to his mouth, then smiled again, as if at her shameless sweetness. John pressed his own lips on her smooth cheek, and replaced her on the floor.

"Now go to your mamma and tell her you're getting old enough to be watched already when you carry on like this with strange gentlemen," said her father. "I'm going home with him, and you'll probably see him again later."

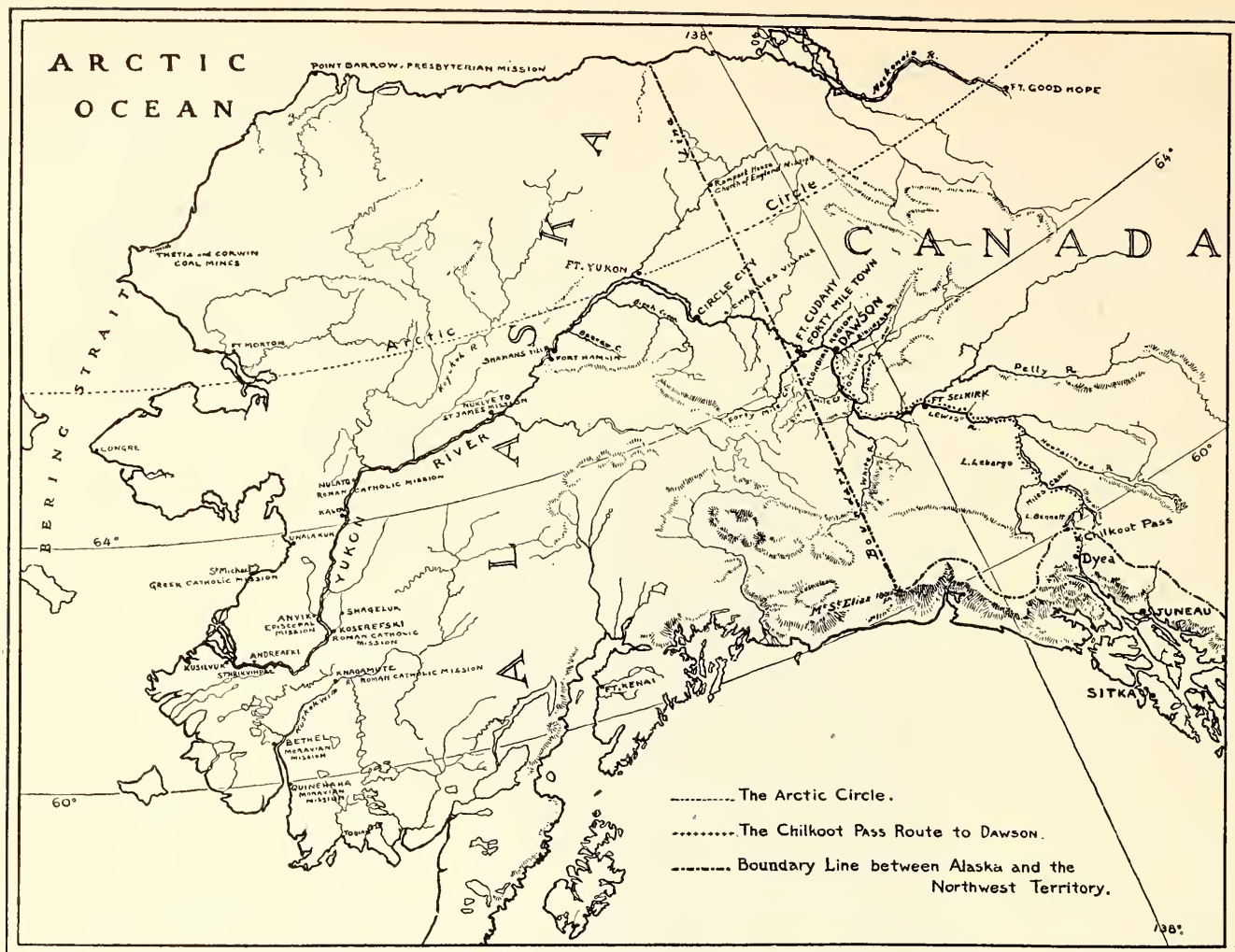
Though John protested against such extravagant courtesy, the young fellow did go home with him, and got a very adequate grasp of the whole situation. He left John sixty dollars when he went away, and

—what was more grateful to John—he came to Mrs. MacDowell's funeral the next day, and sat in the pew with John and the little girls, as if he were one of the family.

Soon after this John MacDowell and his motherless bairns went to live in a small, ivy-covered cottage on the young man's place, with softly swaying elms about it, and birds whistling in their leafy boughs as if life was nothing but a holiday. John was under-gardener. Then the agent, who had had his own method of collecting rents, was discharged by Mr. Vanderhoff. But before this, John had learned with pleasant surprise that this was the name of his host on the yacht.



"WITH THE LOOK THAT GALAHAD'S MUST HAVE HAD WHEN FIXED UPON THE HOLY GRAIL."



LIFE IN THE KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS.

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS OF THE FOUNDER OF DAWSON.

RECORDED BY J. LINCOLN STEFFENS.

JOE LADUE had run away from San Francisco to escape the people who wished to hear about the Klondike and his luck there; he had fallen in with a carload of Christian Endeavor tourists who were as eager as the Californians to know how gold was picked up; in Chicago he stepped off the train into a circle of questioners; hurrying on to his native Plattsburg in the Adirondacks, he met the same inquiries. Here, however, the curious were his friends; so he talked a day and a night more; then he drove out to the farmhouse that to him is home, and for a short time he felt safe. Saturday morning some of the neighbors came across the fields to see his nuggets and photographs, and to hear his good-luck story. Surely that was the end! Sunday morning he came downstairs in his slippers to have a day of rest. He had just finished breakfast and was standing idly in the farmyard with his friends of the house, when I came down upon him with my request for an account, the longest and most complete he had told yet.

"You must be tired telling about it all," I began.

He smiled faintly. "Yes, I am," he said.

He was the weariest-looking man I ever saw. I have known bankers and business men, editors and soldiers and literary men, who had the same look out of the eyes that this pioneer of the Northwest country has; they were men who had made money or a name, earned by hard labor that which others envied them. They were tired, too. Their true stories were "hard-luck" stories. The disappointments that ran before the final triumph limped in had spoiled the taste for it. None of them showed the truth so plainly as the founder of Dawson, the city of the Klondike. Joe Ladue is a sad-eyed man with a tale of years which no one thinks of, which no one wants to hear about. That is all his own. He is willing to begin where you wish him to, on the day when he "struck it rich." But when his friends and neighbors trooped in as I was leaving him that Sun-

day, he dropped the bagful of nuggets for them to pass around, finger, and stare at. He went off down to the barn and hid.

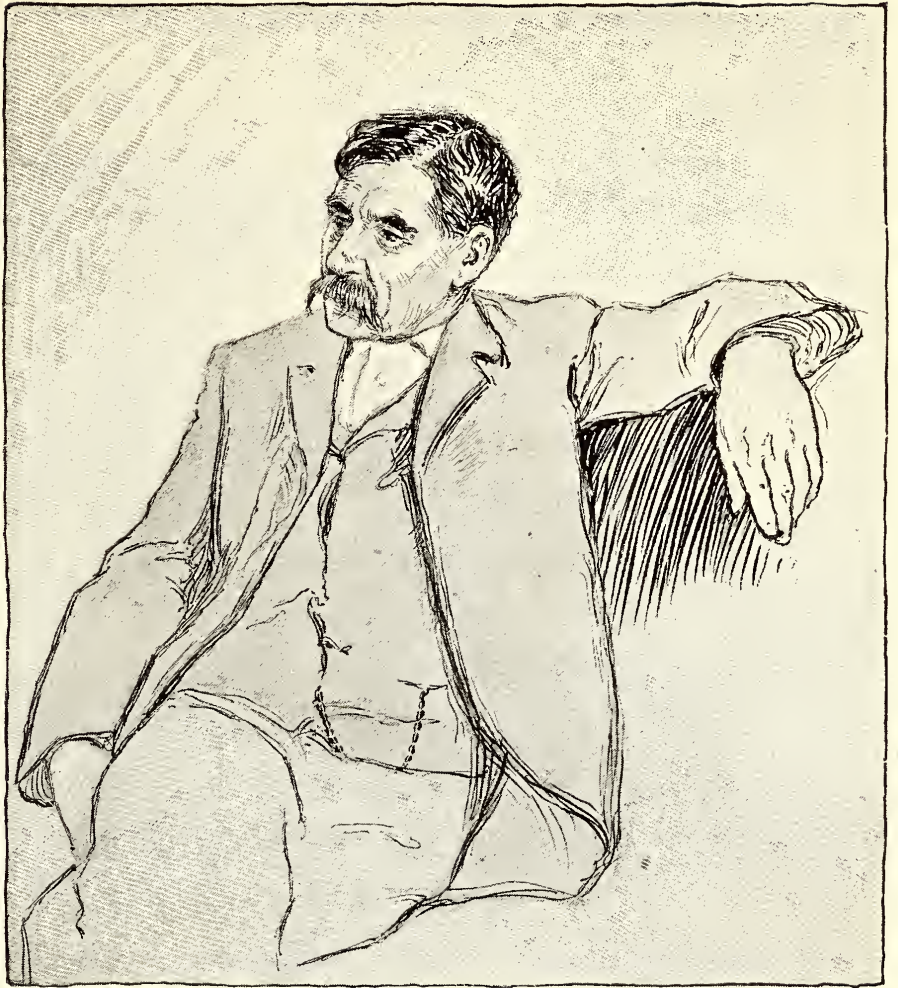
He is about forty-five years old. Twenty-five years ago he started away from the woods of Lake Champlain, going to Colorado, Wyoming, Dakota, chasing each rumor of gold, and working—for nothing. His old friend, Mr. Lobdell, "staked him" when he failed, and, at last, some fifteen years ago, he went into Alaska, trading with the Indians, prospecting, milling, building, moving on, working hard all the time. The gold was there. Everybody knew it was somewhere near, that they were walking over it, and some men were finding it. I was in Alaska myself in 1888, and I met miners who were bringing out gold year after year. But Joe Ladue had to stay there till he could dig it out, risking what others met—failure and death. Now he has the gold. What of it? Everybody wished to know how much he got.

"Enough," he told them, dryly. And he sighed as he saw the listeners' eyes sparkle with sordid imaginings. He seemed to covet, as they did the gold, their desire for it.

Why was he going back in the spring, then?

"I have to," he answered. "I've got so many interests to look after. There's the sawmill and the logging and Dawson and a couple of claims staked out that have to be worked. You've got to attend to things, you know." So it was not a mere matter of picking up a fortune and coming back to spend and enjoy it.

The whole interview was in the tone of this answer, simple, plain, colorless, almost lifeless. His description of an outfit, his guide to the route, a remark about the shooting of Miles Cañon, the proper way to stake out and work a claim, his view of miners' meetings—all were given in even mood. Yet it was not indifference or bored patience. He was painstaking in his offerings of facts not asked for, which he thought should be included in an ac-



JOE LADUE, THE PIONEER OF ALASKA AND FOUNDER OF DAWSON.

count of the Klondike. His interest was altogether in the men who might be going there, and what he put into the article was framed for actual use. The information which would help no one directly he gave because it was asked for, but briefly, and with a side glance at the trail of the gold-seekers. Some of the crossings of our purposes were worth while. Once, for instance, when he was making his list of the equipment of a Yukon miner on the way in, I pointed out to him that he had forgotten his "gun," and I meant that he had omitted to mention the revolver which plays such a conspicuous part in the life of most mining camps.

"You don't need a gun," he answered. "There's no game to speak of."

"But you surely take a revolver."

"No use; it only adds weight to the pack."

"What do you have, then—knives?"

"Yes, you must have knives and forks and spoons, of course."

When I made my meaning clear, Mr. Ladue gave an interesting glimpse of the order maintained by the miners of the Yukon in their lawless communities, but he was unable to explain it. Most of the men were good fellows, he said. Were

there no thieves? Not one. No cut-throats? None. Gamblers?

"Plenty. Everybody gambles, especially in the long winter nights."

"Don't they cheat?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"The saloon-keepers won't have it."

"How can they prevent it? Are

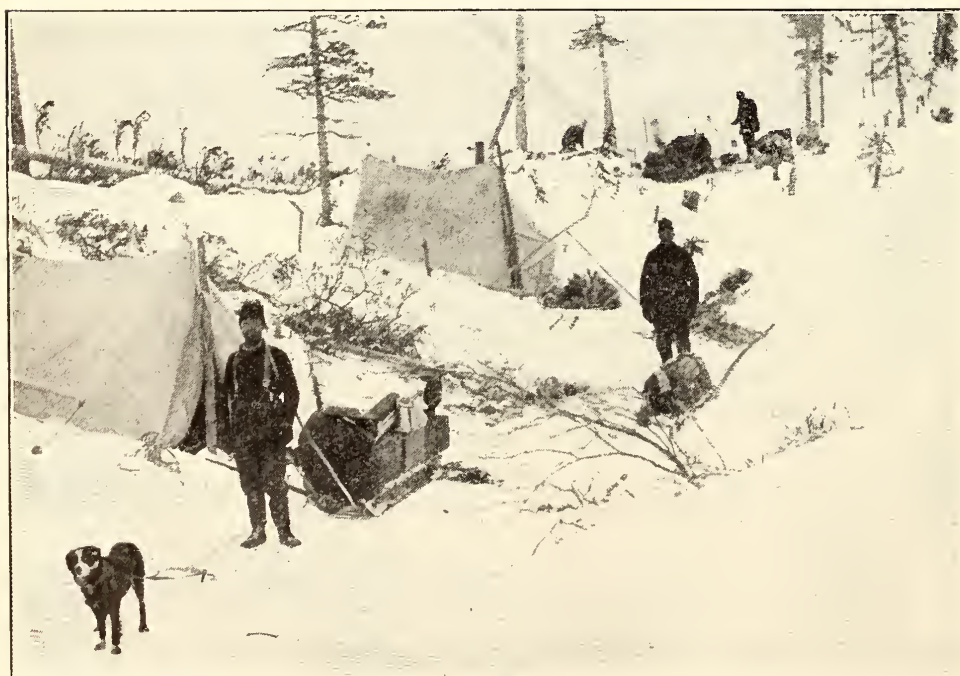
there no professional gamblers in the camps?"

"Yes, but they put up a straight game. And there are men, too, who have been pretty bad before; I have heard that some of them were ex-convicts and fellows who had run away to escape prison and hanging. But none of them try anything on in there."



"SHEEP CAMP" OR "LAST TIMBER."

Ten miles from Dyea, on the road to the Chilkoot Pass. To cover these ten miles in winter requires two days. From this point the Indians—men, women, and children—carry the traveler's outfit to the summit of Chilkoot Pass, six miles away. Here and at Dyea, and on the trail between them, the men who rushed in last summer were stalled because of the lack of packers to carry their outfits to the top of the Pass.



AN OUTFIT IN CAMP ON A PORTAGE,

"But why don't they?"

"I don't know; but they don't."

"What are they afraid of? Has any one ever been punished?"

"Not that I remember."

"Well, why don't thieves steal on the Klondike?"

"I guess it's because they dasent."

Though quietly spoken, this vague answer came with an expression of face—just a quick flash of light—and a slight shift—

ing of the body, which suggested the complete explanation. And there was a hint, too, of the man who was resting under the calm surface I was prospecting; so I kept digging.

The first sentence of Mr. Ladue's story, as he gave it, was a warning to the men who were rushing into the Northwest. He foresaw starvation ahead not only for them, but for those who were already on the ground. Some would have provided themselves with a supply of food sufficient to last them, but others would not. All would suffer in consequence.

"Not the men who have taken enough," I protested.

"Yes, they all will. Won't the food have to be divided up even all around?"

This is Joe Ladue.

LADUE'S STORY.

I am willing to tell all I can think of about the Klondike and the great Northwest country so long as it is understood that I am not advising anybody to go there. That I will not do. It goes pretty hard with some of the men who go in. Lots of them never come out, and not half of those who do make a stake. The country is rich, richer than any one has ever said, and the finds you have heard about are only the beginnings, just the surface pickings, for the country has not been prospected except in spots. But there are a great many hardships to go through, and to succeed, a man has to have most of the virtues that are needed in other places not so far away and some others besides. This winter I expect to hear that there is starvation on the Klondike on account of the numbers that have rushed in without sufficient supplies, for I know that the stores there have not enough to go around, while the men who

laid in provisions have only enough for themselves. They will divide up, as they always do, but that will simply spread the trouble and make things worse. Next



CHILKOOT PASS, NEAR THE SUMMIT.

This photograph shows a party of prospectors zigzagging their way up the slope. When the snow is coated with ice the travelers lash themselves together in Alpine style, and proceed step by step, the leader cutting footholes in the crust. It takes a day, sometimes two or more, to travel from Sheep Camp to the top of Chilkoot Pass, though the distance is but six miles. The descent on the other side is easy, and can be made by coasting by those who know the way.

spring, from the fifteenth of March on, is the time to go.

What you call the Klondike we speak of as the Thronduke. I don't know exactly why. The Klondike Creek, which names the district where the richest streaks have been struck, was the Throchec to the In-



AN OUTFIT ON A RAFT.

dians, which means salmon, not reindeer, as I have read since I came out in the spring. There is sense in that name, because the stream, which is about the size of the Saranac River up here in the Adirondacks, is chock-full of salmon, and you never see a reindeer there, not even a moose. In fact, game is very scarce on the Klondike, as it is all along the Yukon.

No guns or pistols or anything of that kind are needed. Here is what ought to be put in an outfit: A camp-stove, frying-pan, kettle, coffee-pot, knives and forks and spoons, and a drill or canvas tent; an ax, a hatchet, a whipsaw, a handsaw, a two-

inch auger, a pick and shovel, and ten pounds of nails. For wear, heavy woolen clothes are best—not furs—and the stoutest overshoes you can get, with arctic socks. Then, there is a "sleigh," as we call it, really a sled, six or eight feet long and sixteen inches in the run. It is safest to buy this in Juneau, for those you pick up in other places won't track. I don't take a canoe unless I am late going in, but they make the lightest and strongest in Victoria, at about 160 to 200 pounds weight. The simplest thing to go down the river on is a raft, but to make that or a boat, you need, besides the nails and tools I named, two pounds of oakum and five pounds of pitch. A year's supply of grub, which can be bought as cheaply in Juneau as anywhere, I think, is: 100 sacks of flour, 150 pounds of sugar, 100 pounds of bacon, thirty pounds of coffee, ten pounds of tea, 100 pounds of beans, fifty pounds of oatmeal, 100 pounds of mixed fruits, twenty-five



ON LAKE LINDERMAN IN THE LATE SPRING, AFTER THE ICE HAS CLEARED.

pounds of salt, about ten dollars' worth of spices and knickknacks, and some quinine to break up colds. The total cost of this outfit is about \$200, but no man should start with less than \$500, and twice that is ten times as good.

The easiest way to get there is by boat, which will take you around by St. Michael's at the mouth of the Yukon, and transferring you there to the side-wheeler, carry you seventeen hundred miles up the river to Dawson. But that isn't independent.

fourteen miles to Lake Linderman. That is five miles long, with a bad piece of rapids at the lower end. But if it is early in the season, you sled it on the lake and take the mile of rapids in a portage to Lake Bennett, which is a twenty-eight-mile tramp. It is four miles' walk to Caribou Crossing, then a short ride or tramp to Takoon Lake, where, if the ice is breaking, you can go by boat or raft, or if it is still hard, you must sled it twenty-one miles, to the Tagish River and Lake,



MILES CAÑON, SHOWING A BOAT "RUNNING" OUT. AFTER LEAVING THE CAÑON, THE RIVER FORMS A DANGEROUS EDDY, WHICH SOMETIMES BRINGS DISASTER TO THE TRAVELER.

If a man wants to go in with his own provisions, free of connections with the transportation companies, which will sell but will not let anybody take along his own supplies, then the Chilkoot Pass route is the best. And that isn't so bad. You start from Juneau and go by steamer to Chilkat, then to Dyea, eight miles, where you hire Indians to help you to the summit of this pass. From Dyea you walk ten miles through snow to Sheep Camp, which is the last timber. From there it is a climb of six miles to the summit, 4,100 feet high, and very often you or the Indians have to make two or three trips up and down to bring up the outfit. Leaving the Indians there, you go down, coasting part way,

four miles long. Take the left bank of the river again, and you walk four miles to Marsh Lake, where you may have to build a raft or boat to cover its twenty-four miles of length. If not, then you must at the bottom, for there begins the Lynx River, which is usually the head of navigation, for unless the season is very late or the start very early, the rest of the way is almost all by water.

Thirty miles down the Lynx River you come suddenly upon Miles Cañon, which is considered the worst place on the trip. I don't think it is dangerous, but no man ought to shoot the rapids there without taking a look at them from the shore. The miners have put up a sign on a rock



FORT CUDAHY, ON THE YUKON, WITH FORTY MILE, AT THE MOUTH OF FORTY MILE CREEK, IN THE BACKGROUND.

to the left just before you get to it, so you have warning and can go ashore and walk along the edge on the ice. It is sixty feet wide and seven-eighths of a mile long, and the water humps up in the middle, it goes so fast. But very few have been caught there, though they were killed, of course. Below the cañon there are three miles of bad river to White Horse Rapids, which are rocky and swift, with falls, but taking chances is unnecessary, and I consider it pretty good dropping. After the rapids it is thirty miles down to Lake Labarge, the last of the lakes, which is thirty-one miles to row, sail, or tramp, according to the condition of the water. From there a short portage brings you to the head of the Lewis River, really the Yukon, though we do not call it that till, after drifting, poling, or rowing two hundred miles, the Pelly River flows in and makes one big, wide stream. I must warn men who are going in to watch out for Five Fingers Rapids, about 141 miles down the Lewis, where they must take the right-hand channel. That practically ends the journey, for, though it is 180 miles from the junction of the Pelly and Lewis, it is simply a matter of drifting. And I want to say for the hardness

of this whole trip, that I have brought horses in that way, using a raft. And it is curious to see how soon they learn to stand still while you are going, and to walk on and off the raft mornings and evenings at camping-places.

When I left Dawson in the spring there were some two thousand white men, forty families, and two hundred Indians in the Klondike district, most of them living in cabins or tents on claims. The town, which I named after the man who fixed the boundary between American and Canadian possessions, is new, having only a few houses in it, and is chiefly a source of supplies and a place of meeting. The Alaska Commercial Company has the store there, and the Canadian government has a reservation with a squad of sixty mounted police and a civil officer or two. The site is on the east bank of the Yukon and on the north bank of the Klondike River, which comes into the Yukon at that point. The boundary line is seventy miles southwest.

The gold has been found in the small creeks that flow into the Klondike. First comes Bonanza Creek, a mile and a half back of Dawson. It is thirty miles long and very rich, but its tributaries are still



DAWSON, ON THE YUKON RIVER, WITH THE MOUTH OF THE KLONDIKE RIVER IN THE BACKGROUND.

better. Ten miles up it the Eldorado, for example, is the most productive streak that has been turned up; it is only six miles long, and is all staked out in claims, but \$250 has been taken out in a pan there, and I estimate that the yield will be \$20,000,000. Seven miles above Bonanza the Klondike receives the waters of Bear Creek, which is also good, but its six miles of length is claimed by this time. Hunker Creek is fifteen miles up the Klondike, and up that is a little stream, about the size of a brook, which is called Gold Bottom. All these streams flow from the south, and they come from hills that must have lots of gold in them, for other creeks that run out of them into Indian River show yellow, too. Indian River is about thirty miles south or up the Yukon from Dawson. Stewart River and Sixty Mile Creek with their tributaries, all south, and Forty Mile Creek with its branches, off to the northwest—all have gold, and though they have been prospected some, they have not been claimed like the Klondike.

Claims have to be staked out, of course, according to the Canadian laws, which I think are clear and fair. The only fault I find with them is that they recognize no agreements that are not in writing, and they do not give a man who "stakes" a prospector, any share in a claim. But I suppose these difficulties can be got around all right by being more careful about having things in writing hereafter.

Another point that is hard to get over is that you have to swear that no man before you took gold off that claim, which you can't do, not knowing whether there was anybody ahead of you or not. The rest of the requirements are sensible. All you have to do is to find gold, to which you must swear, then you mark off about five hundred feet along the bed of the creek where no one has laid a claim, and stick up four stakes with your name on them, one at each corner of your land. Across the ends you blaze the trees. This done, you go to the register of claims, pay fifteen dollars, and, after a while, the surveyor will come along and make it exact. Claims run about ten to the mile, and are limited practically only by the width of the ground between the two "benches," or sides of the hills, that close in the stream. The middle line of a series of claims follows the "pay streak," which is usually the old bed of the creek, and it runs across the present course of the water several times, sometimes, in a short distance.

WORKING A CLAIM.

Working a claim can go on at all seasons of the year, and part of the process is best in winter, but prospecting is good only in summer, when the water is flowing and the ground loose. That is another reason why it is useless for new hands to go in now. They cannot do anything

except work for others till spring. Then they can prospect with water flowing and the ground soft. If they strike it they can stake out their claim, clear a patch of trees, underbrush, and stones, and work the surface till winter sets in. We quit the "pan" or "hand" method then. The "rocker" is almost never used except in "sniping," which is a light surface search on unclaimed land or on a claim that is not being worked for enough to pay expenses or to raise a "grubstake." As soon as the water freezes so that it won't flow in on a man, we begin to dig to the bedrock, sometimes forty feet down. The ground is frozen, too, in winter, of course, but by "burning" it, as we say, we can soften it enough to let pick and shovel in. All the dirt is piled on one side, and when spring opens again, releasing the water, we put up our sluices and wash it all summer or till we have enough. There has not been any quartz mining yet on the Yukon, but back of the placers, in the hills which have not been prospected, the original ledges must be holding good things for the capitalist.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT ON THE KLONDIKE.

Life on the Klondike is pretty quiet. Most of the men there are hard workers; but the climate, with the long winter nights, forces us to be idle a great deal, and miners are miners, of course. And there is very little government. The point

is, however, that such government as there is, is good. I like the Canadian officers, the Canadian laws, and the Canucks themselves. The police are strict and efficient. The captain was a fine man, but he had more than he could do this last season, when the rush for the Klondike came. That began in August a year ago, and as the rumor spread up and down the Yukon, the towns and mining camps were deserted by everybody who could get away. Men left the women to come on after them, and hurried off to the Klondike to lay out claims. Circle City was cleaned out. There wasn't room enough on the steamer to take all who wanted to get away to the new diggings, and many a good-paying claim was abandoned for the still better ones on the creeks that make the Klondike. The captain of the police had only a few men without horses to detail around over the claims, and, besides his regular duties, he had to act as register of claims and settle disputes that were brought to him. And there were a good many of these. The need of civil officers is very great, especially of a surveyor.

The miners on the Yukon are shrewd, experienced men, and sometimes they are tricky. I do not like the kind of government they set up for themselves, except in the very first stages. It is all by miners' meetings. They begin by being fair, but after a while cliques are formed, which run things to suit the men who are



A DOG TEAM ON THE YUKON.

A mixed team, consisting of Esquimaux dogs and dogs from the coast. From fifteen to twenty dogs are used in a team, old, "broken" dogs in the lead, pups in the middle. Yukon miners train their dogs to "gee" and "haw" at call, no line ever being used. The man to the right in the picture has on a "parkie," the native coat and head-gear, made of double skins, and thus having fur inside and out.

in them, or, which is just as bad, they turn the sessions into fun. Nobody can get justice from a miners' meeting when women are on one side.

When Bonanza Creek was opened up some of the claims got mixed up in the rush, and the measurements were all wrong. Notices were posted on the store doors and on the houses, calling a miners' meeting to settle the boundaries of claims. As was usual in such meetings, a committee was selected to mark off the claims all the way up the creek with a fifty-foot rope. Somehow a rope only forty feet long was sneaked in, and that made all the claims short. The space that was left over was grabbed by the fellows who were in the game.

Sometimes in winter, when there is plenty of time, a dispute that is left to the miners' meeting grows into a regular trial, with lawyers (there are several among the miners) engaged for a fee, a committee in place of the judge, and a regular jury. Witnesses are examined, the lawyers make speeches, and the trial lasts till nobody who listens to it all, knows what to think. I never liked it. The best way, according to my experience, for two men who can't agree, to have a settlement is to choose

their own committee, each side picking a representative and both selecting a third. Then the committee is fair, and generally the decision is satisfactory.

Most of the time when the men cannot work is spent in gambling. The saloons are kept up in style, with mirrors, decorations, and fine, polished, hardwood bars. No cheating is allowed, and none is tried. The saloon-keepers won't have it in their places. Nobody goes armed, for it is no use. Some of the men are the kind that would take naturally to shooting, but they don't try it on the Yukon. The only case that I know of was when James Cronister shot Washburn, and that didn't amount to anything, because Washburn was a bad man. There was a jury trial, but the verdict was that Cronister was justified.

The only society or organization for any purpose besides business in there is the Yukon Pioneers. I don't belong to that, so I don't know much about it. It is something like the California Pioneers of '49. They have a gold badge in the shape of a triangle with Y. P. on it and the date '89. To be a member you must have come into the country before 1889. But the time limit used to be earlier, and



THE TWO MODES OF LIVING ON A CLAIM.

Miners spend the winters in either a tent or a cabin, and, on the whole, comfortably, despite the fact that the temperature sometimes reaches sixty degrees below zero.

it may be later now, for they have shoved it on up several times since I have noticed. The society does some good. When a man gets sick and caves in it raises money to send him out. Now and then it gives a ball, and there are plans on foot to have more pleasure of that sort next winter and

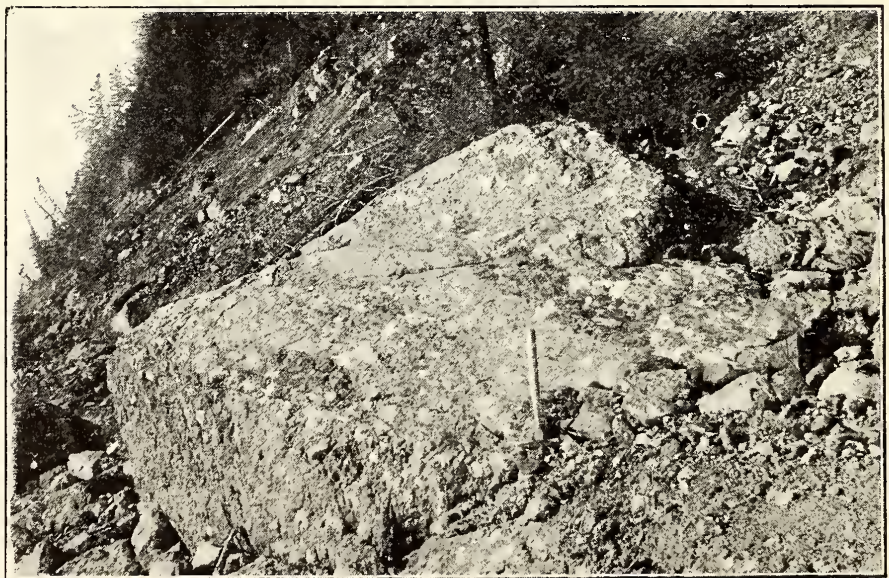
lucky miner can, but if they are enterprising they can make a good stake. Wages are fifteen dollars a day, and a man who works for himself can earn much more than that. I have gone into the logging business with a mill at Dawson. The spruce trees are thirty inches through,



ENTRANCE TO A CROSS-CUT LEADING INTO GOLD-BEARING GRAVEL.

after that. But we need a hotel or some other big building before much of that can be done.

In fact, we need a great many things besides gold. We have no coin. Gold dust and nuggets pass current by weight at about fifteen dollars and fifty cents to the ounce. It is pretty rough reckoning, as, for instance, when a man brings in a nugget mixed with quartz. Then we take it altogether, gravel and gold, for pure gold, and make it up on the goods. Carpenters, blacksmiths—all the trades—are wanted, and men who can work at them can make much more than the average miner. They can't make what a

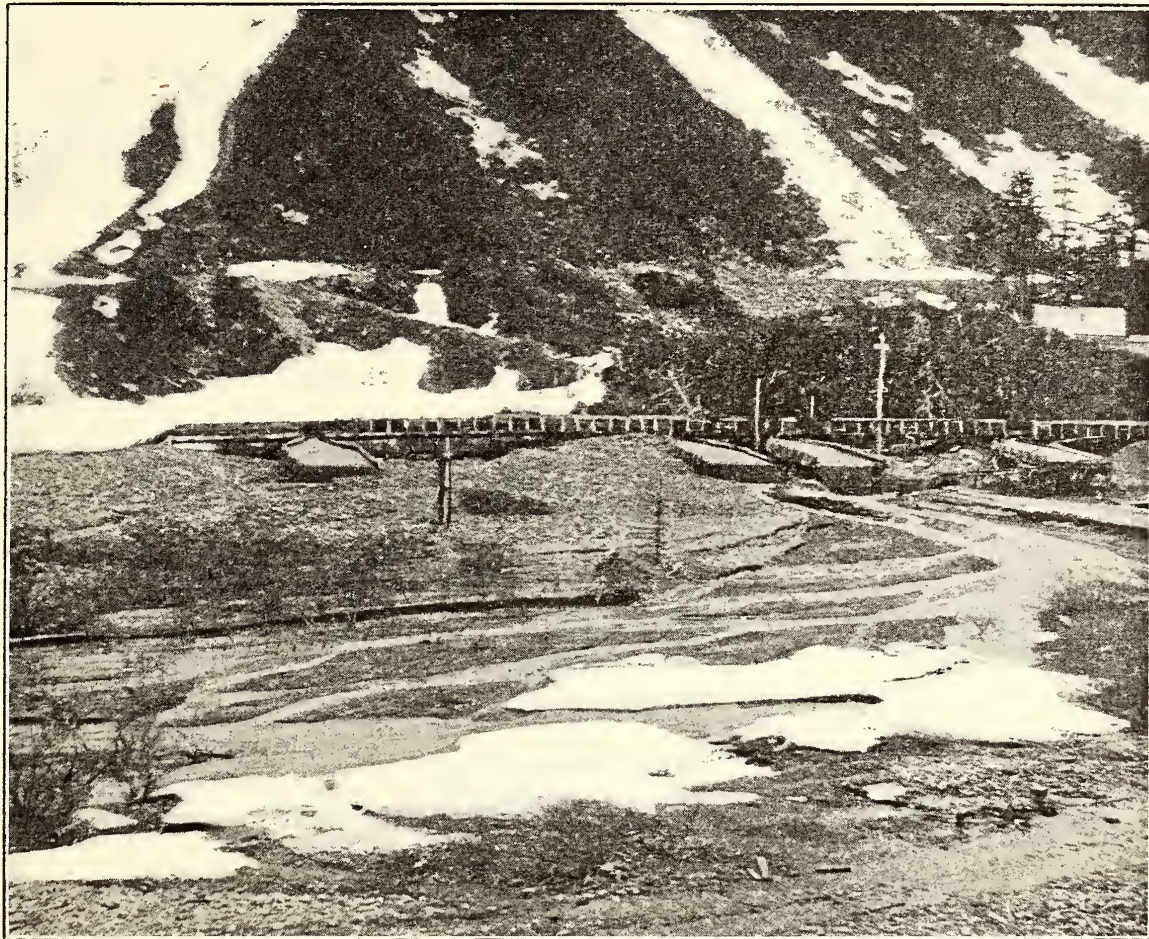


PICKING ON A "BENCH" TO LOOSEN GOLD-BEARING GRAVEL FOR THE SLUICES BELOW.

and, after rafting them down from Ogilvie and Forty Mile, you get \$130 a thousand foot for them sawed into boards. Then there is butchering for the man who

will drive sheep over in the summer. It has been done, and is to be done again. But it is useless for me to go on telling all the occupations that would pay high profits. The future of the Northwest country is not so long as that of a country that can look forward to other industries than mining and the business that depends on mining, but it is longer than the lifetime of any of us. The surface has been pricked in a few places, but I do not know

that the best has been found, and I am quite sure no one has any idea of the tremendous extent of the placer diggings, to say nothing of the quartz that is sure to follow. Then, all the other metals, silver and copper and iron, have been turned up, while coal is plentiful. I believe thoroughly in the country. All I have doubt about is the character of some of the men who are rushing in to get rich by just picking up the gold.



A PLACER, SHOWING SLUICE, OR FLUME, AND SIDE BATHS.

This is a very good picture of a claim, and the process of mining from the "benches" or on the sides, as distinguished from "bar" diggings in the bed of the creek. The straight line above and parallel to the flume is the old bed of the stream. It is from this line of terraces and below it that the pay dirt is taken, usually in the winter. Then, when the spring comes and the ice breaks up, the water is brought down for use in the sluices. The gold-bearing gravel is shoveled into the sluices, carried slowly over the "pans," or platforms, and turned out on the side tables, where it is deposited, while the water and the lighter stones and dirt are carried down into the stream again, where they meet the coarser stuff that is pounded out at the end of the flume.

THE MARTYRDOM OF "MEALY" JONES.

AN EPISODE OF THE SWIMMING-HOLE AT BOYVILLE.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE,

Author of "The King of Boyville," "A Recent Confederate Victory," and other stories.

HIS mother named him Harold, and named him better than she knew. He was just such a boy as one would expect to see bearing a heroic name. He had big, faded blue eyes, a nubbin of a chin, and wide, wondering ears, and freckles—such brown blotches of freckles on his face and neck and hands, such a milky way of them across the bridge of his snub nose, that the boys called him "Mealy." And Mealy Jones it was to the end. When his parents called him Harold in the hearing of his playmates, the boy felt ashamed, for he felt that a nickname could give him equal standing among his fellows. There were times in his life—when he was alone, recounting valorous deeds—that Mealy more than half persuaded himself that he was a real boy. But when he was with Winfield Pennington, surnamed "Piggy" in the court of Boyhood, and Abraham Lincoln Carpenter, similarly knighted "Old Abe," Mealy saw that he was only Harold, a weak and unsatisfactory imitation. He was handicapped in his struggle to be a natural boy by a mother who had been a "perfect little lady" in her girlhood and who was molding her son in the forms that fashioned her. If it were the purpose of this tale to deal in philosophy, it would be easy to digress and show that Mealy Jones was a study in heredity; that from his mother's side of the house he inherited wide, white, starched collars, and from his father's a burning desire to whistle through his teeth. But this is only a simple tale, with no great problem in it, save that of a boy working out his salvation between a fiendish lust for suspenders with trousers and a long-termed incarceration in shirt-waists with despised white china buttons around his waist-band.

No one ever knew how Mealy Jones learned to swim but Piggy, and Harold's mother doesn't consider Piggy Pennington any one, for the Penningtons are Methodists and the Joneses are Baptists, and very hard-shelled ones, too. However, Mealy Jones did learn to swim "dog-

fashion" years and years after the other boys he knew had become postgraduates in aquatic lore and could "tread water," "swim sailor-fashion," and "lay" their hair. Mrs. Jones permitted her son to go swimming occasionally, but she always exacted from him a solemn promise not to go into the deep water, and Harold, who was a good little boy, made it a point not to "let down" when he was beyond the "step-off," so of course he could not know how deep it was, although the bad little boys who "brought up bottom" had told him that it was twelve feet deep.

One hot June afternoon Mealy stood looking at a druggist's display window, gazing idly at the pills, absently picking out the various kinds which he had taken. He had just come from his mother with the express injunction not to go near the river. His eyes roamed listlessly from the pills to the pain-killer, and, turning wearily away, he saw Piggy and Old Abe and Jimmy Sears. The three boys were scuffling for the possession of a piece of rope. Pausing a moment in front of the grocery store, they beckoned for Mealy. The lad joined the group. Some one said:

"Come on, Mealy, and go swimmin'."

"Aw, Mealy can't go," put in Jimmy; "his ma won't let him."

"Yes, I kin, *too*, if I want to," replied Mealy, stoutly—but, alas! guiltily.

"Then come on," said Piggy Pennington. "You don't dast. My ma don't care how often I go in—only in dog days."

After some desultory debate they started—the four boys—pushing one another off the sidewalk, "rooster-fighting," shouting, laughing, racing through the streets. Mealy Jones longed to have the other boys observe his savage behavior. He knew, however, that he was a sham, that he was not of them, that he was a sad make-believe. The guilt of the deed he was doing oppressed him. He wondered how he could go into crime so stolidly, and inwardly he quaked as he recalled the stories he had read of boys who had

drowned while disobeying their parents. His uneasiness was augmented by the ever-present sense that he could not cope with the other boys at their sports. He let them jostle him, and often ran whenever his self-respect goaded him to jostle back. Mealy was glad when the group came to the deep shade of the woods and walked slowly.

It was three o'clock when the boys reached the swimming-hole. There the great elm-tree, with its ladder of exposed roots, stretched over the water. Piggy Pennington, stripped to the skin, ran whooping down the sloping bank, splashing over the gravel at the water's edge, and plunged into the deepest water. Old Abe followed cautiously, bathing his temples and his wrists before sousing all over. Jimmy Sears threw his shirt high up on the bank as he stood ankle-deep in the stream. Piggy's exhilaration having worn off by this time, he picked up a mussel-shell and threw it at Jimmy's feet. The water dashed wide of its mark and sprinkled Mealy, who was sitting on a log, taking off his shoes.

"Here, Piggy, you quit that," said Mealy.

Jimmy said nothing. He sprang into the air head foremost toward Piggy, who dived from sight. His pursuer saw the direction Piggy took and followed him. The boys were a few feet apart when Jimmy came to the surface, puffing and spouting and shaking the water from his eyes and hair. He hesitated in his pursuit. Piggy observed the hesitation, and with a quick overhand movement shot a stinging stream of water from the ball of his hand into his antagonist's face. Then he turned on his side and swam swiftly to shallow water, where he stood and splashed his victim, who was lumbering toward shore with his eyes shut, panting loudly. With every splash Piggy said, "How's that, Jim?" or "Take a bite o' this," or "Want a drink?" When Jimmy got where he could walk on the creek

bottom, he made a feint of fighting back, but he soon ceased, and stood by, gasping for breath, before saying, "Let's quit."

Then followed the fun of ducking, the scuffling and the capers of the young human animals at play—at play even as gods in the elder days. Mealy saw it all through envious eyes and with a pricking conscience, as he doggedly fumbled the myriad buttons which his mother had fastened upon his pretty clothes. He heard Piggy dare Abe across the creek, and call him a cowardly calf, and say, "Any one 't 'ull take a dare 'll steal sheep." Mealy saw Jimmy grin as he cracked rocks under water while the other boys were diving, and watched Old Abe, as he made the waves rise under his chin, swimming after the fleeing culprit. He saw Abe catch Jimmy and hold his head under water until Mealy's smile faded to a horrified grin. Then he saw the victim and the victor come merrily to the shallows, laughing as though nothing unusual had occurred. It was high revel in Boyville, and the satyrs were in the midst of their joy.

Then Mealy heard Piggy say, "Aw, come in, Mealy; it won't hurt you."

"Is it cold?" asked Mealy.

"Naw," replied Piggy.

"Naw, course it ain't," returned Jimmy.

"Warm as dish-water," cried Abe.

Mealy's ribs shone through his skin. His big milky eyes made him seem uncanny, standing there shivering in the shade. He hobbled down the pebbly bank on his tender feet, his bashful grin breaking into a dozen contortions of pain as he went. The boys stood watching him like tigers awaiting a Christian martyr. He paused at the water's edge, put in a toe and jerked it out with a spasm of cold.

"Aw, that ain't cold," said Piggy.

"Naw, when you get in you won't mind it," insisted Abe.



PIGGY PENNINGTON, THE KING OF BOYVILLE.

Mealy replied, "Oo, oo! I think that's pretty cold."

"Wet your legs and you won't get the cramp," advised Jimmy Sears.

Mealy stooped over to scoop up some water in his hands. He heard the boys laugh, and the next instant he felt a shower of water on his back. It made the tears come.

"Uhm-m-m—no fair splashin'," he whined.

Mealy put one foot in the water and drew it out quickly, gasping, "Oo! I ain't goin' in. It's too cold for me. It'll bring my measles out." He started trembling up the bank; then he heard a splashing behind him.

"Come back here," cried Piggy, whose hands were uplifted; "come back here and git in this water or I'll muddy you." Piggy's hands were full of mud. He was about to throw it when the Jones boy pretended to laugh and giggled, "Oh, I was just a-foolin'."

But he paused again at the water's edge, and Piggy, who had come up close enough to touch the rickety lad, reached out a muddy hand and dabbed the quaking boy's breast. The other boys roared with glee. Mealy extended a deprecatory hand, and took Piggy's wet, glistening arm and stumbled nervously into the stream, with an "Oo-oo!" at every uncertain step. When the water came to Mealy's waist Abe cried, "Duck! duck, or I'll splash you!" The boy sank down, with his teeth biting his tongue as he said, "Oo—I wouldn't do you that way."

When the shock of the tepid water had spent itself, Mealy's grin returned, and he shivered happily, "Oo—it's good, ain't it?"

Ten minutes later the boys were diving from the roots of the elm-tree into the deep water on the other side of the creek. Ten minutes after that they were sliding down a muddy toboggan which they had revived by splashing water upon the incline made and provided by the town boys for scudding. Ten minutes afterward they were covering themselves with coats of mud, frescoed—one with stripes made with the point of a stick, another with polka-dots, another with checks, and Mealy with snake-like, curving stripes. Then the whole crew dashed down the path to the railroad bridge to greet the afternoon passenger train. When it came they jumped up and down and waved their striped and spotted arms like the barbarian warriors which they fancied they were. They swam up

the stream leisurely, and, as they rounded the bend that brought their landing-place into view, the quick eye of Piggy Pennington saw that some one had been meddling with their clothes. He gave the alarm. The boys quickened their strokes. When they came to the shallows of the ford they saw the blue-and-white starched shirt of Mealy Jones lying in a pool tied into half a dozen knots, with the water soaking them tighter and tighter. The other boys' clothes were not disturbed.

"Mealy's got to chaw beef," cried Piggy Pennington. The other boys, except the Jones boy, echoed Piggy's merriment. Great sorrows come to grown-up people, but there is never a moment in after-life more poignant with grief than that which stabs a boy when he learns that he must wrestle with a series of water-soaked knots in a shirt. As Mealy sat in the broiling sun, gripping the knots with his teeth and fingers, he asked himself again and again how he could explain his soiled shirt to his mother. Lump after lump rose in his throat, and dissolved into tears that trickled down his nose. The other boys did not heed him. They were following Piggy's dare, dropping into the water from the overhanging limb of the elm-tree.

They did not see the figure of another boy, in ragged clothes, with a gingham shirt, cotton suspenders, and a torn straw hat, sitting on a stone back of Mealy, smiling complacently. Not until the stranger walked down to the water's edge where Mealy sat did the other boys spy him.

"Who is it?" asked Abe.

"I never saw him before," replied Jimmy Sears.

"Oh, I'll tell you who it is," returned Abe, after looking the stranger over. "It's the new boy. Him an' his old man come to town yesterday. They say he's a fighter. He licked every boy in the mountain jumpers this mornin'."

By this time the new boy was standing over Mealy, saying, "How you gittin' along?"

Mealy looked up, and said with the petulance of a spoiled child, "Hush your mouth, you old smartie! What good d't do you to go an' tie my clo'es?"

Piggy and Jimmy and Abe came hurrying to the landing. They heard the new boy retort, "Who said I tied your clo'es?" Mealy made no reply. The new boy repeated the query. Mealy saw the boys in the water looking on, and his courage rose; for Mealy was in the primary de-

partment of life, and had not yet learned that one must fight alone. He answered, "I did," with an emphasis on the "I," as he tugged at the last knot. The new boy had been looking Mealy over, and he replied quickly, "You're a liar!"

There was a pause, during which Mealy looked helplessly for some one to defend him. He was sure that his companions would not stand there and see him whipped.

One of the boys in the water said diplomatically, "Aw, Mealy, I wouldn't take that!"

"You're another," faltered Mealy, who looked supplication and surprise at his friends, and wondered if they were really going to desert him. The new boy waded around Mealy, and leaned over him, and said, shaking his fist in the freckled face, "You're a coward, and you don't dast take it up and fight it out."

Mealy's face flushed. He felt anger mantling his frame. He was one of those most pitiable of mortals whose anger brings tears with it. The

last knot in the shirt was all but conquered, when Mealy bawled in a scream of passionate sobs:

"When I git this shirt fixed I'll show you who's a coward."

The new boy sought a level place on the bank for a fight, and sneered, "Oh, cry baby! cry baby! Say, boys, where's its bottle?"

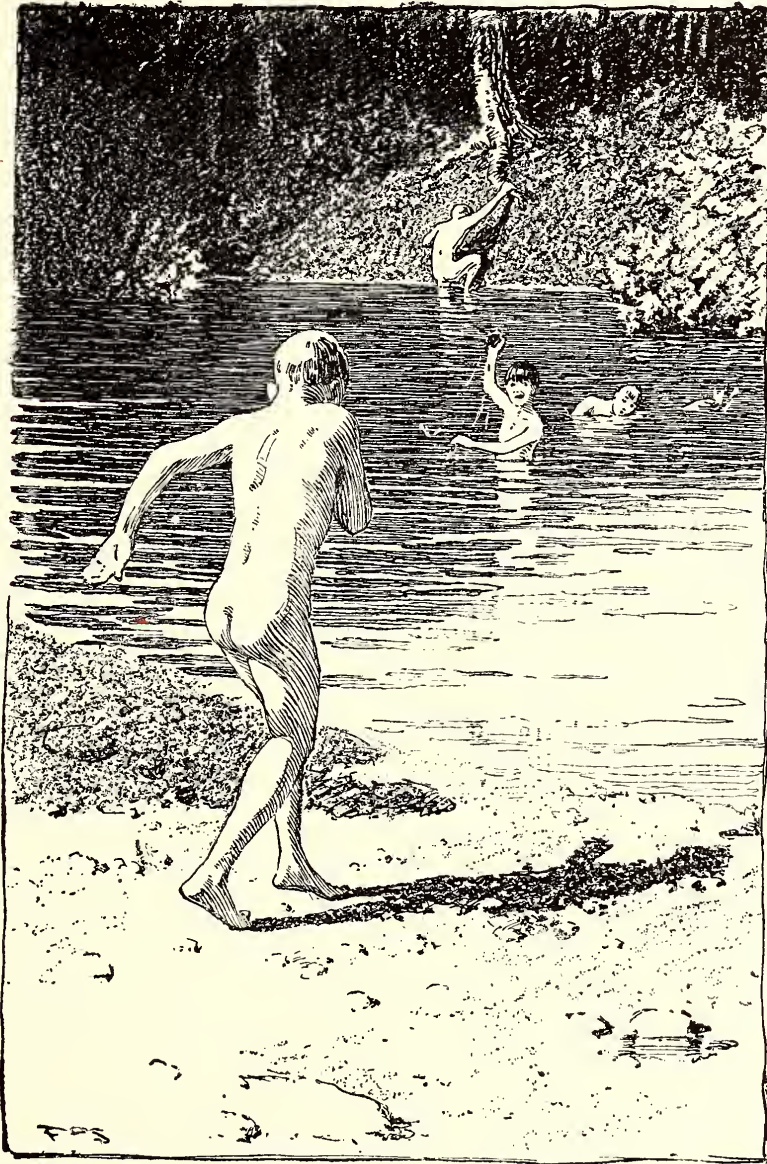
Mealy rose with a stone in each hand, and hobbled over the pebbles, crying, "Touch me now! Touch me if you dare!"

"Aw, you coward! drop them rocks," snarled the new boy.

Mealy looked at his friends imploringly. He felt lonely, deserted, and mistreated, but he saw in the faces of his comrades the reflection of the injunction to put down the stones. He did so, and his anger began to cool. But he whimpered again, "Well now, touch me if you dare!"

The new boy came over briskly, and

made a feint to slap the naked lad, who ward- ed off the blow, sniffing, "You just leave me alone. I ain't hurting you." The boys in the water laughed—it seemed to Mealy such a cruel laugh. Anger enveloped him again, and he struck out blindly through his tears, hand over hand, striking the new boy in the mouth and making it bleed, before he realized that the fight had begun. The new boy tried to clinch Mealy, but the naked body slipped away from him; and just then the combatants saw the satisfied grin freeze on the faces of the boys in the wa-



"HE HOBBLLED DOWN THE PEBBLY BANK."

ter. A step crunched the gravel near them, and in a moment that flashed vividly with rejoicing that the fight was ended, then with abject, chattering terror, Mealy Jones saw his father approaching. Mealy did not run. The uplifted cane and the red, perspiring face of his father transfixed the lad, yet he felt called upon to say something. His voice came from a dry throat; and he spoke through an idiotic grin as he said, "I didn't know you wanted me, pa."

After the burst of his father's anger

ten awful minutes of shame passed for Mealy while he was putting on his wet clothes. The boys in the water swam noiselessly upstream to the roots of the elm-tree, where he saw them looking at his disgrace. During those ten minutes Mealy realized that his father's deepening silence portended evil; so he tried to draw his father into a discussion of the merits of the case by whimpering from time to time, "Well, I guess they ast me to come," or "Piggy said it wouldn't hurt, cause 't ain't in dog days," or "I wasn't in where it was deep. I was only a-wadin'." The new boy, who was seated upon a log near by with a stone in his hand, which he had picked up fearing the elder Jones would join the fray, sniffed audibly. He called to the other boys derisively, "Say, any of you boys got the baby's blocks?" It did not lift the mantle of humiliation that covered Mealy to hear his father reply to the new boy, "That will do for you, sir." While Mealy wept he wiped away his tears first with one hand and then with the other, employing the free hand in fastening the innumerable buttons that held his soiled clothes together. It seemed to him that there was not another boy in all Willow Creek who had such thoughtless, cruel parents as he had. At that moment he did not fear the punishment that might be in store for him. He was thinking of the agony of his next meeting with Piggy Pennington. Mealy fancied that Abe Carpenter, who was a quiet, philosophical boy, would not tease him, but horror seized him when he thought of Piggy.

As Mealy fastened the last button, he felt his father's finger under his collar, and he felt his own feet shambling blindly over the pebbles, up the path, into the bushes; he heard the boys in the water laugh with the new boy—and then—stories differ. The boys say he howled lustily, "Oh, pa, I won't do it any more," over and over again. Mealy Jones says that it didn't hurt a bit.

This much is certain: that Master Harold Jones walked through the town that day a few feet ahead of his father, who tapped the boy's legs with a hooked cane whenever his steps lagged. At the door of the Jones home Mrs. Jones stood to welcome the martial procession, which she saw, and then heard, approaching some time before it arrived. To his wife, whose face pictured anxious grief, Mr. Jones said, as he turned the captive over to her: "I found this young gentleman in swimming—swimming and fighting. I have attended to

his wants, I believe. I leave him to you."

Harold Jones was but a lad—a good lad whose knowledge of the golden text was his Sunday-school teacher's pride, yet he had collected other scraps of useful information as he journeyed through life, and one of these was a perfectly practical familiarity with the official road map to his mother's heart. Therefore, when he crossed the threshold of the Jones home Harold began at once to weep dolefully.

"Harold Jones, what do you mean by such conduct?" asked his mother.

The boy stood by the window long enough to see that his father had turned the corner toward the town. Then he fell on the floor, and began to bewail his lot, refusing to answer the first question his mother asked, but telling instead how "all the other boys in this town can go swimmin' when they want to," hinting that he wouldn't care, if papa had only just come and brought him home, but that papa—and this was followed by a vocal cataract of woe that made the dishpans ring.

He noted that his mother bent over him and said, "My poor boy;" at which sign little Harold punctured the levees of his grief again, and said he "never was going to face any of the boys in this town again"—he "just couldn't bear it." Mrs. Jones paused in her work at this, put down a potato which she was peeling, and stood up stiffly, saying in a freezing tone, "Harold Jones, you don't mean to tell me that your father punished you in front of those other little boys?"

Her son only sobbed and nodded an affirmative, and gave lusty voice to the tearful wish that he was dead. Mrs. Jones stooped to the floor and took her child by an arm, lifting him to his feet. She smoothed his hair and took him with her to the big chair in the dining-room, where she raised his seventy pounds to her lap, saying as she did so, "Mama's boy will soon be too big to hold." At that the spoiled child only renewed his weeping and clutched her tightly. There, little by little, he forgot the mishaps of the day. There the anguish lifted from his heart, and when his mother asked, "Harold, why did you go into the water when we told you not to?" the child only shook his head, and, after repeated questioning, his answer came:

"Well, they asked me, mom."

"Who asked you?" persisted Mrs. Jones.

"Piggy Pennington and Jimmy Sears," returned the lad.

To the query, "Well, do you have to do everything they ask you to, Harold?" the lad's answer was a renewal of the heart-breaking sobs. These softened the mother's heart, as many and many a woman's heart has been melted through all the ages. She soothed the truant child and petted him, until the cramping in his throat relaxed sufficiently to admit of the passage of an astonishingly large slice of bread and butter and sugar. After it was disposed of, Harold busied himself by assorting his old iron scraps on the back porch, and his mother smiled as she fancied she heard the boy trying to whistle a tune.

Harold had left the porch before his father came home with the beefsteak for supper, and Mrs. Jones met her husband with: "Pa Jones, what could you be thinking of—punishing that boy before the other children? Do you want to break what little spirit he has? Why, that child was nearly in hysterics for an hour after you left!"

Mr. Jones hung up his crooked cane, put a stick of wood in the stove, scraped his pipe with his knife, and blew through the stem.

"I guess he wasn't hurt much," replied the father. Then he added, as he put a live coal in the pipe: "I s'pose you went an' babied him an' spoiled it all." There was a puffing pause, after which Mr. Jones added, "If you'd let him go more, an' didn't worry your head off when he was out of sight, he'd amount to more."

Mrs. Jones always gave her husband three moves before she spoke. "Yes! yes! you'd make that boy a regular little rowdy if you had your way, William Jones."

In the mean time Harold Jones had heard a long, shrill whistle in the alley, and, answering it, he ran as rapidly as his spindling legs would carry him. He knew it was the boys. They were grinning broadly when he came to them. It was Piggy Pennington who first spoke, "Oh, pa, I won't do it any more," repeating the phrase several times in a suppressed voice, and leering impishly at Mealy.

"Aw, you're making that up," answered Mealy in embarrassment. But Piggy continued his teasing until Abe Carpenter said: "Say, Mealy, we want you to go to the cave with us to-morrow; can you?"

The "can you" was an imputation on his personal liberty that Mealy resented. He replied, "Uh-huh! you just bet your bottom dollar I can." Piggy began teasing again, but Abe silenced him, and the boys sat in the dirt behind the barn, chattering about the new boy, whose name, according to the others, was "Bud" Perkins. Mealy entered the conversation with much masculine pomp—too much, in fact; for when he became particularly vain-glorious some one in the group was certain to glance at his shoes—and shoes in June in Boyville are insignia of the weaker sex, the badges of shame.

But Mealy did not feel his disgrace. He walked up the ash path to the kitchen with an excellent imitation of manly pride in his gait. He kicked at a passing cat, shook his head bravely, talking to himself about the way he would have whipped the new boy if his father had not interrupted the fight.

As Mrs. Jones heard the boy's step on the porch, she said to his father, "Now, pa, that boy has been punished enough to-day. Don't you say a word to him." Harold walked by his father with averted face. At supper the boy did not look at his father, and when the dishes were put away, Mr. Jones, who sat in the kitchen smoking, heard his wife and the child in a front room, chatting cheerily. The lonesome father smoked his pipe and recalled his youth. The boy's voice brought back his own shrill treble. And he coughed nervously. After Mrs. Jones had put the lad to bed, and was in the pantry arranging for breakfast, the father knocked the ashes from his briar into the stove, and, humming an old tune, went to the boy's bedroom door. He paused awkwardly on the threshold. The boy turned his face toward the wall. The action cut the father to the quick. He walked to the bed and bent over the child, touching a father's rough-bearded face to the soft cheek. He found the soft hand—with a father's large hand—under the sheet, and he held the little hand tightly as he said:

"Well, Harold"—there he paused for a second. But he continued, "Do you think you'd a-licked that boy if—if—I hadn't a-come?"

Then the two laughed, and a little throb of joyous pain tingled in their throats—such as only boys may feel.

ONE OF GOD'S FOOLS.

BY CAPTAIN MUSGROVE DAVIS.

JOE came into the regiment, no one knew exactly how or whence. He was not quite a "natural," but well along toward it. From a friend who came to look for him, it was learned that he had received an injury to his head when quite young. School was of little use to him, and he hardly got beyond his letters and the writing of his name. He was always spoken of as "Poor Joe."

We all wondered how any recruiting officer accepted him; and, more, how he got the consent of his family to enlist. Recruiting officers were not very particular, however, and as for Joe's family, it transpired that they never had a chance to protest, for Joe ran away from home to enlist. It was afterwards proposed to effect his discharge, but he howled his family into acquiescence, and remained

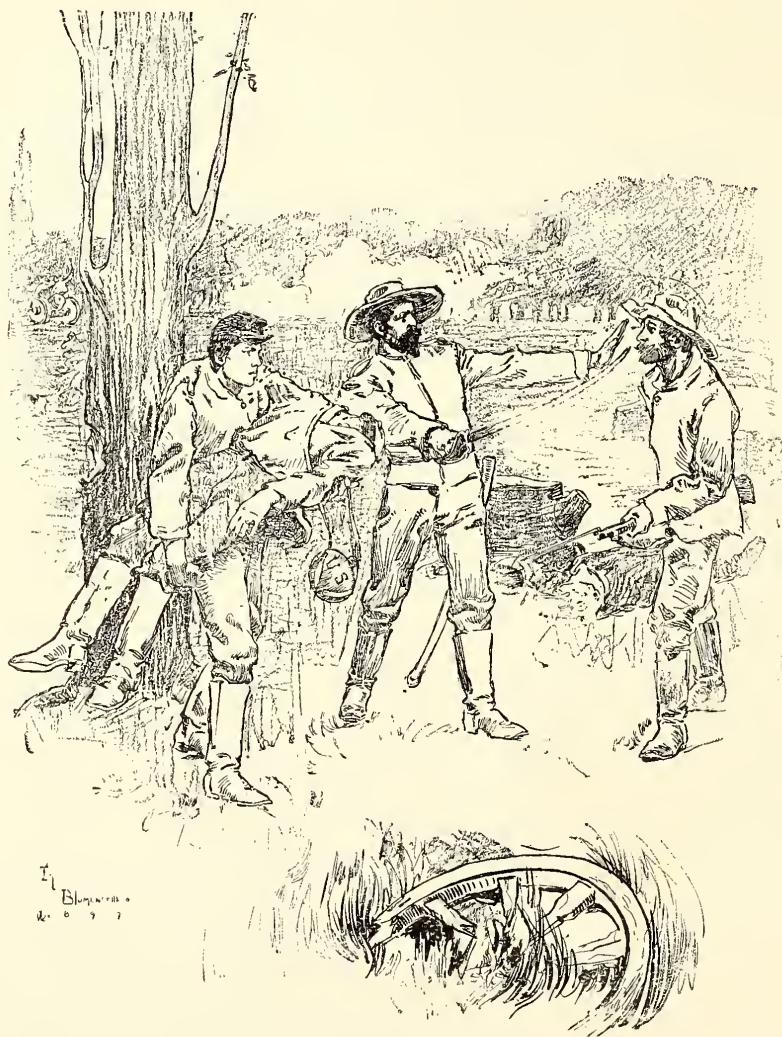
in the regiment to do many brave acts—without knowing they were brave. He was simply incapable of fear.

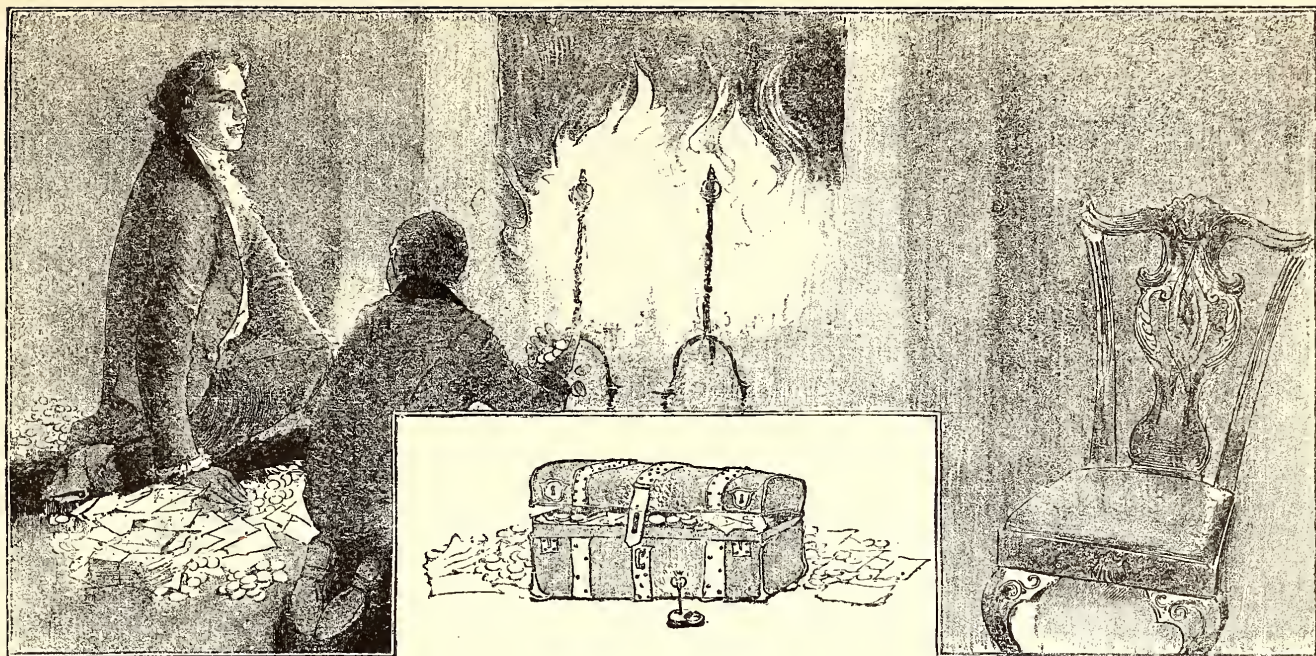
At the second battle of Bull Run he refused to retreat with the rest, but stood out solitary and alone, and fired until all his ammunition was exhausted, then threw away his musket, and backed doggedly toward his own lines, shaking his fists and throwing stones at the "rebs." They cheered him to the echo, and from a thousand throats went up the shout: "Let him alone! Let him alone!"

At Antietam, when our regiment was driven back, it was found that one of Joe's tent-mates had been wounded and left between the lines. When Joe heard of it he was beside himself with grief. He threw down his gun, and ran straight into the fire in front, shouting: "Give me Lem! Give me Lem! Don't you touch me or I'll tell Mr. Lincoln! Give me Lem!"

Unscathed, he reached the Confederate lines. There he found Lem, picked him up, and started back. A Confederate soldier essayed to detain him, but the officer in command—noble fellow—shouted: "No! No! Let no one lay hands on that man and dare to call himself a soldier. Go, my brave fellow, and God preserve you." And Joe regained his regiment without a scratch, bearing his comrade in his arms.

At Gettysburg our command was supporting a battery, and Joe, exhausted from long duty, had crawled under one of the guns of the battery and gone to sleep. A shell struck near, scattering showers of earth all about. Joe awoke with eyes and ears full, got up, shook himself, brushed the dirt away as well as he could, faced the "rebs," and in that fearful din shouted: "Say, Johnnie, don't you do that agin, or I'll come over there and lick ye." Then he lay down under the gun again, and went to sleep. One of God's fools!





ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER—SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Viscount Anne de St. Ives, under the name of Champdivers, while held a prisoner of war in Edinburgh Castle, attracts the sympathy of Flora Gilchrist, who, out of curiosity, visits the prisoners, attended by her brother Ronald. On her account St. Ives kills a comrade, Goguelat, in a duel, fought secretly in the night, with the divided blades of a pair of scissors. An officer of the prison, Major Chevenix, discovers the secret of the duel and of St. Ives's interest in the young lady: a fact that promises importance later. Having escaped from prison, St. Ives plans to proceed to a rich uncle in England, Count de Kéroural, who, as he has learned from a solicitor, Daniel Romaine, is near dying, and is likely to make him his heir in place of a cousin, Alain de

St. Ives. First, however, he steals to the home of Flora Gilchrist. Discovered there by the aunt with whom Flora lives, he is regarded with suspicion; but still is helped to escape across the border, under the guidance of two drovers. After many adventures, he reaches Amersham Place, his uncle Count de Kéroural's country seat, and finds the count extremely low, with a doctor in close attendance. To his surprise, the whole household shows to have been in active expectation of his coming: a room has been made ready for him, new clothes are laid out for his wear, and a young man named Rowley is at hand for his exclusive service. He is hurried off to dress for dinner, and then dines in company with the doctor.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DESPATCH-BOX.

THE doctor had scarce finished his meal before he hastened with an apology to attend upon his patient; and almost immediately after, I was myself summoned, and ushered up the great staircase and along interminable corridors to the bedside of my great-uncle the count. You are to think that up to the present moment I had not set eyes on this formidable personage, only on the evidences of his wealth and kindness. You are to think besides that I had

heard him miscalled and abused from my earliest childhood up. The first of the *émigrés* could never expect a good word in the society in which my father moved. Even yet the reports I received were of a doubtful nature; even Romaine had drawn of him no very amiable portrait; and as I was ushered into the room, it was a critical eye that I cast on my great-uncle. He lay propped on pillows in a little cot no greater than a camp-bed, not visibly breathing. He was about eighty years of age, and looked it; not that his face was much lined, but all the blood and color seemed to have faded from his body, and even his eyes,

which last he kept usually closed as though the light distressed him. There was an unspeakable degree of slyness in his expression, which kept me ill at ease; he seemed to lie there with his arms folded, like a spider waiting for prey. His speech was very deliberate and courteous, but scarce louder than a sigh.

"I bid you welcome, Monsieur le Vicomte Anne," said he, looking at me hard with his pale eyes, but not moving on his pillows. "I have sent for you, and I thank you for the obliging expedition you have shown. It is my misfortune that I cannot rise to receive you. I trust you have been reasonably well entertained?"

"Monsieur mon oncle," I said, bowing very low, "I am come at the summons of the head of my family."

"It is well," he said. "Be seated. I should be glad to hear some news—if that can be called news that is already twenty years old—of how I have the pleasure to see you here."

By the coldness of his address, not more than by the nature of the times that he bade me recall, I was plunged in melancholy. I felt myself surrounded as with deserts of friendlessness, and the delight of my welcome was turned to ashes in my mouth.

"That is soon told, Monseigneur," said I. "I understand that I need tell you nothing of the end of my unhappy parents? It is only the story of the lost dog."

"You are right. I am sufficiently informed of that deplorable affair; it is painful to me. My nephew, your father, was a man who would not be advised," said he. "Tell me, if you please, simply of yourself."

"I am afraid I must run the risk of harrowing your sensibility in the beginning," said I, with a bitter smile, "because my story begins at the foot of the guillotine. When the list came out that night, and her name was there, I was already old enough, not in years, but in sad experience, to understand the extent of my misfortune. She—" I paused. "Enough that she arranged with a friend, Madame de Chasseradès, that she should take charge of me, and by the favor of our jailors I was suffered to remain in the shelter of the Abbaye. That was my only refuge; there was no corner of France that I could rest the sole of my foot upon except the prison. Monsieur le Comte, you are as well aware as I can be what kind of a life that was and how swiftly death smote in that society. I did not wait long before the name

of Madame de Chasseradès succeeded to that of my mother on the list. She passed me on to Madame de Noytot; she, in her turn, to Mademoiselle de Braye; and there were others. I was the one thing permanent; they were all transient as clouds; a day or two of their care, and then came the last farewell and—somewhere far off in that roaring Paris that surrounded us—the bloody scene. I was the cherished one, the last comfort, of these dying women. I have been in pitched fights, my lord, and I never knew such courage. It was all done smiling, in the tone of good society; *belle maman* was the name I was taught to give to each; and for a day or two the new 'pretty mamma' would make much of me, show me off, teach me the minuet, and to say my prayers, and then, with a tender embrace, would go the way of her predecessors, smiling. There were some that wept too. There was a childhood! All the time Monsieur de Culemborg kept his eye on me, and would have had me out of the Abbaye and in his own protection, but my 'pretty mammas' one after another resisted the idea. Where could I be safer? they argued; and what was to become of them without the darling of the prison? Well, it was soon shown how safe I was! The dreadful day of the massacre came; the prison was overrun; none paid attention to me, not even the last of my 'pretty mammas,' for she had met another fate. I was wandering distracted, when I was found by some one in the interests of Monsieur de Culemborg. I understand he was sent on purpose; I believe, in order to reach the interior of the prison, he had set his hand to nameless barbarities: such was the price paid for my worthless, whimpering little life! He gave me his hand; it was wet, and mine was reddened; he led me unresisting. I remember but the one circumstance of my flight—it was my last view of my last 'pretty mamma.' Shall I describe it to you?" I asked the count, with a sudden fierceness.

"Avoid unpleasant details," observed my great-uncle, gently.

At these words a sudden peace fell upon me. I had been angry with the man before; I had not sought to spare him; and now, in a moment, I saw that there was nothing to spare. Whether from natural heartlessness or extreme old age, the soul was not at home; and my benefactor, who had kept the fire lit in my room for a month past—my only relative except Alain, whom I knew already to be a hired

spy—had trodden out the last sparks of hope and interest.

"Certainly," said I; "and, indeed, the day for them is nearly over. I was taken to Monsieur de Culemborg's,—I presume, sir, that you know the Abbé de Culemborg?"

He indicated assent without opening his eyes.

"He was a very brave and a very learned man—"

"And a very holy one," said my uncle, civilly.

"And a very holy one, as you observe," I continued. "He did an infinity of good, and through all the Terror kept himself from the guillotine. He gave me such education as I have—enough for a soldier. It was in his house in the country at Dammarie, near Melun, that I made the acquaintance of your agent, Mr. Vicary, who lay there in hiding, only to fall a victim at the last to a gang of *chauffeurs*."

"This poor Mr. Vicary!" observed my uncle. "He had been many times in my interests to France, and this was his first failure. *Quel charmant homme, n'est-ce pas?*"

"Infinitely so," said I. "But I would not willingly detain you any farther with a story the details of which it must naturally be more or less unpleasant for you to hear. Suffice it, that by M. de Culemborg's advice, I entered the service of France at sixteen, and have since then carried arms in such a manner as not to disgrace my family."

"You narrate well; *vous avez la voix chaude*," said my uncle, turning on his pillows as if to study me. "I have a very good account of you by Monsieur de Mauséant, whom you helped in Spain. And you had some education from the Abbé de Culemborg, a man of good house? Yes, you will do very well. You have a good manner and a handsome person, which hurts nothing. We are all handsome in the family; even I myself, I have had my successes, the memories of which still charm me. It is my intention, my nephew, to make of you my heir. I am not very well content with my other nephew, Monsieur le Vicomte: he has not been respectful, which is the flattery due to age. And there are other matters."

I was half tempted to throw back in his face that inheritance so coldly offered. At the same time I had to consider that he was an old man and, after all, my relation; and that I was a poor one, in considerable straits, with a hope at heart

which that inheritance might yet enable me to realize. Nor could I forget that, however icy his manners, he had behaved to me from the first with the extreme of liberality and, I was about to write, kindness, but the word, in that connection, would not come. I really owed the man some measure of gratitude, which it would be an ill manner to repay if I were to insult him on his deathbed.

"Your will, monsieur, must ever be my rule," said I, bowing.

"You have wit, monsieur mon neveu," said he, "the best wit—the wit of silence. Many might have deafened me with their gratitude. Gratitude!" he repeated, with a peculiar intonation, and lay and smiled to himself. "But to approach what is more important. As a prisoner of war, will it be possible for you to be served heir to English estates? I have no idea: long as I have dwelt in England, I have never studied what they call their laws. On the other hand, how if Romaine should come too late? I have two pieces of business to be transacted—to die, and to make my will; and, however desirous I may be to serve you, I cannot postpone the first in favor of the second beyond a very few hours."

"Well, sir, I must then contrive to be doing as I did before," said I.

"Not so," said the Count. "I have an alternative. I have just drawn my balance at my banker's, a considerable sum, and I am now to place it in your hands. It will be so much for you and so much less—" He paused, and smiled with an air of malignity that surprised me. "But it is necessary it should be done before witnesses. Monsieur le Vicomte is of a particular disposition, and an unwitnessed donation may very easily be twisted into a theft."

He touched a bell, which was answered by a man having the appearance of a confidential valet. To him he gave a key.

"Bring me the despatch-box that came yesterday, La Ferrière," said he. "You will at the same time present my compliments to Dr. Hunter and M. l'Abbé, and request them to step for a few moments to my room."

The despatch-box proved to be rather a bulky piece of baggage, covered with Russia leather. Before the doctor and an excellent old smiling priest it was passed over into my hands with a very clear statement of the disposer's wishes; immediately after which, though the witnesses remained behind to draw up and sign a

joint note of the transaction, Monsieur de K  roual dismissed me to my own room, La Ferri  re following with the invaluable box.

At my chamber door I took it from him with thanks, and entered alone. Everything had been already disposed for the night, the curtains drawn, and the fire trimmed; and Rowley was still busy with my bedclothes. He turned round as I entered with a look of welcome that did my heart good. Indeed, I had never a much greater need of human sympathy, however trivial, than at that moment when I held a fortune in my arms. In my uncle's room I had breathed the very atmosphere of disenchantment. He had gorged my pockets; he had starved every dignified or affectionate sentiment of a man. I had received so chilling an impression of age and experience that the mere look of youth drew me to confide in Rowley. He was only a boy, his heart must beat yet, he must still retain some innocence and natural feelings, he could blurt out follies with his mouth, he was not a machine to utter perfect speech! At the same time, I was beginning to outgrow the painful impressions of my interview; my spirits were beginning to revive; and at the jolly, empty looks of Mr. Rowley, as he ran forward to relieve me of the box, St. Ives became himself again.

"Now, Rowley, don't be in a hurry," said I. "This is a momentous juncture. Man and boy, you have been in my service about three hours. You must already have observed that I am a gentleman of a somewhat morose disposition, and there is nothing that I more dislike than the smallest appearance of familiarity. Mr. Pole or Mr. Powl, probably in the spirit of prophecy, warned you against this danger."

"Yes, Mr. Anne," said Rowley blankly.

"Now there is just arisen one of those rare cases in which I am willing to depart from my principles. My uncle has given me a box—what you would call a Christmas-box. I don't know what's in it, and no more do you: perhaps I am an April fool, or perhaps I am already enormously wealthy; there might be five hundred pounds in this apparently harmless receptacle!"

"Lord, Mr. Anne!" cried Rowley.

"Now, Rowley, hold up your right hand and repeat the words of the oath after me," said I, laying the despatch-box on the table. "Strike me blue if I ever disclose to Mr. Powl, or Mr. Powl's viscount, or anything that is Mr. Powl's, not to mention Mr.

Dawson and the doctor, the treasures of the following despatch-box; and strike me sky-blue scarlet if I do not continually maintain, uphold, love, honor, and obey, serve, and follow to the four corners of the earth and the waters that are under the earth, the hereinafter-before-mentioned (only that I find I have neglected to mention him) Viscount Anne de K  roual de St.-Yves, commonly known as Mr. Rowley's viscount. So be it. Amen."

He took the oath with the same exaggerated seriousness as I gave it to him.

"Now," said I. "Here is the key for you; I will hold the lid with both hands in the meanwhile." He turned the key. "Bring up all the candles in the room, and range them alongside. What is it to be? A live gorgon, a Jack-in-the-box, or a spring that fires a pistol? On your knees, sir, before the prodigy!"

So saying, I turned the despatch-box upside down upon the table. At the sight of the vast mass of bank paper and gold that lay in front of us, between the candles, or rolled upon the floor alongside, I stood astonished.

"Oh my! Oh Mr. Anne! What a sight o' money!" cried Mr. Rowley, and he scrambled after the fallen guineas. "Why, it's like a blessed story-book. It's like the Forty Thieves."

"Now, Rowley, let's be cool, let's be business-like," said I. "Riches are deceitful, particularly when you haven't counted them; and the first thing we have to do is to arrive at the amount of my—let me say, modest competency. If I'm not mistaken, I have enough here to keep you in gold buttons all the rest of your life. You collect the gold, and I'll take the paper."

Accordingly, down we sat together on the hearthrug, and for some time there was no sound but the creasing of bills and the jingling of guineas, broken occasionally by the exulting exclamations of Rowley. The arithmetical operation on which we were embarked took long, and it might have been tedious to others; not to me nor to my helper.

"Ten thousand pounds!" I announced at last.

"Ten thousand!" echoed Mr. Rowley.

And we gazed upon each other.

The greatness of this fortune took my breath away. With that sum in my hands, I need fear no enemies. People are arrested, in nine cases out of ten, not because the police are astute, but because

themselves run short of money; and I had here before me in the despatch-box a succession of devices and disguises that insured my liberty. Not only so; but, as I felt with a sudden and overpowering thrill, with ten thousand pounds in my hands I was become an eligible suitor. What advances I had made in the past, as a private soldier in a military prison, or a fugitive by the wayside, could only be qualified or, indeed, excused as acts of desperation. And now, I might come in by the front door; I might approach the dragon with a lawyer at my elbow and rich settlements to offer. The poor French prisoner, Champdivers, might be in a perpetual danger of arrest; but the rich traveling Englishman, St. Ives, in his post-chaise, with his despatch-box by his side, could smile at fate and laugh at locksmiths. I repeated the proverb, exulting, *Love laughs at locksmiths!* In a moment, by the mere coming of this money, my love had become possible—it had come near, it was under my hand—and it may be by one of the curiosities of human nature, but it burned that instant brighter.

"Rowley," said I, "your viscount is a made man."

"Why, we both are, sir," said Rowley.

"Yes, both," said I; "and you shall dance at the wedding;" and I flung at his head a bundle of bank notes, and had just followed it up with a handful of guineas, when the door opened, and Mr. Romaine appeared upon the threshold.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. ROMAINE CALLS ME NAMES.

FEELING very much of a fool to be thus taken by surprise, I scrambled to my feet and hastened to make my visitor welcome. He did not refuse me his hand; but he gave it with a coldness and distance for which I was quite unprepared, and his countenance, as he looked on me, was marked in a strong degree with concern and severity.

"So, sir, I find you here?" said he, in tones of little encouragement. "Is that you, George? You can run away; I have business with your master."

He showed Rowley out, and locked the door behind him. Then he sat down in an armchair on one side of the fire, and looked at me with uncompromising sternness.

"I am hesitating how to begin," said he. "In this singular labyrinth of blun-

ders and difficulties that you have prepared for us, I am positively hesitating where to begin. It will perhaps be best that you should read, first of all, this paragraph." And he handed over to me a newspaper.

The paragraph in question was brief. It announced the recapture of one of the prisoners recently escaped from Edinburgh Castle; gave his name, Clausel, and added that he had entered into the particulars of the recent revolting murder in the castle, and denounced the murderer:

"It is a common soldier called Champdivers, who had himself escaped, and is in all probability involved in the common fate of his comrades. In spite of the activity along all the Forth and the East Coast, nothing has yet been seen of the sloop which these desperadoes seized at Grangemouth, and it is now almost certain that they have found a watery grave."

At the reading of this paragraph my heart turned over. In a moment I saw my castle in the air ruined; myself changed from a mere military fugitive into a hunted murderer, fleeing from the gallows; my love, which had a moment since appeared so near to me, blotted from the field of possibility. Despair, which was my first sentiment, did not, however, endure for more than a moment. I saw that my companions had indeed succeeded in their unlikely design; and that I was supposed to have accompanied and perished along with them by shipwreck—a most probable ending to their enterprise. If they thought me at the bottom of the North Sea, I need not fear much vigilance on the streets of Edinburgh. Champdivers was wanted: what was to connect him with St. Ives? Major Chevenix would recognize me if he met me; that was beyond bargaining; he had seen me so often, his interest had been kindled to so high a point, that I could hope to deceive him by no stratagem or disguise. Well, even so he would have a competition of testimony before him: he knew Clausel, he knew me, and I was sure he would decide for honor. At the same time, the image of Flora shot up in my mind's eye with such a radiancy as fairly overwhelmed all other considerations; the blood sprang to every corner of my body, and I vowed I would see and win her, if it cost my neck.

"Very annoying, no doubt," said I, as I returned the paper to Mr. Romaine.

"Is annoying your word for it?" said he.

"Exasperating, if you like," I admitted.

"And true?" he inquired.

"Well, true in a sense," said I. "But perhaps I had better answer that question by putting you in possession of the facts?"

"I think so, indeed," said he.

I narrated to him as much as seemed necessary of the quarrel, the duel, the death of Goguelat, and the character of Clausel. He heard me through in a forbidding silence, nor did he at all betray the nature of his sentiments, except that, at the episode of the scissors, I could observe his mulberry face to turn three shades paler.

"I suppose I may believe you?" said he, when I had done.

"Or else conclude this interview," said I.

"Can you not understand that we are here discussing matters of the gravest import? Can you not understand that I feel myself weighed with a load of responsibility on your account—that you should take this occasion to air your fire-eating manners against your own attorney? There are serious hours in life, Mr. Anne," he said severely. "A capital charge, and that of a very brutal character and with singularly unpleasant details; the presence of the man Clausel, who (according to your account of it) is actuated by sentiments of real malignity and prepared to swear black white; all the other witnesses scattered and perhaps drowned at sea; the natural prejudice against a Frenchman and a runaway prisoner; this makes a serious total for your lawyer to consider, and is by no means lessened by the incurable folly and levity of your own disposition."

"I beg your pardon!" said I.

"Oh! My expressions have been selected with scrupulous accuracy," he replied. "How did I find you, sir, when I came to announce this catastrophe? You were sitting on the hearthrug playing, like a silly baby, with a servant, were you not, and the floor all scattered with gold and bank paper? There was a tableau for you! It was I who came, and you were lucky in that. It might have been any one—your cousin as well as another."

"You have me there, sir," I admitted.

"I had neglected all precautions, and you do right to be angry. *Apropos*, Mr. Romaine, how did you come yourself, and how long have you been in the house?" I added, surprised, on the retrospect, not to have heard him arrive.

"I drove up in a chaise and pair," he returned. "Any one might have heard me. But you were not listening, I suppose? being so extremely at your ease in the very house of your enemy, and under

a capital charge! And I have been long enough here to do your business for you. Ah, yes, I did it, God forgive me!—did it before I so much as asked you the explanation of the paragraph. For some time back the will has been prepared; now it is signed; and your uncle has heard nothing of your recent piece of activity. Why? Well, I had no fancy to bother him on his death-bed: you might be innocent; and at bottom I preferred the murderer to the spy."

No doubt of it but the man played a friendly part; no doubt also that, in his ill-temper and anxiety, he expressed himself unpalatably.

"You will perhaps find me over-delicate," said I. "There is a word you employed—"

"I employ the words of my brief, sir," he cried, striking with his hand on the newspaper. "It is there in six letters. And do not be so certain—you have not stood your trial yet. It is an ugly affair, a fishy business. It is highly disagreeable. I would give my hand off—I mean I would give a hundred pound down, to have nothing to do with it. And, situated as we are, we must at once take action. There is here no choice. You must first of all quit this country, and get to France, or Holland, or, indeed, to Madagascar."

"There may be two words to that," said I.

"Not so much as one syllable!" he retorted. "Here is no room for argument. The case is nakedly plain. In the disgusting position in which you have found means to place yourself, all that is to be hoped for is delay. A time may come when we shall be able to do better. It cannot be now: now it would be the gibbet."

"You labor under a false impression, Mr. Romaine," said I. "I have no impatience to figure in the dock. I am even as anxious as yourself to postpone my first appearance there. On the other hand, I have not the slightest intention of leaving this country, where I please myself extremely. I have a good address, a ready tongue, an English accent that passes, and, thanks to the generosity of my uncle, as much money as I want. It would be hard indeed if, with all these advantages, Mr. St. Ives should not be able to live quietly in a private lodging, while the authorities amuse themselves by looking for Champdivers. You forget, there is no connection between these two personages."

"And you forget your cousin," retorted Romaine. "There is the link. There is the tongue of the buckle. He knows you are Champdivers." He put up his hand as if to listen. "And, for a wager, here he is himself!" he exclaimed.

As when a tailor takes a piece of goods upon his counter and rends it across, there came to our ears from the avenue the long tearing sound of a chaise and four approaching at the top speed of the horses. And, looking out between the curtains, we beheld the lamps skimming on the smooth ascent.

"Ay," said Romaine, wiping the window-pane that he might see more clearly. "Ay, that is he, by the driving! So he squanders money along the king's highway, the triple idiot! gorging every man he meets with gold for the pleasure of arriving. Where? Ah, yes, where but a debtors' jail, if not a criminal prison!"

"Is he that kind of a man?" I asked, staring on these lamps as though I could decipher in them the secret of my cousin's character.

"You will find him a dangerous kind," answered the lawyer. "For you, these are the lights on a lee shore! I find I fall in a muse when I consider of him; what a formidable being he once was, and what a personable! and how near he draws to the moment that must break him utterly! We none of us like him here; we hate him, rather; and yet I have a sense—I don't think at my time of life it can be pity—but a reluctance rather, to break anything so big and figurative, as though he were a big porcelain pot or a big picture of high price. Ay, there is what I was waiting for!" he cried, as the lights of a second chaise swam in sight. "It is he beyond a doubt. The first was the signature and the next the flourish. Two chaises, the second following with the baggage, which is always copious and ponderous, and one of his valets: he cannot go a step without a valet."

"I hear you repeat the word big," said I. "But it cannot be that he is anything out of the way in stature."

"No," said the attorney. "About your height, as I guessed for the tailors, and I see nothing wrong with the result. But, somehow, he commands an atmosphere; he has a spacious manner; and he has kept up, all through life, such a volume of racket about his personality, with his chaises and his racers and his dicings, and I know not what, that somehow he imposes! It seems, when the farce is done, and he

locked in the Fleet prison—and nobody left but Bonaparte and Lord Wellington and the Hetman Platoff to make a work about—the world will be in a comparison quite tranquil. But this is beside the mark," he added, with an effort, turning again from the window. "We are now under fire, Mr. Anne, as you soldiers would say, and it is high time we should prepare to go into action. He must not see you; that would be fatal. All that he knows at present is that you resemble him, and that is much more than enough. If it were possible, it would be well he should not know you were in the house."

"Quite impossible, depend upon it," said I. "Some of the servants are directly in his interests, perhaps in his pay: Dawson, for an example."

"My own idea!" cried Romaine. "And at least," he added, as the first of the chaises drew up with a dash in front of the portico, "it is now too late. Here he is."

We stood listening, with a strange anxiety, to the various noises that awoke in the silent house: the sound of doors opening and closing, the sound of feet near at hand and farther off. It was plain the arrival of my cousin was a matter of moment, almost of parade, to the household. And suddenly, out of this confused and distant bustle, a rapid and light tread became distinguishable. We heard it come upstairs, draw near along the corridor, pause at the door, and a stealthy and hasty rapping succeeded.

"Mr. Anne—Mr. Anne, sir! Let me in!" said the voice of Rowley.

We admitted the lad, and locked the door again behind him.

"It's *him*, sir," he panted. "He've come."

"You mean the viscount?" said I. "So we supposed. But come, Rowley—out with the rest of it! You have more to tell us, or your face belies you!"

"Mr. Anne, I do," he said. "Mr. Romaine, sir, you're a friend of his, ain't you?"

"Yes, George, I am a friend of his," said Romaine, and, to my great surprise, laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Well, it's this way," said Rowley—"Mr. Powl have been at me! It's to play the spy! I thought he was at it from the first! From the first I see what he was after—coming round and round, and hinting things! But to-night he outs with it plump! I'm to let him hear all what you're to do beforehand, he says; and he

give me this for an earnest"—holding up half a guinea; "and I took it, so I did! Strike me sky-blue scarlet!" says he, adverting the words of the mock oath; and he looked askance at me as he did so.

I saw that he had forgotten himself, and that he knew it. The expression of his eye changed almost in the passing of the glance from the significant to the appealing—from the look of an accomplice to that of a culprit; and from that moment he became the model of a well-drilled valet.

"Sky-blue scarlet?" repeated the lawyer. "Is the fool delirious?"

"No," said I; "he is only reminding me of something."

"Well—and I believe the fellow will be faithful," said Romaine. "So you are a friend of Mr. Anne's, too?" he added to Rowley.

"If you please, sir," said Rowley.

"'Tis something sudden," observed Romaine; "but it may be genuine enough. I believe him to be honest. He comes of honest people. Well, George Rowley, you might embrace some early opportunity to earn that half-guinea, by telling Mr. Powl that your master will not leave here till noon to-morrow, if he go even then. Tell him there are a hundred things to be done here, and a hundred more that can only be done properly at my office in Holborn. Come to think of it—we had better see to that first of all," he went on, unlocking the door. "Get hold of Powl, and see. And be quick back, and clear me up this mess."

Mr. Rowley was no sooner gone than the lawyer took a pinch of snuff, and regarded me with somewhat of a more genial expression.

"Sir," said he, "it is very fortunate for you that your face is so strong a letter of recommendation. Here am I, a tough old practitioner, mixing myself up with your very distressing business; and here is this farmer's lad, who has the wit to take a bribe and the loyalty to come and tell you of it—all, I take it, on the strength of your appearance. I wish I could imagine how it would impress a jury!"

"And how it would affect the hangman, sir?" I asked.

"*Absit omen!*" said Mr. Romaine devoutly.

We were just so far in our talk when I heard a sound that brought my heart into my mouth: the sound of some one slyly trying the handle of the door. It had been preceded by no audible footstep.

Since the departure of Rowley our wing of the house had been entirely silent. And we had every right to suppose ourselves alone, and to conclude that the newcomer, whoever he might be, was come on a clandestine, if not a hostile, errand.

"Who is there?" asked Romaine.

"It's only me, sir," said the soft voice of Dawson. "It's the viscount, sir. He is very desirous to speak with you on business."

"Tell him I shall come shortly, Dawson," said the lawyer. "I am at present engaged."

"Thank you, sir!" said Dawson.

And we heard his feet draw off slowly along the corridor.

"Yes," said Mr. Romaine, speaking low, and maintaining the attitude of one intently listening, "there is another foot. I cannot be deceived!"

"I think there was indeed!" said I. "And what troubles me—I am not sure that the other has gone entirely away. By the time it got the length of the head of the stair the tread was plainly single."

"Ahem—blockaded?" asked the lawyer.

"A siege *en règle!*" I exclaimed.

"Let us come farther from the door," said Romaine, "and reconsider this damnable position. Without doubt, Alain was this moment at the door. He hoped to enter and get a view of you, as if by accident. Baffled in this, has he stayed himself, or has he planted Dawson here by way of sentinel?"

"Himself, beyond a doubt," said I. "And yet to what end? He cannot think to pass the night there!"

"If it were only possible to pay no heed!" said Mr. Romaine. "But this is the accursed drawback of your position. We can do nothing openly. I must smuggle you out of this room and out of this house like seizable goods; and how am I to set about it with a sentinel planted at your very door?"

"There is no good in being agitated," said I.

"None at all," he acquiesced. "And, come to think of it, it is droll enough that I should have been that very moment commenting on your personal appearance when your cousin came upon this mission. I was saying, if you remember, that your face was as good or better than a letter of recommendation. I wonder if M. Alain would be like the rest of us—I wonder what he would think of it?"

Mr. Romaine was sitting in a chair by

the fire with his back to the windows, and I was myself kneeling on the hearthrug and beginning mechanically to pick up the scattered bills, when a honeyed voice joined suddenly in our conversation.

"He thinks well of it, Mr. Romaine. He begs to join himself to that circle of admirers which you indicate to exist already."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DEVIL AND ALL AT AMERSHAM PLACE.

NEVER did two human creatures get to their feet with more alacrity than the lawyer and myself. We had locked and barred the main gates of the citadel; but unhappily we had left open the bathroom sally-port; and here we found the voice of the hostile trumpets sounding from within, and all our defences taken in reverse. I took but the time to whisper Mr. Romaine in the ear: "Here is another tableau for you!" at which he looked at me a moment with a kind of pathos, as who should say, "Don't hit a man when he's down." Then I transferred my eyes to my enemy.

He had his hat on, a little on one side: it was a very tall hat, raked extremely, and had a narrow curling brim. His hair was all curled out in masses like an Italian mountebank—a most unpardonable fashion. He sported a huge tippetted overcoat of frieze, such as watchmen wear, only the inside was lined with costly furs, and he kept it half open to display the exquisite linen, the many-colored waistcoat, and the profuse jewelry of watch-chains and brooches underneath. The leg and the ankle were turned to a miracle. It is out of the question that I should deny the resemblance altogether, since it has been remarked by so many different persons whom I cannot reasonably accuse of a conspiracy. As a matter of fact, I saw little of it and confessed to nothing. Certainly he was what some might call handsome, of a pictorial, exuberant style of beauty, all attitude, profile, and impudence: a man whom I could see in fancy parade on the grand stand at a race-meeting, or swagger in Piccadilly, staring down the women, and stared at himself with admiration by the coal-porters. Of his frame of mind at that moment his face offered a lively if an unconscious picture. He was lividly pale, and his lip was caught up in a smile that could almost be called a snarl, of a sheer, arid malignity that ap-

palled me and yet put me on my mettle for the encounter. He looked me up and down, then bowed and took off his hat to me.

"My cousin, I presume?" he said.

"I understand I have that honor," I replied.

"The honor is mine," said he, and his voice shook as he said it.

"I should make you welcome, I believe," said I.

"Why?" he inquired. "This poor house has been my home for longer than I care to claim. That you should already take upon yourself the duties of host here is to be at unnecessary pains. Believe me, that part would be more becomingly mine. And, by the way, I must not fail to offer you my little compliment. It is a gratifying surprise to meet you in the dress of a gentleman, and to see"—with a circular look upon the scattered bills—"that your necessities have already been so liberally relieved."

I bowed with a smile that was perhaps no less hateful than his own.

"There are so many necessities in this world," said I. "Charity has to choose. One gets relieved, and some other, no less indigent, perhaps indebted, must go wanting."

"Malice is an engaging trait," said he.

"And envy, I think?" was my reply. He must have felt that he was not getting wholly the better of this passage at arms; perhaps even feared that he should lose command of his temper, which he reined in throughout the interview as with a red-hot curb, for he flung away from me at the word, and addressed the lawyer with insulting arrogance.

"Mr. Romaine," he said, "since when have you presumed to give orders in this house?"

"I am not prepared to admit that I have given any," replied Romaine; "certainly none that did not fall in the sphere of my responsibilities."

"By whose orders, then, am I denied entrance to my uncle's room?" said my cousin.

"By the doctor's, sir," replied Romaine; "and I think even you will admit his faculty to give them."

"Have a care, sir," cried Alain. "Do not be puffed up with your position. It is none so secure, Master Attorney. I should not wonder in the least if you were struck off the rolls for this night's work, and the next I should see of you were when I flung you alms at a pothouse door

to mend your ragged elbows. The doctor's orders? But I believe I am not mistaken! You have to-night transacted business with the count; and this needy young gentleman has enjoyed the privilege of still another interview, in which (as I am pleased to see) his dignity has not prevented his doing very well for himself. I wonder that you should care to prevaricate with me so idly."

"I will confess so much," said Mr. Romaine, "if you call it prevarication. The order in question emanated from the count himself. He does not wish to see you."

"For which I must take the word of Mr. Daniel Romaine?" asked Alain.

"In default of any better," said Romaine.

There was an instantaneous convulsion in my cousin's face, and I distinctly heard him gnash his teeth at this reply; but, to my surprise, he resumed in tones of almost good-humor:

"Come, Mr. Romaine, do not let us be petty!" He drew in a chair and sat down. "Understand you have stolen a march upon me. You have introduced your soldier of Napoleon, and (how, I cannot conceive) he has been apparently accepted with favor. I ask no better proof than the funds with which I find him literally surrounded—I presume in consequence of some extravagance of joy at the first sight of so much money. The odds are so far in your favor, but the match is not yet won. Questions will arise of undue influence, of sequestration, and the like: I have my witnesses ready. I tell it you cynically, for you cannot profit by the knowledge; and, if the worst comes to the worst, I have good hopes of recovering my own and of ruining you."

"You do what you please," answered Romaine; "but I give it you for a piece of good advice, you had best do nothing in the matter. You will only make yourself ridiculous; you will only squander money, of which you have none too much, and reap public mortification."

"Ah, but there you make the common mistake, Mr. Romaine!" returned Alain. "You despise your adversary. Consider, if you please, how very disagreeable I could make myself, if I chose. Consider the position of your *protégé*—an escaped prisoner! But I play a great game. I condemn such petty opportunities."

At this Romaine and I exchanged a glance of triumph. It seemed manifest that Alain had as yet received no word of Clausel's recapture and denunciation. At

the same moment the lawyer, thus relieved of the instancy of his fear, changed his tactics. With a great air of unconcern, he secured the newspaper, which still lay open before him on the table.

"I think, Monsieur Alain, that you labor under some illusion," said he. "Believe me, this is all beside the mark. You seem to be pointing to some compromise. Nothing is further from my views. You suspect me of an inclination to trifle with you, to conceal how things are going. I cannot, on the other hand, be too early or too explicit in giving you information which concerns you (I must say) capitally. Your great-uncle has to-night canceled his will, and made a new one in favor of your cousin Anne. Nay, and you shall hear it from his own lips, if you choose! I will take so much upon me," said the lawyer, rising. "Follow me, if you please, gentlemen."

Mr. Romaine led the way out of the room so briskly, and was so briskly followed by Alain, that I had hard ado to get the remainder of the money replaced and the despatch-box locked, and to overtake them, even by running, ere they should be lost in that maze of corridors, my uncle's house. As it was, I went with a heart divided, and the thought of my treasure thus left unprotected, save by a paltry lid and lock that any one might break or pick open, put me in a perspiration whenever I had the time to remember it. The lawyer brought us to a room, begged us to be seated while he should hold a consultation with the doctor, and, slipping out of another door, left Alain and myself closeted together.

Truly he had done nothing to ingratiate himself; his every word had been steeped in unfriendliness, envy, and that contempt which (as it is born of anger) it is possible to support without humiliation. On my part, I had been little more conciliating; and yet I began to be sorry for this man, hired spy as I knew him to be. It seemed to me less than decent that he should have been brought up in the expectation of this great inheritance, and now, at the eleventh hour, be tumbled forth out of the house door and left to himself, his poverty, and his debts—those debts of which I had so ungallantly reminded him so short a time before. And we were scarce left alone ere I made haste to hang out a flag of truce.

"My cousin," said I, "trust me, you will not find me inclined to be your enemy."

He paused in front of me—for he had not accepted the lawyer's invitation to be seated, but walked to and fro in the apartment—took a pinch of snuff, and looked at me while he was taking it with an air of much curiosity.

"Is it even so?" said he. "Am I so far favored by fortune as to have your pity? Infinitely obliged, my cousin Anne! But these sentiments are not always reciprocal, and I warn you that the day when I set my foot on your neck, the spine shall break. Are you acquainted with the properties of the spine?" he asked, with an insolence beyond qualification.

It was too much. "I am acquainted also with the properties of a pair of pistols," said I, toising him.

"No, no, no!" says he, holding up his finger. "I will take my revenge how and when I please. We are enough of the same family to understand each other, perhaps; and the reason why I have not had you arrested on your arrival, why I had not a picket of soldiers in the first clump of evergreens, to await and prevent your coming—I, who knew all, before whom that pettifogger, Romaine, has been conspiring in broad daylight to supplant me—is simply this: that I had not made up my mind how I was to take my revenge."

At that moment he was interrupted by the tolling of a bell. As we stood surprised and listening, it was succeeded by the sound of many feet trooping up the stairs and shuffling by the door of our room. Both, I believe, had a great curiosity to set it open, which each, owing to the presence of the other, resisted; and we waited instead in silence, and without moving, until Romaine returned and bade us to my uncle's presence.

He led the way by a little crooked passage, which brought us out in the sick-room and behind the bed. I believe I have forgotten to remark that the count's chamber was of considerable dimensions. We beheld it now crowded with the servants and dependants of the house, from the doctor and the priest to Mr. Dawson and the housekeeper, from Dawson down to Rowley and the last footman in white calves, the last plump chambermaid in her clean gown and cap, and the last ostler in a stable waistcoat. This large congregation of persons (and I was surprised to see how large it was) had the appearance, for the most part, of being ill at ease and heartily bewildered, standing on one foot, gasping like zanies, and those who were in the corners nudging each

other and grinning aside. My uncle, on the other hand, who was raised higher than I had yet seen him on his pillows, wore an air of really imposing gravity. No sooner had we appeared behind him, than he lifted his voice to a good loudness, and addressed the assemblage.

"I take you all to witness—can you hear me?—I take you all to witness that I recognize as my heir and representative this gentleman, whom most of you see for the first time, the Viscount Anne de St.-Yves, my nephew of the younger line. And I take you to witness at the same time that, for very good reasons known to myself, I have discarded and disinherited this other gentleman whom you all know, the Viscount de St.-Yves. I have also to explain the unusual trouble to which I have put you all—and, since your supper was not over, I fear I may even say annoyance. It has pleased M. Alain to make some threats of disputing my will, and to pretend that there are among your number certain estimable persons who may be trusted to swear as he shall direct them. It pleases me thus to put it out of his power and to stop the mouths of his false witnesses. I am infinitely obliged by your politeness, and I have the honor to wish you all a very good evening."

As the servants, still greatly mystified, crowded out of the sick-room door, curtseying, pulling the forelock, scraping with the foot, and so on, according to their degree, I turned and stole a look at my cousin. He had borne this crushing public rebuke without change of countenance. He stood, now, very upright, with folded arms, and looking inscrutably at the roof of the apartment. I could not refuse him at that moment the tribute of my admiration. Still more so when, the last of the domestics having filed through the doorway and left us alone with my great-uncle and the lawyer, he took one step forward towards the bed, made a dignified reverence, and addressed the man who had just condemned him to ruin.

"My lord," said he, "you are pleased to treat me in a manner which my gratitude, and your state, equally forbid me to call in question. It will be only necessary for me to call your attention to the length of time in which I have been taught to regard myself as your heir. In that position, I judged it only loyal to permit myself a certain scale of expenditure. If I am now to be cut off with a shilling as the reward of twenty years of service, I shall be left not only a beggar, but a bankrupt."

Whether from the fatigue of his recent exertion, or by a well-inspired ingenuity of hate, my uncle had once more closed his eyes, nor did he open them now. "Not with a shilling," he contented himself with replying; and there stole, as he said it, a sort of smile over his face, that flickered there conspicuously for the least moment of time, and then faded and left behind the old impenetrable mask of years, cunning, and fatigue. There could be no mistake: my uncle enjoyed the situation as he had enjoyed few things in the last quarter of a century. The fires of life scarce survived in that frail body; but hatred, like some immortal quality, was still erect and unabated.

Nevertheless my cousin persevered.

"I speak at a disadvantage," he resumed. "My supplanter, with perhaps more wisdom than delicacy, remains in the room," and he cast a glance at me that might have withered an oak-tree.

I was only too willing to withdraw, and Romaine showed as much alacrity to make way for my departure. But my uncle was not to be moved. In the same breath of a voice, and still without opening his eyes, he bade me remain.

"It is well," said Alain. "I cannot then go on to remind you of the twenty years that have passed over our heads in England, and the services I may have rendered you in that time. It would be a position too odious. Your lordship knows me too well to suppose that I could stoop to such ignominy. I must leave out all my defence—your lordship wills it so! I do not know what are my faults; I know only my punishment, and it is greater than I have the courage to face. My uncle, I implore your pity: pardon me so far; do not send me for life into a debtors' jail—a pauper debtor."

"*Chat et vieux, pardonner?*" said my uncle, quoting from La Fontaine; and then opening a pale-blue eye full on Alain, he delivered with some emphasis:

"La jeunesse se flatte et croit tout obtenir;
La vieillesse est impitoyable."

The blood leaped darkly into Alain's face. He turned to Romaine and me, and his eyes flashed.

"It is your turn now," he said. "At least it shall be prison for prison with the two viscounts."

"Not so, Mr. Alain, by your leave," said Romaine. "There are a few formalities to be considered first,"

But Alain was already striding towards the door.

"Stop a moment, stop a moment!" cried Romaine. "Remember your own counsel not to despise an adversary."

Alain turned.

"If I do not despise, I hate you!" he cried, giving a loose rein to his passion. "Be warned of that, both of you."

"I understand you to threaten Monsieur le Vicomte Anne," said the lawyer. "Do you know, I would not do that. I am afraid, I am very much afraid, if you were to do as you propose, you might drive me into extremes."

"You have made me a beggar and a bankrupt," said Alain. "What extreme is left?"

"I scarce like to put a name upon it in this company," replied Romaine. "But there are worse things than even bankruptcy, and worse places than a debtors' jail."

The words were so significantly said that there went a visible thrill through Alain; sudden as a sword-stroke, he fell pale again.

"I do not understand you," said he.

"Oh, yes, you do," returned Romaine. "I believe you understand me very well. You must not suppose that all this time, while you were so very busy, others were entirely idle. You must not fancy, because I am an Englishman, that I have not the intelligence to pursue an inquiry. Great as is my regard for the honor of your house, M. Alain de St.-Yves, if I hear of you moving directly or indirectly in this matter, I shall do my duty, let it cost what it will: that is, I shall communicate the real name of the Buonapartist spy who signs his letters *Rue Grégoire de Tours*."

I confess my heart was already almost altogether on the side of my insulted and unhappy cousin; and if it had not been before, it must have been so now, so horrid was the shock with which he heard his infamy exposed. Speech was denied him; he carried his hand to his neckcloth; he staggered; I thought he must have fallen. I ran to help him, and at that he revived, recoiled before me, and stood there with arms stretched forth as if to preserve himself from the outrage of my touch.

"Hands off!" he somehow managed to articulate.

"You will now, I hope," pursued the lawyer, without any change of voice, "understand the position in which you are placed, and how delicately it behoves

you to conduct yourself. Your arrest hangs, if I may so express myself, by a hair, and as you will be under the perpetual vigilance of myself and my agents, you must look to it narrowly that you walk straight. Upon the least dubiety, I will take action." He snuffed, looking critically at the tortured man. "And now let me remind you that your chaise is at the door. This interview is agitating to his lordship—it cannot be agreeable for you—and I suggest that it need not be further drawn out. It does not enter into the views of your uncle, the count, that you should again sleep under this roof."

As Alain turned and passed without a word or a sign from the apartment, I instantly followed. I suppose I must be at bottom possessed of some humanity; at least, this accumulated torture, this slow butchery of a man as by quarters of rock, had wholly changed my sympathies. At that moment I loathed both my uncle and the lawyer for their cold-blooded cruelty.

Leaning over the banisters, I was but in time to hear his hasty footsteps in that hall that had been crowded with servants to honor his coming and was now left empty against his friendless departure. A moment later, and the echoes rang and the air whistled in my ears, as he slammed the door on his departing footsteps. The fury of the concussion gave me (had one been still wanted) a measure of the turmoil of his passions. In a sense, I felt with him; I felt how he would have gloried to slam that door on my uncle, the lawyer, myself, and the whole crowd of those who had been witnesses to his humiliation.

CHAPTER XX.

AFTER THE STORM.

No sooner was the house clear of my cousin, than I began to reckon up, ruefully enough, the probable results of what had passed. Here were a number of pots broken, and it looked to me as if I should have to pay for all! Here had been this proud, mad beast goaded and baited both publicly and privately, till he could neither hear nor see nor reason; whereupon the gate had been set open, and he had been left free to go and contrive whatever vengeance he might find possible. I could not help thinking it was a pity that, whenever I myself was inclined to be upon my good behavior, some friends of mine should always determine to play a piece

of heroics and cast me for the hero—or the victim—which is very much the same. The first duty of heroics is to be of your own choosing. When they are not that, they are nothing. And I assure you, as I walked back to my own room, I was in no very complaisant humor; thought my uncle and Mr. Romaine to have played knuckle-bones with my life and prospects; cursed them for it roundly; had no wish more urgent than to avoid the pair of them; and was quite knocked out of time, as they say in the ring, to find myself confronted with the lawyer.

He stood on my hearthrug, leaning on the chimney-piece, with a gloomy, thoughtful brow, as I was pleased to see, and not in the least as though he were vain of the late proceedings.

"Well?" said I. "You have done it, now!"

"Is he gone?" he asked.

"He is gone," said I. "We shall have the devil to pay with him when he comes back."

"You are right," said the lawyer, "and very little to pay him with but flams and fabrications, like to-night's."

"To-night's?" I repeated.

"Ay, to-night's!" said he.

"To-night's *what*?" I cried.

"To-night's flams and fabrications."

"God be good to me, sir," said I, "have I something more to admire in your conduct than ever *I* had suspected? You cannot think how you interest me! That it was severe, I knew; I had already chuckled over that. But that it should be false also! In what sense, dear sir?"

I believe I was extremely offensive as I put the question, but the lawyer paid no heed.

"False in all senses of the word," he replied seriously. "False in the sense that they were not true, and false in the sense that they were not real; false in the sense that I boasted, and in the sense that I lied. How can I arrest him? Your uncle burned the papers! It was an act of generosity; I have seen many of these acts, and always regretted—always regretted! 'That shall be his inheritance,' he said, as the papers burned; he did not mean that it should have proved so rich a one. How rich, time will tell."

"I beg your pardon a hundred thousand times, my dear sir, but it strikes me you have the impudence—in the circumstances, I may call it the indecency—to appear cast down?"

"It is true," said he; "I am. I am

cast down. I am literally cast down. I have been unjust. I did not appreciate my danger." I feel myself quite helpless against your cousin."

"Now, really!" I asked. "Is this serious? And is it perhaps the reason why you have gorged the poor devil with every species of insult? and why you took such surprising pains to supply me with what I had so little need of—another enemy? That you were helpless against him? 'Here is my last missile,' say you; 'my ammunition is quite exhausted: just wait till I get the last in—it will irritate, it cannot hurt him. There—you see!—he is furious now, and I am quite helpless. One more prod, another kick: now he is a mere lunatic! Stand behind me; I am quite helpless!' Mr. Romaine, I am asking myself as to the background or motive of this singular jest, and whether the name of it should not be called treachery?"

"I can scarce wonder," said he. "In truth it has been a singular business, and we are very fortunate to be out of it so well. Yet it was not treachery: no, no, Mr. Anne, it was not treachery; and if you will do me the favor to listen to me for the inside of a minute, I shall demonstrate the same to you beyond cavil." He seemed to wake up to his ordinary briskness. "You see the point?" he began. "He had not yet read the newspaper, but who could tell when he might? He might have had that tell-tale journal in his pocket, and how should we know? We were—I may say, we are—at the mercy of the merest twopenny accident."

"Why, true," said I; "I had not thought of that."

"I warrant you," cried Romaine, "you had supposed it was nothing to be the hero of an interesting notice in the journals! You had supposed, as like as not, it was a form of secrecy! But not so in the least. A part of England is already buzzing with the name of Champdivers; a day or two more and the mail will have carried it everywhere: so wonderful a machine is this of ours for disseminating intelligence! Think of it! When my father was born—but that is another story. To return: we had here the elements of such a combustion as I dread to think of—your cousin and the journal. Let him but glance an eye upon that column of print, and where were we? It is easy to ask; not so easy to answer, my young friend. And let me tell you, this sheet is the Viscount's usual reading. It is my conviction he had it in his pocket."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I. "I

have been unjust. I did not appreciate my danger."

"I think you never do," said he.

"But yet surely that public scene—" I began.

"It was madness. I quite agree with you," Mr. Romaine interrupted. "But it was your uncle's orders, Mr. Anne, and what could I do? Tell him you were the murderer of Goguelat? I think not."

"No, sure!" said I. "That would but have been to make the trouble thicker. We were certainly in a very ill posture."

"You do not yet appreciate how grave it was," he replied. "It was necessary for you that your cousin should go, and go at once. You yourself had to leave to-night under cover of darkness, and how could you have done that with the viscount in the next room? He must go, then; he must leave without delay. And that was the difficulty."

"Pardon me, Mr. Romaine, but could not my uncle have bidden him go?" I asked.

"Why, I see I must tell you that this is not so simple as it sounds," he replied. "You say this is your uncle's house, and so it is. But to all effects and purposes it is your cousin's also. He has rooms here; has had them coming on for thirty years now, and they are filled with a prodigious accumulation of trash—stays, I daresay, and powder-puffs, and such effeminate idiocy—to which none could dispute his title, even suppose any one wanted to. We had a perfect right to bid him go, and he had a perfect right to reply, 'Yes, I will go, but not without my stays and cravats. I must first get together the nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine chestsful of insufferable rubbish that I have spent the last thirty years collecting—and may very well spend the next thirty hours a-packing of.' And what should we have said to that?"

"By way of repartee?" I asked. "Two tall footmen and a pair of crabtree cudgels, I suggest."

"Heaven deliver us from the wisdom of laymen!" cried Romaine. "Put myself in the wrong at the beginning of a lawsuit? No, indeed! There was but one thing to do, and I did it, and burned my last cartridge in the doing of it. I stunned him. And it gave us three hours, by which we should make haste to profit; for if there is one thing sure, it is that he will be up to time again, to-morrow in the morning."

"Well," said I, "I own myself an idiot."

Well do they say, *an old soldier, an old innocent!* For I guessed nothing of all this."

"And, guessing it, have you the same objections to leave England?" he inquired.

"The same," said I.

"It is indispensable," he objected.

"And it cannot be," I replied. "Reason has nothing to say in the matter; and I must not let you squander any of yours. It will be enough to tell you this is an affair of the heart."

"Is it even so?" quoth Romaine, nodding his head. "And I might have been sure of it. Place them in a hospital, put them in a jail in yellow overalls, do what you will, young Jessamy finds young Jenny. Oh, have it your own way; I am too old a hand to argue with young gentlemen who choose to fancy themselves in love; I have too much experience, thank you. Only, be sure that you appreciate what you risk: the prison, the dock, the gallows, and the halter—terribly vulgar circumstances, my young friend; grim, sordid, earnest; no poetry in that!"

"And there I am warned," I returned gaily. "No man could be warned more finely or with a greater eloquence. And I am of the same opinion still. Until I have again seen that lady, nothing shall induce me to quit Great Britain. I have besides—"

And here I came to a full stop. It was upon my tongue to have told him the story of the drovers, but at the first word of it my voice died in my throat. There might be a limit to the lawyer's toleration, I reflected. I had not been so long in Britain altogether; for the most part of that time I had been by the heels in limbo in Edinburgh Castle; and already I had confessed to killing one man with a pair of scissors; and now I was to go on and plead guilty to having settled another with a holly stick! A wave of discretion went over me as cold and as deep as the sea.

"In short, sir, this is a matter of feeling," I concluded, "and nothing will prevent my going to Edinburgh."

If I had fired a pistol in his ear he could not have been more startled.

"To Edinburgh?" he repeated. "Edinburgh? where the very paving-stones know you?"

"Then is the murder out!" said I.

"But, Mr. Romaine, is there not sometimes safety in boldness? Is it not a commonplace of strategy to get where the enemy least expects you? And where would he expect me less?"

"Faith, there is something in that, too!" cried the lawyer. "Ay, certainly, a great deal in that. All the witnesses drowned but one, and he safe in prison; you yourself changed beyond recognition—let us hope—and walking the streets of the very town you have illustrated by your—well, your eccentricity! It is not badly combined, indeed!"

"You approve it, then?" said I.

"Oh, approve!" said he; "there is no question of approval. There is only one course which I could approve, and that were to escape to France instanter."

"You do not wholly disapprove, at least?" I substituted.

"Not wholly; and it would not matter if I did," he replied. "Go your own way; you are beyond argument. And I am not sure that you will run more danger by that course than by any other. Give the servants time to get to bed and fall asleep, then take a country cross-road, and walk, as the rhyme has it, like blazes all night. In the morning take a chaise or take the mail at pleasure, and continue your journey with all the decorum and reserve of which you shall be found capable."

"I am taking the picture in," I said. "Give me time. 'Tis the *tout ensemble* I must see: the whole as opposed to the details."

"Mountebank!" he murmured.

"Yes, I have it now; and I see myself with a servant, and that servant is Rowley," said I.

"So as to have one more link with your uncle?" suggested the lawyer. "Very judicious!"

"And, pardon me, but that is what it is," I exclaimed. "Judicious is the word. I am not making a deception fit to last for thirty years; I do not found a palace in the living granite for the night. This is a shelter-tent—a flying picture—seen, admired, and gone again in the wink of an eye. What is wanted, in short, is a *trompe-l'œil* that shall be good enough for twelve hours at an inn: is it not so?"

"It is, and the objection holds. Rowley is but another danger," said Romaine.

"Rowley," said I, "will pass as a servant from a distance—as a creature seen poised on the dicky of a bowling chaise. He will pass at hand as the smart, civil fellow one meets in the inn corridor, and looks back at, and asks, and is told, 'Gentleman's servant in Number 4.' He will pass, in fact, all round, except with his personal friends! My dear sir, pray what

do you expect? Of course, if we meet my cousin, or if we meet anybody who took part in the judicious exhibition of this evening, we are lost; and who's denying it? To every disguise, however good and safe, there is always the weak point; you must always take (let us say—and to take a simile from your own waistcoat pocket) a snuff-boxful of risk. You'll get it just as small with Rowley as with anybody else. And the long and short of it is, the lad's honest, he likes me, I trust him; he is my servant, or nobody."

"He might not accept," said Romaine.

"I'll bet you a thousand pounds he does!" cried I. "But no matter; all you have to do is to send him out to-night on this cross-country business, and leave the thing to me. I tell you, he will be my servant, and I tell you, he will do well."

I had crossed the room, and was already overhauling my wardrobe as I spoke.

"Well," concluded the lawyer, with a shrug, "one risk with another: *à la guerre comme à la guerre*, as you would say. Let the brat come and be useful, at least."

And he was about to ring the bell, when his eye was caught by my researches in the wardrobe. "Do not fall in love with these coats, waistcoats, cravats, and other panoply and accoutrements by which you are now surrounded. You must not run the post as a dandy. It is not the fashion, even."

"You are pleased to be facetious, sir," said I; "and not according to knowledge. These clothes are my life, they are my disguise; and since I can take but few of them, I were a fool indeed if I selected hastily! Will you understand, once and for all, what I am seeking? To be invisible, is the first point; the second, to be invisible in a post-chaise and with a servant. Can you not perceive the delicacy of the quest? Nothing must be too coarse, nothing too fine; *rien de voyant, rien qui détonne*; so that I may leave everywhere the inconspicuous image of a handsome young man of a good fortune traveling in proper style, whom the landlord will forget in twelve hours—and the chambermaid perhaps remember, God bless her! with a sigh. This is the very fine art of dress."

"I have practiced it with success for fifty years," said Romaine, with a chuckle. "A black suit and a clean shirt is my infallible recipe."

"You surprise me; I did not think you would be shallow!" said I, lingering be-

tween two coats. "Pray, Mr. Romaine, have I your head? or did you travel post and with a smartish servant?"

"Neither, I admit," said he.

"Which changes the whole problem," I continued. "I have to dress for a smartish servant and a Russia-leather despatch-box." That brought me to a stand. I came over and looked at the box with a moment's hesitation. "Yes," I resumed. "Yes, and for the despatch-box! It looks moneyed and landed; it means I have a lawyer. It is an invaluable property. But I could have wished it to hold less money. The responsibility is crushing. Should I not do more wisely to take five hundred pounds, and entrust the remainder with you, Mr. Romaine?"

"If you are sure you will not want it," answered Romaine.

"I am far from sure of that," cried I. "In the first place, as a philosopher. This is the first time I have been at the head of a large sum, and it is conceivable—who knows himself?—that I may make it fly. In the second place, as a fugitive. Who knows what I may need? The whole of it may be inadequate. But I can always write for more."

"You do not understand," he replied. "I break off all communication with you here and now. You must give me a power of attorney ere you start to-night, and then be done with me trenchantly until better days."

I believe I offered some objection.

"Think a little for once of me!" said Romaine. "I must not have seen you before to-night. To-night we are to have had our only interview, and you are to have given me the power; and to-night I am to have lost sight of you again—I know not whither, you were upon business, it was none of my affairs to question you! And this, you are to remark, in the interests of your own safety much more than mine."

"I am not even to write to you?" I said, a little bewildered.

"I believe I am cutting the last strand that connects you with common sense," he replied. "But that is the plain English of it. You are not even to write; and if you did, I would not answer."

"A letter, however—" I began.

"Listen to me," interrupted Romaine. "So soon as your cousin reads the paragraph, what will he do? Put the police upon looking into my correspondence! So soon as you write to me, in short, you write to Bow Street; and if you will take

my advice, you will date that letter from France."

"Too bad!" said I, for I began suddenly to see that this might put me out of the way of my business.

"What is it now?" says he.

"There will be more to be done, then, before we can part," I answered.

"I give you the whole night," said he. "So long as you are off ere daybreak, I am content."

"In short, Mr. Romaine," said I, "I have had so much benefit of your advice and services that I am loath to sever the connection and would even ask a substitute. I would be obliged for a letter of introduction to one of your own cloth in Edinburgh—an old man for choice, very experienced, very respectable, and very secret. Could you favor me with such a letter?"

"Why, no," said he. "Certainly not. I will do no such thing, indeed."

"It would be a great favor, sir," I pleaded.

"It would be an unpardonable blunder," he replied. "What? Give you a letter of introduction? and when the police come, I suppose, I must forget the circumstance? No, indeed. Talk of it no more."

"You seem to be always in the right," said I. "The letter would be out of the question; I quite see that. But the lawyer's name might very well have dropped from you in the way of conversation; having heard him mentioned, I might profit by the circumstance to introduce myself; and in this way my business would be the better done, and you not in the least compromised."

"What is this business?" said Romaine.

"I have not said that I had any," I replied. "It might arise. This is only a possibility that I must keep in view."

"Well," said he, with a gesture of the hands, "I mention Mr. Robie; and let that be the end of it!—Or wait!" he added. "I have it. Here is something that will serve you for an introduction, and cannot compromise me." And he wrote his name and the Edinburgh lawyer's address on a piece of card, and tossed it to me.

CHAPTER XXI.

I BECAME THE OWNER OF A CLARET-COLORED CHAISE.

WHAT with packing, signing papers, and partaking of an excellent cold supper

in the lawyer's room, it was past two in the morning before we were ready for the road. Romaine himself let us out of a window in a part of the house known to Rowley; it appears it served as a kind of postern to the servants' hall, by which (when they were in the mind for a clandestine evening) they would come regularly in and out; and I remember very well the vinegar aspect of the lawyer on the receipt of this piece of information—how he pursed his lips, jugged his eyebrows, and kept repeating, "This must be seen to; indeed! this shall be barred to-morrow in the morning!" In this preoccupation, I believe he took leave of me without observing it; our things were handed out; we heard the window shut behind us; and became instantly lost in a horrid intricacy of blackness and the shadow of woods.

A little wet snow kept sleepily falling, pausing, and falling again; it seemed perpetually beginning to snow and perpetually leaving off; and the darkness was intense. Time and again we walked into trees; time and again found ourselves adrift among garden borders or stuck like a ram in the thicket. Rowley had possessed himself of the matches, and he was neither to be terrified nor softened. "No, I will not, Mr. Anne, sir," he would reply. "You know he tell me to wait till we were over the 'ill. It's only a little way now. Why, and I thought you was a soldier, too!" I was at least a very glad soldier when my valet consented at last to kindle a thieves' match. From this we easily lit the lantern; and thence forward, through a labyrinth of woodland paths, were conducted by its uneasy glimmer. Both booted and great-coated, with tall hats much of a shape, and laden with booty in the form of the despatch-box, a case of pistols, and two plump valises, I thought we had very much the look of a pair of brothers returning from the sack of Amersham Place.

We issued at last upon a country by-road where we might walk abreast and without precaution. It was nine miles to Aylesbury, our immediate destination; by a watch which formed part of my new outfit it should be about half-past three in the morning; and as we did not choose to arrive before daylight, time could not be said to press. I gave the order to march at ease.

"Now, Rowley," said I, "so far so good. You have come, in the most obliging manner in the world, to carry these

valises. The question is, what next? What are we to do at Aylesbury? or, more particularly, what are you? Thence, I go on a journey. Are you to accompany me?"

He gave a little chuckle. "That's all settled already, Mr. Anne, sir," he replied. "Why, I've got my things here in the valise—a half a dozen shirts and what not; I'm all ready, sir: just you lead on; *you'll see.*"

"You have!" said I. "You made pretty sure of your welcome."

"If you please, sir," said Rowley.

He looked up at me, in the light of the lantern, with a boyish shyness and triumph that awoke my conscience. I could never let this innocent involve himself in the perils and difficulties that beset my course without some hint of warning, which it was a matter of extreme delicacy to make plain enough and not too plain.

"No, no," said I; "you may think you have made a choice, but it was blindfold, and you must make it over again. The count's service is a good one; what are you leaving it for? Are you not throwing away the substance for the shadow? No, do not answer me yet. You imagine that I am a prosperous nobleman, just declared my uncle's heir, on the threshold of the best of good fortune, and from the point of view of a judicious servant, a jewel of a master to serve and stick to? Well, my boy, I am nothing of the kind, nothing of the kind."

As I said the words, I came to a full stop and held up the lantern to his face. He stood before me, brilliantly illuminated on the background of impenetrable night and falling snow, stricken to stone between his double burden like an ass between two panniers, and gaping at me like a blunderbuss. I had never seen a face so predestined to be astonished or so susceptible of rendering the emotion of surprise; and it tempted me as an open piano tempts the musician.

"Nothing of the sort, Rowley," I continued, in a churchyard voice. "These are appearances, pretty appearances. I am in peril, homeless, hunted. I count scarce any one in England who is not my enemy. From this hour I drop my name, my title; I become nameless; my name is proscribed. My liberty, my life, hang by a hair. The destiny which you will accept, if you go forth with me, is to be tracked by spies, to hide yourself under a false name, to follow the desperate pre-

tences and perhaps share the fate of a murderer with a price upon his head."

His face had been hitherto beyond expectation, passing from one depth to another of tragic astonishment, and really worth paying to see; but at this, it suddenly cleared. "Oh, I ain't afraid!" he said; and then, choking into laughter, "Why, I see it from the first!"

I could have beaten him. But I had so grossly overshot the mark that I suppose it took me two good miles of road and half an hour of elocution to persuade him I had been in earnest. In the course of which, I became so interested in demonstrating my present danger that I forgot all about my future safety, and not only told him the story of Goguelat, but threw in the business of the drovers as well, and ended by blurting out that I was a soldier of Napoleon's and a prisoner of war.

This was far from my views when I began; and it is a common complaint of me that I have a long tongue. I believe it is a fault beloved by fortune. Which of you considerate fellows would have done a thing at once so foolhardy and so wise as to make a confidant of a boy in his 'teens and positively smelling of the nursery? And when had I cause to repent it? There is none so apt as a boy to be the adviser of any man in difficulties such as mine. To the beginnings of virile common sense he adds the last lights of the child's imagination; and he can fling himself into business with that superior earnestness that properly belongs to play. And Rowley was a boy made to my hand. He had a high sense of romance and a secret cultus for all soldiers and criminals. His traveling library consisted of a chap-book life of Wallace and some six-penny parts of the "Old Bailey Sessions Papers" by Gurney, the shorthand writer; and the choice depicts his character to a hair. You can imagine how his new prospects brightened on a boy of this disposition. To be the servant and companion of a fugitive, a soldier, and a murderer, rolled in one—to live by stratagems, disguises, and false names, in an atmosphere of midnight and mystery so thick that you could cut it with a knife—was really, I believe, more dear to him than his meals, though he was a great trencherman and something of a glutton besides. For myself, as the peg by which all this romantic business hung, I was simply idolized from that moment; and he would rather have sacrificed his hand than surrendered the privilege of serving me.

We arranged the terms of our campaign, trudging amicably in the snow, which now, with the approach of morning, began to fall to purpose. I chose the name of Ramornie, I imagine from its likeness to Romaine; Rowley, from an irresistible conversion of ideas, I dubbed Gammon. His distress was laughable to witness: his own choice of an unassuming nickname had been Claude Duval! We settled our procedure at the various inns where we should alight, rehearsed our little manners like a piece of drill until it seemed impossible we should ever be taken unprepared; and in all these dispositions you may be sure the despatch-box was not forgotten. Who was to pick it up, who was to set it down, who was to remain beside it, who was to sleep with it—there was no contingency omitted, all was gone into with the thoroughness of a drill-sergeant on the one hand and a child with a new plaything on the other.

"I say, wouldn't it look queer if you and me was to come to the post-house with all this luggage?" said Rowley.

"I daresay," I replied. "But what else is to be done?"

"Well, now, sir—you hear me," says Rowley. "I think it would look more natural-like if you was to come to the post-house alone and with nothing in your 'ands—more like a gentleman, you know. And you might say that your servant and baggage were a-waiting for you up the road. I think I could manage, somehow, to make a shift with all them dratted things—leastways if you was to give me a 'and up with them at the start."

"And I would see you far enough before I allowed you to try, Mr. Rowley!" I cried. "Why, you would be quite defenceless! A footpad that was an infant child could rob you. And I should probably come driving by to find you in a ditch with your throat cut. But there is something in your idea, for all that; and I propose we put it in execution no farther forward than the next corner of a lane."

Accordingly, instead of continuing to aim for Aylesbury, we headed by cross-roads for some point to the northward of it, whither I might assist Rowley with the baggage, and where I might leave him to await my return in the post-chaise.

It was snowing to purpose, the country all white, and ourselves walking snow-drifts, when the first glimmer of the morning showed us an inn upon the highway side. Some distance off, under the shelter of a corner of the road and a clump of

trees, I loaded Rowley with the whole of our possessions, and watched him till he staggered in safety into the doors of the "Green Dragon," which was the sign of the house. Thence I walked briskly into Aylesbury, rejoicing in my freedom and the causeless good spirits that belong to a snowy morning; though, to be sure, long before I had arrived the snow had again ceased to fall and the eaves of Aylesbury were smoking in the level sun. There was an accumulation of gigs and chaises in the yard, and a great bustle going forward in the coffee-room and about the doors of the inn. At these evidences of so much travel on the road I was seized with misgiving lest it should be impossible to get horses and I should be detained in the precarious neighborhood of my cousin. Hungry as I was, I made my way first of all to the postmaster, where he stood—a big, athletic, horsey-looking man, blowing into a key in the corner of the yard.

On my making my modest request, he awoke from his indifference into what seemed passion.

"A po'-shay and 'osses!" he cried. "Do I look as if I 'ad a po'-shay and 'osses? Curse me, if I 'ave such a thing on the premises. I don't *make* 'osses and chaises—I *ire* 'em. You might be"—and instantly, as if he had observed me for the first time, he broke off, and lowered his voice into the confidential. "Why, now that I see you are a gentleman," said he, "I'll tell you what! If you like to *buy*, I have the article to fit you. Second-'and shay by Lycett, of London. Latest style; good as new. Superior fittin's, net on the roof, baggage platform, pistol 'olsters—the most com-plete and the most gen-teel turnout I ever see! The 'ole for seventy-five pound! It's as good as givin' her away!"

"Do you propose that I should trundle it myself, like a hawker's barrow?" said I. "Why, my good man, if I have to stop here anyway, I should prefer to buy a house and garden!"

"Come and look at her!" he cried; and, with the word, links his arm in mine and carries me to the out-house where the chaise was on view.

It was just the sort of chaise that I had dreamed of for my purpose: eminently rich, inconspicuous, and genteel; for, though I thought the postmaster no great authority, I was bound to agree with him so far. The body was painted a dark claret, and the wheels an invisible green. The lamp and glasses were bright as sil-

ver; and the whole equipage had an air of privacy and reserve that seemed to repel inquiry and disarm suspicion. With a servant like Rowley and a chaise like this, I felt that I could go from the Land's End to John o' Groat's House amid a population of bowing ostlers. And I suppose I betrayed in my manner the degree in which the bargain tempted me.

"Come," cried the postmaster, "I'll make it seventy, to oblige a friend!"

"The point is: the horses," said I.

"Well," said he, consulting his watch, "it's now gone the 'alf after eight. What time do you want her at the door?"

"Horses and all?" said I.

"'Osses and all!" said he. "One good turn deserves another. You give me seventy pound for the shay, and I'll 'oss it for you. I told you I didn't *make* 'osses; but I *can* make 'em to oblige a friend."

What would you have? It was not the wisest thing in the world to buy a chaise within ten miles of my uncle's house; but in this way I got my horses for the next stage. And by any other, it appeared that I should have to wait. Accordingly, I paid the money down—perhaps twenty pounds too much, though it was certainly a well-made and well-appointed vehicle—ordered it round in half an hour, and proceeded to refresh myself with breakfast.

The table to which I sat down occupied the recess of a bay-window, and commanded a view of the front of the inn, where I continued to be amused by the successive departures of travelers—the fussy and the offhand, the niggardly and the lavish—all exhibiting their different characters in that diagnostic moment of the farewell: some escorted to the stirrup or the chaise door by the chamberlain, the chambermaids, and the waiters almost in a body; others moving off under a cloud, without human countenance. In the course of this I became interested in one for whom this ovation began to assume the proportions of a triumph; not only the under-servants, but the barmaid, the landlady, and my friend the postmaster himself, crowding about the steps to speed his departure. I was aware, at the same time, of a good deal of merriment, as though the traveler were a man of ready wit and not too dignified to air it in that society. I leaned forward with a lively curiosity; and the next moment I had blotted myself behind the teapot. The popular traveler had turned to wave a farewell; and behold! he was no other

than my cousin Alain. It was a change of the sharpest from the angry, pallid man I had seen at Amersham. Ruddy to a fault, illuminated with vintages, crowned with his curls like Bacchus, he now stood before me for an instant, the perfect master of himself, smiling with airs of conscious popularity and insufferable condescension. He reminded me at once of a royal duke, of an actor turned a little elderly, and of a blatant bagman who should have been the illegitimate son of a gentleman. A moment after he was gliding noiselessly on the road to London.

I breathed again. I recognized, with heartfelt gratitude, how lucky I had been to go in by the stable-yard instead of the hostelry door, and what a fine occasion of meeting my cousin I had lost by the purchase of the claret-colored chaise! The next moment I remembered that there was a waiter present. No doubt but he must have observed me when I crouched behind the breakfast equipage; no doubt but what he must have commented on this unusual and undignified behavior; and it was essential that I should do something to remove the impression.

"Waiter!" said I, "that was the nephew of Count Carwell that just drove off, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir; Viscount Carwell we calls him," he replied.

"Ah, I thought as much," said I. "Well, well, curse all these Frenchmen, say I!"

"You may say so, indeed, sir," said the waiter. "They ain't not to say in the same field with our 'ome-raised gentry."

"Nasty tempers?" I suggested.

"Beas'ly temper, sir, the viscount 'ave," said the waiter with feeling. "Why, no longer ago than this morning, he was sitting breakfasting and reading in his paper. I suppose, sir, he come on some pilittical information, or it might be about 'orses, but he raps his 'aud upon the table sudden and calls for curaço. It gave me quite a turn, it did; he did it that sudden and 'ard. Now, sir, that may be manners in France, but hall I can say is, that I'm not used to it."

"Reading the paper, was he?" said I. "What paper, eh?"

"Here it is, sir," exclaimed the waiter. "Seems like as if he'd dropped it."

And picking it off the floor, he presented it to me.

I may say that I was quite prepared, that I already knew what to expect; but at sight of the cold print my heart stopped

beating. There it was: the fulfilment of Romaine's apprehension was before me; the paper was laid open at the capture of Clausel. I felt as if I could take a little curaçao myself, but on second thoughts called for brandy. It was badly wanted, and suddenly I observed the waiter's eyes to sparkle, as it were, with some recognition; made certain he had remarked the resemblance between me and Alain; and became aware—as by a revelation—of the fool's part I had been playing. For I had now managed to put my identification beyond a doubt, if Alain should choose to make his inquiries at Aylesbury; and, as if that were not enough, I had added, at an expense of seventy pounds, a clue by which he might follow me through the length and breadth of England in the shape of the claret-colored chaise! That elegant equipage (which I began to regard as little better than a claret-colored ante-room to the hangman's cart) coming presently to the door, I left my breakfast in the middle and departed; posting to the north as diligently as my cousin Alain was posting to the south, and putting my trust (such as it was) in an opposite direction and equal speed.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHARACTER AND ACQUIREMENTS OF MR. ROWLEY.

I AM not certain that I had ever really appreciated before that hour the extreme peril of the adventure on which I was embarked. The sight of my cousin, the look of his face—so handsome, so jovial at the first sight, and branded with so much malignity as you saw it on the second—with his hyperbolical curls in order, with his neckcloth tied as if for the conquests of love, setting forth (as I had no doubt in the world he was doing) to clap the Bow Street runners on my trail and cover England with handbills, each dangerous as a loaded musket, convinced me for the first time that the affair was no less serious than death. I believe it came to a near touch whether I should not turn the horses' heads at the next stage and make directly for the coast. But I was now in the position of a man who should have thrown his gage into the den of lions; or, better still, like one who should have quarreled overnight under the influence of wine, and now, at daylight, in a cold winter's morning, and humbly sober, must

make good his words. It is not that I thought any the less, or any the less warmly, of Flora. But, as I smoked a grim cigar that morning in the corner of the chaise, no doubt I considered, in the first place, that the letter-post had been invented, and admitted privately to myself, in the second, that it would have been highly possible to write her on a piece of paper, seal it, and send it skimming by the mail, instead of going personally into these egregious dangers and through a country that I beheld crowded with gibbets and Bow Street officers. As for Sim and Candlish, I doubt if they crossed my mind.

At the Green Dragon Rowley was waiting on the doorsteps with the luggage, and really was bursting with unpalatable conversation.

"Who do you think we've 'ad 'ere, sir?" he began breathlessly, as the chaise drove off. "Red Breasts," and he nodded his head portentously.

"Red Breasts?" I repeated, for I stupidly did not understand at the moment an expression I had often heard.

"Ah!" said he. "Red weskits. Runners. Bow Street runners. Two on 'em, and one was Lavender himself! I hear the other say quite plain, 'Now, Mr. Lavender, if you're ready.' They was breakfasting as nigh me as I am to that post-boy. They're all right; they ain't after us. It's a forger; and I didn't send them off on a false scent—oh, no! I thought there was no use in having them over our way; so I give them 'very valuable information,' Mr. Lavender said, and tipped me a tizzy for myself; and they're off to Luton. They showed me the 'andcuffs, too—the other one did—and he clicked the dratted thing on my wrist; and I tell you, I believe I nearly went off in a swoond! There's something so beastly in the feel of them! Begging your pardon, Mr. Anne," he added, with one of his delicious changes from the character of the confidential schoolboy into that of the trained, respectful servant.

Well, I must not be proud. I cannot say I found the subject of handcuffs to my fancy; and it was with more asperity than was needful that I reproved him for the slip about the name.

"Yes, Mr. Ramornie," says he, touching his hat. "Begging your pardon, Mr. Ramornie. But I've been very piticular, sir, up to now; and you may trust me to be very piticular in the future. It were only a slip, sir."

"My good boy," said I, with the most imposing severity, "there must be no slips. Be so good as to remember that my life is at stake."

I did not embrace the occasion of telling him how many I had made myself. It is my principle that an officer must never be wrong. I have seen two divisions beating their brains out for a fortnight against a worthless and quite impenetrable castle in a pass: I knew we were only doing it for discipline, because the general had said so at first and had not yet found any way out of his own words; and I highly admired his force of character, and throughout these operations thought my life exposed in a very good cause. With fools and children, which included Rowley, the necessity was even greater. I proposed to myself to be infallible; and even when he expressed some wonder at the purchase of the claret-colored chaise, I put him promptly in his place. In our situation, I told him, everything had to be sacrificed to appearances; doubtless, in a hired chaise, we should have had more freedom, but look at the dignity! I was so positive that I had sometimes almost convinced myself. Not for long, you may be certain! This detestable conveyance always appeared to me to be laden with Bow Street officers and to have a placard upon the back of it publishing my name and crimes. If I had paid seventy pounds to get the thing, I should not have stuck at seven hundred to be safely rid of it.

And if the chaise was a danger, what an anxiety was the despatch-box and its golden cargo! I had never had a care but to draw my pay and spend it; I had lived happily in the regiment, as in my father's house, fed by the great emperor's commissariat as by ubiquitous doves of Elijah—or, my faith! if anything went wrong with the commissariat, helping myself with the best grace in the world from the next peasant! And now I began to feel at the same time the burthen of riches and the fear of destitution. There were ten thousand pounds in the despatch-box, but I reckoned in French money, and had two hundred and fifty thousand agonies; I kept it under my hand all day, I dreamed of it at night. In the inns I was afraid to go to dinner and afraid to go to sleep. When I walked up a hill I durst not leave the doors of the claret-colored chaise. Sometimes I would change the disposition of the funds: there were days when I carried as much as five or six thousand pounds on my own person, and only the residue con-

tinued to voyage in the treasure-chest; days, when I bulked all over like my cousin, crackled to a touch with bank paper, and had my pockets weighed to bursting point with sovereigns. And there were other days, when I wearied of the thing—or grew ashamed of it—and put all the money back where it had come from: there let it take its chance, like better people! In short, I set Rowley a poor example of consistency, and, in philosophy, none at all.

Little he cared! All was one to him so long as he was amused, and I never knew any one amused more easily. He was thrillingly interested in life, travel, and his own melodramatic position. All day he would be looking from the chaise-windows with ebullitions of gratified curiosity that were sometimes justified and sometimes not, and that (taken altogether) it occasionally wearied me to be obliged to share. I can look at horses, and I can look at trees, too, although not fond of it. But why should I look at a lame horse or a tree that was like a letter Y? What exhilaration could I feel in viewing a cottage that was the same color as "the second from the miller's" in some place where I had never been and of which I had not previously heard? I am ashamed to complain, but there were moments when my juvenile and confidential friend weighed heavy on my hands. His cackle was indeed almost continuous, but it was never unamiable. He showed an amiable curiosity when he was asking questions, an amiable guilelessness when he was conferring information. And both he did largely. I am in a position to write the biographies of Mr. Rowley, Mr. Rowley's father and mother, his Aunt Eliza, and the miller's dog; and nothing but pity for the reader, and some misgivings as to the law of copyright, prevail on me to withhold them.

A general design to mold himself upon my example became early apparent, and I had not the heart to check it. He began to mimic my carriage, he acquired with servile accuracy a little manner I had of shrugging the shoulders, and I may say it was by observing it in him that I first discovered it in myself. One day it came out by chance that I was of the Catholic religion. He became plunged in thought, at which I was gently glad. Then suddenly:

"Odd-rabbit it! I'll be Catholic too!" he broke out. "You must teach me it, Mr. Anne—I mean, Ramornie."

I dissuaded him, alleging that he would find me very imperfectly informed as to

the grounds and doctrines of the church and that, after all, in the matter of religions, it was a very poor idea to change. "Of course, my church is the best," said I; "but that is not the reason why I belong to it: I belong to it because it was the faith of my house. I wish to take my chances with my own people, and so should you. If it is a question of going to hell, go to hell like a gentleman with your ancestors."

"Well, it wasn't that," he admitted. "I don't know that I was exactly thinking of hell. Then there's the inquisition, too. That's rather a cawker, you know."

"And I don't believe you were thinking of anything in the world," said I—which put a period to his respectable conversion.

He consoled himself by playing for a while on a cheap flageolet, which was one of his diversions, and to which I owed many intervals of peace. When he first produced it, in the joints, from his pocket, he had the duplicity to ask me if I played upon it. I answered no; and he put the instrument away with a sigh and the remark that he had thought I might. For some while he resisted the unspeakable temptation, his fingers visibly itching and twittering about his pocket, even his interest in the landscape and in sporadic anecdote entirely lost. Presently the pipe was in his hands again; he fitted, unfitted, refitted, and played upon it in dumb show for some time.

"I play it myself a little," says he.

"Do you?" said I, and yawned.

And then he broke down.

"Mr. Ramornie, if you please, would it disturb you, sir, if I was to play a chune?" he pleaded. And from that hour the tootling of the flageolet cheered our way.

He was particularly keen on the details of battles, single combats, incidents of scouting parties, and the like. These he would make haste to cap with some of the exploits of Wallace, the only hero with whom he had the least acquaintance. His enthusiasm was genuine and pretty. When he learned we were going to Scotland, "Well, then," he broke out, "I'll see where Wallace lived!" And presently after he fell to moralizing. "It's a strange thing, sir," he began, "that I seem somehow to have always the wrong sow by the ear. I'm English, after all, and I glory in it. My eye! don't I, though! Let some of your Frenchies come over here to invade, and you'll see whether or not! Oh, yes, I'm English to the backbone, I am.

And yet look at me! I got hold of this 'ere William Wallace and took to him right off; I never heard of such a man before! And then you came along, and I took to you. And both the two of you were my born enemies! I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Ramornie, but would you mind it very much if you didn't go for to do anything against England?"—he brought the word out suddenly, like something hot—"when I was along of you?"

I was more affected than I can tell.

"Rowley," I said, "you need have no fear. By how much I love my own honor, by so much I will take care to protect yours. We are but fraternizing at the outposts, as soldiers do. When the bugle calls, my boy, we must face each other, one for England, one for France, and may God defend the right!"

So I spoke at the moment; but, for all my brave airs, the boy had wounded me in a vital quarter. His words continued to ring in my hearing. There was no remission all day of my remorseful thoughts; and that night (which we lay at Lichfield, I believe) there was no sleep for me in my bed. I put out the candle and lay down with a good resolution, and in a moment all was light about me, like a theater, and I saw myself upon the stage of it, playing ignoble parts. I remembered France and my emperor, now depending on the arbitrament of war, bent down, fighting on their knees and with their teeth against so many and such various assailants. And I burned with shame to be here in England, cherishing an English fortune, pursuing an English mistress, and not there, to handle a musket in my native fields, and to manure them with my body if I fell. I remembered that I belonged to France. All my fathers had fought for her, and some had died. The voice in my throat, the sight of my eyes, the tears that now sprang there, the whole man of me, was fashioned of French earth and born of a French mother. I had been tended and caressed by a succession of the daughters of France, the fairest, the most ill-starred, and I had fought and conquered shoulder to shoulder with her sons. A soldier, a noble, of the proudest and the bravest race in Europe, it had been left to the prattle of a hobbledehoy lackey in an English chaise to recall me to the consciousness of duty.

When I saw how it was, I did not lose time in indecision. The old classical conflict of love and honor being once fairly before me, it did not cost me a thought.

I was a St.-Yves de Kërroual; and I decided to strike off on the morrow for Wakefield and Burchell Fenn, and embark, as soon as it should be morally possible, for the succor of my downtrôdden fatherland and my beleaguered emperor. Pursuant on this resolve, I leaped from bed, made a light, and as the watchman was crying half-past two in the dark streets of Lichfield, sat down to pen a letter of farewell to Flora. And then—whether it was the sudden chill of the night, whether it came by association of ideas from the remembrance of Swanston Cottage, I know not—but there appeared before me—to the barking of sheep-dogs—a couple of snuffy and shambling figures, each wrapped in a plaid, each armed with a rude staff; and I was immediately bowed down to have forgotten them so long and of late to have thought of them so cavalierly.

Sure enough there was my errand! As a private person I was neither French nor English; I was something else first: a loyal gentleman, an honest man. Sim and Candlish must not be left to pay the penalty of my unfortunate blow. They held my honor tacitly pledged to succor them; and it is a sort of stoical refinement entirely foreign to my nature to set the political obligation above the personal and private. If France fell in the interval for the lack of Anne de St.-Yves, fall she must! But I was both surprised and humiliated to have had so plain a duty bound upon me for so long—and for so long to have neglected and forgotten it. I think any brave man will understand me when I say that I went to bed and to sleep with a conscience very much relieved, and woke again in the morning with a light heart. The very danger of the enterprise reassured me: to save Sim and Candlish (suppose the worst to come to the worst) it would be necessary for me to declare myself in a court of justice, with consequences which I did not dare to dwell upon. It could never be said that I had chosen the cheap and the easy; only that in a very perplexing competition of duties I had risked my life for the most immediate.

We resumed the journey with more diligence: thenceforward posted day and night; did not halt beyond what was necessary for meals; and the postilions were excited by gratuities, after the habit of my cousin Alain. For twopence I could have gone further and taken four horses; so extreme was my haste, running as I was before the terrors of an awakened conscience. But I feared to be conspicuous.

Even as it was, we attracted only too much attention, with our pair and that white elephant, the seventy pounds' worth of claret-colored chaise.

Meanwhile I was ashamed to look Rowley in the face. The young shaver had contrived to put me wholly in the wrong; he had cost me a night's rest and a severe and healthful humiliation, and I was grateful and embarrassed in his society. This would never do; it was contrary to all my ideas of discipline. If the officer has to blush before the private, or the master before the servant, nothing is left to hope for but discharge or death. I hit upon the idea of teaching him French, and, accordingly, from Lichfield, I became the distracted master and he the scholar—how shall I say? indefatigable, but uninspired. His interest never flagged. He would hear the same word twenty times with profound refreshment, mispronounce it in several different ways, and forget it again with magical celerity. Say it happened to be *stirrup*. "No, I don't seem to remember that word, Mr. Anne," he would say. "It don't seem to stick to me—that word don't." And then, when I had told it him again, "*Etrier!*" he would cry, "To be sure! I had it on the tip of my tongue. *Eterier!*" (going wrong already, as if by a fatal instinct). "What will I remember it by, now? Why, *interior*, to be sure! I'll remember it by its being something that ain't in the interior of a horse." And when next I had occasion to ask him the French for stirrup, it was a toss-up whether he had forgotten all about it or gave me *exterior* for an answer. He was never a hair discouraged. He seemed to consider that he was covering the ground at a normal rate. He came up smiling day after day. "Now, sir, shall we do our French?" he would say; and I would put questions, and elicit copious commentary and explanation, but never the shadow of an answer. My hands fell to my sides; I could have wept to hear him. When I reflected that he had as yet learned nothing and what a vast deal more there was for him to learn, the period of these lessons seemed to unroll before me vast as eternity, and I saw myself a teacher of a hundred, and Rowley a pupil of ninety, still hammering on the rudiments! The wretched boy, I should say, was quite unspoiled by the inevitable familiarities of the journey. He turned out at each stage the pink of serving-lads, deft, civil, prompt, attentive, touching his hat like an automaton, raising the status of Mr. Ramornie

in the eyes of all the inn by his smiling in the world but the one thing I had service, and seeming capable of anything chosen—learning French!

(*To be continued.*)

CAMPs OF GREEN.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

Not alone those camps of white, old comrades of the wars,
When as order'd forward, after a long march,
Footsore and weary, soon as the light lessens we halt for the night,
Some of us so fatigued carrying the gun and knapsack, dropping asleep in our tracks,
Others pitching the little tents, and the fires lit up begin to sparkle,
Outposts of pickets posted surrounding alert through the dark,
And a word provided for countersign, careful for safety,
Till to the call of the drummers at daybreak loudly beating the drums,
We rise up refresh'd, the night and sleep pass'd over, and resume our journey,
Or proceed to battle.

Lo, the camps of the tents of green,
Which the days of peace keep filling, and the days of war keep filling,
With a mystic army, (is it too order'd forward? is it too only halting awhile,
Till night and sleep pass over?)

Now in those camps of green, in their tents dotting the world,
In the parents, children, husbands, wives, in them, in the old and young,
Sleeping under the sunlight, sleeping under the moonlight, content and silent there
at last,
Behold the mighty bivouac-field and waiting-camp of all,
Of the corps and generals all, and the President over the corps and generals all,
And of each of us O soldiers, and of each and all in the ranks we fought,
(There without hatred we all, all meet).

For presently O soldiers, we too camp in our place in the bivouac-camps of green,
But we need not provide for outposts, nor word for the countersign,
Nor drummer to beat the morning drum.

WHEN WERE THE GOSPELS WRITTEN?

DISCOVERIES OF THE LAST TWENTY YEARS AND WHAT THEY HAVE DONE TOWARD ANSWERING THE QUESTION.

BY F. G. KENYON, M.A.,

Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum.

AT the beginning of this century the question of the authenticity of the Gospels was one which, if mooted at all, was reserved for scholars and theologians. People in general might believe or disbelieve, on philosophical grounds, the story contained in them, but they rarely troubled themselves to examine the historical evidence on either side; and if scholars discussed it, their labors attracted as little public attention as if they were dealing with Homer or Tacitus. The present generation has seen a great change in this attitude. Articles in magazines; lectures in our public parks and halls; successful novels, such as "Robert Elsmere;" popular handbooks for and against Christianity, have familiarized most educated persons with the fact that there is and, for some time has been, an active controversy as to the historical character of the Gospels. Whether the knowledge of the general reader goes much deeper than this may be doubted, but it is a common practice with those who impugn the truth of the Christian story to speak as though the weight of independent and scholarly opinion were incontestably on their side; and since a novel or a magazine article seldom admits of more than a superficial handling of so large a subject, an impression that this assumption is true remains in the minds of many who have neither the leisure nor the training to test it for themselves. The citation of a string of German names of which the reader naturally knows nothing has an imposing effect, and may cover a plentiful want of argument. On the other hand, any argument on the opposite side, from a person holding office in the church, is discounted on the ground that the writer's opinion is unconsciously biased by his interests; as though German scholars did not depend for their professional advancement on making a name for themselves and could not do so most easily by the maintenance of novel and unorthodox opinions.

Under these circumstances it seems not unreasonable to try to state for the readers of a popular magazine, who are not specialists, the general course and drift of criticism upon this subject during the present generation, which will show how far such assumptions as those which have just been mentioned are justified. The best test of a theory is to see how it has borne the ordeal of time—how researches and discoveries since the time of its promulgation have affected it; whether it still holds its own, or has suffered much change and modification. It is so that we judge of the Copernican theory of the universe, the Newtonian theory of gravitation, the Darwinian theory of evolution; and it is a fair test to apply also to the theories that have been propounded with respect to the origin and authenticity of the Gospels. No one will question the vital importance of the problem. Our life and society, our highest hopes and aspirations in this nineteenth century, are bound up with the truth of those events which the Gospels relate as having happened in the generation from which our era is dated.

THE HISTORICAL CHARACTER OF THE FOUR GOSPELS.

The life of Christ is the center alike of our history in the past and our hopes for the future; and our knowledge of it rests mainly upon the evidence of the four Gospels. If they can be shown to be unhistorical, there is little left out of which the story of that life can be put together. It is upon this issue that the controversy of the present generation turns and with which we are now concerned. Let us see, then, upon what grounds we believe them to be historical and on what lines the attack upon their authenticity has been based.

The proof is twofold. On the one hand, the language, the composition, the statements of the books themselves can be examined and tested. We can see

whether their point of view is such as would be natural at the time when they profess to have been written, or whether there are allusions to events or opinions of a later period. The positions of the Jewish people and of the Christian community changed so rapidly, new opinions sprang up and colored the thoughts and language of men so strongly, that it would be almost impossible for a writer to avoid betraying himself if he tried to throw himself back to a date two or three generations before his own. Evidence of this character is known as internal evidence, and it plays an important part in the controversy concerning the authenticity of the Gospels. But it does not stand alone. There is also what is called external evidence, or proofs which can be drawn from the writings of other authors who lived at or soon after the date at which the Gospels are supposed to have been composed. Either from direct statements in such works, or from the presence or absence in them of quotations from the Gospels, we can derive proofs of the existence or non-existence of the Gospels at the time when these works were written. It is to evidence of this class that the test of which I have spoken can be applied. The critics who first questioned the authenticity of the Gospels upon historical grounds had the books before them, and knew what they had to meet in the way of internal evidence; but fresh external evidence has been brought to light from time to time of which they had no knowledge. Here, then, we have a new and independent test by which their theories can be judged. It is because a considerable amount of such fresh evidence has been recently brought to light that it seems opportune to try to gather up its results and to show what has been its bearing upon the general controversy. If the original attack upon the Gospels has broken down or has been seriously discredited by this test, we shall have the right to look with great suspicion on the conclusions of critics who continue to use the same methods.

BAUR AND HIS SCHOOL OF CRITICISM.

In these pages, therefore, I propose to give some account of the most striking discoveries which have been made during the last twenty years. In order, however, to appreciate their importance, it is necessary to state briefly the form taken by the attack upon the Gospels. The controversy in its modern shape is now just fifty

years old. Its founder was the great German scholar, Ferdinand Baur, a professor of Tübingen University, from whom the famous Tübingen school of criticism took its rise. It was in 1847 that he published a treatise on the origin of the Gospels; but this was only one among several works embodying a novel view of early Christian history. With German learning and German ingenuity he put together, out of the books of the New Testament, a quite different narrative of the origin and growth of Christianity from that which the books themselves tell. Regarding the life of Christ as a merely human life, he sees in the apostolic age a deadly struggle between the adherents of St. Peter and those of St. Paul, lasting far into the second century, and discerns in most of the New Testament books attempts to write the history of Christianity from the point of view of one or another of these parties. It was claimed that they were not histories in the true sense of the word, but partisan tracts, the value of which depends less on what they assert than on what we can read between the lines.

In this attack upon the historical character of the Gospels, a cardinal point is the late date assigned to their composition. It is clearly easier to regard them as historically false if they were written considerably later than the events which they profess to record. Especially is this the case with the supernatural element contained in them. It is a fixed principle with modern critics of the Gospels that "miracles do not happen." Older critics tried to explain away the miracles recorded in the Gospels as due to optical illusions, or unintentional misunderstandings on the part of the disciples; but their successors have recognized the futility of this attempt, and prefer to regard the Gospel narratives as not contemporary with the events which they record and the miraculous element as an addition due to the credulity of a later age. On all grounds, therefore, it was essential to Baur to put the composition of these books as late as possible; and, accordingly, he assigns them all to dates well within the second century. Later than the end of that century it was impossible to place them, since the evidence of Tertullian and Irenæus, writing about A.D. 200, fully and explicitly demonstrated that their preëminence among all Christian writings was by that time firmly established; but no earlier date was granted them than such unimpeachable evidence rendered absolutely

necessary. St. Matthew's Gospel was placed by Baur about A.D. 130, St. Luke's about 150, St. Mark's about 160, and St. John's between 160 and 170. The other books of the New Testament, with five exceptions, shared the same fate. None of them was allowed to be what it professed to be, or to have been written when it professed to have been written, except the Epistles of St. Paul to the Romans, Corinthians, and Galatians, and the Apocalypse of St. John.

Such, then, is the theory of Baur, which forms the starting point and foundation of the modern criticism of the Gospels. It is not necessary now to consider the arguments by which he supported it. Good or bad, they were of necessity merely arguments from probability, which could not stand against any clear and decisive evidence of the existence of the Gospels before these dates. What, then, is the result of the new evidence which the last twenty years have brought to light?

Baur died in 1860; and now, a generation after his death, it is not too much to say that his theory is completely shattered. No competent critic can now maintain that any one of the dates assigned by him to the Gospels is tenable. Even the latest of them must have been written before the date which he allowed to the earliest. Nor is it difficult now to see where the fault of his method lies. No one can blame him for his fresh and fearless examination of the historical evidence bearing upon the origin of Christianity; but his results, like those of many of his followers, are vitiated by the habit, wherever absolutely convincing evidence is wanting, of adopting the position most unfavorable to the traditional view.

For this fault a swift Nemesis was preparing. Even while Baur was writing, as we shall see presently, evidence was being brought to light which was fatal to his conclusions, though no one noticed it at the time; and since his death, and especially within the last twenty years, fact after fact has been discovered, all tending in the same direction, namely, to throw further and further back the dates at which we are bound to believe the Gospels to have been composed.

THE "DIATESSARON" OF TATIAN.

Of all the discoveries of the last twenty years, the first, and, in some respects, the most important, is the "Diatessaron"

of Tatian. As its Greek name indicates (*δια' τεσσάρων* = "by" or "by means of four"), it is a harmonized Gospel, composed out of the four Gospels by dovetailing verses out of the different Evangelists into a single narrative. This is a device which has often been practiced in the church, down to the present day; but the importance to us of Tatian's harmony lies in the evidence which it affords, not only of the existence, but of the preëminent position, of our four canonical Gospels at a very early date. Tatian was born about A.D. 110, a native of Assyria. He was converted to Christianity by Justin Martyr, whose chief work, the "Apology for Christianity," was written about A.D. 150-155. After Justin's death, about A.D. 165, he fell into the error of the Encratites, an extremely ascetic sect, who regarded marriage, eating flesh, and drinking wine as unlawful, and he died about A.D. 180. Different views have been held as to whether his harmony was written in the days of his orthodoxy or afterwards. On the one hand, it evidently passed current in the Syrian church for many generations as an orthodox representation of the Gospel narrative; on the other, Mr. Rendel Harris has shown reason to believe that it exhibited traces of the special opinions of the Encratites. In the one case we should suppose it to have been written about 160; in the other, about 170. If, then, the "Diatessaron" was put together out of the four canonical Gospels, it is clear that they held, at this date, a position of marked and recognized superiority over all other narratives of our Lord's life; and since such a position could not be acquired except after the lapse of some considerable time, this would show that all four were composed at a date *at least* as early as that which Baur assigns to the earliest of them and much earlier than those which he allows to three out of the four.

Until twenty years ago, however, the "Diatessaron" was supposed to be lost, and all our knowledge of it was of an indirect kind, leaving much opening for controversy and for the display of critical ingenuity. The earliest mention of it was by Eusebius, the great church historian, about A.D. 325; and he does not seem to have seen the work himself, though he says that it was still circulating in some quarters down to his time. Epiphanius, in A.D. 374, briefly referred to it, but confused it with the Gospel according to the Hebrews. Theodoret, a Syrian bishop between 420

and 457, found more than two hundred copies of it in use in his diocese, and replaced them by copies of the four Gospels. In 545 Bishop Victor of Capua found a Latin harmony of the Gospels which he guessed might be a translation of the "Diatessaron," of the existence of which he knew only from Eusebius, and published it, substituting, however, the words of the Vulgate for those of the original before him, and this work is still extant in a manuscript known as the Codex Fuldensis. One other notice of the "Diatessaron," much later, but of great importance, must be mentioned. It is that of Dionysius Bar-Salibi, an Armenian bishop, at the end of the twelfth century, who (following an earlier Syrian author, Ishodad, about A.D. 850) states that Tatian put together "one Gospel out of the four;" that St. Ephrem of Syria wrote a commentary upon it; and that its first words were, "In the beginning was the Word."

To the ordinary mind these notices might have seemed sufficient to establish the all-important fact that Tatian did actually compose a harmony of the four canonical Gospels, and, consequently, that these had established their paramount position in the church by the middle of the second century. But the ingenuity of the Tübingen critics was able to explain them all away, and even to deny that Tatian ever wrote a harmony at all, or that, if he did, it was based upon our Gospels. An anonymous work published in England in 1875, entitled "Supernatural Religion," which, as embodying the as yet unfamiliar views of Baur, achieved a notoriety quite out of proportion to its merits, affirmed boldly that there was no such thing as Tatian's harmony at all; that the work which Theodoret had found and ejected was the now lost Gospel according to the Hebrews; and that this was identical with the Gospel according to Peter. At the moment of their publication these assertions could only be met, as Bishop Lightfoot very ably met them, by a restatement of circumstantial evidence; but within a few years they have been signally refuted by proofs of a decisive character. Tatian's harmony and the Gospel according to Peter have both been discovered, and it is obvious, first, that they are absolutely distinct works; next, that neither of them is identical with the Gospel according to the Hebrews; and, finally, that the "Diatessaron" is, as common sense had always maintained, a harmony of the four canonical Gospels.

RECOVERY OF THE "DIALESSARON."

The story of the recovery of the "Diatessaron" is curious, mainly for the reason that it was delayed so much longer than it need have been. Indeed, all the while that Baur was expounding his theories and his disciples were developing them, evidence was staring them in the face which made their views untenable, at least so far as related to the dates of the Gospels. In 1836 the Armenian Mechitarist Fathers at Venice published an edition, in Armenian, of the works of St. Ephrem of Syria; and among them was the very commentary on the "Diatessaron" to which, as mentioned above, Dionysius Bar-Salibi had made reference, but which had hitherto been supposed to be lost. Published in Armenian, however, and with no distinctive title to call attention to its character, it remained absolutely unknown for forty years, till, in 1876, the Mechitarists employed Dr. George Moesinger to revise and publish a Latin version of it which had been made by the original editor of the Armenian, Dr. Aucher. Yet, even then, when edited in Latin by a German scholar, it attracted no notice for four years; and Lightfoot, when writing an answer to "Supernatural Religion," a year after the appearance of Moesinger's volume, was unaware of the discovery, which would at once have determined an important branch of the controversy in his favor. It is to America that the honor belongs of first bringing the discovery forward in its true light, since it was Dr. Ezra Abbot, in his "Authorship of the Fourth Gospel" (1880), who first directed general attention to it. Dr. Wace took it up in England, Dr. Harnack in Germany, and Dr. Zahn was led to devote a large monograph to the subject, in which he endeavored to reconstruct the "Diatessaron" from the quotations given by St. Ephrem.

The commentary of St. Ephrem established beyond all doubt the all-important fact that Tatian's "Diatessaron" was actually constructed out of the four canonical Gospels; and his very copious quotations enabled Zahn to make out the general structure and much of the actual text of the work. Meanwhile, what purported to be an Arabic translation of the work itself was lying in the Vatican library, and had been briefly mentioned by J. Assemani, who brought it to the Vatican, so long ago as 1791, and by a few subsequent writers. No one, however, had made any detailed

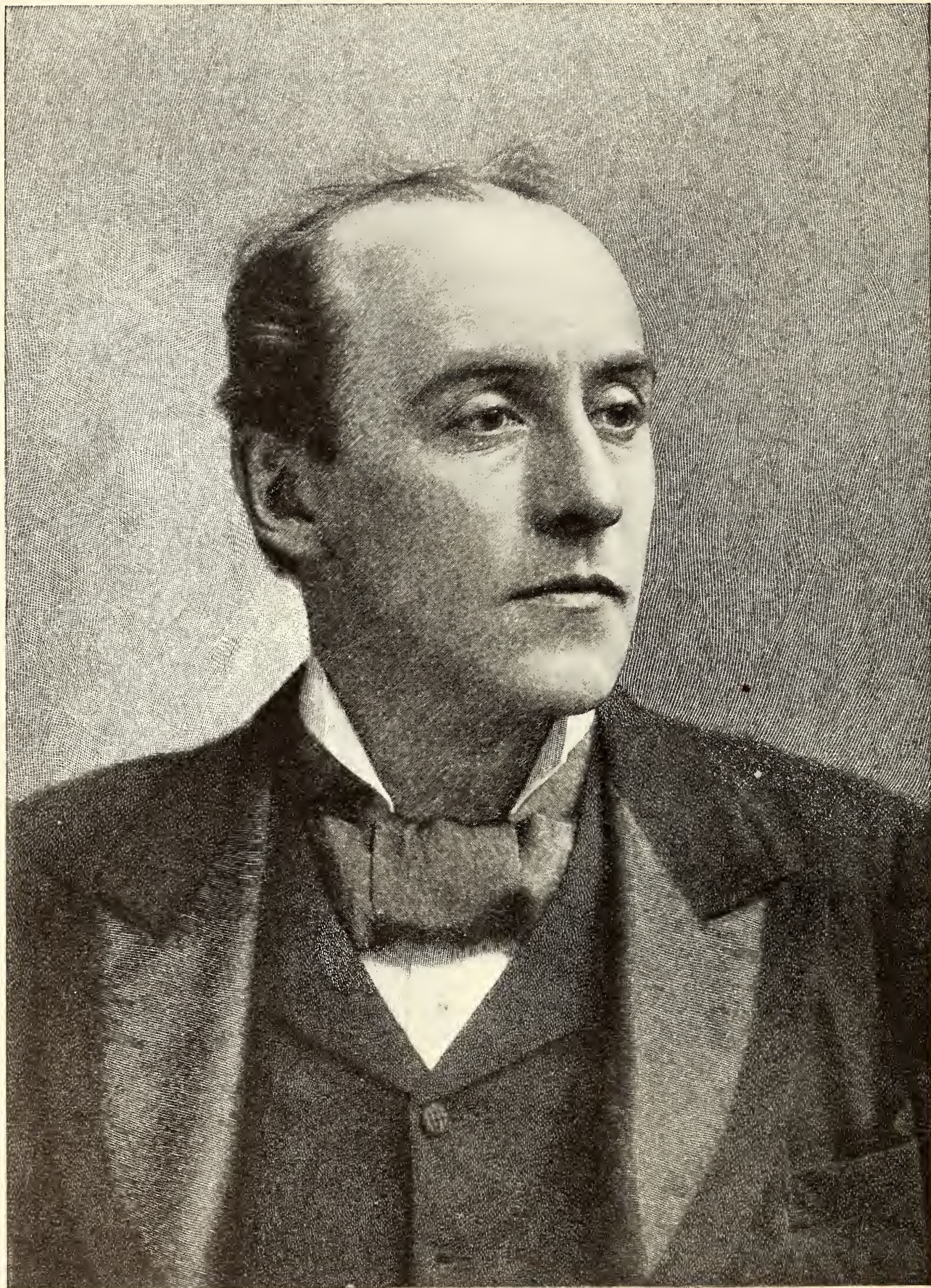
study of it, until Zahn, though unable to examine it himself, called attention to its existence, and so aroused the interest of Father Ciasca, one of the librarians of the Vatican. Ciasca, consequently, had the privilege of being the first modern scholar to make acquaintance with the complete "Diatessaron"—a fit reward for much good service to Biblical criticism. One more happy incident, however, had yet to intervene before the world at large was placed in possession of the recovered treasure. Circumstances delayed its publication until, in 1886, Ciasca chanced to show the manuscript to the Vicar-Apostolic of the Catholic Copts, then on a visit to Rome; and this gentleman at once remarked that he had seen another copy of the same work in private hands in Egypt and could undertake to procure it. He was as good as his word; and from this newly acquired manuscript, which is superior to the copy in the Vatican, Ciasca edited the work in 1888, as a gift from the College of Writers of the Vatican Library to Pope Leo XIII., on the occasion of his Jubilee. So, after many vicissitudes, was the world at last placed in possession of the long-lost "Diatessaron" of Tatian.

The importance of this discovery for Biblical criticism has been indicated above. It shows that, at a date at which Baur believed two at least of the Gospels to have been yet unwritten, all four not only were written, but occupied a position of preëminence and authority which could not be the growth of a few years. When closely examined, it proves even more than this; for the Gospel text used by Tatian, so far as it can be ascertained with certainty, differs already in many respects from that which criticism shows to be the original one. Such divergencies, which are due to the mistakes, the insertions, or the omissions of copyists, imply the multiplication of copies and some considerable lapse of time in which the variations may spread. It is true that the evidence on this point is still incomplete, because we have not recovered the "Diatessaron" in its original language. What we have is a copy (or rather two copies) of an Arabic translation, made early in the eleventh century, of a Syrian copy written about the year 900, together with two copies of an Armenian version of a Syriac commentary composed by a writer who died in 373. Until recently it was always supposed that the "Diatessaron" was written in Greek, as its Greek title would seem to indicate; and in that case we are doubly removed from

the original language. There is, however, good reason for doubting this opinion and for holding the original language to have been Syriac. It was certainly in Syria that its use flourished; its text has strong affinities with that which is found in the oldest Syriac version of the Gospels; St. Ephrem, who commented upon it, was a Syrian father and wrote in Syriac; and there is evidence that the Old Testament quotations in it were in accordance with the Syriac version of the Scriptures. If this opinion be true, then we have the "Diatessaron" at second hand only; and competent scholars declare that our Arabic text has the appearance of being a faithful rendering of the Syriac from which it is translated. If, then, the variations which we find in it from the Gospel text, as this appears in other early authorities, date from Tatian himself, it follows that the original composition of even the latest of the Gospels must be put at a point very considerably anterior to the middle of the second century in order to allow time for these divergencies to be propagated.

Thus, along two lines of argument we find that the reappearance of the "Diatessaron," though it does not enable us to fix absolutely the date of the composition of the Gospels, yet demolishes the extreme views of Baur and his followers, and pushes back the origin of the Gospels to a period when the friends and companions of the apostles were still alive and could have testified whether the narratives which passed under their names were indeed their work or not. If the Gospels were not written later than A.D. 120, and this the evidence of the "Diatessaron" seems to establish, then it is very difficult to argue with any plausibility that they fall outside the apostolic age at all. More than this we must not expect to be able to prove by evidence of this class. We can hardly hope to discover any ancient work which will authoritatively fix for us the exact years in which each of the four Gospels was written. It is enough for us to know that they belong, even the latest of them, to the age of the apostles, and that there is no reason, so far as external evidence is concerned, to doubt the traditional belief that they were written either by the apostles themselves or by their companions.

One discovery has thus served to ruin the structure which Baur and his followers reared upon their own imaginings and to render any similar theory much more difficult and less plausible.



See page 1101.

ANTHONY HOPE.

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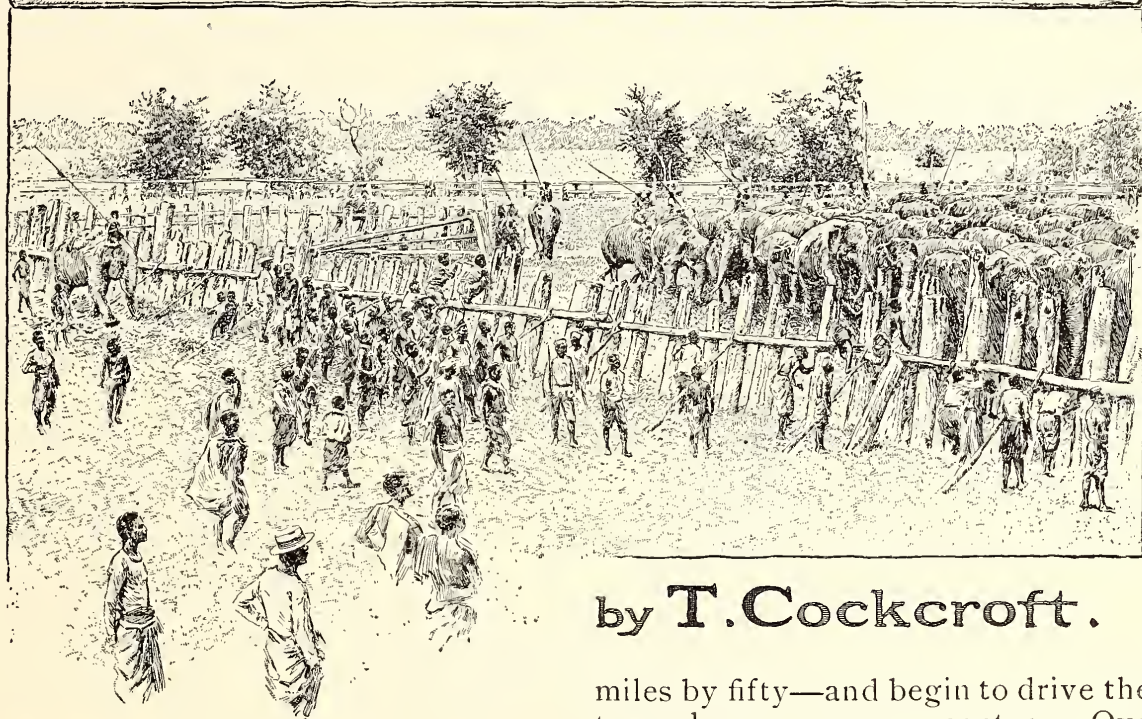
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An Elephant Round-up in Siam



by T. Cockcroft.

THE semi-annual elephant round-up at Ayuthia, the ancient capital of Siam, is a sight the like of which is to be witnessed nowhere else in the world. When the first rains of the season have fallen, the order goes forth from the head of the elephant department at Bangkok to collect the herds for a specified day. Thereupon the servants of the department spread themselves over the vast stretch of delta-land from the Menam to the Bangpakong River, and almost from Bangkok to the Korat foothills—an area of about thirty



miles by fifty—and begin to drive the herds toward one common center. Over this wide tract, except at the times of the round-up, the elephants, which are the special property of the king, roam free, and to molest them in any wise is a grave violation of the law.

The proclamation of a round-up creates a great stir, and people crowd into Ayuthia from all directions to witness the drive and capture. Here gather the inhabitants of all the surrounding country within two or three days' journey, wealthy Siamese, important officials, and all the Europeans who can possibly get away from Bangkok. These latter are largely the guests of the officers in charge of the proceedings. They make the sixty miles' journey by river, coming in commodious steam launches or comfortable houseboats towed by launches.

The scene is one of the greatest anima-



CROSSING THE RIVER.

tion. The still unplanted rice-fields across a fair-sized tributary of the Menam are alive with small knots of people in gaily colored garb, among whom the yellow robes of the priesthood are seen in large numbers. About two miles away is a belt of bamboo bushes, in and out of which people are incessantly dodging. Presently a solitary elephant, an enormous single-tusker, mounted by two men, slowly stalks through an opening in the bushes. He is the decoy or leader. Soon one or two wild elephants follow, and at sight of them a yell of "Chang-ma!" ("The elephants are here!") arises from the spectators. Shortly, the bushes grow alive with elephants; they come pouring through every gap, about two hundred of them, and quietly assemble behind the leader on the open plain. Meanwhile, several others, mounted by men carrying spears, have come through other openings, and now form a guard which prevents the wild herd from breaking back. The whole herd begins to move forward, conducted by the leader, and guarded on all sides by the spearmen. It moves in a stately mass, and at every stride the elephants splash their heads with water from the rain-covered fields; to cool themselves, occasionally they throw the water over their backs.

On reaching the river some hesitation is shown by the front ranks of the herd, for the bank is fully six feet high. In goes the leader, however, and persuaded by his example, and yielding to the pressure behind from those anxious to get away from the spearmen, the mass follow, looking like a big, black avalanche as they slide down the bank. Once in the

water, they show great delight in it after their long, hot march. The crowd of spectators awaits them on the opposite bank, but as they approach and begin to emerge from the stream, breaks away and scatters wildly in all directions.

The river crossed, the trained and well-guided leader heads straight for a large square inclosure made of great teak posts. Come into the inclosure, he passes, by a gateway at the right, into a second inclosure, which narrows to an exit nine feet wide; and by this exit he passes on into the corral—or, as it is called in Siamese, *paneat*—proper: a large square inclosure surrounded by a brick wall about twelve feet thick and, at the entrance, ten feet high.

The herd has no choice but to follow. One and another member of it, growing suddenly suspicious, may turn back; but there are the mounted guardsmen with the spears to set them again forward. Pushing, crowding, crossing each other, bunting each other over, blocking the way in a futile endeavor to go three abreast, roaring, groaning, bellowing, the duped, terror-stricken creatures cling to the leader's heels. The top of the wall is crowded with spectators, for the passage in yields the best view of the elephants. They are of all sizes, from the full-grown elder down to the baby no bigger than a retriever dog. In the crush it looks at moments as if nothing could save the small ones from being tramped to death, and the distress of their mothers for them is a thing strange and pitiful to see. But they dodge in and out, boring a path for themselves, and in the end come through unharmed. One of the older ones, a beast



INSIDE THE PANEAT.

of but medium size, is borne down by the press to his knees, and, in regaining his feet, he strikes with his shoulder a beam of teak wood nearly a foot square. Instantly the beam is rent into splinters that go flying high in the air.

The moment the herd has entered, the entrance is closed by throwing across it a triple row of strong teak bars. Finding themselves shut in, the elephants begin to circle round a wooden tower placed in the center of the inclosure and occupied by the officer who directs the work.

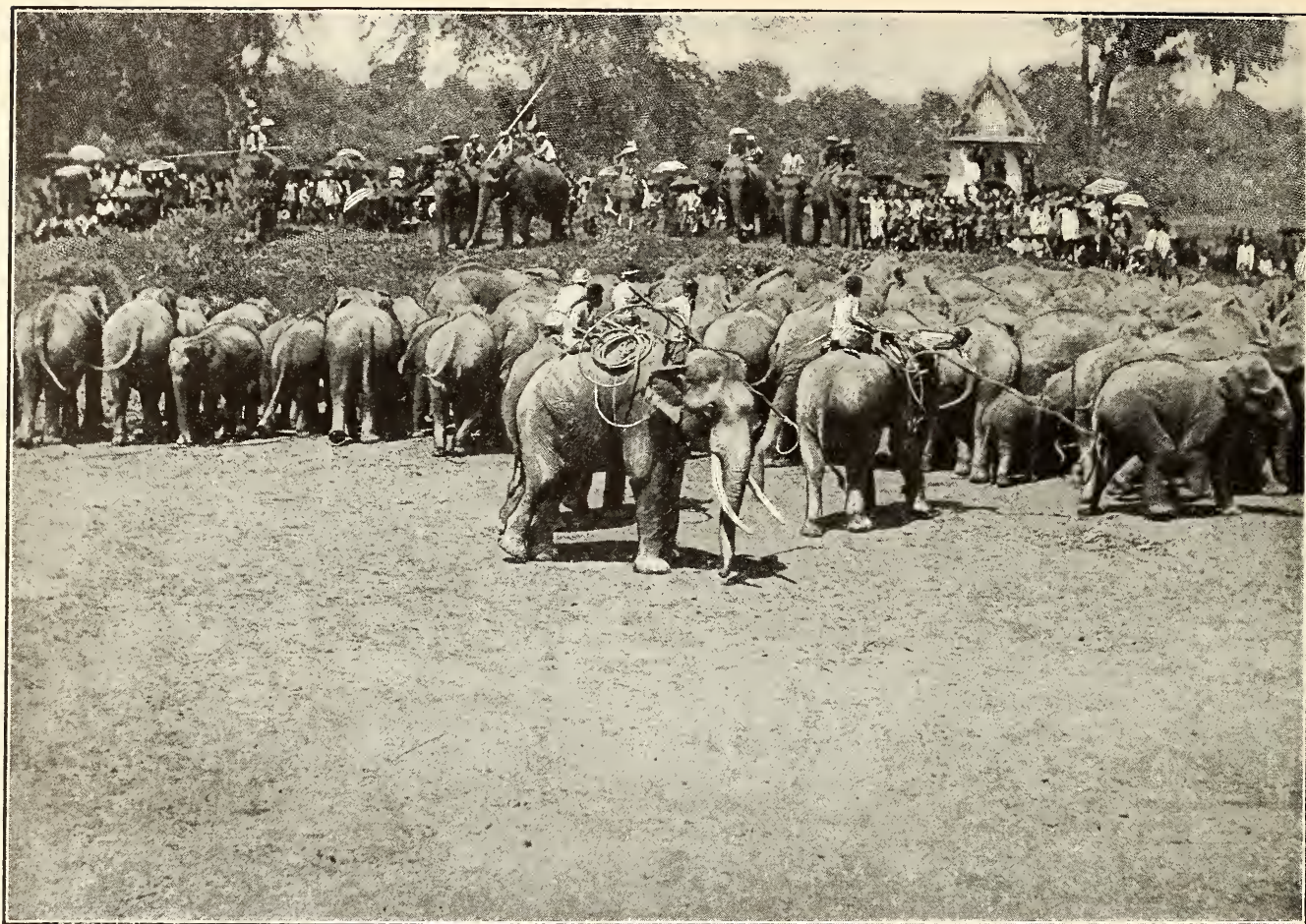
In this circuit they are seeking the leader who has conducted them thus far; but he has been quietly withdrawn by his rider through a curiously contrived wicket gate, of which we shall learn more later on. The precaution is not unnecessary, for if the leader were still in the herd after his dupes came to a



THE WICKET GATE.

full realization of their imprisonment, his life probably would not be worth much.

It is now near sunset—owing to the great heat herds are never driven in the middle of the day—and the elephants are given a light supper of tender bamboo branches and left for the night to such



NOOSING OPERATIONS.

repose as their confusion and fear will permit them.

About eight o'clock the next morning the elephant which had served as leader the previous day and four or five other enormous tuskers, each mounted by two men and equipped with a long coil of green hide rope, fastened with a circular, detachable noose to the end of long bamboos, are taken into the *paneat*, by the wicket gate already mentioned. This gate is constructed of four parallel rows of teak posts of great height, leading from the inner stockade to the outer wall, through which latter is a passage considerably narrower than the one by which the herd entered. The two inner rows of posts swing from stout iron bars at the top, and at the bottom are drawn outward in grooves by winches. When the gate is closed, a man may still pass between the posts with some wriggling, and when it is open—that is, when the posts are spread—there is just sufficient space for an elephant to squeeze out.

On the entrance of the mounted elephants the general herd, scenting danger, moves to the opposite side of the stockade, and being followed, it runs, pushing, plunging, and bellowing, round toward the wicket gate. In this race the men on the

mounted elephants choose out, and strive to separate from the herd, such animals as they desire to capture. As opportunity offers, they drop a noose under the foot of the one they are after, and draw it tight just below the knee. Usually this is accomplished only after several trials. Next, the coil of rope is thrown to the ground, and caught up by men who run in from the wicket gate and make it fast to a post. The entailed elephant does not at once discover his misfortune, but runs on with the rest of the herd until the full length of the rope is reached and he is brought up with a rough jerk. Then those behind him pause, and with friendly pushes and bunts, strive to help him out of his trouble. But in a moment the approach of the mounted elephants reminds them of their own danger, and they dash on again, leaving their bound comrade to his fate. In succeeding rounds others are noosed and tied, to the number, finally, of three or four. Very soon those made fast are apt to show vexation, and on coming within reach of each other often fall into fights.

Such elephants as are desired having been secured in this fashion, the main body of the herd is driven round to the wicket, and the posts being drawn back at the bottom, passes out of the stockade, or



A YOUNG ELEPHANT STRUGGLING FOR LIBERTY.

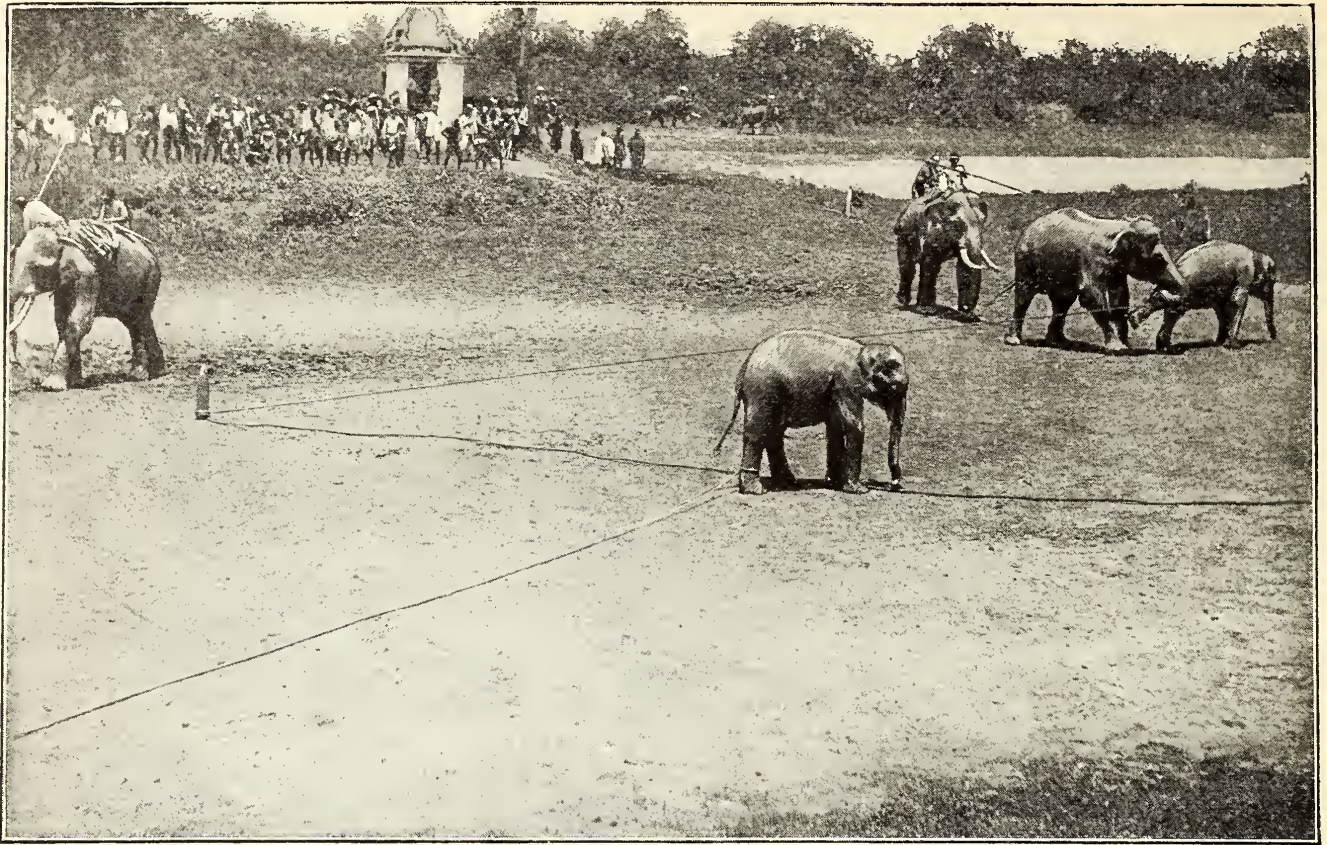
paneat, with a wild rush. It is not free, though, for outside it is confronted by a fresh cordon of mounted elephants of huge size, as well as spearmen afoot, while on the plain there is an immense ring of people. Now and then one breaks through the cordon and goes off at a trot, but the yells and shouts of the crowd generally pull him up. If the crowd should break, however, in front of one of these runaways there would be mischief.

Meanwhile those noosed and still inside the *paneat* are led out, tied fore and aft, to mounted elephants, for it is impossible to bring them out three abreast. Once outside, however, they are met by three mounted animals, which take up positions one on each side and another behind. Their tempers are mollified by pouring water over them from tubes of bamboo; they are tied neck and neck to the elephant on each side, and then ignominiously dragged off to the royal elephant stables, where they are tied by the neck and one leg to a post. It takes three years to train an elephant to perfect docility, and during that time he is unable to move otherwise than with his post as a pivot, except at the will of his trainers.

There are more elephants still to be caught; but now the work is conducted in the open. The same methods are fol-

lowed here as in the *paneat*, the noosed animals being tied to short posts driven into the plain, and a cordon of tame elephants forming the boundaries previously supplied by the stockade. Here are seen some amusing manifestations of elephant nature. One animal, whose foot a mahout is gently tapping with his bamboo, only puts down that foot the more firmly and pushes the harder to get inside the throng. Eventually, however, he is overcome by superior strategy, for as he lifts his other foot to get a little farther away, the noose is gently slipped over it, and he is promptly tied to his stake.

In another instance a youngster of three years, whose mother is in the herd, is noosed. His determined efforts to break his rope are both interesting and amusing, and the solicitude of his dam is enough to move any one but a Siamese elephant-catcher. As the result of various little "confabs," a plan of campaign seems eventually to be decided upon; for at a moment when the rest of the herd has left a clear space, the mother comes up, and while the youngster tugs with all his might at his rope, she puts down her head and exerts her whole strength in one great push behind. A huge tusker is on the watch, however, and the plan is frustrated by the mother being driven off.



A MOTHER TRYING TO HELP HER YOUNGSTER.

The sun having now become very hot, the herd is allowed to pass through the cordon and take a bath in the river, while the noosed animals are being tied and led to the stables. After their bath they are kept well in check by mounted men specially told off, while they spend the afternoon browsing on the clumps of young bamboo and other bushes in the neighborhood. Then, shortly before sunset, they are quietly driven again into the *pancat*, there to pass the night, awaiting a second day similar to the one just passed. Then, all the animals that are at present desired having been chosen out and put into bonds, the rest of the herd is escorted out to the open plain and set at liberty for at least another six months.

The elephant stables at Ayuthia consist of long sheds, placed parallel to each other, and standing on ground sufficiently elevated to be above the floods. There the animals are tied to strong posts, and a keeper is set over each. The keeper's first care is as to the strength of the captive's rope and that no one gets within reach of the constantly swinging trunk. His next is to obtain a supply of grass, bundles of which are thrown within reach of the sulky-looking prisoner. As dusk approaches, green bushes are burned a few feet away, in order by the smoke to keep

off the mosquitoes, which, in Siam, have sufficient penetrative power to pierce even the hide of an elephant.

An elephant round-up is not without its dangers. The occasions on which there is no loss of life are rare, and sometimes the victims of the elephants number three or four.

During the hunt a sharp lookout is always kept for an "albino," and when one is discovered great is the rejoicing, for the white elephant, both in Siam and Burma, is an object of the greatest reverence. To add him to the many of his kind already in the royal stables at Bangkok no labor will be spared. More than once the capture of a white elephant has provoked war between Siam and Burma. On one occasion two had been captured and brought to Ayuthia amid great rejoicings. The king of Burma promptly sent in a demand for one of them, a demand which was as promptly refused. Such a *casus belli* between two old antagonists, of course, could not be allowed to slip, and a Burmese army at once invaded Siam. It was not, however, successful in obtaining one of the coveted animals that time.

The elephants caught are chiefly employed upon government work. A large number are, however, required to move timber in the extensive teak forests of

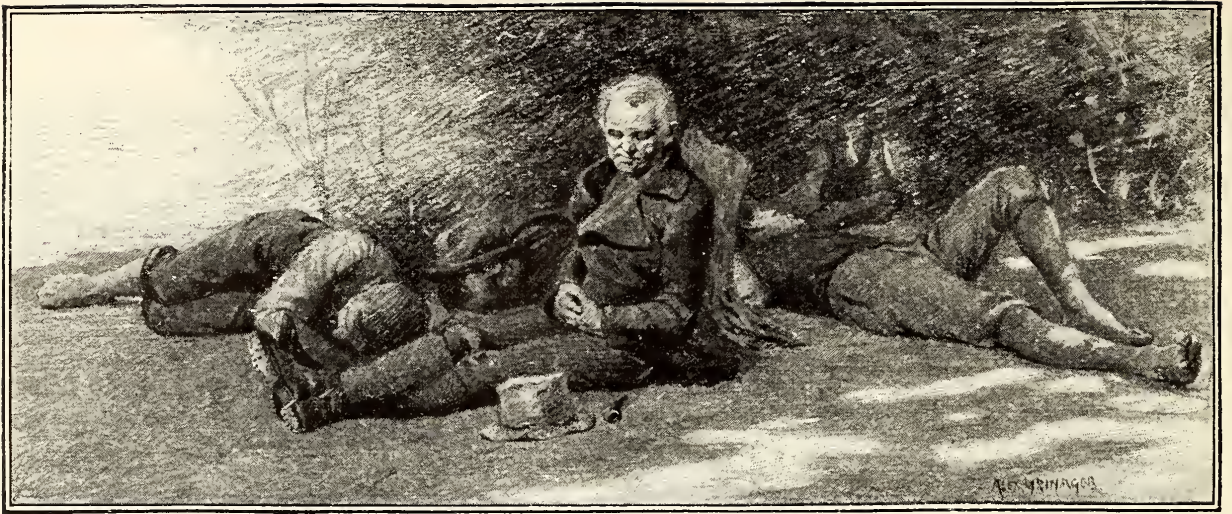


THE STRUGGLE WITH AN OBSTREPEROUS YOUNGSTER.

northern Siam and Burma and also in matter of the gravest import; but there some of the sawmills. Under these con- seems little danger of that in Siam so ditions, therefore, the extinction of the long as the present methods of capture elephant in these countries would be a are practised.

MAKING HIM SECURE AT LAST.





THE TURF-CUTTERS.

BY SHAN F. BULLOCK,

Author of "Ring o' Rushes," etc.

IT was the first real day of spring; a living, heartsome day. The great sun looked down joyously on an awaking earth; the air had a freshness as of the sea; from every hedgerow the birds piped out; the hills were alive, the valleys jubilant; far away my lord, the mountain, stretched himself lazily in the sunshine; everywhere beneath the glad sky ran a riot of life, the earth thrilled with it, the wind came throbbing with its mad fervor.

In the valley which lies between Emo and Rhamus hill, the turf-cutters were out; and now, the clang of the one o'clock bell in Louth farm-yard having died away among the hills, sat squatted round their fires among the heather. All the morning, from a score of mounds, the blue smoke had streamed up, had run its tattered skirts together above the level of the hilltops, swept before the stress of the wind out over Thrasna River, and gone trailing for the shining roofs of Buin. All the morning it had filled the valley and lain stretched like a blue veil upon the distant hills; wherever you went, all the morning, the pungent smell of it (bringing to you memories of mud walls, soot-blackened rafters, and clacking groups round cottage hearthstones) had come to you, now thin and faint (like the whiff from a peasant's coat as he slouches up the aisle o' Sundays), now gratefully wholesome and refreshing as the breath of whins, now hot and reeking as from the mouths of wattled chimneys. All the morning, in

all your wanderings, the wind had brought to you the sound of laughter, the shouts of the men, the songs of the women, the skirls of the children; now and then, as the smoke lifted, you had glimpse of the crowd of workers, seen the flash of the spades and the glint of the shawls and handkerchiefs, the sudden popping of the peat from black bog-holes, the going and coming across the banks of the shrieking barrows; so, all the morning, it had been; now silence held the valley, the smoke went up thin and clear, and, scattered among the willow clumps, you had sight of the turf-cutters gathered in groups round the twinkling fires.

At the top of the bog, not far from the Curleck road, burned the fire of the Dalys; and round it, sitting squat on the dry peat bank, was a party of ten: three men, three women, and four little Dalys—a family group gathered from neighboring bog-holes to make merry over the potatoes and salt.

As lord of the fire, and tenant, moreover, of an elegant mudhouse (the same, in fact, that, in the old days, had sheltered Pete Coyne), James Daly held chief seat at the feast, well shielded from the wind by a willow clump, his back to a stump, his legs crossed luxuriously. Beside him, on the one hand, his brother-in-law, Mike Brady, a thin, sour-looking man, sat propped against a creel; on the other, his old father sat bent forward like over-ripe corn, his eyes fixed wearily on the fire and

his old gums wagging. Facing these, cook and hostess in one, squatted the buxom Mrs. Daly (known thereabouts as Fat Anne), having on this side her sister-in-law, Mrs. Judy Brady, a woefully thin and yellow little woman, and on that her cousin Lizzie Dolan, young, fresh, bouncing, the belle of the bog.

These six almost ringed the fire; but behind the broad back of Mrs. Daly, the lesser ring of four shockheaded children kept themselves in a fine state of excitement by jouking under the elbows of their elders for a chance glimpse at the fire, by scrambling for the potatoes that occasionally came flying over their mother's shoulder, peeling them with their fingers (in slavish imitation, be it said, of the ways of their elders), and throwing the skins to the dog. All were bare-legged and bare-footed, and what garments they wore were coarse and ragged; the men were mud-spattered from head to foot, the women peat-stained to the ankles and elbows, the children shining like niggers through their tatters. The grip of winter was still fast in their bones, its hardships cut deep on their faces. Not a man there had sixpence in his pocket or a pound in the

world: you might have weighed (and valued) the bulk of them against half a ton of hay. Truly an uncouth party enough, and a motley, striving there, on the fat earth, beneath the glad sky, to appease stern hunger with offerings of potatoes and salt and libations of buttermilk!

"Well, glory be to God," said Lizzie, the bouncer, as she cooled a potato by deftly throwing it from hand to hand; "glory be to God, but it's grand to feel that warm sun on the small o' your back."

"Yis," said Anne Daly, and turning over on her knees, began drawing a fresh cast of roasted potatoes from the fire with a pair of wooden tongs. "Yis, an' when, forby that, the fire's scorchin' the face on ye, it's like as if ye were stretched between two mustard plasters. There ye

are, childer," cried she, and began dropping the potatoes one by one over her shoulder; "an' God send they may fatten ye."

The children skirled and scrambled excitedly; the dog yelped and jumped.

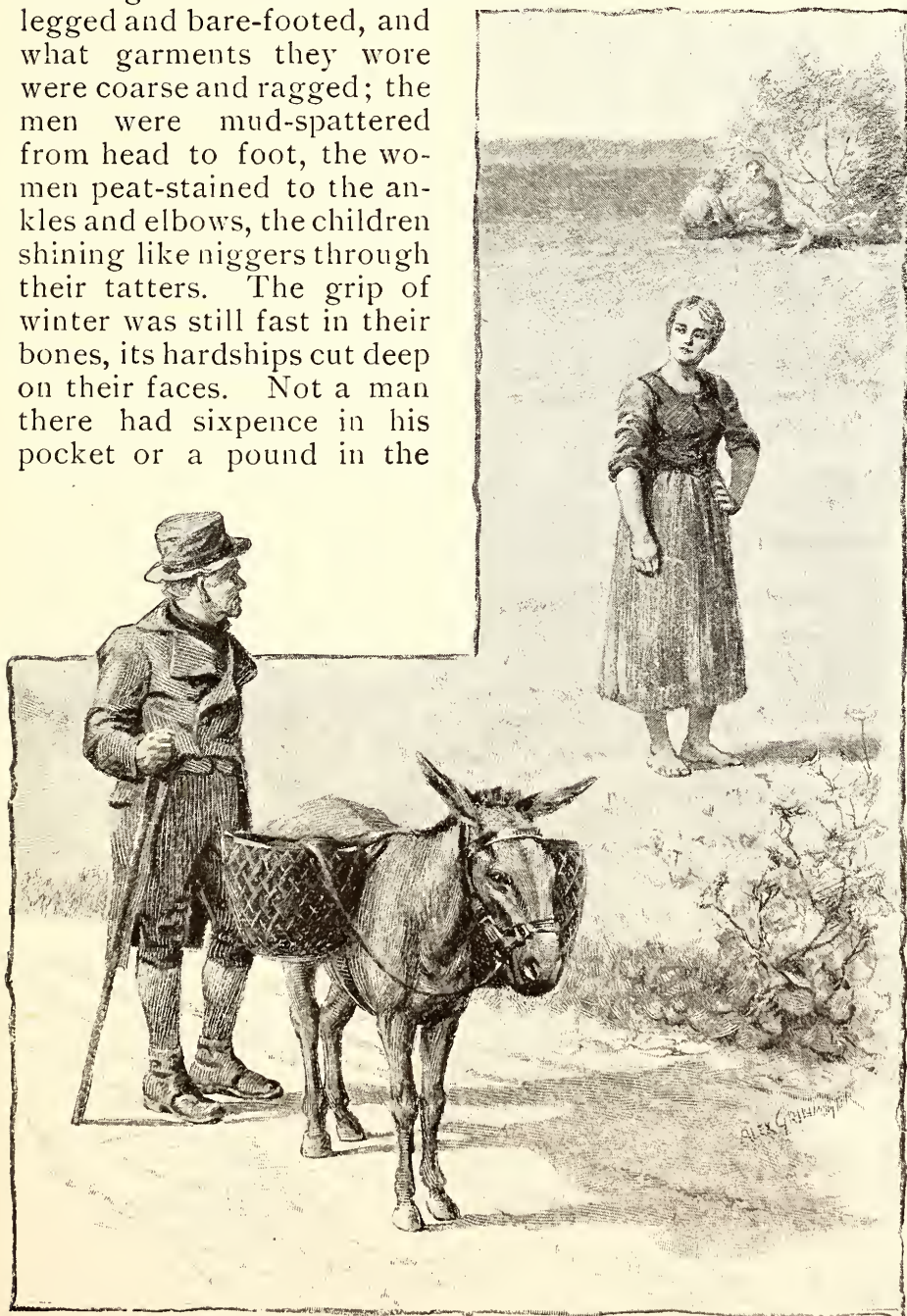
"Stop yir throats over there, dang ye," shouted Mike Brady.

"An' stop yours, Mike," retorted Anne Daly, and held out a potato. The milk noggin went round; Lizzie, the bouncer, wiped her lips on her bare arm, and gave another little sigh of content.

"Och, but it's a heavenly day, anyway," she went on, and looked up at the sky. "Luk how far away the sky has gone—an' it as blue as blue. Aw, me. An' to think that only yisterday, or the day before, we were shiverin' in our stockin's, an' now—an' now we're as warm as warm. Aw, sure, it's powerful to be alive!"

Mike Brady leant forward towards Lizzie.

"Ay, it's well to be alive. It'd take



"ALONG THE NARROW CART-PASS . . . AN OLD MAN CAME SLOWLY."

more'n the sun to warm ye if ye were below," said Mike, and pointed downwards with his finger. "Sun or moon," he went on grimly, when he had blown his potato cool, "is all one when the worms are in your bones."

"Ugh, listen to the man," said Lizzie, with a shrug. "Lord sees, it's ducked in a bog-hole ye should be, Mike Brady. Such talk on such a day!"

"An' what ails the talk? An' what ails the day, will ye tell me?" answered Mike, and, looking up, fixed his bright little eyes on Lizzie's face. "Jist because you feel like a filly on grass, is that any reason why I should? Eh?"

Anne Daly sat back on her heels, leant on the tongs, and bent forward towards Mike.

"I say, Mike Brady," said she, "it 'd be manners in ye to keep your foolishness till ye've filled your stomach. Man alive, what ails ye? Or did ye sleep on nettles last night? You an' your bones an' worms. Ach!"

"She's right there," said James Daly, with a wag of his head. "Keep such talk till ye're like the ould man here. Time enough to talk o' graves, Mike, when your head's white."

"Ay, ay," groaned old Daly; "ay, ay. Och, ay!"

"An' isn't it jist that," snapped Mike; "isn't it jist because I'm travelin' fast to white hairs meself that I say such things?"

"White hairs your granny!" sneered Anne Daly. "An' you with ivery tooth in your head. Arrah, whisht wi' your bleather, Mike Brady."

"Arrah, whisht wi' yours," retorted Mike; "d'ye think ye can tell me about meself? A lot o' good the sun or the spring does any man when the blood's cowl'd in him. Look at Lizzie, bloomin' over there like a meadow daisy, an' as full o' life as a kitten. D'ye think I'm iver goin' to feel like that again?"

"Ach, whisht, Mike," said Lizzie, and dropped her face.

"It's God's truth," moaned James Daly, and wagged his head; "it's God's truth. I mind when the sight o' the spring sun 'd make me jump like a salmon an' go struttin' along in me glory like a full-feathered peacock. Ay, I do. But it doesn't now. Na, na. It doesn't now. Ay, but it's well to be young. Yis!"

"It is so," groaned old Daly. "It is so."

"Aw, ay," sighed poor yellow Judy Brady. "It is so."

Dole seemed come upon the party; almost might you have expected to see them turn from the feast and sob among the heather. Of the six making the inner ring (the other ring and the dog had already gone scampering across the bog in quest of diversion) only Anne Daly kept from groaning.

"Well, divil take me," cried she, "but it's the lively party we're gettin'. Faith, if we only had a hearse we could make a dacent funeral between us. Here, dang your eyes," she shouted, and scattered fresh potatoes over the turf bank; "stop your croakin' wi' them."

James, her husband, took out his pipe, and with his little finger began probing the bowl in search of tobacco.

"Me belt's tight," said he; "but I'll croak no more."

"Thank God for that same," replied Anne.

"For all that," continued James, and looked at Lizzie, "I'm free to remark, I suppose, that it's well to be young."

Lizzie raised her head.

"An' who's denyin' it?" she asked, not very softly.

"Divil a sowl," answered James, and reached for a coal.

"To hear ye, an' more'n you, ye'd think ye were all grudgin' me me youth."

"Faith, an' so I am," answered James, and through his pipe smoke winked gravely at Judy Brady; "so I am, for I wish to glory, Lizzie, I was young meself an' had ye this mortal minit i' the inside o' me arm."

Lizzie tittered and flushed; Judy Brady put her hand on her wizened lips; Mike sniffed twice, which was as near laughter as he usually got; Mrs. Daly looked across the fire at her husband.

"Aw, thank ye, Mister Daly," said she, with a toss of her head.

"Arrah, not at all, Mrs. Daly," answered James, and waved his pipe stem; "not at all. Woman, dear, ould married people like us are used to these wee things. Sure, ye needn't thank me. Sure, one o' these fine days, some tight fella (we all know *who*) 'll be sayin' as much to Lizzie herself over the coals."

Again James the wag winked at Judy Brady; Lizzie reddened and bridled up. "Will he, indeed?" snapped she.

"Aw, 'deed he will, me girl; 'deed he will."

"An' supposin' he doesn't, Mister Daly?"

"The Lord sen', child; the Lord sen'."

"Then suppose he *does*, Mister Daly?" Lizzie persisted. "What'll happen then?"

"Aw, the Lord knows, child; the Lord knows."

"Ye think," said Lizzie, and bent towards her tormentor, "ye think I'll sit here like Anne an' listen to him?"

"I'm thinkin' so," drawled James. "Supposin' you're wise, I'm thinkin' so."

"An' supposin' I'm not wise?"

"Then there'll be the divil to pay, I'm fearin'."

"That's what ye think o' marryin'?" cried Lizzie.

"That's it," answered James, and looked at his wife; "that's me experience. But niver fear, acushla; take things aisy. Marryin's like all else; ye get used to it in the course o' time. Ye do so."

"Ye think that?" cried Lizzie. "An' ye think I—I—?"

"I know all about it," answered James, in his driest manner, "all about it. At first, when the hard word comes, ye'll bite your lips; then, after a year or so, when you're seasoned a bit, ye'll flare out angry, an' mebbe go for the tongs; after that, if you're wise, you'll jist notice nothin'. Aw, no. Like an ass's skin, ye'll get dull o' feelin'; sticks'll only rattle on ye; nothin' but prods of a pin'll make ye jump. Aw, no. That's the way o' the world, sirs. We're all the same. At first, if Mary goes out to milk, out Pat must go to carry the candle; after a while, Mary goes be herself, an' Pat sits smokin' up the chimbley; another year or two goes, an' if the cow kicks Mary into the gripe, Pat says it's a damned good job; after that, it's jist waitin' for the end, and when that comes, it's good-by to the graveyard for Pat or Mary—an' a good riddance, too. Ay, that's how the world goes, sirs; that's the way."

James settled back against his stump, folded his arms, and with the knowing smile of your professional humorist broad on his face, sat waiting for sport. Already, old Daly was nodding over his pipe; with gleaming eyes the rest of the ring bent forward to have a good sight of Lizzie's glowing face.

"That's what ye say," cried Lizzie, and stretched out a quivering arm; "that's what ye tell me to expect? That's the experience has come to *you*, James Daly, after all these years? An' ye sit there tellin' it to me! But let me tell ye this, James Daly, an' to your face I say it: If I thought your words were true, I'd scorn

ye; an', for meself, I'd pray the Lord to keep me always young, an' I'd sooner die this day, nor—"

At loss of a word, perhaps at loss of a thought (for she was speaking in a flurry of excitement), Lizzie paused; and just then the young scarecrows of Dalys began to clamor out in the heather.

"Here's ould Raw-bin," cried they. "Luk, mammy, at ould Raw-bin an' the ass."

"Go on," said James Daly to Lizzie. "Ye'd sooner die nor what?"

"Here's ould Raw-bin," shouted the scarecrows. "Luk, mammy."

"Ah, be quiet, ye brats, ye," shouted Anne.

"Aw, but here's ould Raw-bin," persisted the scarecrows. And at the word Lizzie sat back and dropped her arm.

Along the narrow cart-pass which from Curleck road runs down the middle of Emo bog, an old man came slowly, and before him drove an ass and creels. His face was withered, rough, stubbled with iron-gray hair; a battered beaver hat hung precariously on his crown; round his neck was a thick woolen muffler wrapped round and round, the ends hanging outside his greasy waistcoat; a long frieze coat, adorned with many patches everywhere, with brass buttons here and there, and pieces of cord in place of buttons elsewhere, hung from his bent old shoulders to his feeble old knees; his legs were tightly bound in coils of straw rope, and as he walked his great hob-nailed boots slipped up and down on his heels; his eyes were fixed straight before him, his tongue incessantly clicked on his palate, and he walked so close to the ass's heels that he was able to rest his oaken staff on the crupper of the creel-mats.

Now Robin, as he was called, was something of a character and a good deal of a favorite; and as he passed the Dalys' fire, Anne, nothing loath, maybe, in the manner of hostesses, to change the talk among her party, or to bring diversion to it, rose and hailed him.

"Hoi-i, Robin," she called; "how the sorrow are ye?"

"I'm rightly," answered Robin, and plodded on.

"Is it pass us ye would wi'out a crack?" cried Anne. "Och, man alive, what's the hurry?"

"I want scraws for the fire," came back; "I haven't a spark."

"Ah, sorrow take the fire. Come over

here and share ours, an' ate a roasted pratie; come on, now, wi' ye."

Robin stopped short, scratched his pate, mumbled a word or two to himself; then left his ass to its devices, crossed the ditch which keeps the bog from the cart track, and stumbled through the heather towards the Dalys' fire.

All welcomed him. James shifted his seat a little and gave him a share of his stump; Anne piled the potatoes before him, set the milk noggin at his elbow, promised him a bite o' bread an' a dribble o' tay later on, and told him to fire away. Without any ado Robin shot a potato from its jacket, dipped it in the salt, and began eating. He gave no time to talk, hardly lifted his eyes from his hands; well within ten minutes of the time of his coming there was not a potato outside his coat.

He put down the milk noggin, gave a sigh of big content, wiped his lips on his coat sleeve, settled back against the stump, and began groping in his pockets for his pipe. Already James Daly, with his elbow resting on the stump and his cheek on his hand, was fast asleep; Mike Brady, flat on his face, and with his forehead on his crossed wrists, was lying like a log; old Daly, still sitting in the old place, had gathered up his legs, laid his arms across his knees, and gone asleep with his head resting on his hands; from the three went up a great noise of snoring.

"Well, I'm obliged to ye for that, Anne," said Robin, as he brought forth his pipe. "Lord love ye for it. Sure it's powerful to feel full again. Ay, ay."

"Aw, not at all, Robin; not at all, man," answered Anne, and set an old black porringer on the fire; "it's a poor heart, sure, wouldn't share a bite wi' a neighbor. Here ye are, me son," and she held out a coal with the tongs. "Light up and have a draw before ye have the tay. It'll be ready in a jiffy."

"I'm obliged to ye, Anne, I'm obliged to ye. Lord love ye, Anne," said Robin; then lit his pipe and fell to smoking. Gradually his eyelids grew heavy; the pipe went out and fell from his lips; his head nodded once or twice, suddenly fell back on the stump—and Robin was with the snorers.

Anne Daly took the porringer from the fire, poured some black tea into a mug, added a little sugar, and handed the mug to Mrs. Brady.

"Drink, Judy," said she.

"God bless ye, Anne," said Judy; and drank.

"Did iver God make quarer creatures nor the men, I wonder," Anne went on, and passed the mug to Lizzie. "To think o' the four sleepin' there like brute beasts an' good tay goin' beggin'. Lord sees, it's wonderful."

"Ay, it's wonderful," said Judy Brady; "aw, sure, they're the powerful strange mortals, anyway."

"Strange?" said Anne. "It's not the word. They're *onknowable*."

"There's Mike'd sleep fifteen hours on end, wi'out iver budgin' a limb," said Judy. "Dear knows, but only for the hunger, sometimes I think he'd niver wake."

"Well, he'll get little chance then o' sleepin' for iver in this world," was Anne's comment. "For the likes of us can't get far from the hunger. Aw, no."

"Aw, no," said Judy, and took another sip of the tea. "Aw, 'deed we can't."

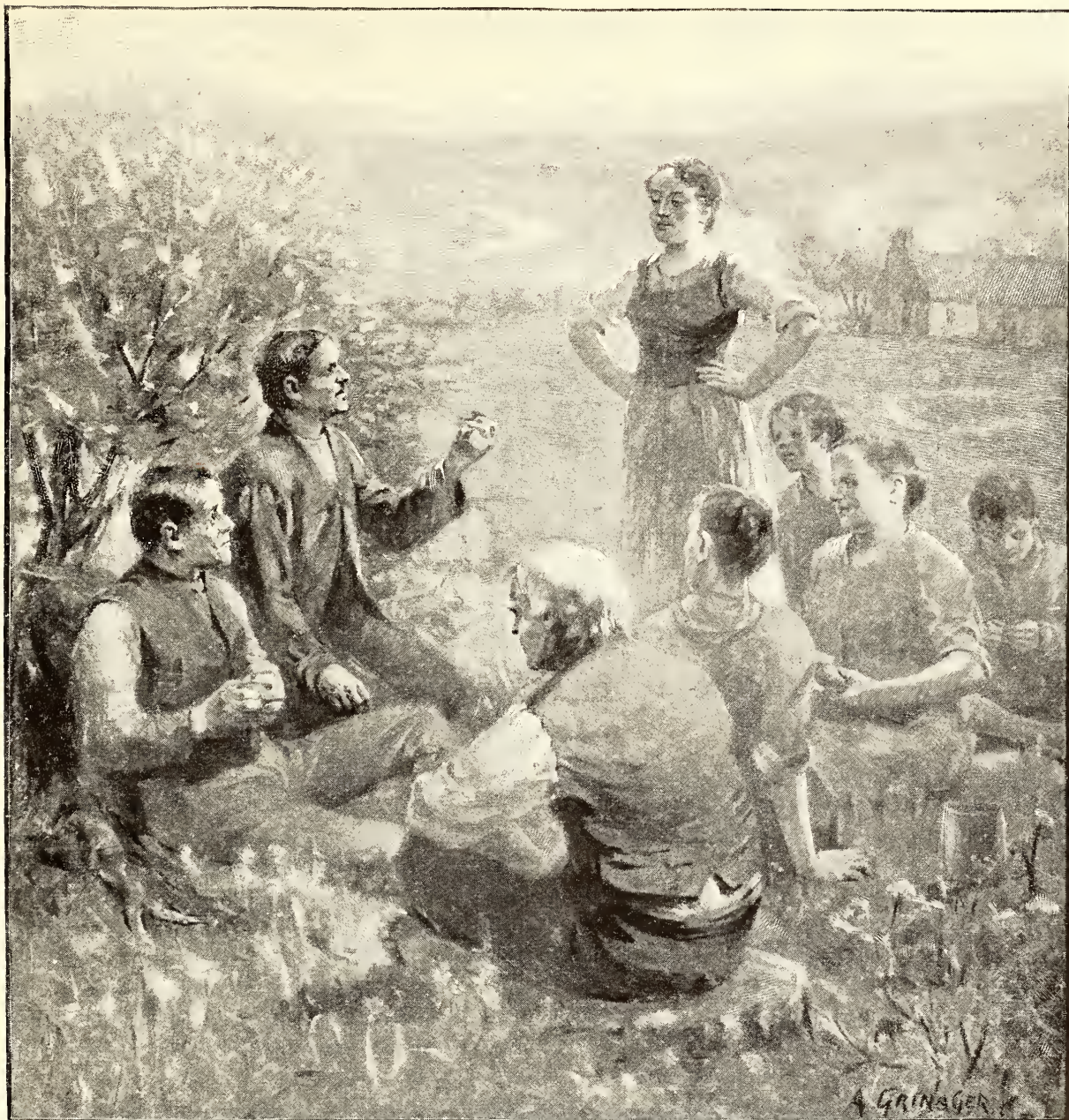
"Men are the divils," Lizzie broke in, all suddenly. "To think o' the way *that* James talked! . . . It's—it's not true, I tell ye . . . I tell ye, I'll never get married if . . ."

Anne and Judy opened eyes of wonder. "Lord sees," said they, "Lord sees!" Then said Anne in the voice of the scorner:

"Ah, quit your foolery, Lizzie Dolan. Troth, it's in short clothes ye should be still. You an' your tantrums, an' your threats, an' your bleather about niver marryin'! Niver marry, indeed! Troth, will ye, an' that before harvest next. Here, take another drig o' the tay an' stop your romancin'. Mopin', indeed! An' James only jokin' ye. Mopin', indeed! An' you as good, a'most, as marrit already, wi' a snug house an' a bouncin' boy waitin' for ye; an' you not promised to him more'n a fortnight! Come, sit over here, an' tell us about that weddin' dress ye'll be after gettin'; an' quit your pighin', for God's sake. Come on, I tell ye."

And Lizzie sat over. Five minutes afterwards she was herself again, bright-eyed, voluble, as full of spirits and life as that spring day was full of glory.

The talk was of butter, eggs, dresses—dresses, forsooth! and these poor souls with only tatters in their wardrobes—of their little affairs, pleasures, troubles, of men and marriage, and of Lizzie's coming marriage in particular. Presently it flagged somewhat, and a pause coming, Lizzie's eyes fell upon the woeful figure of Ould Robin. She gave a little shiver of disgust at sight of his old, time-beaten



“ . . . A FAMILY GROUP GATHERED FROM NEIGHBORING BOG-HOLES TO MAKE MERRY OVER THE POTATOES AND SALT. . . . ”

face, his ugliness and squalor, his open mouth and dribbling chin. “Lord, the ugly ould man he is,” said she; then, the spirit of mischief and of the spring being strong in her, she reached over and softly took the old beaver from Robin’s head.

“Whisht,” said she, as Anne Daly remonstrated; “whisht, till I show ye;” and plucking some sprays of heather she began decorating the hat. Long pieces she fixed all round within the band, and hanging down behind, and sticking forth the holes on top; here and there on the rim she laid a potato skin, and up the front fastened the old man’s pipe; then, all being to her fancy, gently replaced the hat on Robin’s head, and drew back tittering.

“Lord, the sight he is, the comical ould sight,” cried she; “whisht, Anne, whisht; don’t laugh, or ye’ll wake him.” But

already Anne had laughed, and Robin was awake.

He sat forward, blinking and rubbing his eyes.

“Faith,” said he, in a hoarse croak, “I—I misdoubt I was asleep—so I was.”

The women were so near laughter that none dared venture an answer.

“Faith,” said Robin again, “I must ha’ been asleep, so I must.” He yawned wearily, stretched himself; then made as if to rise. “I’ll have to be stirrin’, so I will,” said he. “I wonder where that devil of an ass is, now? Mebbe it’s kickin’ in a bog-hole the crature is.”

With an effort Lizzie choked down her laughter.

“Ah, no, Robin,” said she; “ah, no; don’t be stirrin’ yet. Sure, you’re time enough; an’ there’s the ass grazin’ along the pass; an’ ye haven’t had your tay; an’

—an' sure ye'll wait anyway till the men wake up. Sure they'd be ojus glad to see ye again," said Lizzie, and winked knowingly at Anne Daly.

The old man sank back against the stump.

"Very well," said he; "very well. Sure, there's no hurry, so there's not. It's a long day till night yet; an' there's no one waitin' for me now at home. Aw, no."

Up and down the old man wagged his head; and at sight of the dancing heather plumes in his hat, Lizzie buried her face in her hands and turned quickly away.

"Aw, Anne, dear," said she; "Anne, dear, I'll die, I'll die."

Robin gathered up his knees, clasped them with his hands, and sat looking towards Thrasna River. "Aw, no," he moaned, "there's no one waitin' now."

Again Lizzie turned to him.

"Tell me, Robin," said she; "what age might ye be, now?"

"If God spares me, I'll be seventy-five come next Hollentide, so I will. Yis, seventy-five years."

"It's a big age," said Anne Daly; "a powerful big age."

"Arrah, not at all," said Lizzie; "sure it's only a trifle, an' it lies like a feather on him. I say, Robin, isn't it near time ye thought o' marryin' again?"

The old man turned his head slowly and looked full at Lizzie.

"What's that?" said he.

"Aw, now ye heard me well enough," said Lizzie, with a coy look. "That's only your little way. Come, now, Robin, out wi' it. Who's the lassie?"

"Is it o' marryin' you're axin' me?" asked Robin; and before the solemnity of his face Lizzie dropped her eyes.

"It is," said she.

Slowly Robin turned his head and looked out over the heather.

"I was married only once," said he, very deliberately; "only once; an' I wish to God I was married yit, for it's meself is the lonesome man this day."

The women looked soberly at each other. Across the fire, old Daly awoke and sat staring in wonderment at Robin's hat. Mike Brady turned over on his back and began to yawn.

"I dunno if ye know it," said Robin, turning again to Lizzie, "but yisterday twelve months to a day it was that I buried Mary."

Lizzie flushed crimson, and cast down her eyes.

"Aw, aw," was all she could say.

"Yisterday twelve months to a day," Robin went on. "An' would ye believe me, it's jist the same wi' me the day as it was twelve months ago—jist as lonesome an' bewildered."

Mike Brady sat upright and, like old Daly, in sleepy amaze watched Robin slowly rise to his feet.

"It's a mortal curious kind o' feelin' comes over a man," said Robin, still very deliberately, and with his eyes fixed straight before him, speaking to no one in particular, "when he loses somethin' that he's got used to. If it's only an ould 'baccy knife he kind o' frets over losin' it; an' the longer he had it the more he misses it; an' when it's somethin' livin' that goes, an' ould dog, mebbe, or an ass, or somethin'—aw, sure, the feelin's woeful, woeful. It's lek as if the world was different, somehow, an' oneself, an'—an' iverything. Aw, yis, it's a mortal curious kind o' feelin'. An', if so be it's God's will that a man loses a child, or a sister, or—"

Robin paused, and, looking down at his boots, began rubbing his chin with his fingers. One or two of the potato skins and a spray of heather fell from his hat, but he never saw them fall. Like logs the three women and the two men sat watching him. James Daly still slept. Out in the heather, the children were shouting. From the fires here and there among the willow clumps, came the sounds of song and laughter.

"Nigh fifty years," Robin went on, and raised his face, "I lived wi' Mary—nigh fifty years; an' all the time, 'cept one day an' night I spent in Glann witnessin' to a lawsuit, I was niver parted from her. Fifty year; sure it must be we got well used to each other. Aw, ay, it must be. Sure it stands to sense that when two people eat for fifty years at the same table, an' work together, an' sleep together, an' do iverything together, that—that one's not oneself at all but jist as much one as t'other. Sure it must be. Aw, I know it; well I know it."

Again Robin paused. James Daly awoke; yawned; slowly raised his eyes; all at once caught sight of Robin's heather-decked hat.

"Why—why," he began; "what in glory, Robin—"

"Ah, whisht, ye *bodach*, ye," snapped Anne, his wife; "whisht wi' ye."

Robin fixed his eyes on Rhamus hill, and went on:

“Ay, but it’s wonderful the grip a woman has on a man when he’s lived wi’ her for fifty years. Ay, it’s astonishin’. An’ ye niver know how astonishin’ it is till ye lose her. Naw, ye niver know till then. Losin’ anythin’ else in the world’s nothin’ to it; nothin’ at all. Ye get used to that, in a week, or a month, or so; but niver, niver do ye get used to th’ other. Niver, niver! Ah, well I know it. . . . Twelve months ago, an’ a day more, I buried Mary. That’s a longish time, ye’d think, long enough anyway to get used to missin’ her. But, somehow, I can’t get used to it. How is it, will ye tell me? How does it come that ivery night I start from me sleep an’ stretch out me hand to feel if she’s there—an’ she isn’t; an’ ivery night I lie awake from that on till mornin’, jist lyin’ frettin’ an’ frettin’, an’ thinkin’ an’ thinkin’? An’ how is it, will ye tell me, that when I’m lightin’ the fire o’ mornin’s, or lacin’ me boots, or eatin’ me breakfast, or doin’ anythin’ at all, I keep turnin’ me head as I used to do when she spoke or I heard her foot? An’ what is it sends me wanderin’ about the house as if I was lookin’ for somethin’—lookin’ for somethin’, I dunno what? An’ then I ramble about the fields, an’ do this an’ that, an’ see this an’ that, an’ all the time me mind is ramblin’, an’ I go moonin’ an’ stumblin’ about jist as if I was lookin’ for a thing I’d dropped. What makes me carry on like that, now? An’ then I come back; an’ when I lift the latch, somehow there’s a kind o’ dread on me, for I know the house is empty as the grave, an’ I know I’ll keep hearin’ things, an’ imaginin’

things, an’ doin’ quare things. Aw, it’s mighty curious, odious strange. An’ through it all I know I’m foolish; aw, I know it. I know she’s dead, an’ buried; an’ I know I’ll niver see her in this world again; an’ I keep tryin’ to get used to it, an’ tryin’ to make the best o’ things, seein’ ’twas God’s will an’ can’t be helped; but it’s no use, no use. I can’t forget things; I can’t get used to the loneliness; an’, for all I know, if I was to live to be a hundred it’d be jist the same, an’ I’d be as lonely then as I am this mortal day. I’d go home then, jist as I’ll go home the day, knowin’ that there’s an empty house waitin’ for me, an’ a dark hearth; an’ I’d go moonin’ about, an’ in an’ out, an’ up an’ down, jist as if I was hopin’ to see some one or tryin’ to find somethin’. An’ the foolishness of it, sirs, the foolishness of it! For, sure, there’s nothin’ to be found, nothin’ in the world; an’ there, starin’ me in the face, iver an’ always, is Mary’s ould chair, an’ there’s her boots, an’ her shawl, an’ her specs, an’ the chair’s empty, an’ the boots, an’ iverythin’. Ay, iverythin’s empty, house an’ all, house an’ all—an’ it’s meself only feels like a ghost in it.”

Robin stopped, rubbed his chin for a moment, then turned to Lizzie. “So ye’ll see,” he said, and strove to smile a little, “ye’ll see that, mebbe, when all’s considered, I’ve had enough o’ marryin’ to do my time.”

“Aw, God help ye,” moaned Anne Daly; “God help your ould heart.”

But Lizzie, her face all wet with tears, ran to Robin.



“ . . . AN’ IT’S MESELF ONLY THAT FEELS LIKE A GHOST IN IT. . . . ”

"Wait, Robin," said she, and deftly began plucking away the sprigs of heather from his hat; "wait, me son, till I fix the band on that ould hat o' yours—sure it's all crooked, an' up an' down. There, now it's better; an' may God forgive me this day!"

"Forgive ye for what, child?" asked Robin.

"Aw, for me sins," cried Lizzie; "an' may God be good to you. But aisy, now, till I fix ye up a bit. Aisy now," said she, and knotted his scarf; then buttoned his waistcoat; then stooped and laced up his boots; last of all took the old man by the hand. "An', now, come away wi' me," said she, "till I help ye catch the ass,

an' get the scraws for the fire. Come away."

"I will," said Robin. "Good-by, Anne, ye girl, ye—an' James—an' all. God keep ye."

"Aw, good-by, Robin," said Anne Daly, and spoke for the rest. "Good-by, me son, an' may the angels keep ye and comfort ye."

So, hand in hand, Robin and Lizzie started; and just as they set foot on the heather, Lizzie turned her head and flashed a look at James Daly as he sat staring hard into the fire.

"An' now, James Daly," cried she; "*now* what have ye got to say for yourself?"

THE OLDEST RECORD OF CHRIST'S LIFE.

THE FIRST COMPLETE ACCOUNT OF THE RECENT FINDING OF THE "SAYINGS OF OUR LORD."

BY BERNARD P. GRENFELL, M.A.,

One of the two discoverers of the manuscript.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY F. G. KENYON, M.A.



IN the following article Mr. Grenfell describes the discovery of one of the most interesting documents that has come to light of recent years. It is not much to look at: a single small page, measuring less than six inches by four, of the ancient writing material known as papyrus, containing on each side some twenty lines of Greek writing; a rubbed, tattered, mutilated waif from a rubbish heap in one of the many lost and buried cities of Egypt. Yet what is it? The earliest, and far the earliest, record of the words spoken by our Lord Jesus Christ upon earth; the oldest document, by more than a century, in which the name of Jesus is written.

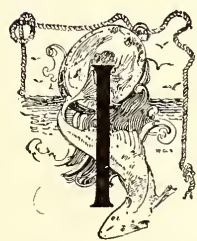
Hitherto the oldest documents containing the record of our Lord's life have been the famous Vatican and Sinaitic manuscripts of the New Testament, the former being at Rome, the latter at St. Petersburg. These are believed to have been written in the fourth century—say, somewhere about A.D. 350. The Alexandrian manuscript, in the British Museum, is perhaps seventy-five years later than these. But this scrap of papyrus, dug up last winter in Egypt by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt on behalf of the Egypt Exploration Fund, is declared by experts to have been written at the end of the second or the beginning of the third century—say, somewhere about A.D. 200. Thus a space of 150 years is wiped away by this discovery. Hitherto an interval of 300 years separated the life of Christ from the earliest extant copy of any record of it; now that interval is reduced by one-half, and any day the spade of the explorer may cut off another fifty or a hundred years from the interval that still remains.

Seventeen hundred years ago some humble Egyptian Christian was carrying about a little pocket volume in which were inscribed some of the words spoken by Christ upon earth. It was not a handsome volume, such as would have suited the library of

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Bernard P. Grenfell and his associate in the discovery of the "Sayings of Our Lord," Mr. Arthur S. Hunt, Fellows of Oxford University, England, were particularly well equipped, in point of scholarship, for the exploration they undertook and for interpreting the important discovery which it fell to them to make. They have just published the manuscript in facsimile, and a translation of it, with a commentary, in a small pamphlet, through Henry Frowde, London and New York. It is by the kind permission of Mr. Frowde that we reproduce a page of the manuscript in facsimile here.

a rich man. Such a volume would, in those days, have been in the form of a roll, provided with ornamental rollers and perhaps covered with a wrap to protect it from harm. The book form to which we are accustomed was, at first, only used for note-books, and then for cheap copies of literary works; and it was more as a note-book than as a work of literature at all that this precious leaf must have been regarded by its first possessor. Into this note-book, which was of a size to be easily carried about with him, he had copied some of the sayings of our Lord, from a collection made, we know not how much earlier—perhaps in the days when the Apostles were still alive, almost certainly before the four Gospels had come to be recognized as the sole authoritative records of our Lord's life. Some of these sayings are certainly authentic, since they are also preserved in the inspired Gospels. Some of them are not found in the Gospels; but who shall say whether they are or are not authentic? If we had the whole book which that Egyptian Christian once carried about with him, we could answer this question more surely; but we have only a single leaf, separated from the others by some chance, and preserved by the marvelous dryness of the climate and soil of Egypt amid thousands of other fragments of papyrus in the rubbishy heaps of Behnesa. One leaf, with eight sayings, each prefaced by the formula, "Jesus saith"; three of them completely or substantially identical with sayings recorded in the Gospels, three of them wholly new, the other two so much mutilated as to be unintelligible; yet, small as it is, the oldest extant record of our Lord's life upon earth.

HOW WE FOUND THE "LOGIA."



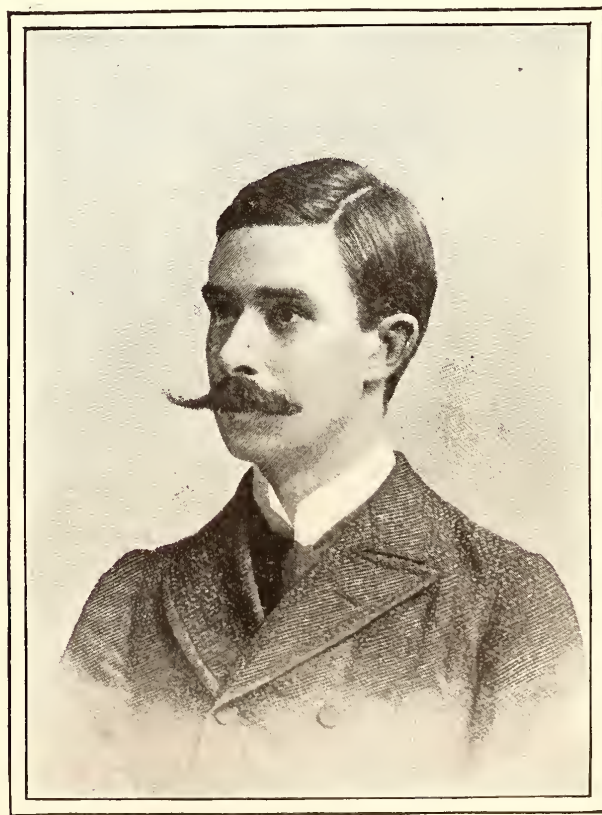
IN spite of the number of excavations which have been conducted in Egypt during the last twenty years, comparatively little has yet been done for the scientific exploration of the many ancient town ruins with which the country is studded, especially along the edge of the

desert. The superior attractions of temples and tombs for the excavator have caused the sites of towns to be left, except in a few notable cases, to native diggers, whether for nitrous earth or for antiquities, with the result that many of the most valuable objects found never even reach the dealers' shops, while all the historical information concerning their date and *provenance* is lost.



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BEHNEA FROM THE SOUTH.

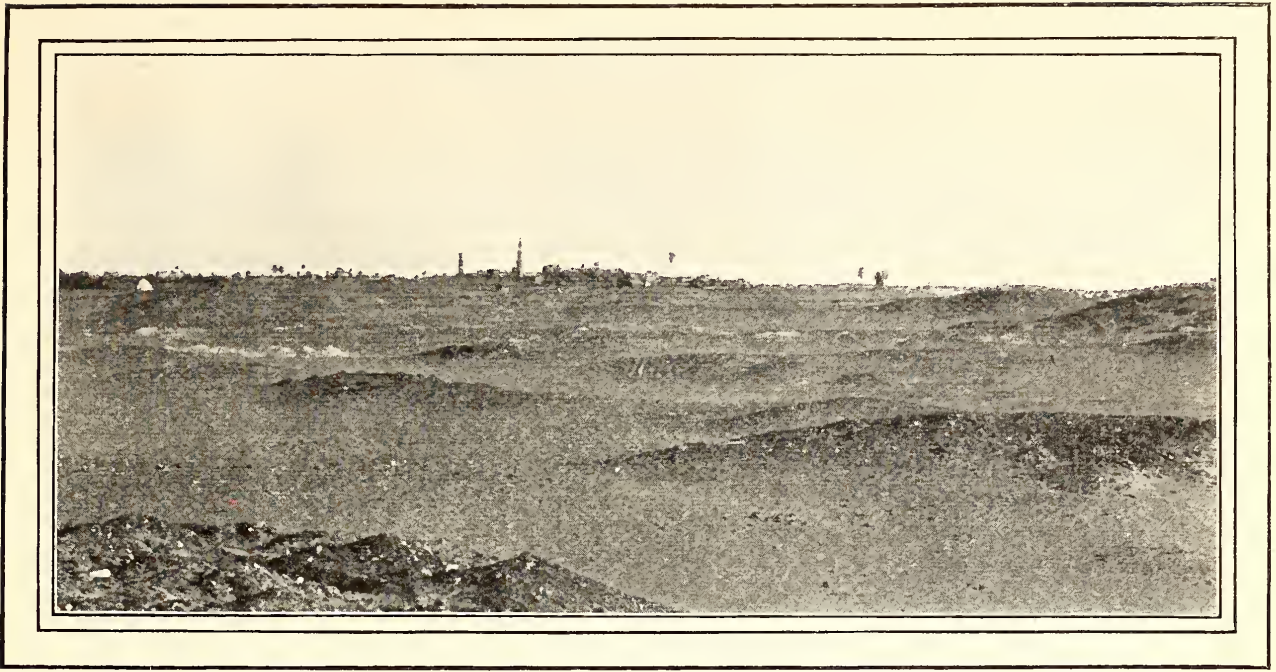
The principal reason for this avoidance of town sites on the part of excavators has been the fact that most ancient Egyptian towns continued to be inhabited until at least Roman times, probably the most flourishing period, in point of population, in all Egyptian history. Hence the majority of the ancient town ruins belong to that period; and, in the case of most sites which are known to be much older, the accumulation of late house ruins and debris, dating generally from the second to the eighth century, is too deep to allow the systematic excavation of the lower levels, except at an expenditure which is likely to far exceed the value of the results obtained. But though the investigation of these mounds which conceal nothing earlier than the first century presents but few attractions to most Egyptologists, whose interest in Egyptian history, art, and language naturally ceases at the point when Egypt finally lost her independence and became absorbed in a larger whole, the town sites of the Roman period, nevertheless, offer a fertile field for excavation, because it is in their ruined houses and rubbish mounds that papyri, and, above all, Greek papyri, are chiefly to be found.

The first find of Greek papyri took place about 120 years ago, when fifty complete rolls were discovered in a pot at Memphis, near Cairo, by some natives, who, however, burnt them all except one (so the story runs) "for the sake of the smell." Since then, Greek papyri have been found from time to time, especially during the last twenty years, and discoveries like that of Aristotle's treatise on the

Athenian Constitution and that of the Gospel of Peter have opened up a new prospect of recovering the lost treasures of classical antiquity and early Christian literature, which recalls the days of the Renaissance.

But it has been by native diggers in nearly every case, not by the scientific explorer, that the most important discoveries of papyri have been made; and so much unauthorized digging for antiquities has unfortunately been allowed to go on in Egypt, that the choice of a suitable site for finding papyri is now much narrowed, especially as the climate of the Delta is not sufficiently dry for so fragile a substance to be preserved, and the would-be excavator is therefore limited to Upper Egypt, between Cairo and the first cataract, the frontier of the Roman province.

I had for some time felt that one of the most promising sites left was the city of Oxyrhynchus, on the edge of the western desert, 120 miles from Cairo. Being the capital of one of the districts into which Egypt was anciently divided, it must have been the abode of many rich people who could afford to possess a library of literary texts. Though the ruins of the old town were known to be fairly extensive, and the site still continued partly to be inhabited up to the present day, no papyri appeared to have come from it, a fact which, though it might mean that there were no papyri to be found, made it probable that the place had not been much plundered for antiquities in recent times. Above all, Oxyrhynchus seemed to be a site where fragments of Christian literature might be



BEHNESA FROM THE NORTHWEST AND LOOKING ACROSS THE MOUNDS OF OXYRHYNCHUS.

expected of an earlier date than the fourth century, to which our oldest manuscripts of the New Testament belong; for the place was renowned in the fourth and fifth centuries on account of the number of its churches and monasteries, and the rapid spread of Christianity about Oxyrhynchus, as soon as the new religion was officially recognized, implied that it had already taken strong hold during the preceding centuries of persecution.

The wished-for opportunity for digging at Oxyrhynchus offered itself last autumn, when leave was obtained by the Egypt Exploration Fund for Professor Flinders Petrie and myself to excavate anywhere in the strip of desert between the Fayûm and Minya, ninety miles long, in which Oxyrhynchus is situated. That place was chosen to be our headquarters, and work was begun there by Professor Petrie, who, after digging for a week and finding that both the ancient town and the cemetery belonged to the Roman period, handed over the excavations to Mr. Hunt and myself, and left to dig an early Egyptian site some forty miles to the north.

The ruins of Oxyrhynchus are seven miles from the Nile, just inside the desert and on the west bank of the Bahr Yusuf ("Joseph's river"), a branch of the Nile, about 100 yards wide, which runs out of the main stream some distance north of Assiout, and after flowing along the desert edge for 120 miles, cuts through the low range of the Libyan Hills, and creates the fertile oasis of the Fayûm. The area covered by the ancient town is a mile and a quarter long by half a mile broad, its modern

representative, Behnesa, still occupying a small fraction of it on the east side. It must have remained an important place until medieval times, since, though the village consists of merely a few squalid huts, there are four once handsome mosques, now rapidly falling to ruin, and the surface of about half the whole site is strewn with early or medieval Arabic pottery and debris of houses belonging to the same period.

The decline of Behnesa is due to its unprotected situation on the desert side of the Bahr Yusuf; for it is thus exposed to frequent nocturnal raids on the part of the Bedawîn Arabs, who are settled in considerable numbers along this part of the desert edge, and who, in accordance with their immemorial custom, sanctioned, so they claim, by the Creator Himself, eke out their otherwise precarious modes of subsistence by depredations upon their more prosperous neighbors. One of these raids took place while we were there, and an attempt was made to get into our house, which had been built a few yards outside the village; but the would-be marauders decamped on being fired at by our two native guards. Not indeed that they need have been frightened by the antique muzzle-loaders such as our worthy guardians possessed, but the Bedawîn, knowing the fellaheen's temperament well enough, does not expect to be resisted. It not infrequently happens that a small party of Bedawîn will raid a whole village of fellaheen without any serious opposition; for, as the fellah admits himself, when he hears the robbers in the next house, he lies very still lest he should



MOUND IN WHICH THE LOGIA FRAGMENT WAS FOUND.

attract them to his own. Probably the best way to put a stop to this would be to adopt some such system as that which is being employed with great success by the English government in Burma to suppress dacoits, six of whom used to be enough to "hold up" a village. Instead of a village being compensated by the government for being raided, the rest of the village has not only to make good the damage done to the victims, but to pay all the expenses connected with the capture of the robbers—a system which, I am told, is producing quite a high degree of public spirit among the villagers.

But to return to Behnesa: Its only claim to distinction is its modern cemetery, the largest one in the district, and a place of peculiar sanctity owing to the number of holy men buried there, including a local saint of much repute, Dakrûri, whose white-domed tomb is a conspicuous object in the broad desert plain extending from Behnesa towards the hills. The cemetery is immediately to the west of the village, and outside it, stretching far to the north and south, a series of low, irregular mounds with intervening hollows and low ground strewn with bricks and pottery, partly covered with a coating of wind-blown sand, marks the site of Oxyrhynchus, the mounds farthest from the village being the most ancient.

My first impressions on walking over the site were not very favorable. The size of the town, which is over a mile in length, made the prospect of discovering papyri appear at first sight almost as far off as that of finding the proverbial needle;

and, still more, the condition of utter ruin to which a thousand years' use as a quarry for stone and bricks had reduced the site, made it contrast unfavorably with the Fayûm towns which we had excavated the year before, where many of the houses and buildings still had their walls standing. But at Oxyrhynchus it was clear from the first that little beyond the foundations of buildings was left, and that, if papyri were to be found, they would be not in houses, but in the rubbish mounds. The distinction is one of much importance in digging for papyri, because those found in rubbish mounds, having been thrown away as waste paper, are generally in an extremely fragmentary condition, while in houses, on the other hand, which, after being deserted, have become filled up with sand, one may find collections of complete rolls, sometimes buried in pots, sometimes lying loose on the floor, just as they had been left when the house was deserted by its last occupant.

Though the great majority of papyri have been recovered from town ruins, Greek papyrus rolls are occasionally, though very rarely, found buried in tombs; and those which have been discovered in this way have, as a rule, proved the most valuable of all; for a manuscript would not be buried with its owner unless it were some special literary treasure, whether classical or theological. We therefore devoted our attention first to exploring the ancient cemetery.

The Egyptians generally buried their dead in ridges of high ground near the edge of the desert, though often, for



SOME OF OUR FELLAHEEN DIGGING FOR P'APYRI.

greater security, the cemeteries were hidden far back in the hills. At Oxyrhynchus there were no hills nearer than seven miles, and the intervening ground is a flat plain with scarcely a rise. In this plain, however, and parallel with the town, at a distance of a quarter of a mile to a mile from the ruins, we found many tombs, chiefly of the second to the fourth century. As is the case with so many Egyptian cemeteries, most of the tombs which were worth plundering had been opened long ago; and those which had not been disturbed contained little of interest, especially as they had been dug in low ground and were affected by damp working up through the soil, so that any papyrus which might have been buried there would have perished long ago. So, after three uneventful weeks, we resolved to start work upon the town.

On January 11th we sallied forth at sunrise with some seventy workmen and boys, and set them to dig trenches through a mound near a large space covered with piles of limestone chips, which probably denotes the site of an ancient temple, though its walls have been all but entirely dug out for the sake of the stone. The choice proved a very fortunate one, for papyrus scraps at once began to come to light in considerable quantities, varied by occasional complete or nearly complete

private and official documents containing letters, contracts, accounts, and so on; and there were also a number of fragments written in uncials, or rounded capital letters, the form of writing used in copying classical or theological manuscripts. Later in the week Mr. Hunt, in sorting the papyri found on the second day, noticed on a crumpled uncial fragment written on both sides the Greek word *ΚΑΡΦΟΣ* ("mote"), which at once suggested to him the verse in the Gospels concerning the mote and the beam. A further examination showed that the passage in the papyrus really was the conclusion of the verse, "Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye;" but that the rest of the papyrus differed considerably from the Gospels, and was, in fact, a leaf of a book containing a collection of sayings of Christ, some of which, apparently, were new. More than that could not be determined until we came back to England.

The following day Mr. Hunt identified another fragment as containing most of the first chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. The evidence both of the handwriting and of the dated papyri with which they were found makes it certain that both the "Logia" and the St. Matthew fragment were written not later than the third cen-

ture, and they are, therefore, a century older than the earliest manuscripts of the New Testament. It is not improbable that they were the sole remains of a library belonging to some Christian who perished in the persecution during Diocletian's reign, and whose books were thrown away.

Finding that the rubbish mounds were so fruitful, I proceeded to increase the number of workmen and boys up to 110, and the flow of papyri rapidly became a torrent which it was difficult to cope with. Each lot found by a pair (man and boy working together) had to be kept separate from the rest; for the knowledge which papyri are found together is frequently of great importance, as, for instance, in determining the date of the "Logia;" and since it is inevitable that some papyri should get broken in the process of getting them out of the closely packed soil, it is imperative to keep together, as far as possible, fragments of the same document. We engaged two men to make tin boxes for storing the papyri, but for the next ten weeks they could scarcely keep up with us.

The papyri were, as a rule, not very far from the surface of the rubbish; in one patch of ground, indeed, merely turning up the surface with one's boot would sometimes disclose a roll; and it was seldom that we found them at a greater depth than ten feet, though we made various efforts by digging deep, especially in the earlier mounds, to find papyri earlier than the first century A.D. But our attempts were not successful, and the explanation seems to be that, as in the case of the tombs, the damp soaking from below had proved fatal to what papyri there may have been in the lower levels. It was not uncommon to find at a much less distance than ten feet from the surface, in the lower mounds, rolls which had been hopelessly spoiled by damp. Sometimes the papyri were scattered at various depths all over a mound, but generally they were confined to one or two layers of the rubbish, those in each layer having been thrown away about the same time.

This was particularly the case in three mounds where large quantities of rolls were found together, probably representing part of the local archives or record offices at different periods. It was the custom in Egypt during the Roman period to carefully store up, in the government record offices at each town, official documents of every kind dealing with the administration and taxation of the country; and to these archives

even private persons used to send letters, contracts, and other documents which they wished to keep, just as we send similar documents to a solicitor or banker. Of course, after a time, when the records were no longer wanted, a clearance became necessary, and it seems that the old papyrus rolls were put in baskets or on wicker trays, and thrown away as rubbish.

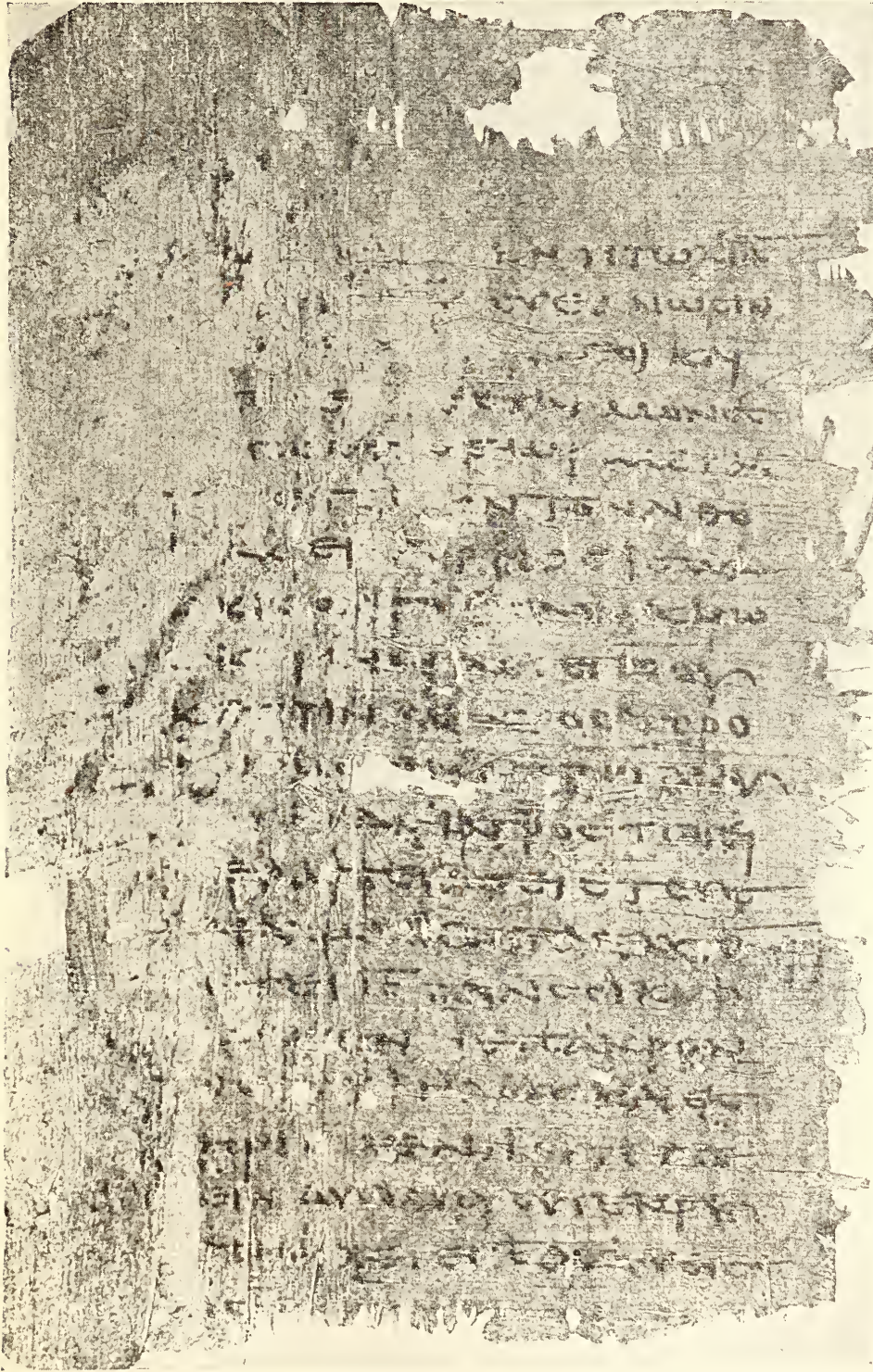
We on several occasions came upon places where a basketful of papyri had been thrown, and sometimes we even found them in the actual baskets. Unfortunately, it was the practice to tear most of the rolls to pieces first, and of the rest many had naturally been broken or crushed after being thrown away, while in some cases the rubbish mounds had been partially burnt; so that the amount discovered which is sufficiently well preserved to be of use bears but a small proportion to what the whole amount might have been. Still, even as it is, the number of fairly well-preserved documents in these three great finds is very large, especially in the case of the third, which took place on March 18th and 19th, and was, I suppose, a "record" in point of quantity. On the first of these two days we came upon a part of a mound which had a thick layer of almost solid papyrus. There was room for six pairs of men and boys to be working simultaneously at this storehouse, and the difficulty was to find enough baskets in Behnesa to contain all the papyri. At the end of the day's work, no less than thirty-six were brought in, many of them stuffed with fine rolls, three to ten feet long. Fortunately, we had some large packing-cases at hand, in which we had brought our stores from Cairo, and as the baskets were required for the next day's work, Mr. Hunt and I set to work at nine o'clock in the evening to stow away the papyri. The task was only finished at three in the morning; and on the following night we had a repetition of it, for twenty-five more baskets were filled before the place was exhausted.

This was our last great find, as the best ground had now all been dug; but we continued the excavations for nearly a month longer, at the end of which we packed up the papyri in twenty-five large cases, weighing altogether nearly two tons, and despatched them to Cairo. One hundred and fifty of the largest and finest rolls were taken for the Gizeh Museum; the rest is now at Oxford, where Mr. Hunt and I are engaged in the lengthy task of sorting and unrolling. The thorough examination of

this vast collection will be the work of years, and it is impossible yet to say what may be discovered in it.

Our diggers, with the exception of four trained men from the Fayûm, who had

fied with the *bakhshish* which they received for all that they found. The idea of the natives with regard to the motive of the excavators is that they are in search of gold, or at least of ancient coins. That



EXACT FACSIMILE OF THE RECTO SIDE OF THE PAPYRUS.

experience of digging for papyri and kept a general lookout over the others, were drawn from Behnesa and the surrounding villages. The site of Oxyrhynchus had been very little touched by antiquity-hunters, and we were fortunate therefore in obtaining a very unsophisticated body of men, who knew nothing about *anticas*, to start with, and appeared very well satis-

The excavator in Egypt is not much troubled by the restrictions which hamper the independence of employers of labor in this country. There is no question there about an eight-hours day. Sunrise to sunset, with an hour off at noon, makes a nine to eleven-hours day even for the youngest, and one does not hear much about "half-timers." As the papyrus digging was

there should be any interest attaching to "old paper" is, of course, quite beyond their comprehension; and, though ready enough to make a profit out of our apparent folly, they no doubt regarded our desire for papyri as a proof of that madness which is generally attributed to Europeans by the fellaheen second only to that afforded by our taking the skulls found in the ancient cemetery back to England in order to measure them. An amusing illustration of the fellaheen's speculations on the latter subject was given us two years ago at Nagada, whence Professor Petrie took back to England all the skeletons found in the so-called "New Race" cemetery. The current explanation, we found afterwards, of our proceedings was that in England there was a great paucity of population, and that in consequence we came out to Egypt to dig up skeletons, in order that by means of magic we might bring them back to life, and so make new men out of them.

comparatively light work, I had more boys than men diggers, the former being not only easier to manage and more trustworthy, but quite as keen about the work as the men, which is rather remarkable, seeing that all their earnings go to their parents. But I should think nearly every boy in the district who could walk wanted to be taken on to the work. Some of the tiny applicants really looked as though they had only recently left their cradles, if they had ever known such luxuries, which, of course, they had not. One of the smartest workers of all was also the smallest, a little chap about eight years old, who had a wonderful eye for the right kind of soil for finding papyri. I am afraid some tender-hearted persons would have thought me a very brutal taskmaster, if they could have seen some of these children lifting and carrying away heavy baskets of rubbish all day, clothed, perhaps, if the weather was hot, in nothing but a cap on their heads and a piece of string round their waists. But I think the same persons would have retracted their opinion, if they could, at the end of the day's work, have seen the said infants racing each other home over the sand dunes, while I plowed my way painfully in the rear.

People naturally think of excavating as a continuous process of looking on at the discovery of valuable things; but there is,

of course, another side to it, which is, in reality, much the more prominent of the two. There are many more blanks than prizes drawn in this, perhaps the most legitimate, form of lottery, though the world does not hear much of the first. And even when Fortune is, on the whole, kind, she generally bestows her gifts at rare intervals, in the hope of which the excavator has to bear weeks and often months of monotony. Moreover, superintending excavations in Egypt means standing all day to be half choked and blinded by the peculiarly pungent dust of ancient rubbish, blended on most days with the not less irritating sand of the desert; probably drinking water which not even the East London Waterworks would have ventured to supply to its consumers, and keeping incessant watch over men who, however much you may flatter yourself to the contrary, will steal if they get the chance and think it worth their while to do so.

Still the excavator's life has a fascination possessed by few other pursuits; and though at present the task of publishing the papyri which we have found is more pressing than that of discovering new ones, I look forward to the day, not very distant, I hope, when I shall once more exchange the pen for the measuring stick, and the close atmosphere of the study for the freedom and independence of the desert.



OUR ENCAMPMENT.



THE MAKING OF A REGIMENT.

WHAT A SERVICE OF SEVEN MONTHS DID FOR A TROOP OF RAW VOLUNTEERS.

BY IRA SEYMOUR.

THE process by which men were made soldiers in our late war was one of the most remarkable things in that phenomenal conflict. Men who had no taste for military life, no desire for martial glory, and none save the most rudimentary military training were enlisted, uniformed, organized into regiments, officered often with those as ignorant of war as themselves, equipped, armed, and sent into the field within a few months, or even a few weeks, after being mustered into service. And these raw regiments were speedily molded into well-disciplined and effective battalions, fit to be members of a famous army.

All this is history more or less well known, but the way in which the result was accomplished is not so familiar, and perhaps the experience of one who was a member of one of these regiments may be worth telling.

I remember—I was but a boy then—how, at the time of the news from Sumter and the President's first call for troops, the pastor of the village church spoke on a Sunday morning to a breathless congregation and closed with the trumpet call, "Who will go to the war?"

Instantly in the gallery one man stood up. He was a veteran who had served in the regular army in Mexico. There were others, but I mention him because he was typical. Into the earliest formed regiments went the few like the soldier of Mexico who had seen actual warfare, also

the pick of the members of the city militia organizations; and into these first regiments went the enthusiasm of the nation's first burst of patriotism. Then, too, the delays of the first year of the war gave opportunity for drill and discipline of the regulation sort, often under officers of West Point training. These oldest regiments were, therefore, the flower of the army, and in a peculiar way the model and foundation of it. But after Gettysburg—indeed, before that memorable battle—they had become terribly reduced in number and actually formed but a fraction of the mighty host.

THE ENLISTMENT.

The history of the later regiments was different. Enthusiasm, though it did not die, cooled. Something else took its place, something more truly characteristic of the great crisis. I do not know how to give it a name. It was a spirit that entered into the nation, a solemn and compelling impulse that seized upon men whether they would or no. Many attempted to resist, but successful resistance was blasting to peace of mind. The voice of this spirit asked insistently, "Why do you not go to the war?" And it was not easy for an able-bodied man to prove his right to stay at home. It was in obedience to this impulse that men went into regiments formed during the year of 1862. The day for illusions was passing; the grim character of the

struggle was becoming too evident. "Going to the war" meant no possibility of holiday excursion, for the stress of the crisis hastened new regiments to the front with small delay; the calls for troops were urgent, and they summoned to serious work. It was by one of these calls that we were mustered, and it was marvelous how quickly ten full companies were enlisted in the county. Local pride had its influence; the county contained one large manufacturing town and several important villages. Town vied with country, and each village with every other, in completing its quota of men. There were other influences. "A draft" was beginning to be talked of, and there were some who said, "I would rather volunteer now than be drafted a few months later." Then, too, for the first time, a bounty was promised. It was small in comparison with the sums afterwards offered, but sufficient to turn the scale with waverers. And yet the chief impulse was that imperious spirit of the hour which had begotten the feeling in every man's breast that until he had offered himself to his country he owed an unpaid debt; and when a regiment was actually in process of organization in your own neighborhood, this was brought home with redoubled force; when friends and neighbors to whom perhaps the sacrifice was greater than it possibly could be to yourself came forward, very shame made it difficult to hold back. Men really too old for service forgot a few years of their life and persuaded the mustering officer to wink at the deception. Boys, whose too glaring minority had alone prevented them thus far, yet in whose ardent hearts the spirit of the hour burned the more hotly by delay, sprang to the opportunity. In our own company there were a few men over forty-five years of age and a much larger number of whom it would be a stretch of truth to say they were eighteen. It was pretty much the same throughout the ten companies. There were laboring men and mechanics, manufacturers and their employees, storekeepers and clerks, a few farmers, and a few students. There were young men from the best families in the county and some ne'er-do-wells, but the mass of the company and of the regiment was composed of plain, intelligent men, workers in the industries of a busy community. As to nationality, there were a few Germans and a sprinkling of Irish, but the body of the regiment was American of old and solid New England and Dutch stock.

THE FIRST OFFICERS.

We enlisted on a strictly equal footing, and chose our own company officers. The field officers, the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and major, were elected by the company officers and appointed by the governor of the State. The non-commissioned officers, the sergeants and corporals, were selected by the captains.

The captain of our own company was a jeweler and an old member of a city militia organization. Our first lieutenant was a banker's clerk, and our second lieutenant a mechanic who had in some way acquired an excellent knowledge of tactics. These were fair examples of the officers of the regiment. Out of the forty or more of them, ten had served in the State militia; a few of these ten had been with the "three months' men" who were called out at the beginning of the war; scarcely one of them had ever seen a shot fired in anger; the large majority, like the mass of the men, were destitute of any real military knowledge.

As to the colonelcy, the officers had fixed their desires upon a member of one of the old regiments, a highly qualified man; but the State authorities, in their inscrutable wisdom, refused to appoint him and sent us instead a staff officer who, though he had seen some slight service, was ignorant of infantry tactics and without experience in actual command. He was, however, an imposing individual, a fine horseman, with a decidedly military bearing and a self-assurance which temporarily concealed his defects.

THE ALPHABET OF TACTICS.

Such, then, was the regiment when it was ready to be mustered into the service. You might say, "This is not a regiment; it is a mob," and you would be wrong. The men had gone through no such process of drill as is considered essential to the making of soldiers, yet they were not utterly ignorant even in this matter. It would have been hard at that time to find a young American who did not know something of the rudiments of infantry tactics. The political campaigns immediately preceding the war, with their semi-military organizations and their nightly processions, were a preparation for what followed which has been too little noticed. And when the war began, in every village "Home Guards" or drill classes were formed, and

Hardee's and Casey's "Tactics" were well known and carefully studied books. We were all inexperienced, but only a small minority of the thousand men and officers were absolutely ignorant of military drill; moreover, the mass of them were intelligent Americans, who learned quickly and easily. When we left the home camp a few weeks after enrolment, we could march deceptively well, and the regiment actually received praise for its fine appearance from spectators whose frequent opportunities had made them critical. Yet we were sadly defective. To keep step, to march by companies, to execute self-consciously a few motions of the manual of arms, is but the alphabet of tactics. The battalion, not the company, is the tactical unit, and until a regiment has mastered the battalion drill and has learned skirmish work it is unfit for modern warfare. In these essential things we were utterly unpractised.

There is also something else more important than drill. With regularly trained troops perfection of drill is simply the index of discipline. We were, in fact, very imperfect in both. Our discipline was certainly lax, yet even this was not wholly lacking. We were not a crowd of enthusiasts. Even at home we had for a year and a half lived in an atmosphere of war; the breath of battle from afar had reached us; we knew something of what it meant to be soldiers and what we were going into. The spirit of the hour enveloped us, and when we were formally mustered in and, with our right hands raised to heaven, took the oath of service, there was no wild cheering; there was instead a feeling of awe. The soul of the army, the mysterious solidarity of the mighty compelling organization, seemed to take possession of us; we knew that we were no longer our own. Discipline is already half learned when men are thus made ready for it.

Washington was our first destination. We made the journey in freight cars, and on our arrival went into camp under canvas for the first time. It was shortly after the battle of Antietam, and the city was half camp, half hospital. Everywhere one met the monotonous blue uniforms: officers hurrying hither and thither; wounded convalescents, pale and weary, strolling about; sentries and squads of provost guards; occasionally a brigade of dusty and tattered veterans from the front, marching through the streets; and near the railroad stations, trainloads of wounded

men who had been brought in from the overcrowded field hospitals, lying on the floors of box cars, the stench of their undressed hurts filling the air. Everywhere the atmosphere of war emptied of its glamour!

The Capital was the sore heart of the nation, and our glimpse of it was a wholesome lesson. It sobered us; it took away all lingering sense of insubordination and taught us the relentless power of the mighty machine of which we had become a part, and into which we knew we must be fitted.

BEGINNING ARMY LIFE IN EARNEST.

In a few days we were sent to Frederick City, and our army life began in earnest. For more than a week we slept without tents, upon the ground, under the open sky. We also took final leave of railroad transportation. We had to learn the use of our feet and the meaning of the march. After a short stay at Frederick, orders came to proceed to Hagerstown. Western Maryland was at that time strongly held by the Union forces, yet it was not a perfectly secure country. It was subject to raids of the enemy's cavalry, and there was a spice of danger in our march. We proceeded by easy stages; though, unseasoned as we were, the ten or twelve miles a day with our heavy loads seemed long enough; and at night when we made our bivouac we took carefully guarded positions and threw out pickets. Once there was a rumor that Stewart's raiders were in the neighborhood, and our colonel made us a little speech in his bravado style. He told us that we must not load our muskets, "that he greatly preferred the bayonet!" Fortunately, we were unmolested. Everywhere along our march through that beautiful Maryland hill country we saw the marks of war. We crossed the famous South Mountain and a corner of the Antietam battlefield. There were groups of lonely graves by the roadside, and here and there the white tents of lingering field hospitals. On one night we camped near Phil. Kearney's old brigade, one regiment of which had come from our own neighborhood. Some of us went over to their camp to visit friends whom we had not seen since the beginning of the war. We saw the evening dress parade of that choice regiment. They were fresh from the perils and hardships of the campaign; their ranks were sadly thinned, their clothes worn to rags, many



On the March.

of the men were nearly shoeless; but their rifles and their fighting equipments were in perfect order, and their dress parade was performed with a precision which could scarcely have been surpassed had they been a battalion of regulars in garrison, with spotless uniforms and white gloves.

TAKING EXAMPLE FROM THE VETERANS.

When we reached Hagerstown we found that we were assigned to a brigade of veterans, Yankees from the far North, who had come from their ancestral mountain farms at the first call of their country. They were, in many respects, a contrast to our friends whose dress parade we had witnessed. For those military forms and ceremonies so dear to the heart of the professional soldier they had small regard. They were noted foragers. Their commander, an officer of the regular army who afterwards became a distinguished division chief, said of them, with mingled vexation and admiration, "I never saw such men. It is impossible to tire them out. No matter how far or how hard you march them, at night they will be all over the country stealing pigs and chickens." Their five regiments were all from one State, and their *esprit de corps* was very strong. With quaint Yankee drawl they used to boast, "This old brigade has never been broke, and it never shall be." And I think they made good their word to

the end. They obeyed their officers with prompt devotion, but only because they knew that this was a necessary part of discipline; they had small reverence for rank or place. One of them once said to me, "When I am on guard, if I see an officer coming I always try to be at the other end of my beat, so that I won't have to salute him." And yet in small essentials these men were very precise soldiers. One evening one of them came over from his regiment to visit us. The enemy suddenly opened fire from his batteries away beyond the river. It was a common occurrence. There was no special danger; the regiments were not even formed in line; yet this veteran promptly took his leave. "You know," he said, "that when firing begins a man ought to be in his place in his own company." It was so always. With all their independence and contempt for

conventionalities, the discipline prevailing in that brigade was really most rigid. They were not fond of reviews, and took no special pains to make a show on such occasions; but to see the splendid line they kept in that deadly charge on the Fredericksburg heights, when one of their small regiments lost over a hundred men in a few moments, was enough to bring tears of admiration from a soldier's eyes; and at Salem Heights, when at evening Stonewall Jackson's men, concentrated in overwhelming force, came down upon us in sudden savage charge, and the brigade at our right was "smashed like a pitcher thrown against a rock," when every other hope seemed gone, these Yankees stood firm, with unbroken ranks, and saved the Sixth Corps from disaster.

These were the soldiers whose example became our chief teacher in the art of war. Greenhorns as we were, they received us kindly into their fellowship, and, while they criticized freely, they were ever ready to give us full meed of praise for anything we did well.

INTO THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

We were scarcely settled in our brigade camp before orders came which set the whole army in motion. From picturesque Hagerstown we marched toward the Potomac, and encamped for a few days in a

grove of magnificent oaks. There was some musical talent of the popular sort in our regiment, and it had crystalized into a glee club whose free concerts about the camp-fires were the delight of the whole brigade and did much to make us pleasantly acquainted with our new friends. One of the men was an expert performer on the banjo, and he had brought his dearly beloved instrument with him. Poor fellow, he was more fit for the concert-room than for a soldier's life, and a few weeks afterward he succumbed to the toil of the march. He "straggled" and was gobbled, banjo and all, by the Confederate cavalry, and we saw him no more.

Reluctantly we left our pleasant camp under the oaks, and a short march brought us to the banks of the Potomac and in view of a pontoon bridge. That river was a Rubicon. On the other side of it lay the debatable land, the region of bloody battle, and the bridge which, like a dark line of fate, lay across the water in the glow of twilight, seemed the final decision of our destiny. We had dreamed that we were to be employed in garrison duty to relieve older and more experienced troops. Now we knew that we must take our share, raw as we were, in the toil and peril of the coming campaign. Soldiers never know their destination on the march. Even the officers, unless they be corps or division commanders, are usually as much in the dark as the humblest privates, and the river, with its pontoon bridge, was a revelation to our veteran friends as well as to ourselves. We listened to their comments with hushed attention. "Well, here we are once more; here is the river and there are the pontoons, and we are going over into Virginia again. The inhabitants of the land are all rebels, and yet the last time we were over there our generals were mighty tender towards them. No foraging was allowed, and we submitted tamely; we spared the inhabitants. But this time, may the gods do so to us and more also if we spare them!"

There was something of the Cromwellian spirit among these Yankees, and in spite of the provost guard, they made good their threat.

REAL EXPERIENCE OF THE MARCH.

The crossing of that river in the morning marked a new stage in the making of



On the Ficket Line.

the regiment. We entered upon our first real discipline, and it was that of the march. Our tramp through Maryland, which had seemed so severe, was really child's play. Now we were part of a great campaigning host, a mere unit in the moving mass, in which we must perforce keep our place. The discipline of the march may seem very simple, and it is, in fact, simpler in some ways than people suppose who have formed their ideas from what they have seen in city parades. The tactics of the march are elementary. The soldier must know how to keep his place in a column of fours; the regiment must be able instantly to form in line. That is about all. On the march there is no attempt at keeping step; there is far less apparent order than in a political parade. Each man carries his gun as he pleases, only so that he interferes with no one else. Yet, with loose order and apparent freedom there is really severest restraint. The ranks must be kept closed up; to lag, even when you are most weary, is a fault; to drop out of your place and "straggle" is a crime. A man is but a cog in the wheels of a remorseless machine, and he must move with it. The march is an art which some otherwise well-drilled troops are slow in acquiring. A regiment of infantry is seldom allowed the road. When an army is moving through a hostile country, the roads are monopolized by the artillery and the supply and ammunition

trains; foot soldiers must take to the fields, find a way over plowed ground or meadow, through fences, through brush, through woods, across bridgeless streams. In spite of obstacles the column must press on, keeping its formation intact, and keep closed up. This is no simple matter.

Battle is one trial of a soldier's quality; the march is another scarcely less severe. It tries endurance. Did you ever walk twenty miles in a day? It is not a long walk, and it may be delightful. But if you have had to carry even a light satchel or a fish-basket, with your wading-boots, you know how the trifling load tells before the day is over; how you try it first in one position, then in another, and each seems worse than the last. Now suppose yourself loaded with knapsack containing your half of a shelter tent, your blanket, and a few other necessities; haversack filled with three days' rations; cartridge-box with from forty to sixty rounds of ammunition; canteen of water, heavy musket and bayonet—fifty or sixty pounds in all. Your twenty miles will equal forty without the load; yes, more than that, even if you could walk at will and choose the easiest paths, which is precisely what the soldier cannot do. You must stumble over stony places, and push through briars, and wallow through swampy ground, or toil through soft fields; now and then you must wade a brook up to your knees or deeper, and for the next hour your shoes will weigh a pound more than they ought and gather mud and absorb gravel. Perhaps the regiment may take the highroad for a time, and the dust, beaten small and deep by preceding hoofs and wheels, will enshroud you in a horrible cloud from which there is no escape, and penetrate every crevice of your clothing, and fill your eyes and ears and mouth and nostrils, and blind and choke you.

There is no martial music to cheer you on; only the monotonous command, "Close up, men!" You lose consciousness of your soul; you know only that you have a body. Even that seems not to belong to you; it seems a badly oiled machine, part of a greater machine. And, then, on hot days the thirst! Your canteen will soon be exhausted; you will look with longing eyes at every stagnant puddle, and when a brook is reached—I have then seen men break through all restraint and madly dash at the water in spite of the drawn swords of officers vainly struggling to keep the ranks whole. As the day wanes the weariness amounts to agony.

Every bone aches, every nerve is unstrung; strong men lose their self-control, sometimes almost their manhood.

The moods of men on the march are a curious study. Perhaps early in the day the whole line will break into song, especially if the route happens to be through an inhabited town. The Maryland villages used to ring with

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

Then silence will fall on every one as the burden begins to tell. Not a word will be spoken until some one breaks out with an oath, and then, all up and down the line, every man who ever swears will answer, and the air will be blue with blasphemy.

War takes no account of Sabbaths. We often marched day after day until we fairly lost track of time, and you might hear a dialogue like the following:

"Bill, what day is this?"

"Why, don't you know? This is Sunday."

"By George! is that so? Well, there's no rest for the wicked!"

And then the men would begin to talk about home, and somehow over the rudeness of war and the weariness of the march a breath of hallowed air would seem to waft itself, and the far-off sound of Sabbath bells would seem to steal, and the dim faces of distant loved ones would rise before us, until the spell would perhaps be broken by another chorus of profanity.

WEEDING OUT THE INEFFICIENT.

By force of stern necessity we became a good marching regiment long before we had half learned tactical drill, and the discipline did several important things for us. Our marching was not peaceful; it was through a hostile country. The enemy's cavalry hung about our flanks and rear, and the sound of cannon was frequent. We had as yet no fighting, but we were constantly threatened, and that helped the discipline. It taught us unceasing vigilance and the need of perpetual readiness; it also tried the nerves of our officers. The unfit ones began to drop off. First our lieutenant-colonel, then our major, was smitten with what the men called "cannon fever." Their health failed suddenly, their resignations were offered and accepted, and we were well rid of them. The captain of Company A, who now be-

*A Wayside Well.*

came major, was a fine type of the class of men by whom our volunteer army was mainly officered. He was a plain citizen who had been superintendent in a manufactory, and his military knowledge was only such as could be gained in a militia company. He had, however, a strong soldierly instinct, and, better still, his personal character compelled respect. Familiar in manner, with no "airs," yet always dignified and firm; modest, yet, as we found when the test came, unflinchingly brave; with keen natural intelligence, quick to grasp a situation and prompt in action, he proved that good officers are born, not made. His awkwardness on horseback afforded amusement only for a little while. In a few weeks he rode like a cavalryman, and every fresh trial of his quality raised him in our esteem and affection.

The weeding process worked among the men in a different way. The old and weak and physically unfit broke down. Some of them died; a number of them were discharged from the service. At the end of a month we had lost more officers and as many men as a smartly contested battle would have cost us, and instead of being weaker, we were distinctly stronger for it. The law of the survival of the fittest was beginning to work. In another way the weeding process proceeded. Every army requires a great many non-

combatants as its servants. There must be wagoners, clerks at headquarters, ambulance drivers, hospital attendants, "detailed men" of many sorts, and each regiment has to furnish its quota of these. When, therefore, an order would come to detail a man, perhaps for ambulance driver, the colonel would send it down to a captain with the hint, "Detail the worst dead beat in your company." Sometimes these non-combatant positions were sought by those who had no stomach for the fight, and thus, in different ways, our thinned ranks became cleaner.

EATING AND SLEEPING ON THE MARCH.

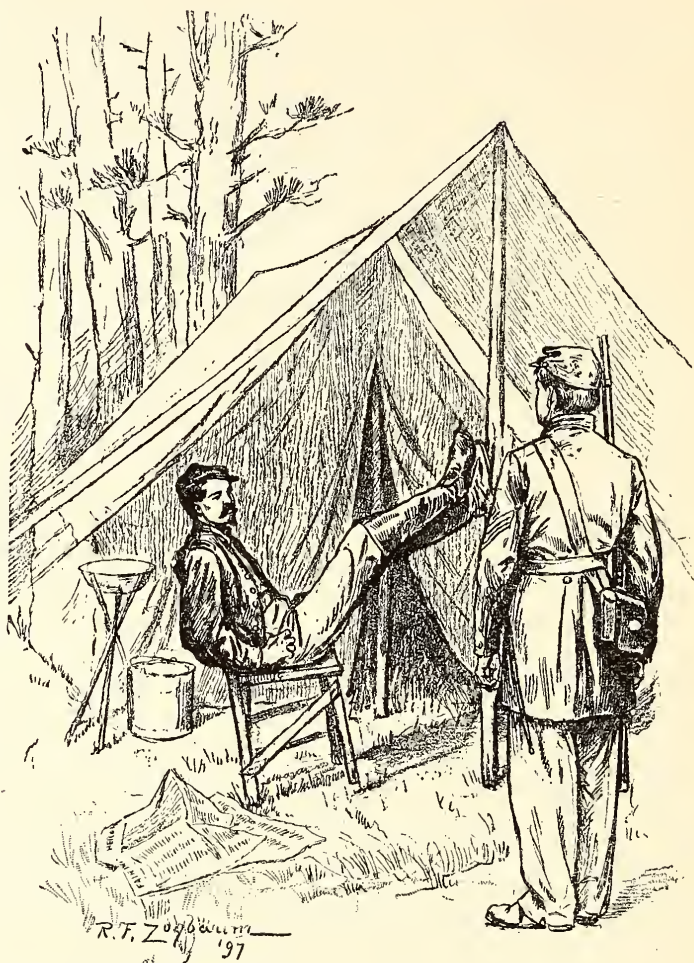
We learned other things by the discipline of the march. We learned to live as soldiers must. Life in a well-ordered camp and camp life in the field are vastly different. The army lived in shelter tents. These were simply pieces of cotton cloth about six feet square, and each man carried one piece on his knapsack. Two or three buttoned together and stretched over such poles or sticks as could be found, or over muskets set in the ground when nothing else could be had, formed our habitation. We literally carried our houses on our backs. We slept on the ground, or, rather, we learned not to sleep on the ground. Pine branches made a luxurious bed, but anything served—dried grass,

boughs of saplings, even corn stalks, though they were worse than boarding-house mattresses. I have slept on unthreshed wheat—anything to keep the body from direct contact with the ground, which, even in summer, chills one through before morning. Then, wood for fires must be had. Through the hill country of Virginia we used the fences. When the welcome halt was called at evening and arms stacked, it was a sight to see eight or nine hundred men joining with wild cheers in a mad charge on the nearest rail fence. Sometimes our colonel would draw us up in line and give the word, so that all might have an even chance, and then, after a brisk scrimmage, the fence would disappear as if by magic. Dry rails made the best of campfires, but the skill which men developed at fire-making was wonderful. We had few axes beside the dozen carried by the pioneer corps, whose duty it was to clear obstructions from the road; we had to break up our rails or break down branches as best we could. Our jack-knives did yeoman service. Often green wood alone was available; and I have actually seen fires kindled in the midst of pouring rain with nothing but such apparently impossible materials as green pine saplings.

Two men from each company were detailed as cooks. They were seldom favorites with the men. On the march, and, finally, almost altogether, their services were dispensed with. We preferred to do our own cooking, especially when it came to the coffee. Coffee was our chief comfort and our main necessity. We carried it in the haversack, in a little bag with a partition: on one side ground coffee, on the other, smaller side, a little brown sugar; and we made it generously, and drank it strong. Coffee, hardtack, and salt pork were the standard marching rations.

It was curious to notice how men treated the rations question. Three days' supply at a time was dealt out to us. Some of the men would make way with their stock in two days, and then go begging among their comrades. Upon others excessive weariness acted as a stay upon appetite, and the three days' rations would be more than enough. I think these were the men who stood the hardship of the march best. After supper came sleep, the sleep of exhaustion; and then at daybreak, the reveille, roll-call, hasty breakfast (like the

supper, of hardtack, pork, and coffee). Then canteens were filled from the nearest available water, knapsacks packed, and precisely at sunrise the column would be formed and the march begun. The rule



The Captain's Quarters.

was, march two hours, rest ten minutes, except at noon, when twenty minutes' rest was allowed.

At these rests the men would lie down wherever they happened to be, and think the hard ground blessed and the time too short. Sometimes, though this was later, during the battle season, we had night marches, and as illustrating the result of the discipline of the march even upon new troops, I have seen men, when halt was called at night, lie down in the dusty road and fall instantly fast asleep; but at the low-spoken order, "Fall in, men!" they would as instantly rise, and, before they were fully awake, step into their proper places in the line. Under the discipline of the march, in three months' time we had learned lessons which the best trained city militia regiments never learn and which made us veterans in comparison with them.

If you ask how we learned, I can only answer that we did as we saw the old

troops about us doing. And it is but justice to our colonel to say that he knew the duties of the march, and especially those of the camp, and was strict to the point of severity, with the officers especially.

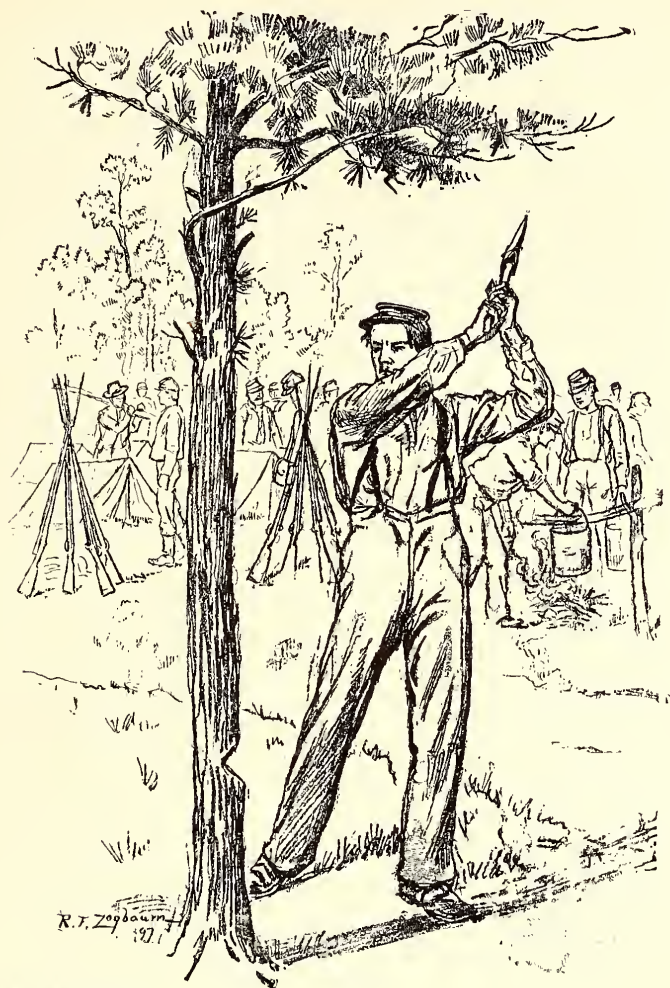
and, as it grew darker, the fires increased in numbers and in brightness until, in every direction, as far as the eye could see, the lonely woods seemed changed as if by magic into a vast city. We were in the very midst of the great army; we had been marching with it all day.

THE FIRST BATTLE.

Our first battle was that of Fredericksburg, and we went into it under every disadvantage. Our showy colonel was absent on sick-leave, our only field officer was our yet untried major; in fact, not a single one of our officers had ever been really under fire, and, beside our imperfection in drill, we were wretchedly armed. In the haste to put us into the field, we had been supplied with Harper's Ferry smooth-bore muskets — antiquated weapons utterly unfit for modern warfare. We knew they were useless except at short range; we suspected that some of them would prove more dangerous to ourselves than to the enemy. The men despised them, and called them "stuffed clubs;" but they saved us from being sacrificed.

I was never prouder of my regiment than at the moment when we were ordered to the front. We had been for hours exposed to a long-range artillery fire, and one regiment after another of the brigade had been sent forward until we were left alone. We knew the helplessness of our inexperience and the uselessness of our old guns; yet when the command came there was no faltering. The men marched away with cheerful readiness, and in better line than we could often show on parade. But ere we reached the battle's bloody edge we were ordered back again. The commander of the brigade protested. He said that, armed and officered as we were, it would be sheer murder to send us in.

And so it happened that we saw that awful battle from afar, though for two days we endured one of the most trying of the ordeals which come to soldiers. We had to lie still and be shot at. Few indeed are hit by long-range artillery fire, but every catastrophe seems doubly dreadful because you see it all and can do nothing but wonder if it will be your turn next. You fall into a dolefully speculative mood and into watching for the sound of the howling shells. You can



Making Camp.

An army of a hundred thousand men on the march would be a wonderful sight if one could see it, but the columns stretch too far to be visible all at once. They reach for miles, and woods or hills or valleys hide them. But occasionally we had impressive views from some height into the country below, over which the endless lines moved like vast serpents, and sometimes we had curious surprises. I remember how one day our regiment took an unfrequented road and we seemed to be alone. No other troops were in sight, and all day long we speculated upon our destination. Some thought we were being sent back to Washington for garrison duty; others that we were detached for some special, perhaps perilous, service. There were all sorts of surmises, but finally night came, and we camped on the hillside of a long and deep valley. We lighted our fires, and, in apparent response, other fires began to twinkle from the hills beyond and beside us and from down in the valley,



A Ford.

tell if one is coming your way, but never just how near. Sometimes a shot will strike close in front and cover you with a shower of gravel, or a shell will explode over your head and rend the air with demoniac shrieks of flying fragments. Death seems even nearer and more horrible than in close battle, where you can do as well as suffer.

The panorama of that battle was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. From the amphitheater of hills on either side the river a hundred cannon roared. The space between seemed filled with a chorus of demons. In the lulls of this pandemonium, for miles along the line, the mournful, far-away skirmish fire echoed constantly, and ever and anon on that tragic Saturday, away at our right, we could hear the shouts of charging men coming like a fateful wail across the field, and then the steady roll of the Confederate file fire from the deadly stone wall, against which fourteen brigades were successively and vainly hurled. And every charging shout meant that men for duty's sake, but hopelessly, were meeting death by hundreds.

Incidents of that battle will always dwell in my memory. There I saw a soldier's death for the first time. We were in line with other troops well up toward the front. Beyond, in the open fields, the skirmishers were at work. We could see little of them save the puffs of smoke from their rifles. A man came over from a neighboring regiment to speak to a friend near

me. As he stood talking, a bullet from the skirmish line struck him in the breast, and he fell at our feet. I can feel the shock that went through me even now.

Tragedy is scarcely ever without its by-play of comedy. We were for a time lying at rest behind a low, bare ridge, which slightly protected us from the enemy's fire. Suddenly a rabbit started up from a little clump of bushes. Three or four soldiers instantly sprang after him. Presently the rabbit neared the ridge and ran to the top of it, but his pursuers, now in full chase, forgot all danger and followed. And the picture in my mind is that of the rabbit and his reckless hunters darkly silhouetted upon the summit of the ridge and punctuated here and there with the sudden white cloud of a bursting shell. I think the rabbit escaped; the men, I know, came off unharmed.

We had had no breakfast, and when the enemy's fire lulled, several of the men tried to do a little cooking. A comrade near me was busily engaged in frying a piece of pork in a pan extemporized from an old canteen. Suddenly the batteries reopened; several stacks of muskets were struck, with the effect of making them look like a nest of snakes. Our commander said, "Some of you men might as well move up nearer the ridge, where there is better protection." I could see that my friend of the frying-pan was growing anxious. He looked at his pork and then at the shelter. It was hard to abandon his

breakfast; but life was growing dearer every moment, and with sudden impulse he left all and ran for refuge. How big Corporal J——, lying near me, laughed as he rescued and appropriated the burning pork! The man did not hear the last of that frying-pan incident for months; yet he was a brave fellow, and afterwards did his duty nobly in the face of far greater danger than any we saw that day.

Men will do queer things in battle. I knew of a regiment sent to support a battery when the enemy was about to charge. The men went to their post at the double quick with fixed bayonets, and just in front of the battery they were ordered to lie down so that the guns might fire over their heads. As they did so one man accidentally pricked another with his bayonet, and the fellow, enraged, struck at him. They dared not stand up to fight for fear of having their heads blown off by the battery close behind, and, therefore, on their knees, under the guns, they had it out in a fisticuff duel before the officers could interfere and stop them.

“A GOOD COLONEL MAKES A GOOD REGIMENT.”

We lost only a few men at Fredericksburg, but we gained a great experience. The battle took place in December, and after it the army went into winter quarters. A field officer from one of the old regiments of the brigade was detailed to command us in the protracted absence of our colonel. He knew our defects. We needed drill. He gave it to us without stint, and worked us as we had never been worked before—company and skirmish drill in the morning, battalion drill all the afternoon, so that after the evening dress parade we were as weary as bricklayers. Nothing escaped his notice, and he made you feel that his eyes were on you personally, and his orders came in a sharp, explosive tone that made men jump. After an hour's hard work on the drill ground, some of us would grow careless, and then that rasping voice would startle the whole battalion. “Why don't that man hold that gun *properly*?” and a half dozen muskets would straighten up with a jerk.

Under our own colonel the discipline of the regiment had been excessive in unimportant details and lax in essentials. All this was changed. We felt ourselves ruled with an iron hand, yet with just discrimination, so that while we stood in awe of our new commander, we learned to like him

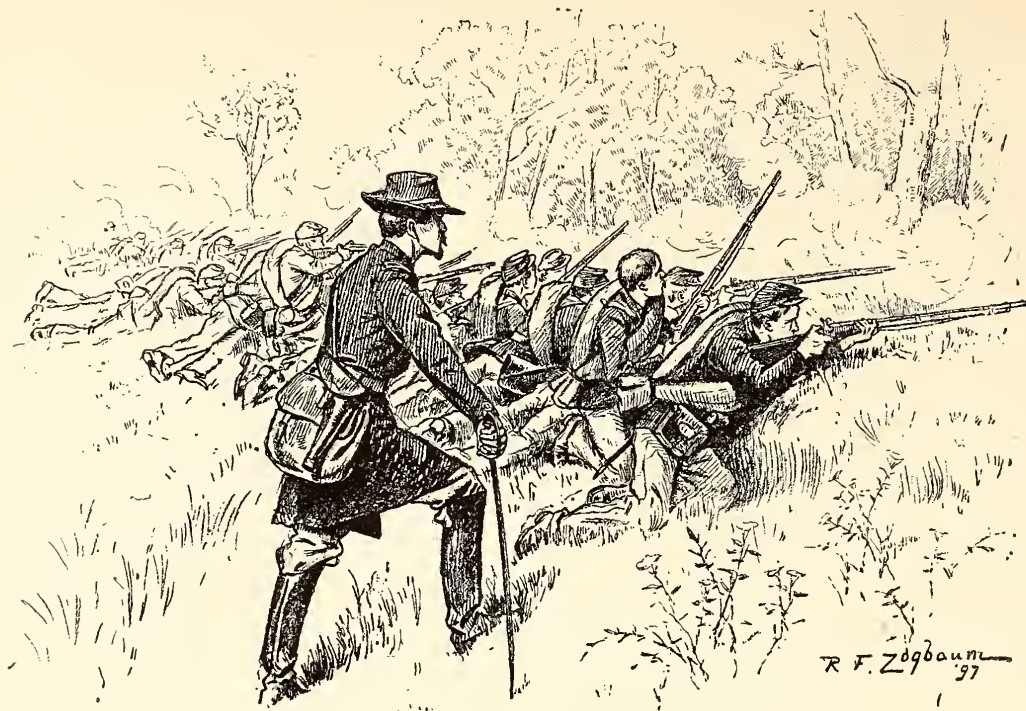
greatly; the more so when we found that he liked us, and in a lurid, unrepeatable epigram expressed his opinion of what might have been made of us if he could have had us from the first. Then, too, he looked carefully after our comfort and our necessities. Some rascally quartermaster had nearly starved us with bad rations. He quickly stopped that. Moreover, to our great satisfaction, new rifles for the regiment arrived. We gladly bade good-by to our old “stuffed clubs,” and we had occasional target practice with our new and effective weapons. A fresh spirit came into us; we imagined ourselves fit for anything.

Yet the regiment was really like a great boy who begins to think himself a man. The weeding process was still incomplete and progressing. Captains and lieutenants disappeared one by one. Some who were otherwise competent had broken down in health; others had been proved unfit. Their places were filled by promotions, mainly, of non-commissioned officers.

Our experience was precisely that of almost every volunteer regiment in the army. After the first twelve months' service the line was usually transformed. Sergeants and corporals, men who had been appointed because of fitness rather than chosen because of popularity or influence, came into command as company officers. In much less than a year not a single one of our original field officers remained, and only three of the ten original captains of companies.

As to the men in general, the weeding process showed some results worthy of record. It proved that very few men over forty years of age were fit for war, either physically or morally, and that boys from eighteen to twenty made excellent soldiers. It was not simply that the young fellows were more reckless, but they never worried about coming danger. They were more cheerful; they fretted less over privations; they actually endured hardships better than older and stronger men. Our losses among the boys were chiefly in battle; our losses among the old men were mainly by sickness and physical exhaustion. Doubtless it might be different with a body of men carefully selected and gradually inured to a soldier's life; but in our volunteer regiments, hastily enlisted, and composed of men whose habit of life was suddenly changed, the facts as observed in our experience would, I think, always hold good.

The monotony of camp life was broken

*In Action.*

by frequent picket duty. This was sometimes dangerous and often trying, especially to the non-commissioned officers, on whom special responsibility rested; yet in pleasant weather, at least, it was a welcome change from the dull routine of camp. It was also an essential part of our education. Pickets are the antennæ of an army. In the face of the enemy the antennæ become formidable as skirmishers. A picket line, in case of need, is quickly transformed into a skirmish line. Nothing teaches vigilance, the use of independent judgment, prompt action in emergency, and, at the same time, strict subordination, like outpost or skirmish work. We had some exciting and some amusing experiences.

One night the line ran through a swamp. It was moonlight, and in the small hours toward morning things looked weird and ghostly. In visiting my sentries I came to one of our boys, a mere stripling, whom I found in a state of high excitement. "Sergeant," he said, "I wish I could be relieved; I'm afraid to stay here." I asked him what the trouble was, and he answered, "There's a wolf out there," pointing to a dismal clump of bushes. "I saw him come out of the woods and go across the swamp into those bushes. He was close to me. I do wish I could be relieved; I'm afraid to stay here alone!"

I knew it was a trick of the imagination, or possibly a stray fox, and told him so; but it was of no use. The poor fellow's terror was pitiful. Yet that same boy was afterward as bold as a lion when bullets

were flying thick and men were falling about him.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE IN THE FAMOUS "MUD MARCH."

Toward the end of January there were rumors in the air. They furnished food for camp gossip, and were beginning to leave us skeptical, when orders came suddenly, and we found ourselves one gray morning actually on the move—where or why we knew not, though it was clear that no ordinary enterprise was at hand; for the whole army was in motion, and, in all our experience, never had a march been so forced. It was hurry, hurry, almost at a trot, with rests so infrequent and so short that men, from sheer inability to keep the pace, began to drop out of the ranks. The roads were good, but the sky was overcast, and when, early in the evening, we halted and pitched our shelter tents for the night, the weather was threatening. Before morning a cold, northeast storm had set in; all day long the icy rain poured down. The Virginia roads were speedily melting into muddy creeks. The movement of artillery or pontoon trains was fast becoming an impossibility; but at nightfall a desperate attempt was made. Our regiment was among the unfortunates detailed to extricate the ponderous pontoon train from its muddy fetters. Imagine a bridge of boats loaded upon wagons, each great flat-bottomed boat about twenty feet long, and, alternating with the boats, wagon-trucks loaded with bridge timbers,

*Cold Steel.*

six or eight horses to each of these unwieldy vehicles, and the whole train hopelessly mired in a rough wood road, wheels sunk to the hubs, horses floundering helplessly, some of them half dead with their terrible work; the night dark, the half-frozen rain pouring pitilessly—and then perhaps you may picture the task which was ours. Muskets, equipments, even overcoats were left at our tents. We were marched about a mile to the place where the pontoons were stalled; ropes were made fast to the wagons, and, with a hundred men to each, we dragged them one after another out of the woods into the open ground. There they sunk more hopelessly than ever. The force of men had to be doubled. We could have drawn them far more easily without wheels; but at last, when it was nearly midnight, they were all ranged upon solid ground on a little knoll.

As to ourselves, we were drenched with the rain, bruised with our falls, half frozen with the cold, and plastered with mud from head to foot. And in this plight we were kept standing idly for a bitter hour, waiting for another division of the pontoon train. But it never came, and finally we were permitted to return to our tents, where we found everything, even our blankets, soaked with the merciless rain.

The work and exposure had been horrible. I remember, as we marched back to camp, seeing one poor fellow, a member of a veteran regiment, who had apparently gone crazy under the strain; he was screaming and swearing wildly, while his comrades vainly strove to calm him.

By morning the failure of the enterprise, which was an attempt to surprise the enemy, was evident. The retreat of the army through the mud and the rain which followed was an experience the horror of which none that shared it can forget. The elements were the foes which prevailed against us then, and the demoralization of the army was worse than any we ever saw inflicted by battle with mortals. Many men died from exposure and exhaustion. This was the famous "mud march."

Winter passed quickly after this, and with the spring came preparation for a new campaign. Our jaunty colonel had recovered his health and returned to duty; the list of field officers was completed by the appointment of a new lieutenant-colonel. All that we knew of him was that he had served with distinction upon General Hancock's staff. He was eccentric in manner, and evidently unpractised in the handling of an infantry regiment, and we took to him none too kindly at first. But when we came to know him, his high character, his resourcefulness, and his noble courage won our admiration and our profound respect. He was destined soon to become the commander of the regiment.

A GLORIOUS CHARGE—THE LAST STEP IN THE MAKING OF THE REGIMENT.

The last step, the most important of all, in the making of the regiment was now before us. At the first Fredericksburg

we had endured the trial of battle in part and passively. The more real and active experience was now before us. We were members of Sedgwick's Corps, whose brilliant capture of the Fredericksburg heights turned the tide of disaster at the battle of Chancellorsville and failed to pluck victory from defeat only because of the unaccountable inertness of the commander of the Union forces. Our regiment was one of those chosen to form part of one of the storming columns. It may seem strange that new troops should be selected for such perilous and difficult duty, yet this was often done. The new regiments were strong in numbers; they had not been decimated by battle and disease; and though less reliable than older battalions, when no complicated manœuvres were required, when the only thing was to go straight forward against a fire from the front, their wild *élan* sometimes accomplished wonders. They were seldom spared in close battle; it was a way, though a costly one, to break them in and make soldiers of them. The heaviest losses often fell upon them.

Placed between two other regiments of the brigade, in a sunken road, where we were sheltered from the enemy's fire, we anxiously awaited the signal for the assault. We could see something of the work before us. Nearly a mile of open field lay between us and the base of the hills whose crests were crowned with the Confederate earthworks, and every foot of that open ground was swept by their fire. It must be crossed before the storming column could reach the heaviest part of its task and begin the real assault upon those deadly hills. All along at our right, away up into the streets of Frederick, a mile away, other columns were stationed at intervals, some of them facing stronger defenses than those against which our attack was to be directed.

At noon precisely, the signal guns boomed out, and we sprang to the charge. From the very first our colonel blundered. He failed to obey his orders; he led us wildly in a wrong direction under the very guns of one of our batteries. The hills in front of us flamed and roared with hostile

fire, and our men were beginning to fall, but this disturbed us less than the confusing orders which sent us now this way, now that. It seemed as though the regiment was doomed to disgrace, if not to destruction. Then it was that we discovered the heroic character of our lieutenant-colonel. Ignoring his incompetent and now helpless superior, he calmly assumed command, and there, in the face of the enemy's fierce fire, halted us, re-formed our disordered line, and led us forward once more. There was no lack of courage in the men; they were willing to do all that could be asked of them. Throughout the remainder of that deadly though glorious charge the regiment proved that all it needed was what it had at last found—a true leader. We gained the crest of the hills along with the rest of the column. Our first real battle was fought. We had come through it, not indeed faultlessly—few new regiments ever do that—but so that we could look with reverence upon our torn flag, and view our sadly thinned ranks with sorrow, but without shame. Not perfectly, yet not unworthily, we had endured the ordeal of battle.

In seven months the regiment, which left home little better than a mob, save for the character of its members and the spirit which animated it, had become a battalion of seasoned and well-officered soldiers, fit to take its place in a brigade of veterans. We had learned to wear the armor so hastily put on. We had fitted ourselves to it.

If the story of the making of this regiment is worth the telling, that is not because it is in any way exceptional, but because it is typical. Some regiments were more fortunate than ours in their first commanders; some met the test of battle sooner. Details vary, yet the process through which we went is a fair example of that by which hundreds of thousands of peaceful American citizens were transformed into the soldiers of one of the most formidable armies of history. The process was not ideal; it was in many ways illogical, unmilitary, and wasteful; yet its results have seldom been surpassed.

FLANAGAN

AND HIS SHORT FILIBUSTERING ADVENTURE.

BY STEPHEN CRANE,

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Third Violet," etc.

I.

"I HAVE got twenty men at me back who will fight to the death," said the warrior to the old filibuster.

"And they can be blowed, for all me," replied the old filibuster. "Common as sparrows. Cheap as cigarettes. Show me twenty men with steel clamps on their mouths, with holes in their heads where memory ought to be, and I want 'em. But twenty brave men, merely? I'd rather have twenty brave onions."

Thereupon the warrior removed sadly, feeling that no salaams were paid to valor in these days of mechanical excellence.

Valor, in truth, is no bad thing to have when filibustering, but many medals are to be won by the man who knows not the meaning of pow-wow, before or afterwards. Twenty brave men with tongues hung lightly may make trouble rise from the ground like smoke from grass because of their subsequent fiery pride, whereas twenty cow-eyed villains who accept unrighteous and far-compelling kicks as they do the rain of heaven may halo the ultimate history of an expedition with gold and plentifully bedeck their names, winning forty years of gratitude from patriots, simply by remaining silent. As for the cause, it may be only that they have no friends or other credulous furniture.

If it were not for the curse of the swinging tongue, it is surely to be said that the filibustering industry, flourishing now in the United States, would be pie. Under correct conditions, it is merely a matter of dealing with some little detectives whose skill at search is rated by those who pay them at a value of twelve or twenty dollars each week. It is nearly axiomatic that normally a twelve-dollar-per-week detective cannot defeat a one-hundred-thousand-dollar filibustering excursion. Against the criminal the detective represents the commonwealth; but in this other case he represents his desire to

show cause why his salary should be paid. He represents himself, merely, and he counts no more than a grocer's clerk.

But the pride of the successful filibuster often smites him and his cause like an ax, and men who have not confided in their mothers go prone with him. It can make the dome of the Capitol tremble and incite the Senators to overturning benches. It can increase the salaries of detectives who could not detect the location of a pain in the chest. It is a wonderful thing, this pride.

Filibustering was once such a simple game. It was managed blandly by gentle captains and smooth and undisturbed gentlemen who at other times dealt in the law, soap, medicine, and bananas. It was a great pity that the little cote of doves in Washington was obliged to rustle officially, and naval men were kept from their berths at night, and sundry custom-house people got wiggings, all because the returned adventurer pow-wow'd in his pride. A yellow and red banner would have been long since smothered in a shame of defeat if a contract to filibuster had been let to some admirable organization like one of our trusts.

And yet the game is not obsolete. It is still played by the wise and the silent, men whose names are not display-typed and blathered from one end of the country to the other.

There is in mind now a man who knew one side of a fence from the other side when he looked sharply. They were hunting for captains then to command the first vessels of what has since become a famous little fleet. One was recommended to this man, and he said: "Send him down to my office, and I'll look him over." He was an attorney, and he liked to lean back in his chair, twirl a paper-knife, and let the other fellow talk.

The seafaring man came, and stood, and appeared confounded. The attorney asked the terrible first question of the filibuster

to the applicant. He said: "Why do you want to go?"

The captain reflected, changed his attitude three times, and decided ultimately that he didn't know. He seemed greatly ashamed. The attorney, looking at him, saw that he had eyes that resembled a lambkin's eyes.

"Glory?" said the attorney at last.

"No-o," said the captain.

"Pay?"

"No-o. Not that, so much."

"Think they'll give you a land grant when they win out?"

"No. Never thought."

"No glory. No immense pay. No land grant. What are you going for, then?"

"Well, I don't know," said the captain, with his glance on the floor, and shifting his position again. "I don't know. I guess it's just for fun, mostly." The attorney asked him out to have a drink.

When he stood on the bridge of his outgoing steamer, the attorney saw him again. His shore meekness and uncertainty were gone. He was clear-eyed and strong, aroused like a mastiff at night. He took his cigar out of his mouth and yelled some sudden language at the deck.

This steamer had about her a quality of unholy mediæval disrepair which is usually accounted the principal prerogative of the United States revenue marine. There is many a seaworthy icehouse if she was a good ship. She swashed through the seas as genially as an old wooden clock, burying her head under waves that came only like children at play, and on board it cost a ducking to go from anywhere to anywhere.

The captain had commanded vessels that shore people thought were liners, but when a man gets the ant of desire-to-see-what-it's-like stirring in his heart, he will wallow out to sea in a pail. The thing surpasses a man's love for his sweetheart. The great tank-steamer "Thunder Voice" had long been Flanagan's sweetheart, but he was far happier off Hatteras, watching this wretched little portmanteau boom down the slant of a wave.

The crew scraped acquaintance, one with another, gradually. Each man came ultimately to ask his neighbor what particular turn of ill-fortune or inherited deviltry caused him to try this voyage. When one frank, bold man saw another frank, bold man aboard, he smiled, and they became friends. There was not a mind on

board the ship that was not fastened to the dangers of the coast of Cuba and taking wonder at this prospect and delight in it. Still, in jovial moments, they termed each other accursed idiots.

At first there was some trouble in the engine-room, where there were many steel animals, for the most part painted red, and in other places very shiny, bewildering, complex, incomprehensible to anyone who don't care, usually thumping, thumping, thumping with the monotony of a snore.

It seems that this engine was as whimsical as a gas-meter. The chief engineer was a fine old fellow with a gray mustache, but the engine told him that it didn't intend to budge until it felt better. He came to the bridge, and said: "The blamed old thing has laid down on us, sir."

"Who was on duty?" roared the captain.

"The second, sir."

"Why didn't he call you?"

"Don't know, sir." Later the stokers had occasion to thank the stars that they were not second engineers.

The "Foundling" was soundly thrashed by the waves for loitering while the captain and the engineers fought the obstinate machinery. During this wait on the sea, the first gloom came to the faces of the company. The ocean is wide, and a ship is a small place for the feet, and an ill ship is worriment. Even when she was again under way, the gloom was still upon the crew. From time to time men went to the engine-room doors and, looking down, wanted to ask questions of the chief engineer, who slowly prowled to and fro and watched with careful eye his red-painted mysteries. No man wished to have a companion know that he was anxious, and so questions were caught at the lips. Perhaps none commented save the first mate, who remarked to the captain: "Wonder what the bally old thing will do, sir, when we're chased by a Spanish cruiser?"

The captain merely grinned. Later he looked over the side and said to himself with scorn: "Sixteen knots! Sixteen knots! Sixteen hinges on the inner gates of Hades! Sixteen knots! Seven is her gait, and nine if you crack her up to it."

There may never be a captain whose crew can't sniff his misgivings. They scent it as a herd scents the menace far through the trees and over the ridges. A captain that does not know that he is on a foundering ship sometimes can take his men to tea and buttered toast twelve min-

utes before the disaster; but let him fret for a moment in the loneliness of his cabin, and in no time it affects the liver of a distant and sensitive seaman. Even as Flanagan reflected on the "Foundling," viewing her as a filibuster, word arrived that a winter of discontent had come to the stoke-room.

The captain knew that it requires sky to give a man courage. He sent for a stoker and talked to him on the bridge. The man, standing under the sky, instantly and shamefacedly denied all knowledge of the business. Nevertheless a jaw had presently to be broken by a fist because the "Foundling" - could only steam nine knots and because the stoke-room has no sky, no wind, no bright horizon.

When the "Foundling" was somewhere off Savannah, a blow came from the northeast, and the steamer, headed southeast, rolled like a boiling potato. The first mate was a fine officer, and so a wave crashed him into the deck-house and broke his arm. The cook was a good cook, and so the heave of the ship flung him heels over head with a pot of boiling water, and caused him to lose interest in everything save his legs. "By the piper," said Flanagan to himself, "this filibustering is no trick with cards."

Later there was more trouble in the stoke-room. All the stokers participated save the one with a broken jaw, who had become discouraged. The captain had an excellent chest development. When he went aft, roaring, it was plain that a man could beat carpets with a voice like that one.

II.

ONE night the "Foundling" was off the southern coast of Florida and running at half speed toward the shore. The captain was on the bridge. "Four flashes at intervals of one minute," he said to himself, gazing steadfastly toward the beach. Suddenly a yellow eye opened in the black face of the night, and looked at the "Foundling," and closed again. The captain studied his watch and the shore. Three times more the eye opened and looked at the "Foundling" and closed again. The captain called to the vague figures on the deck below him. "Answer it." The flash of a light from the bow of the steamer displayed for a moment in golden color the crests of the inriding waves.

The "Foundling" lay to and waited.

The long swells rolled her gracefully, and her two stub masts, reaching into the darkness, swung with the solemnity of batons timing a dirge. When the ship had left Boston she had been as encrusted with ice as a Dakota stage-driver's beard; but now the gentle wind of Florida softly swayed the lock on the forehead of the coatless Flanagan, and he lit a new cigar without troubling to make a shield of his hands.

Finally a dark boat came plashing over the waves. As it came very near, the captain leaned forward and perceived that the men in her rowed like seamstresses, and at the same time a voice hailed him in bad English. "It's a dead sure connection," said he to himself.

At sea, to load two hundred thousand rounds of rifle ammunition, seven hundred and fifty rifles, two rapid-fire field guns, with a hundred shells, forty bundles of machetes, and a hundred pounds of dynamite, from yawls and by men who are not born stevedores, and in a heavy ground swell and with the search-light of a United States cruiser sometimes flashing like lightning in the sky to the southward, is no business for a Sunday-school class. When at last the "Foundling" was steaming for the open, over the gray sea, at dawn, there was not a man of the forty come aboard from the Florida shore, nor of the fifteen sailed from Boston, who was not glad, standing with his hair matted to his forehead with sweat, smiling at the broad wake of the "Foundling" and the dim streak on the horizon which was Florida.

But there is a point of the compass in these waters which men call the northeast. When the strong winds come from that direction, they kick up a turmoil that is not good for a "Foundling" stuffed with coal and war-stores. In the gale which came, this ship was no more than a drunken soldier.

The Cuban leader, standing on the bridge with the captain, was presently informed that of his men thirty-nine out of a possible thirty-nine were seasick. And in truth they were seasick. There are degrees in this complaint, but that matter was waived between them. They were all sick to the limits. They strewed the deck in every posture of human anguish; and when the "Foundling" ducked and water came sluicing down from the bows, they let it sluice. They were satisfied if they could keep their heads clear of the wash; and if they could not keep their heads clear of the wash, they didn't

care. Presently the "Foundling" swung her course to the southeast, and the waves pounded her broadside. The patriots were all ordered below decks, and there they howled and measured their misery one against another. All day the "Foundling" plopped and foundered over a blazing bright meadow of an ocean whereon the white foam was like flowers.

The captain on the bridge mused and studied the bare horizon. He said a strong word to himself, and the word was more in amazement than in indignation or sorrow. "Thirty-nine seasick passengers, the mate with a broken arm, a stoker with a broken jaw, the cook with a pair of scalded legs, and an engine likely to be taken with all these diseases, if not more. If I get back to a home port with a spoke of the wheel gripped in my hands, it'll be fair luck."

There is a kind of corn whisky bred in Florida which the natives declare is potent in the proportion of seven fights to a drink. Some of the Cuban volunteers had had the forethought to bring a small quantity of this whisky aboard with them, and being now in the fire-room and seasick, and feeling that they would not care to drink liquor for two or three years to come, they gracefully tendered their portions to the stokers. The stokers accepted these gifts without avidity, but with a certain earnestness of manner.

As they were stokers and toiling, the whirl of emotion was delayed, but it arrived ultimately and with emphasis. One stoker called another stoker a weird name, and the latter, righteously inflamed at it, smote his mate with an iron shovel, and the man fell headlong over a heap of coal which crashed gently, while piece after piece rattled down upon the deck.

A third stoker was providentially enraged at the scene, and assailed the second stoker. They fought for some moments, while the seasick Cubans sprawled on the deck watched with languid, rolling glances the ferocity of this scuffle. One was so indifferent to the strategic importance of the space he occupied that he was kicked in the shins.

When the second engineer came to separate the combatants, he was sincere in his efforts, and he came near to disabling them for life.

The captain said, "I'll go down there and—" But the leader of the Cubans restrained him. "No, no," he cried, "you must not. We must treat them like children, very gently, all the time, you

see, or else when we get back to a United States port they will—what you call—spring? Yes—spring the whole business. We must—jolly them. You see?"

"You mean," said the captain, thoughtfully, "they are likely to get mad and give the expedition dead away when we reach port again unless we blarney them now?"

"Yes, yes," cried the Cuban leader, "unless we are so very gentle with them they will make many troubles afterwards for us in the newspapers and then in court."

"Well, but I won't have my crew—" began the captain.

"But you must," interrupted the Cuban. "You must. It is the only thing. You are like the captain of a pirate ship. You see? Only you can't throw them overboard like him. You see?"

"Hum," said the captain, "this here filibustering business has got a lot to it when you come to look it over."

He called the fighting stokers to the bridge, and the three came meek and considerably battered. He was lecturing them soundly, but sensibly, when he suddenly tripped a sentence and cried: "Here! Where's that other fellow? How does it come he wasn't in the fight?"

The row of stokers cried at once eagerly: "He's hurt, sir. He's got a broken jaw, sir."

"So he has. So he has," murmured the captain, much embarrassed.

And because of all these affairs the "Foundling" steamed toward Cuba with its crew in a sling, if one may be allowed to speak in that way.

III.

At night the "Foundling" approached the coast like a thief. Her lights were muffled so that from the deck the sea shone with its own radiance, like the faint shimmer of some kinds of silk. The men on deck spoke in whispers, and even down in the fire-room the hidden stokers, working before the blood-red furnace doors, used no words and walked tip-toe. The stars were out in the blue-velvet sky, and their light with the soft shine of the sea caused the coast to appear black as the side of a coffin. The surf boomed in low thunder on the distant beach.

The "Foundling's" engines ceased their thumping for a time. She glided quietly forward until a bell chimed faintly

in the engine-room. Then she paused, with a flourish of phosphorescent waters.

"Give the signal," said the captain. Three times a flash of light went from the bow. There was a moment of waiting. Then an eye like the one on the coast of Florida opened and closed, opened and closed, opened and closed. The Cubans, grouped in a great shadow on deck, burst into a low chatter of delight. A hiss from their leader silenced them.

"Well?" said the captain.

"All right," said the leader.

At the giving of the word it was not apparent that anyone on board of the "Foundling" had ever been seasick. The boats were lowered swiftly, too swiftly. Boxes of cartridges were dragged from the hold and passed over the side with a rapidity that made men in the boats exclaim against it. They were being bombarded. When a boat headed for shore, its rowers pulled like madmen. The captain paced slowly to and fro on the bridge. In the engine-room the engineers stood at their station, and in the stoke-hole the firemen fidgeted silently around the furnace doors.

On the bridge Flanagan reflected. "Oh, I don't know," he observed, "this filibustering business isn't so bad. Pretty soon I'll be off to sea again, with nothing to do but some big lying when I get into port."

In one of the boats returning from shore came twelve Cuban officers, the greater number of them convalescing from wounds, while two or three of them had been ordered to America on commissions from the insurgents. The captain welcomed them, and assured them of a speedy and safe voyage.

Presently he went again to the bridge and scanned the horizon. The sea was lonely like the spaces amid the suns. The captain grinned, and softly smote his chest. "It's dead easy," he said.

It was near the end of the cargo, and the men were breathing like spent horses, although their elation grew with each moment, when suddenly a voice spoke from the sky. It was not a loud voice, but the quality of it brought every man on deck to full stop and motionless, as if they had all been changed to wax. "Captain," said the man at the masthead, "there's a light to the west'ard, sir. Think it's a steamer, sir."

There was a still moment until the captain called: "Well, keep your eye on it

now." Speaking to the deck, he said: "Go ahead with your unloading."

The second engineer went to the galley to borrow a tin cup. "Hear the news, second?" asked the cook. "Steamer coming up from the west'ard."

"Gee!" said the second engineer. In the engine-room he said to the chief: "Steamer coming up to the west'ard, sir."

The chief engineer began to test various little machines with which his domain was decorated. Finally he addressed the stoke-room. "Boys, I want you to look sharp now. There's a steamer coming up to the west'ard."

"All right, sir," said the stoke-room.

From time to time the captain hailed the masthead. "How is she now?"

"Seems to be coming down on us pretty fast, sir."

The Cuban leader came anxiously to the captain. "Do you think we can save all the cargo? It is rather delicate business. No?"

"Go ahead," said Flanagan. "Fire away. I'll wait for you."

There continued the hurried shuffling of feet on deck and the low cries of the men unloading the cargo. In the engine-room the chief and his assistant were staring at the gong. In the stoke-room the firemen breathed through their teeth. A shovel slipped from where it leaned against the side and banged on the floor. The stokers started and looked around quickly.

Climbing to the rail and holding on to a stay, the captain gazed westward. A light had raised out of the deep. After watching this light for a time he called to the Cuban leader, "Well, as soon as you're ready now, we might as well be skipping out."

Finally the Cuban leader told him: "Well, this is the last load. As soon as the boats come back you can be off."

"Shan't wait for the boats," said the captain. "That fellow is too close." As the last boat went shoreward, the "Foundling" turned, and like a black shadow stole seaward to cross the bows of the oncoming steamer. "Waited about ten minutes too long," said the captain to himself.

Suddenly the light in the west vanished. "Hum," said Flanagan, "he's up to some meanness." Everyone outside of the engine-room was set on watch. The "Foundling," going at full speed into the northeast, slashed a wonderful trail of blue silver on the dark bosom of the sea.

A man on deck cried out hurriedly,

"There she is, sir." Many eyes searched the western gloom, and one after another the glances of the men found a tiny black shadow on the deep, with a line of white beneath it. "He couldn't be heading better if he had a line to us," said Flanagan.

There was a thin flash of red in the darkness. It was long and keen like a crimson rapier. A short, sharp report sounded, and then a shot whined swiftly in the air and blipped into the sea. The captain had been about to take a bite of plug tobacco at the beginning of this incident, and his arm was raised. He remained like a frozen figure while the shot whined, and then, as it blipped in the sea, his hand went to his mouth and he bit the plug. He looked wide-eyed at the shadow with its line of white.

The senior Cuban officer came hurriedly to the bridge. "It is no good to surrender," he cried; "they would only shoot or hang all of us."

There was another thin red flash and a report. A loud, whirring noise passed over the ship.

"I'm not going to surrender," said the captain, hanging with both hands to the rail. He appeared like a man whose traditions of peace are clinched in his heart. He was as astonished as if his hat had turned into a dog. Presently he wheeled quickly and said: "What kind of a gun is that?"

"It is a one-pounder," cried the Cuban officer. "The boat is one of those little gunboats made from a yacht. You see?"

"Well, if it's only a yawl, he'll sink us in five more minutes," said Flanagan. For a moment he looked helplessly off at the horizon. His under jaw hung low. But, a moment later, something touched him like a stiletto point of inspiration. He leaped to the pilot house and roared at the man at the wheel. The "Foundling" sheered suddenly to starboard, made a clumsy turn, and Flanagan was bellowing through the tube to the engine-room before anybody discovered that the old basket was heading straight for the Spanish gunboat. The ship lunged forward like a draught-horse on the gallop.

This strange manœuver by the "Foundling" first dealt consternation on board. Men instinctively crouched on the instant, and then swore their supreme oath, which was unheard by their own ears.

Later, the manœuver of the "Foundling" dealt consternation on board of the gunboat. She had been going victori-

ously forward, dim-eyed from the fury of her pursuit. Then this tall, threatening shape had suddenly loomed over her like a giant apparition.

The people on board the "Foundling" heard panic shouts, hoarse orders. The little gunboat was paralyzed with astonishment.

Suddenly Flanagan yelled with rage and sprang for the wheel. The helmsman had turned his eyes away. As the captain whirled the wheel far to starboard, he heard a crunch as the "Foundling" lifted on a wave, smashed her shoulder against the gunboat, and he saw, shooting past, a little launch sort of a thing with men on her that ran this way and that way. The Cuban officers, joined by the cook and a seaman, emptied their revolvers into the surprised terror of the seas.

There was naturally no pursuit. Under comfortable speed the "Foundling" stood to the northward.

The captain went to his berth chuckling. "There, now," he said. "There, now!"

IV.

WHEN Flanagan came again on deck, the first mate, his arm in a sling, walked the bridge. Flanagan was smiling a wide smile. The bridge of the "Foundling" was dipping afar and then afar. With each lunge of the little steamer the water seethed and boomed alongside and the spray dashed high and swiftly.

"Well," said Flanagan, inflating himself, "we've had a great deal of a time, and we've come through it all right, and thank heaven it is all over."

The sky in the northeast was of a dull brick-red in tone, shaded here and there by black masses that billowed out in some fashion from the flat heavens.

"Look there," said the mate.

"Hum," said the captain. "Looks like a blow, don't it?"

Later the surface of the water rippled and flickered in the preliminary wind. The sea had become the color of lead. The swashing sound of the waves on the sides of the "Foundling" was now provided with some manner of ominous significance. The men's shouts were hoarse.

A squall struck the "Foundling" on her starboard quarter, and she leaned under the force of it as if she were never to return to the even keel. "I'll be glad when we get in," said the mate. "I'm going to quit then. I've got enough."

The steamer crawled on into the northwest. The white water sweeping out from her deadened the chug-chug-chug of the tired old engines.

Once, when the boat careened, she laid her shoulder flat on the sea and rested in that manner. The mate, looking down the bridge, which slanted more than a coal-chute, whistled softly to himself. Slowly, heavily, the "Foundling" arose to meet another sea.

At night, waves thundered mightily on the bows of the steamer, and water, lit with the beautiful phosphorescent glamour, went boiling and howling along the deck.

By good fortune the chief engineer crawled safely, but utterly drenched, to the galley for coffee. "Well, how goes it, chief?" said the cook, standing with his fat arms folded, in order to prove that he could balance himself under any condition.

The engineer shook his head slowly. "This old biscuit-box will never see port again. Why, she'll fall to pieces."

Finally, at night, the captain said: "Launch the boats." The Cubans hovered about him. "Is the ship going to sink?" The captain addressed them politely. "Gentlemen, we are in trouble, but all I ask of you is that you do just what I tell you, and no harm will come to anybody."

The mate directed the lowering of the first boat, and the men performed this task with all decency, like people at the side of a grave.

A young oiler came to the captain. "The chief sends word, sir, that the water is almost up to the fires."

"Keep at it as long as you can."

"Keep at it as long as we can, sir."

Flanagan took the senior Cuban officer to the rail, and, as the steamer sheered high on a great sea, showed him a yellow dot on the horizon. It was smaller than a needle when its point is toward you.

"There," said the captain. The wind-driven spray was lashing his face. "That's Jupiter Light on the Florida coast. Put your men in the boat we've just launched, and the mate will take you to that light."

Afterward Flanagan turned to the chief engineer. "We can never beach her," said the old man. "The stokers have got to quit in a minute." Tears were in his eyes.

The "Foundling" was a wounded thing. She lay on the water with gasping engines, and each wave resembled her death blow.

Now the way of a good ship on the sea is finer than sword-play. But this is when

she is alive. If a time comes that the ship dies, then her way is the way of a floating old glove, and she has that much vim, spirit, buoyancy. At this time many men on the "Foundling" suddenly came to know that they were clinging to a corpse.

The captain went to the stoke-room, and what he saw as he swung down the companion suddenly turned him hesitant and dumb. He had served the sea for many years, but this fire-room said something to him which he had not heard in his other voyages. Water was swirling to and fro with the roll of the ship, fuming greasily around half-strangled machinery that still attempted to perform its duty. Steam arose from the water, and through its clouds shone the red glare of the dying fires. As for the stokers, death might have been with silence in this room. One lay in his berth, his hands under his head, staring moodily at the wall. One sat near the foot of the companion, his face hidden in his arms. One leaned against the side, and gazed at the snarling water as it rose and its mad eddies among the machinery. In the unholy red light and gray mist of this stifling dim inferno they were strange figures with their silence and their immobility. The wretched "Foundling" groaned deeply as she lifted, and groaned deeply as she sank into the trough, while hurried waves then thundered over her with the noise of landslides.

But Flanagan took control of himself suddenly, and then he stirred the fire-room. The stillness had been so unearthly that he was not altogether inapprehensive of strange and grim deeds when he charged into them, but precisely as they had submitted to the sea so they submitted to Flanagan. For a moment they rolled their eyes like hurt cows, but they obeyed the voice. The situation simply required a voice.

When the captain returned to the deck, the hue of this fire-room was in his mind, and then he understood doom and its weight and complexion.

When finally the "Foundling" sank, she shifted and settled as calmly as an animal curls down in the bush grass. Away over the waves three bobbing boats paused to witness this quiet death. It was a slow manœuvre, altogether without the pageantry of uproar, but it flashed pallor into the faces of all men who saw it, and they groaned when they said: "There she goes!" Suddenly the captain whirled and knocked his head on the gunwale. He

sobbed for a time, and then he sobbed and swore also.

There was a dance at the Imperial Inn. During the evening some irresponsible young men came from the beach, bringing the statement that several boatloads of people had been perceived off shore. It was a charming dance, and none cared to take time to believe this tale. The fountain in the courtyard plashed softly, and couple after couple paraded through the aisles of palms where lamps with red shades threw a rose light upon the gleaming leaves. High on some balcony a mocking-bird called into the evening. The band played its waltzes slumberously, and its music to the people among the palms came faintly and like the melodies in dreams.

Sometimes a woman said: "Oh, it is not really true, is it, that there was a wreck out at sea?"

A man usually said: "No, of course not."

At last, however, a youth came violently from the beach. He was triumphant in manner. "They're out there," he cried. "A whole boatload!" He received eager attention, and he told all that he supposed. His news destroyed the dance. After a time the band was playing delightfully to space. The guests had donned wraps and hurried to the beach. One little girl cried: "Oh, mamma, may I go

too?" Being refused permission, she pouted.

As they came from the shelter of the great hotel, the wind was blowing swiftly from the sea, and at intervals a breaker shone livid. The women shuddered, and their bending companions seized opportunity to draw the cloaks closer. The sand of the beach was wet, and dainty slippers made imprints in it clear and deep.

"Oh, dear," said a girl, "supposin' they were out there drowning while we were dancing!"

"Oh, nonsense!" said her younger brother; "that don't happen."

"Well, it might, you know, Roger. How can you tell?"

A man who was not her brother gazed at her then with profound admiration. Later she complained of the damp sand, and drawing back her skirts, looked ruefully at her little feet.

A mother's son was venturing too near to the water in his interest and excitement. Occasionally she cautioned and reproached him from the background.

Save for the white glare of the breakers, the sea was a great wind-crossed void. From the throng of charming women floated the perfume of many flowers. Later there floated to them a body with a calm face of an Irish type. The expedition of the "Foundling" will never be historic.

WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER.

WHEN I heard the learn'd astronomer,
 When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
 When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure
 them,
 When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause
 in the lecture-room,
 How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
 Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
 In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
 Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

UNKNOWN LIFE MASKS OF GREAT AMERICANS.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

THE LONG HIDDEN CASTS OF THE LIVING FEATURES OF ADAMS, JEFFERSON, MADISON, AND OTHERS, MADE BY A SECRET PROCESS BY J. H. I. BROWERE, ABOUT 1825, AND THE STORY OF THEIR PRODUCTION, CONCEALMENT FROM THE PUBLIC, AND RECENT RECOVERY.

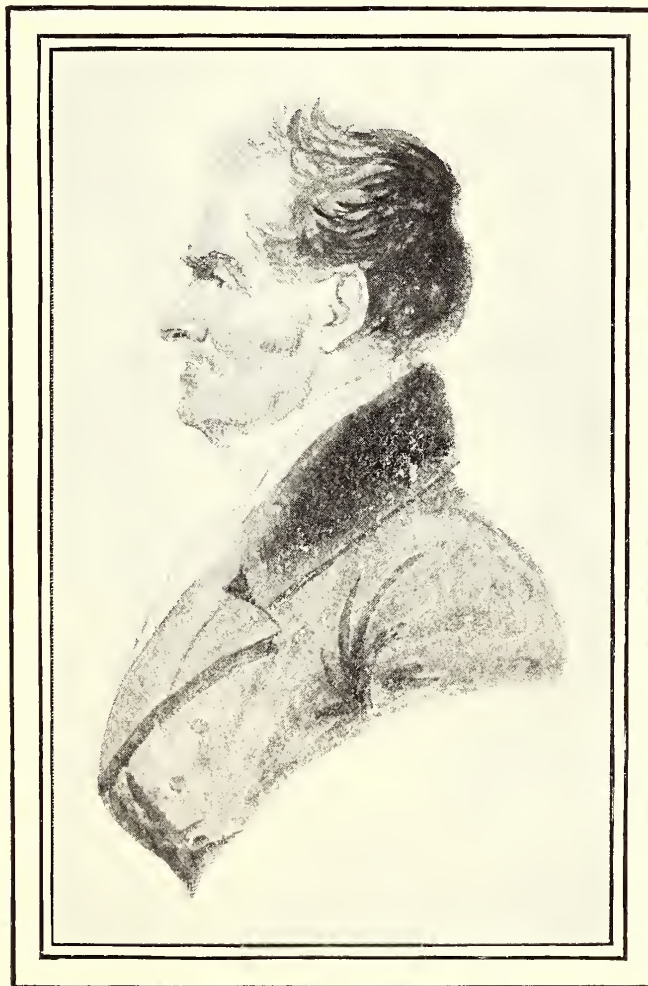
WHAT one generation fails to appreciate, and therefore decries and sneers at, a subsequent one comprehends and applauds. It is conspicuously so in discovery, in science, in poetry, and in art; so much depends upon the point of view and the environment of the observed and the observer. Were this not so, the very remarkable collection of busts from life masks taken at the beginning of the second quarter of this century by John Henri Isaac Browere, almost an unknown name to-day, would not have been hidden away until now, while the circumstances that led to their discovery are as curious as that the busts should have been neglected and forgotten for so long.

I was familiar with the tragic story told by Henry S. Randall, in his ponderous life of President Jefferson, of how the venerated sage of Monticello, within a year of his decease, was nearly suffocated by "an artist from New

York," Browere, who attempted to take a mask of his living features, and how, in fear of bodily harm from the ex-President's irate black body-servant, "*the artist shattered his cast in an instant*," and was glad to depart hence quickly with the fragments which he was permitted to pick up.

With this statement fixed in my mind, I came across a letter from James Madison to Henry D. Gilpin, written October 25, 1827, in which Madison writes, respecting Jefferson's appearance, "Browere's bust in plaster, from his mode of taking it, will probably show a perfect likeness."

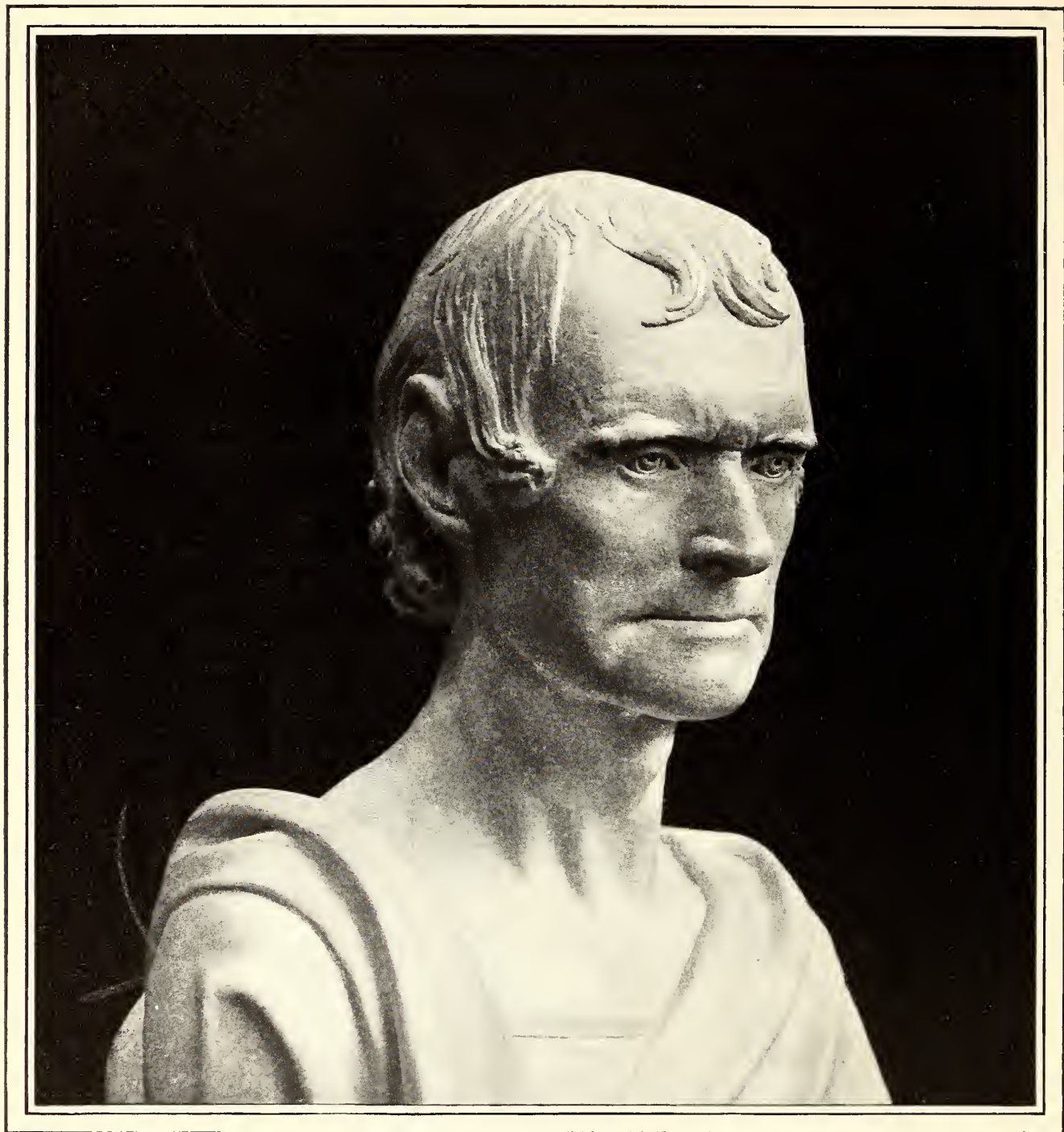
I was struck, of course, by the utter inconsistency of Randall's circumstantial account of the shattered cast picked up in fragments and Madison's pointed observations upon "Browere's bust" as then in existence, fifteen months after Jefferson's death. Thus it became important to ascertain the exact status of the subject; a task I



JOHN HENRI ISAAC BROWERE.

From the original water-color, of the same size as the reproduction, painted by his son, Albertus D. O. Browere, and now owned by Mrs. Frank Van Benschoten, Hudson, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The recovery of these busts has an uncommon human and historical importance, for they give us the first true revelation of these great men's faces. Now, after so many years, when our knowledge of their personal appearance, owing to the varied interpretations of artists, is largely traditional, we have them before us in the flesh, so that at a glance we know them as we know our friends—as living men.



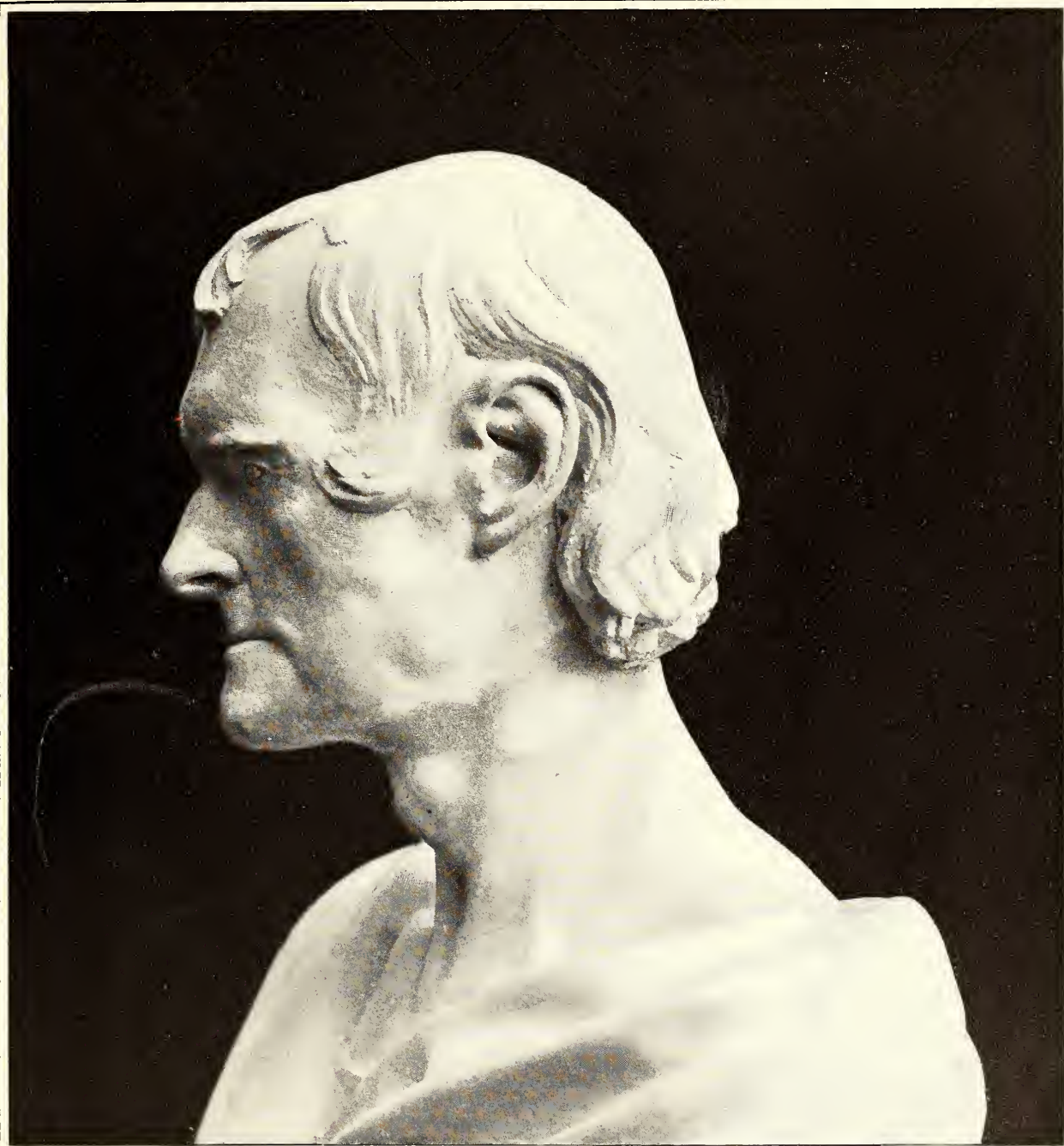
THOMAS JEFFERSON. AGE 82. FROM THE ORIGINAL BUST FROM A LIFE MASK TAKEN AT MONTICELLO, OCTOBER 15, 1825, BY J. H. I. BROWERE. FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

found comparatively easy through the calendars of Jefferson and Madison correspondence in the State Department at Washington, an examination of which, with the newspapers of the day, showing that Mr. Randall's method of writing history was to accept and repeat irresponsible country gossip rather than turn to documents at his hand that would explain and refute the gossip.

The one-time existence of the bust of Jefferson by Browere being thus established, the next and more difficult search was to discover its whereabouts, if still extant. But persistent and systematic inquiry discovered it, with a number of

other busts by Browere, of persons of greater or less consideration, in the custody of the artist's family, through whose courtesy the works of their ancestor, John Henri Isaac Browere, are now for the first time published.

John Henri Isaac Browere was born in New York, November 18, 1792, and died in the city of his birth, September 10, 1834. He was of Dutch descent, and early turned his attention to art, becoming a pupil of Archibald Robertson, at the well known Columbian Academy. Determined to further improve himself, Browere went abroad, and traveled on foot for nearly two years on the continent, studying art and more



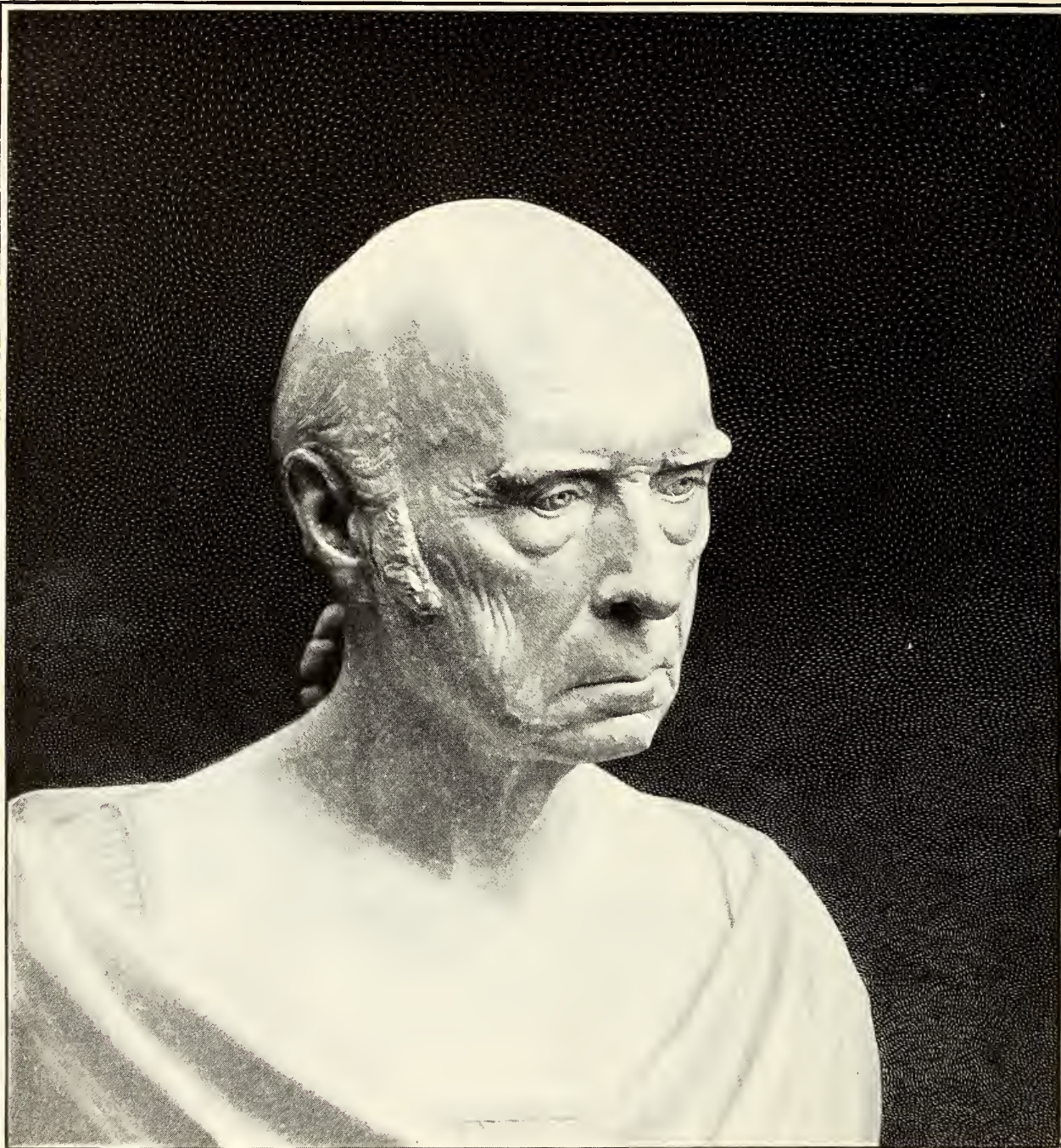
THOMAS JEFFERSON. AGE 82. SIDE VIEW OF THE BUST SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

especially sculpture. He returned to New York in 1820, and began modeling; but being of an inventive turn, he experimented to obtain casts from the living face, in a manner and with a composition different from those usually employed by sculptors.

His first satisfactory achievement was a cast of his friend and preceptor, Robertson, and his second that of Judge Pierrepont Edwards, of Connecticut. But it was left for "The Nation's Guest" to lift Browere into prominence in his art. At the request of the Common Council of New York, Lafayette permitted Browere to make a cast of his head, neck, and shoulders on July 11, 1825. But a slight accident happened to the cast, and the

operation was repeated a week later at Philadelphia. The result of the second trial was a likeness so admirable and of such remarkable fidelity that De Witt Clinton, S. F. B. Morse, and many others came forward and enthusiastically bore witness to its being "a perfect facsimile" of the distinguished Frenchman.

From this on, Browere devoted his time and means to making casts of the most noted men in the country's history who were then living, with the purpose of forming a national gallery of the busts of famous Americans. But after years of labor and the expenditure, as he writes to Madison, of \$12,087, the scheme was abandoned, owing to lack of support



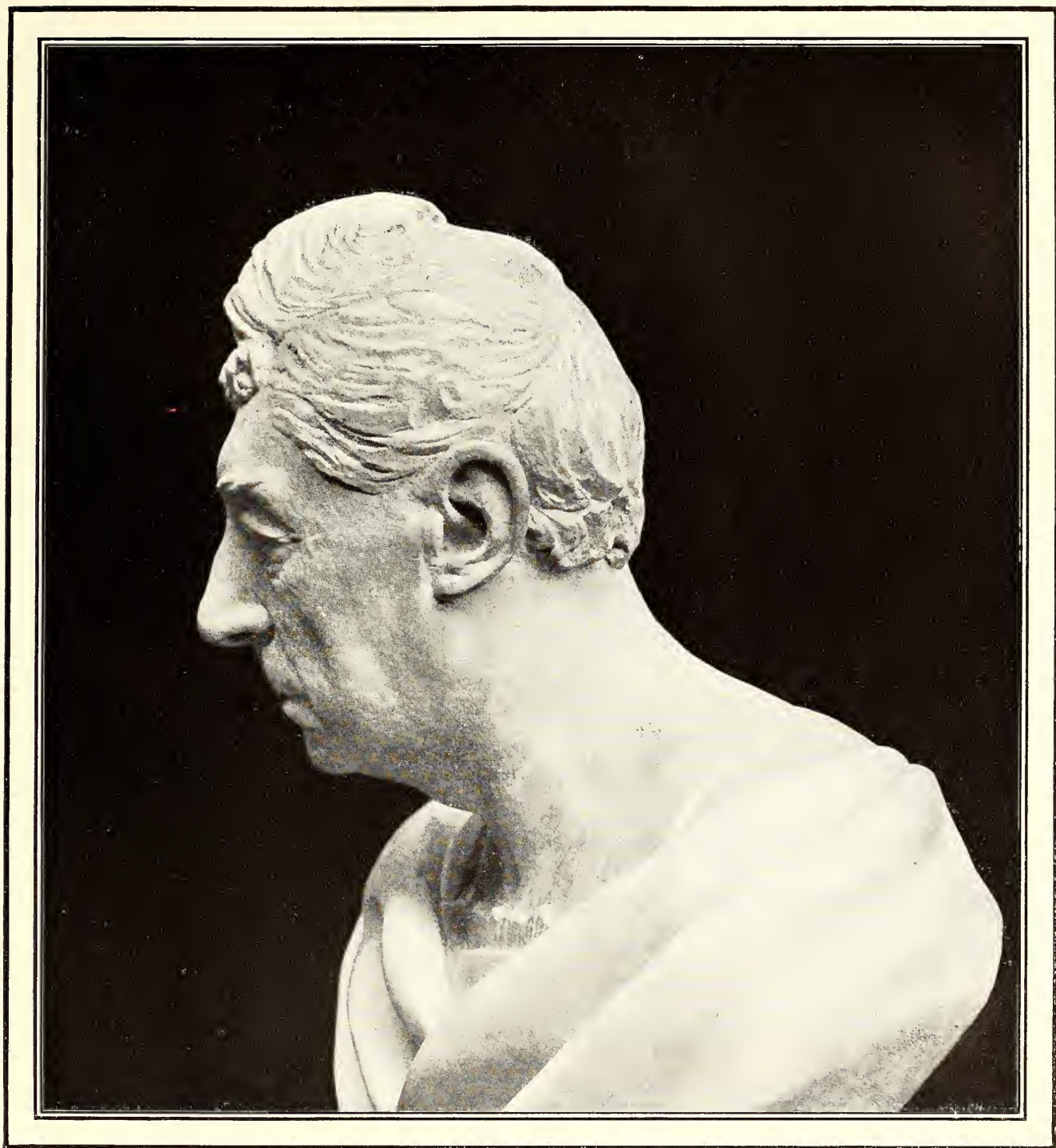
JAMES MADISON. AGE 74. FROM THE ORIGINAL BUST FROM A LIFE MASK TAKEN AT MONTPELIER, OCTOBER 19, 1825, BY J. H. I. BROWERE. FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

and direct opposition from his brother artists, who maligned his pretensions because he was honest enough to call his method "*a process*." Surely, judging from results, it was superior to any other method of obtaining a life mask, and therefore it is most unfortunate that his "process" has to be counted among "the lost arts;" for neither he nor his son, who was acquainted with both the composition and the method of applying it, has left a word of information on the subject.

When the public press attacked Browere for his rumored maltreatment of President Jefferson, he replied: "Mr. Browere never has followed and never will follow

the usual course, knowing it to be fallacious and absolutely bad. The manner in which he executes portrait busts from life is unknown to all but himself, and the invention is his own, for which he claims exclusive rights, but it is infinitely milder than the usual course."

That Browere's method of taking life casts was accomplished without discomfort to the subject is fully attested by the number of persons who submitted to it, as also by the certificates that exist from Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Lafayette, Gilbert Stuart, and others. Notwithstanding this, the report of the discomfort suffered by the venerable Jefferson was so



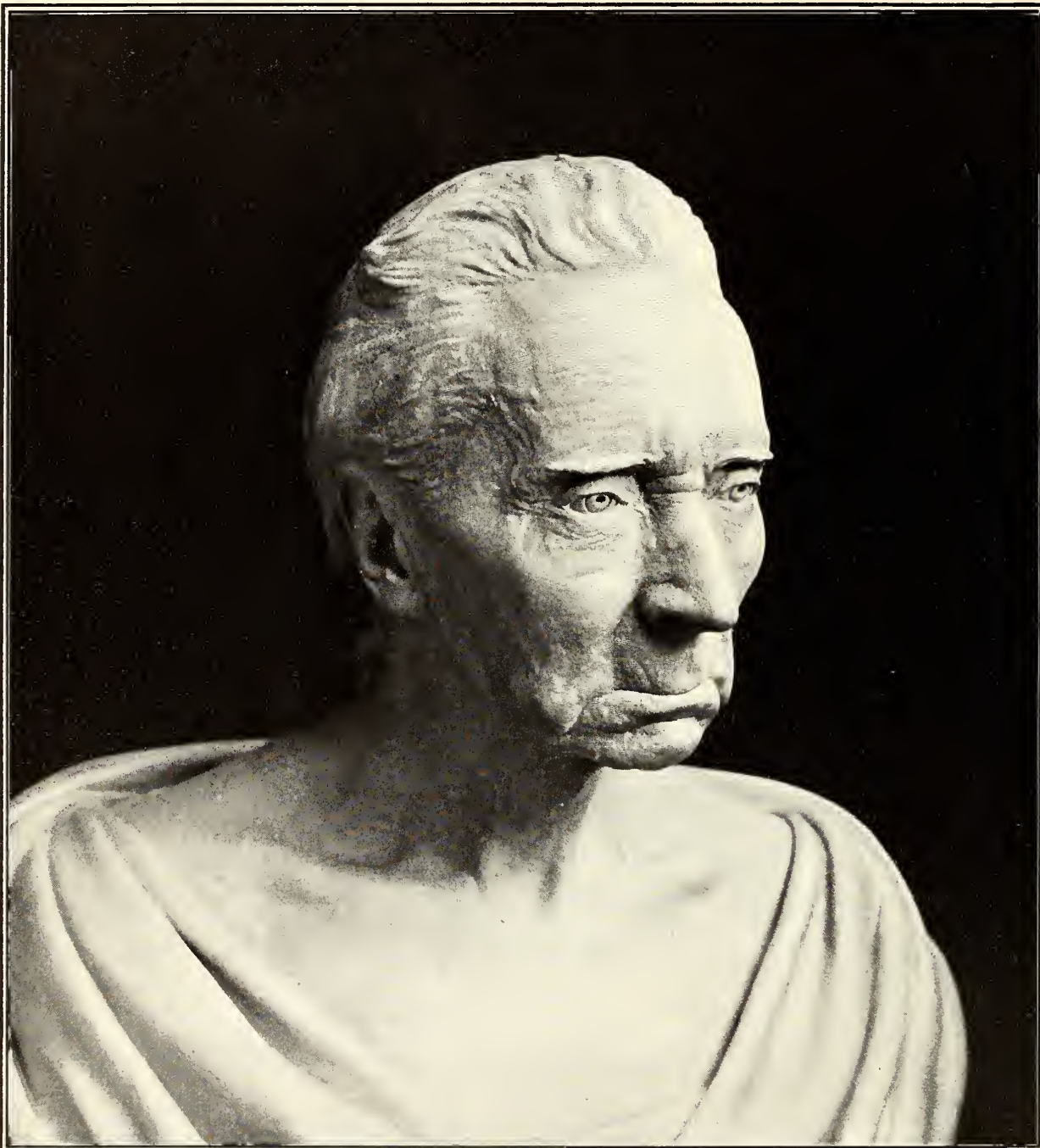
THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE. AGE 67. FROM THE ORIGINAL BUST FROM A LIFE MASK TAKEN AT PHILADELPHIA, JULY 19, 1825, BY J. H. I. BROWERE. FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

widely circulated that the artist's career was seriously affected by it; and so chagrined was he at this unmerited treatment, that on his death-bed he directed the heads to be sawed off the most important busts and boxed up for forty years, at the end of which period he hoped their exhibition would elicit recognition for their merit and value as historical portraits from life.

The positive statement of Randall, frequently repeated by others, that Browere's cast from Jefferson's face *was destroyed*, and the indisputable fact that the bust *exists* and is here reproduced, give the incidents connected with the taking of the

original life cast an importance that justifies stating them at length, so that there may remain no possibility for further question or doubt on the subject. My authorities are Jefferson, Madison, and Browere, as preserved in their individual autographs in the State Department at Washington.

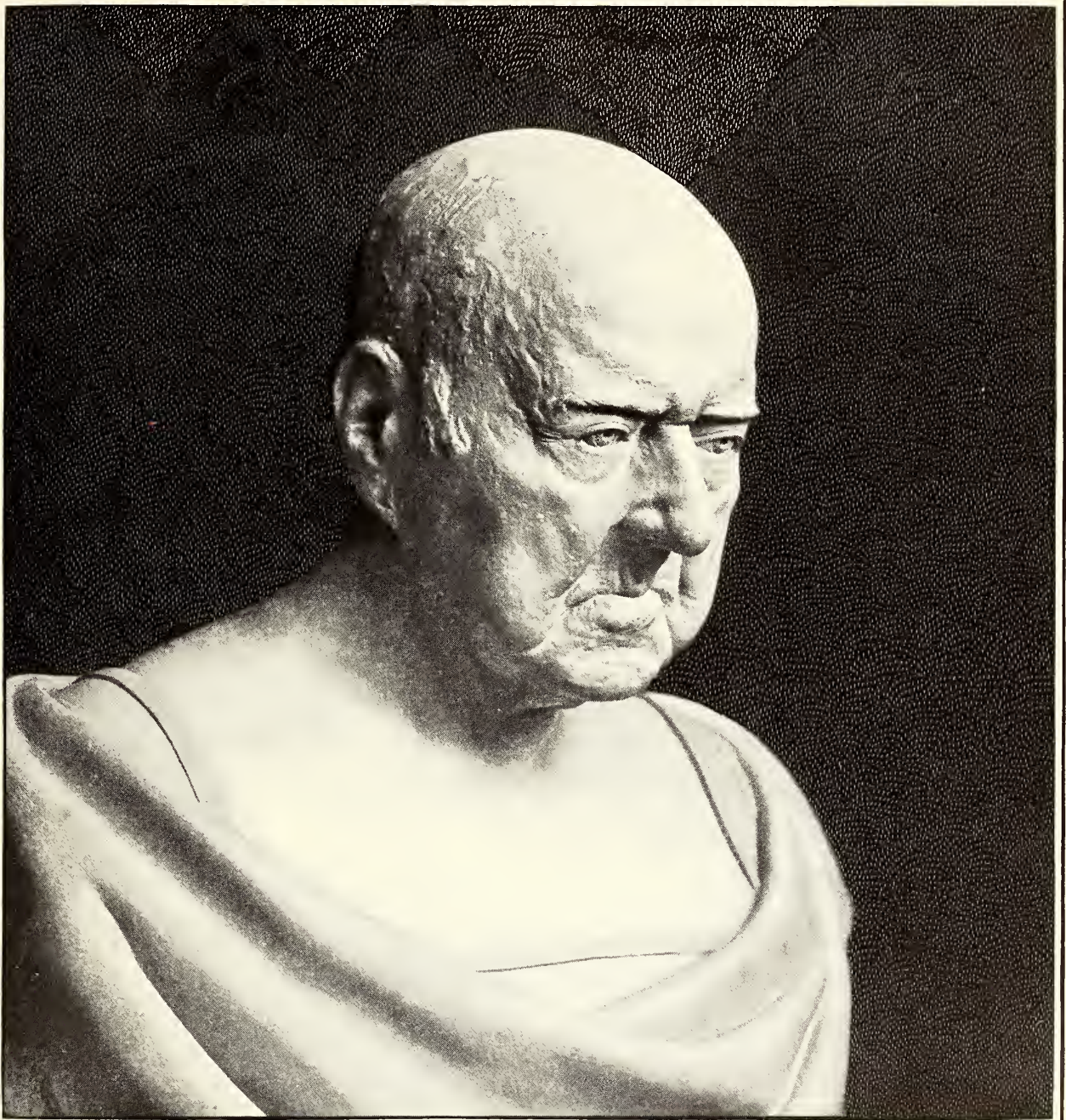
Thomas Jefferson was born in 1743 and died in 1826, on the semi-centennial of the adoption of the immortal instrument of which he was the recognized father. Through the intercession of President Madison, Jefferson consented, in Browere's words, "to submit to the ordeal of my



CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLLTON. AGE 88. FROM THE ORIGINAL BUST FROM A LIFE MASK TAKEN AT BALTIMORE, JULY 10, 1826, BY J. H. I. BROWERE. FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

new and perfect mode of taking the human features and form." In order to take the cast Browere visited Monticello on the 15th of October, 1825. At this time Jefferson was in his eighty-third year, and was suffering the infirmities incident to his advanced age. He was attended during the operation by his faithful man-servant Burwell, who prepared him for "the ordeal" by removing all of his clothing to the waist, excepting his undershirt, from which the sleeves were cut. He was then placed on his back, and the material applied down to the waist, including both arms, which were folded across the body.

The entire procedure lasted ninety minutes, with rests every ten or fifteen minutes, when Jefferson got up and walked about. The material was on his face for eighteen minutes, and the whole of the mold of his features was removed therefrom before the alarmed entrance of the Misses Randolph into the room, brought there by their brother, who had been constantly peeping in at the window and begging for admission, which was denied him. It was his exaggerated report of what he thought he saw that induced the sudden entrance of his sisters, and this report found its way subsequently into the local



JOHN ADAMS. AGE 90. FROM THE ORIGINAL BUST FROM A LIFE MASK TAKEN AT QUINCY, NOVEMBER 22, 1825, BY J. H. I. BROWERE. FIRST PHOTOGRAPHED AND ENGRAVED FOR MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

newspapers of Virginia, with the remarkable results indicated.

The intrusion of the Randolphs into the room caused delay in removing other parts of the mold, and this did cause the venerable subject to feel a little faint and to experience some other discomforts. But Browere remained at Monticello over night, dining with Jefferson and the Randolphs, and chatting with his host through the evening until bedtime, which would scarcely have been the case had he nearly suffocated and otherwise maltreated his subject, so that the cast had to be shattered to pieces. But we do not have to speculate and surmise. We have direct and unimpeachable proof to the contrary.

The very day on which, according to Randall and his followers, the "suffocation" and "shattering" took place, Jefferson wrote:

At the request of the Honorable James Madison and Mr. Browere of the city of New York, I hereby certify that Mr. Browere has this day made a mould in plaster composition from my person for the purpose of making a portrait bust and statue for his contemplated National Gallery. Given under my hand at Monticello, in Virginia, this 15th day of October, 1825. Th: Jefferson.

From Monticello Browere journeyed to Quincy, to preserve, in like manner as he had the features of Jefferson, those of the only other signer of the Declaration of Independence who became President and also

died on its semi-centennial anniversary—old John Adams. But the Virginia story had gotten there before him, and it was with difficulty he could persuade Mr. Adams to submit. But the old Spartan finally did submit, and on November 23, 1825, he wrote, "This certifies that John H. I. Browere Esq. of the City of New York has yesterday and to-day made two portrait bust moulds on my person and made a cast of the first which has been approved of by my family. John Adams." To this his son Judge Thomas B. Adams adds, "P. S. I am authorized by the Ex President to say that the moulds were made on his person without injury, pain or inconvenience."

The newspapers, however, were getting too rabid for Browere, and he published in the Boston "Daily Advertiser" of November 30, 1825, a two-column letter in which he says, concerning the libel in the Richmond "Enquirer," the most virulent of his assailants, "a libel false in almost all its parts and which I am now determined to prove so by laying before the public every circumstance relating to that operation on our revered ex-President Thomas Jefferson." A copy of this letter Browere sent to Jefferson under cover of May 20, 1826, apprising him of his intention to make "a full length statue of the author of the Declaration of American Independence which, if the ex-president be not in New York on the 4th of July next, I intend presenting on that day to the corporation of New York." These communications Jefferson acknowledged within a month of his decease in a letter of such great importance in this connection, as *settling the question forever*, that I copy it in full.

MONTICELLO, June 6, '26.

Sir:—The subject of your letter of May 20, has attracted more notice certainly than it merited. That the operé to which it refers was painful to a certain degree I admit. But it was short lived and there would have ended as to myself. My age and the state of my health at that time gave an alarm to my family which I neither felt nor expressed. What may have been said in newspapers I know not, reading only a single one and that giving little room to things of that kind. I thought no more of it until your letter brot. it again to mind, but can assure you it has left not a trace of dissatisfaction as to yourself and that with me it is placed among the things which have never happened. Accept this assurance with my friendly salutes.

TH. JEFFERSON.

How dare any man presume to write history and set down on his pages such statements as did Randall about Browere's cast of Jefferson, without first exhausting

every channel of inquiry and every means of search and research to ascertain the truth? The material that I have drawn from was as accessible to him as to me. In fact, he claims to have used the Jefferson papers in his compilation. With what effect! It is indeed some gratification to have set wrong right even at this late day and done this bit of justice to Browere's reputation; but it is a far greater satisfaction to have rescued from oblivion and presented to the world his magnificent facsimile of the face and form of the immortal Jefferson.

In addition to the busts of Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Carroll, and Lafayette, here reproduced, there are, in the possession of the Browere family, busts of Henry Clay, Dolly Madison, John Quincy Adams, his son Charles Francis Adams (at the age of eighteen), Martin Van Buren, De Witt Clinton, Commodore David Porter, General Macomb, General Brown, Edwin Forrest; Paulding, Williams and Van Wart, the captors of André; and many others of more or less celebrity. The New York Historical Society owns Browere's busts of Dr. Hosack and Philip Hone, while the Redwood Library at Newport, R. I., has his bust of Gilbert Stuart.

Call Browere's work what one will—process, art, or mechanical—the result gives the most faithful portrait possible, down to the minutest detail, the very living features of the breathing man, a likeness of the greatest historical significance and importance. A single glance will show the marked difference between Browere's work and the ordinary life cast by the sculptor or modeler, no matter how skilful he may be. Browere's work is real, human, lifelike, inspiring in its truthfulness, while other life masks, even the celebrated ones by Clark Mills, who made so many, are dead and heavy, almost repulsive in their lifelessness. It seems next to marvelous how he was able to preserve, in such a marked degree, the naturalness of expression. His busts are imbued with animation; the individual character is there, so simple and direct that, next to the living man, he has preserved for us the best that we can have—a perfect *facsimile*. One experiences a satisfaction in contemplating these busts similar to that afforded by the reflected image of the daguerreotype. Both may be "inartistic" in the sense that the artist's conception is wanting; but for historical human documents they outweigh all the portraits ever limned or modeled. *Esto perpetua!*

ST. IVES.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

BEGUN IN THE MARCH NUMBER—SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Viscount Anne de St. Ives, under the name of Champdivers, while held a prisoner of war in Edinburgh Castle, attracts the sympathy of Flora Gilchrist, who, out of curiosity, visits the prisoners, attended by her brother Ronald. On her account St. Ives kills a comrade, Goguelat, in a duel, fought secretly in the night, with the divided blades of a pair of scissors. An officer of the prison, Major Chevenix, discovers the secret of the duel and of St. Ives's interest in the young lady. Making a bold escape from the prison, St. Ives steals out to the home of Flora Gilchrist, at the edge of the town. Discovered there by the aunt with whom Flora lives, he is regarded with suspicion; but still is helped to escape across the border, under the guidance of two drovers, Todd and Candlish. On the way a fray arises

between the drovers and some standing foes of theirs; St. Ives rushes in to aid them, and kills, or nearly kills, a man. Later, in consequence, the drovers are arrested and thrown into jail. St. Ives makes his way to Amersham Place, the seat of Count de Kéroual, his uncle. Another nephew of the count's, Alain de St. Ives, who was to have been his heir, has proved unworthy; and the count, now on the point of dying, adopts St. Ives in Alain's stead, and makes him an immediate gift of a despatch-box containing ten thousand pounds in bank notes. Alain, on learning of these transactions, sets out to procure the rearrest of St. Ives; and the latter takes again to flight, accompanied by a servant named Rowley. The fugitives journey toward Scotland, traveling in a claret-colored chaise purchased by the way.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE RUNAWAY COUPLE.

THE country had for some time back been changing in character. By a thousand indications I could judge that I was again drawing near to Scotland. I saw it written in the face of the hills, in the growth of the trees, and in the glint of the waterbrooks that kept the highroad company. It might have occurred to me, also, that I was, at the same time, approaching a place of some fame in Britain—Gretna Green. Over these same leagues of road—which Rowley and I now traversed in the claret-colored chaise, to the note of the flageolet and the French lesson—how many pairs of lovers had gone bowling northward to the music of sixteen scampering horseshoes; and how many irate persons—parents, uncles, guardians, evicted rivals—had come tearing after, clapping the frequent red face to the chaise window, lavishly shedding their gold about the post-houses, sedulously loading and reloading, as they went, their avenging pistols! But I doubt if I had thought of it at all before a way-side hazard swept me into the thick of an adventure of this nature and I found myself playing providence with other people's lives, to my own admiration at the

moment—and subsequently to my own brief but passionate regret.

At rather an ugly corner of an uphill reach, I came on the wreck of a chaise lying on one side in the ditch, a man and a woman in animated discourse in the middle of the road, and the two postilions, each with his pair of horses, looking on and laughing from the saddle.

"Morning breezes! here's a smash!" cried Rowley, pocketing his flageolet in the middle of the "Tight Little Island."

I was perhaps more conscious of the moral smash than the physical—more alive to broken hearts than to broken chaises; for, as plain as the sun at morning, there was a screw loose in this runaway match. It is always a bad sign when the lower classes laugh; their taste in humor is both poor and sinister; and for a man running the posts with four horses, presumably with open pockets, and in the company of the most entrancing little creature conceivable, to have come down so far as to be laughed at by his own postilions, was only to be explained on the double hypothesis that he was a fool and no gentleman.

I have said they were man and woman. I should have said man and child. She was certainly not more than seventeen, pretty as an angel, just plump enough to damn a saint, and dressed in various shades of blue, from her stockings to her saucy cap, in a kind of taking gamut, the

top note of which she flung me in a beam from her too appreciative eye. There was no doubt about the case: I saw it all. From a boarding-school, a blackboard, a piano, and Clementi's "Sonatinas," the child had made a rash adventure upon life in the company of a half-bred haw-buck; and she was already not only regretting it, but expressing her regret with point and pungency.

As I alighted, they both paused with that unmistakable air of being interrupted in a scene. I uncovered to the lady, and placed my services at their disposal.

It was the man who answered. "There's no use in shamming, sir," said he. "This lady and I have run away, and her father's after us: road to Gretna, sir. And here have these nincompoops spilt us in the ditch and smashed the chaise!"

"Very provoking," said I.

"I don't know when I've been so provoked!" cried he, with a glance down the road of mortal terror.

"The father is no doubt very much incensed," I pursued, civilly.

"Oh, much!" cried the hawbuck. "In short, you see, we must get out of this. And I'll tell you what—it may seem cool, but necessity has no law—if you would lend us your chaise to the next post-house, it would be the very thing, sir."

"I confess it seems cool," I replied.

"What's that you say, sir?" he snapped.

"I was agreeing with you," said I. "Yes, it does seem cool; and what is more to the point, it seems unnecessary. This thing can be arranged in a more satisfactory manner otherwise, I think. You can doubtless ride?"

This opened a door on the matter of their previous dispute, and the fellow appeared life-sized in his true colors. "That's what I've been telling her: that she must ride," he broke out. "And if the gentleman's of the same mind, why, you shall!"

As he said so he made a snatch at her wrist, which she evaded with horror.

I stepped between them.

"No, sir," said I; "the lady shall not."

He turned on me, raging. "And who are you, to interfere?" he roared.

"There is here no question of who I am," I replied. "I may be the devil or the Archbishop of Canterbury for what you know, or need know. The point is that I can help you—it appears that nobody else can; and I will tell you how I propose to do it. I will give the lady a seat in my chaise if you will return the compliment

by allowing my servant to ride one of your horses."

I thought he would have sprung at my throat.

"You have always the alternative before you to wait here for the arrival of papa," I added.

And that settled him. He cast another haggard look down the road, and capitulated.

"I am sure, sir, the lady is very much obliged to you," he said, with an ill grace.

I gave her my hand; she mounted like a bird into the chaise. Rowley, grinning from ear to ear, closed the door behind us. The two impudent rascals of post-boys cheered and laughed aloud as we drove off, and my own postilion urged his horses at once into a rattling trot. It was plain I was supposed by all to have done a very dashing act, and ravished the bride from the ravisher.

In the meantime I stole a look at the little lady. She was in a state of pitiable discomposure, and her arms shook on her lap in her black-lace mittens.

"Madam—" I began.

And she, in the same moment, finding her voice: "Oh, what must you think of me!"

"Madam," said I, "what must any gentleman think when he sees youth, beauty, and innocence in distress? I wish I could tell you that I was old enough to be your father; I think we must give that up," I continued, with a smile. "But I will tell you something about myself which ought to do as well and to set that little heart at rest in my society. I am a lover. May I say it of myself—for I am not quite used to all the niceties of English—that I am a true lover? There is one whom I admire, adore, obey; she is no less good than she is beautiful. If she were here, she would take you to her arms. Conceive that she has sent me—that she has said to me, 'Go, be her knight!'"

"Oh, I know she must be sweet, I know she must be worthy of you!" cried the little lady. "She would never forget female decorum—nor make the terrible *erratum* I've done!"

And at this she lifted up her voice and wept.

This did not forward matters; it was in vain that I begged her to be more composed and to tell me a plain, consecutive tale of her misadventures; but she continued instead to pour forth the most extraordinary mixture of the correct school miss and the poor untutored little piece

of womanhood in a false position—of engrafted pedantry and incoherent nature.

"I am certain it must have been judicial blindness," she sobbed. "I can't think how I didn't see it, but I didn't; and he isn't, is he? And then a curtain rose . . . oh, what a moment was that! But I knew at once that *you were*; you had but to appear from your carriage, and I knew it. Oh, she must be a fortunate young lady! And I have no fear with you, none—a perfect confidence."

"Madam," said I, "a gentleman—"

"That's what I mean—a gentleman," she exclaimed. "And he—and that—he isn't. Oh, how shall I dare meet father!" And disclosing to me her tear-stained face and opening her arms with a tragic gesture: "And I am quite disgraced before all the young ladies, my school companions!" she added.

"Oh, not so bad as that!" I cried. "Come, come, you exaggerate, my dear Miss ——? Excuse me if I am too familiar; I have not yet heard your name."

"My name is Dorothy Greensleeves, sir. Why should I conceal it? I fear it will only serve to point an adage to future generations, and I had meant so differently! There was no young female in the county more emulous to be thought well of than I. And what a fall was there! Oh, dear me, what a wicked, piggish donkey of a girl I have made of myself, to be sure. And there is no hope! Oh, Mr. ——"

And at that she paused and asked my name.

I am not writing my eulogium for the Academy; I will admit it was unpardonably imbecile, but I told it her. If you had been there—and seen her, ravishingly pretty and little, a baby in years and mind—and heard her talking like a book, with so much of schoolroom propriety in her manner, with such an innocent despair in the matter—you would probably have told her yours. She repeated it after me.

"I shall pray for you all my life," she said. "Every night, when I retire to rest, the last thing I shall do is to remember you by name."

Presently I succeeded in winning from her her tale, which was much what I had anticipated: a tale of a schoolhouse, a walled garden, a fruit-tree that concealed a bench, an impudent raff posturing in church, an exchange of flowers and vows over the garden wall, a silly schoolmate for a confidante, a chaise and four, and the most immediate and perfect disenchantment on the part of the little lady.

"And there is nothing to be done!" she wailed in conclusion. "My error is irretrievable. I am quite forced to that conclusion. Oh, Monsieur de Saint-Yves! who would have thought that I could have been such a blind, wicked donkey!"

I should have said before—only that I really do not know when it came in—that we had been overtaken by the two post-boys, Rowley, and Mr. Bellamy, which was the hawbuck's name, bestriding the four post-horses; and that these formed a sort of cavalry escort, riding now before, now behind the chaise, and Bellamy occasionally posturing at the window and obliging us with some of his conversation. He was so ill received that I declare I was tempted to pity him, remembering from what a height he had fallen and how few hours ago it was since the lady had herself fled to his arms, all blushes and ardor. Well, these great strokes of fortune usually befall the unworthy, and Bellamy was now the legitimate object of my commiseration and the ridicule of his own post-boys!

"Miss Dorothy," said I, "you wish to be delivered from this man?"

"Oh, if it were possible!" she cried. "But not by violence."

"Not in the least, ma'am," I replied. "The simplest thing in life. We are in a civilized country; the man's a malefactor—"

"Oh, never!" she cried. "Do not even dream it! With all his faults, I know he is not *that*."

"Anyway, he's in the wrong in this affair—on the wrong side of the law, call it what you please," said I; and with that, our four horsemen having for the moment headed us by a considerable interval, I hailed my post-boy and inquired who was the nearest magistrate and where he lived. Archdeacon Clitheroe, he told me, a prodigious dignitary, and one who lived but a lane or two back and at the distance of only a mile or two out of the direct road. I showed him the king's medallion.

"Take the lady there, and at full gallop," I cried.

"Right, sir! Mind yourself," said the postilion.

And before I could have thought it possible, he had turned the carriage to the right-about, and we were galloping south.

Our outriders were quick to remark and imitate the manœuver, and came flying after us with a vast deal of indiscriminate shouting; so that the fine, sober picture of a carriage and escort that we had

presented but a moment back, was transformed in the twinkling of an eye into the image of a noisy fox-chase. The two postilions and my own saucy rogue were, of course, disinterested actors in the comedy; they rode for the mere sport, keeping in a body, their mouths full of laughter, waving their hats as they came on, and crying (as the fancy struck them): "Tally-ho!" "Stop thief!" "A highwayman! A highwayman!" It was otherguess work with Bellamy. That gentleman no sooner observed our change of direction than he turned his horse with so much violence that the poor animal was almost cast upon her side, and launched her in immediate and desperate pursuit. As he approached I saw that his face was deadly white and that he carried a drawn pistol in his hand. I turned at once to the poor little bride that was to have been and now was not to be; she, upon her side, deserting the other window, turned as if to meet me.

"Oh, oh, don't let him kill me!" she screamed.

"Never fear," I replied.

Her face was distorted with terror. Her hands took hold upon me with the instinctive clutch of an infant. The chaise gave a flying lurch, which took the feet from under me and tumbled us anyhow upon the seat. And almost in the same moment the head of Bellamy appeared in the window which Missy had left free for him.

Conceive the situation! The little lady and I were falling—or had just fallen—backward on the seat, and offered to the eye a somewhat ambiguous picture. The chaise was speeding at a furious pace, and with the most violent leaps and lurches, along the highway. Into this bounding receptacle Bellamy interjected his head, his pistol arm, and his pistol; and since his own horse was traveling still faster than the chaise, he must withdraw all of them again in the inside of the fraction of a minute. He did so, but he left the charge of the pistol behind him—whether by design or accident I shall never know, and I dare say he has forgotten. Probably he had only meant to threaten, in hopes of causing us to arrest our flight. In the same moment came the explosion and a pitiful cry from Missy; and my gentleman, making certain he had struck her, went down the road pursued by the furies, turned at the first corner, took a flying leap over the thorn hedge, and disappeared across country in the least possible time.

Rowley was ready and eager to pursue;

but I withheld him, thinking we were excellently quit of Mr. Bellamy, at no more cost than a scratch on the forearm and a bullet-hole in the left-hand claret-colored panel. And accordingly, but now at a more decent pace, we proceeded on our way to Archdeacon Clitheroe's. Missy's gratitude and admiration were aroused to a high pitch by this dramatic scene and what she was pleased to call my wound. She must dress it for me with her handkerchief, a service which she rendered me even with tears. I could well have spared them, not loving on the whole to be made ridiculous and the injury being in the nature of a cat's scratch. Indeed, I would have suggested for her kind care rather the cure of my coat-sleeve, which had suffered worse in the encounter, but I was too wise to risk the anti-climax. That she had been rescued by a hero, that the hero should have been wounded in the affray and his wound bandaged with her handkerchief (which it could not even bloody), ministered incredibly to the recovery of her self-respect; and I could hear her relate the incident to "the young ladies, my school-companions," in the most approved manner of Mrs. Radcliffe. To have insisted on the torn coat-sleeve would have been unmannerly, if not inhuman.

Presently the residence of the archdeacon began to heave in sight. A chaise and four smoking horses stood by the steps, and made way for us on our approach; and even as we alighted there appeared from the interior of the house a tall ecclesiastic, and beside him a little, headstrong, ruddy man, in a towering passion, and brandishing over his head a roll of paper. At sight of him Miss Dorothy flung herself on her knees with the most moving adjurations, calling him father, assuring him she was wholly cured and entirely repentant of her disobedience, and entreating forgiveness; and I soon saw that she need fear no great severity from Mr. Greensleeves, who showed himself extraordinarily fond, loud, greedy of caresses, and prodigal of tears.

To give myself a countenance, as well as to have all ready for the road when I should find occasion, I turned to quit scores with Bellamy's two postilions. They had not the least claim on me, but one of which they were quite ignorant—that I was a fugitive. It is the worst feature of that false position that every gratuity becomes a case of conscience. You must not leave behind you any one discontented nor any one grateful. But the whole business had been such a "hurrah-boys"

from the beginning, and had gone off in the fifth act so like a melodrama, in explosions, reconciliations, and the rape of a post-horse, that it was plainly impossible to keep it covered. It was plain it would have to be talked over in all the inn-kitchens for thirty miles about, and likely for six months to come. It only remained for me, therefore, to settle on that gratuity which should be least conspicuous—so large that nobody could grumble, so small that nobody would be tempted to boast. My decision was hastily and not wisely taken. The one fellow spat on his tip (so he called it) for luck; the other, developing a sudden streak of piety, prayed God bless me with fervor. It seemed a demonstration was brewing, and I determined to be off at once. Bidding my own post-boy and Rowley to be in readiness for an immediate start, I reascended the terrace and presented myself, hat in hand, before Mr. Greensleeves and the archdeacon.

"You will excuse me, I trust," said I. "I think shame to interrupt this agreeable scene of family effusion, which I have been privileged in some small degree to bring about."

And at these words the storm broke.

"Small degree! small degree, sir!" cries the father; "that shall not pass, Mr. St. Eaves! If I've got my darling back, and none the worse for that vagabone rascal, I know whom I have to thank. Shake hands with me—up to the elbows, sir! A Frenchman you may be, but you're one of the right breed, and, sir, you may have anything you care to ask of me, down to Dolly's hand!"

All this he roared out in a voice surprisingly powerful from so small a person. Every word was audible to the servants, who had followed them out of the house and now congregated about us on the terrace, as well as to Rowley and the five postilions on the gravel sweep below. The sentiments expressed were popular; some ass, whom the devil moved to be my enemy, proposed three cheers, and they were given with a will. To hear my own name resounding amid acclamations in the hills of Westmoreland was flattering, perhaps; but it was inconvenient at a moment when (as I was morally persuaded) police handbills were already speeding after me at the rate of a hundred miles a day.

Nor was that the end of it. The archdeacon must present his compliments and press upon me some of his West India sherry, and I was carried into a vastly fine

library, where I was presented to his lady wife. While we were at sherry in the library, ale was handed round upon the terrace. Speeches were made, hands were shaken, Missy (at her father's request) kissed me farewell, and the whole party reaccompanied me to the terrace, where they stood waving hats and handkerchiefs, and crying farewells to all the echoes of the mountains until the chaise had disappeared.

The echoes of the mountains were engaged in saying to me privately: "You fool, you have done it now!"

"They do seem to have got 'old of your name, Mr. Anne," said Rowley. "It weren't my fault this time."

"It was one of those accidents that can never be foreseen," said I, affecting a dignity that I was far from feeling. "Some one recognized me."

"Which on 'em, Mr. Anne?" said the rascal.

"That is a senseless question; it can make no difference who it was," I returned.

"No, nor that it can't!" cried Rowley. "I say, Mr. Anne, sir, it's what you call a jolly mess, ain't it? Looks like 'clean bowled out in the middle stump,' don't it?"

"I fail to understand you, Rowley."

"Well, what I mean is, what are we to do about this one?" pointing to the postilion in front of us, as he alternately hid and revealed his patched breeches to the trot of his horse. "He see you get in this morning under Mr. Ramornie—I was very piticular to *Mr. Ramornie* you, if you remember, sir—and he see you get in again under Mr. Saint Eaves, and whatever's he going to see you get out under? That's what worries me, sir. It don't seem to me like as if the position was what you call *strategic*!"

"*Parrrrbleu!* will you let me be!" I cried. "I have to think; you cannot imagine how your constant idiotic prattle annoys me."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Anne," said he; and the next moment, "You wouldn't like for us to do our French now, would you, Mr. Anne?"

"Certainly not," said I. "Play upon your flageolet."

The which he did, with what seemed to me to be irony.

Conscience doth make cowards of us all! I was so downcast by my pitiful mismanagement of the morning's business, that I shrank from the eye of my own hired in-

fant and read offensive meanings into his idle tootling.

I took off my coat, and set to mending it, soldier-fashion, with a needle and thread. There is nothing more conducive to thought, above all in arduous circumstances; and as I sewed I gradually gained a clearness upon my affairs. I must be done with the claret-colored chaise at once. It should be sold at the next stage for what it would bring. Rowley and I must take back to the road on our four feet, and after a decent interval of trudging, get places on some coach to Edinburgh, again under new names. So much trouble and toil, so much extra risk and expense and loss of time, and all for a slip of the tongue to a little lady in blue!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE INN-KEEPER OF KIRKBY-LONSDALE.

I HAD hitherto conceived and partly carried out an ideal that was dear to my heart. Rowley and I descended from our claret-colored chaise, a couple of correctly dressed, brisk, bright-eyed young fellows, like a pair of aristocratic mice; attending singly to our own affairs, communicating solely with each other, and that with the niceties and civilities of drill. We would pass through the little crowd before the door with high-bred preoccupation, inoffensively haughty, after the best English pattern, and disappear within, followed by the envy and admiration of the bystanders, a model master and servant, point-device in every part. It was a heavy thought to me, as we drew up before the inn of Kirkby-Lonsdale, that this scene was now to be enacted for the last time. Alas! and had I known it, it was to go off with so inferior a grace!

I had been injudiciously liberal to the post-boys of the chaise and four. My own post-boy, he of the patched breeches, now stood before me, his eyes glittering with greed, his hand advanced. It was plain he anticipated something extraordinary by way of a *pourboire*; and considering the marches and countermarches by which I had extended the stage, the military character of our affairs with Mr. Belamy, and the bad example I had set before him at the archdeacon's, something exceptional was certainly to be done. But these are always nice questions, to a foreigner above all; a shade too little will suggest niggardliness, a shilling too much

smells of hush-money. Fresh from the scene at the archdeacon's, and flushed by the idea that I was now nearly done with the responsibilities of the claret-colored chaise, I put into his hands five guineas, and the amount served only to waken his cupidity.

"Oh, come, sir, you ain't going to fob me off with this. Why, I seen fire at your side!" he cried.

It would never do to give him more. I felt I should become the fable of Kirkby-Lonsdale if I did; and I looked him in the face, sternly but still smiling, and addressed him with a voice of uncompromising firmness.

"If you do not like it, give it back," said I.

He pocketed the guineas with the quickness of a conjurer, and like a base-born cockney as he was, fell instantly to casting dirt.

"'Ave your own way of it, Mr. Ramornie—leastways Mr. St. Eaves, or whatever your blessed name may be. Look 'ere"—turning for sympathy to the stable-boys—"this is a blessed business. Blessed 'ard, I calls it. 'Ere I takes up a blessed son of a pop-gun what calls hisself anything you care to mention, and turns out to be a blessed *mounseer* at the end of it! 'Ere 'ave I been drivin' of him up and down all day, a-carrying off of gals, a-shootin' of pistyils, and a-drinkin' of sherry and hale; and wot does he up and give me but a blank, blank, blanketing blank!"

The fellow's language had become too powerful for reproduction, and I pass it by.

Meanwhile I observed Rowley fretting visibly at the bit; another moment, and he would have added a last touch of the ridiculous to our arrival by coming to his hands with the postilion.

"Rowley!" cried I, reprovingly.

Strictly it should have been Gammon, but in the hurry of the moment, my fault (I can only hope) passed unperceived. At the same time I caught the eye of the postmaster. He was long and lean and brown and bilious; he had the drooping nose of the humorist, and the quick attention of a man of parts. He read my embarrassment in a glance, stepped instantly forward, sent the post-boy to the right-about with half a word, and was back next moment at my side.

"Dinner in a private room, sir? Very well. John, No. 4! What wine would you care to mention? Very well, sir.

Will you please to order fresh horses? Not, sir? Very well."

Each of these expressions was accompanied by something in the nature of a bow, and all were prefaced by something in the nature of a smile, which I could very well have done without. The man's politeness was from the teeth outwards; behind and within, I was conscious of a perpetual scrutiny. The scene at his doorstep, the random confidences of the post-boy, had not been thrown away on this observer; and it was under a strong fear of coming trouble that I was shown at last into my private room. I was in half a mind to have put off the whole business. But the truth is, now my name had got abroad, my fear of the mail that was coming, and the handbills it should contain, had waxed inordinately, and I felt I could never eat a meal in peace till I had severed my connection with the claret-colored chaise.

Accordingly, as soon as I had done with dinner, I sent my compliments to the landlord and requested he should take a glass of wine with me. He came; we exchanged the necessary civilities, and presently I approached my business.

"By the by," said I, "we had a brush down the road to-day. I dare say you may have heard of it?"

He nodded.

"And I was so unlucky as to get a pistol-ball into the panel of my chaise," I continued, "which makes it simply useless to me. Do you know any one likely to buy?"

"I can well understand that," said the landlord. "I was looking at it just now; it's as good as ruined, is that chaise. General rule, people don't like chaises with bullet-holes."

"Too much 'Romance of the Forest'?" I suggested, recalling my little friend of the morning and what I was sure had been her favorite reading—Mrs. Radcliffe's novels.

"Just so," said he. "They may be right, they may be wrong; I'm not the judge. But I suppose it's natural, after all, for respectable people to like things respectable about them; not bullet-holes, nor puddles of blood, nor men with aliases."

I took a glass of wine and held it up to the light to show that my hand was steady.

"Yes," said I, "I suppose so."

"You have papers, of course, showing you are the proper owner?" he inquired.

"There is the bill, stamped and receipted," said I, tossing it across to him.

He looked at it.

"This all you have?" he asked.

"It is enough, at least," said I. "It shows you where I bought and what I paid for it."

"Well, I don't know," he said. "You want some paper of identification."

"To identify the chaise?" I inquired.

"Not at all—to identify *you*," said he.

"My good sir, remember yourself!" said I. "The title-deeds of my estate are in that despatch-box; but you do not seriously suppose that I should allow you to examine them."

"Well, you see, this paper proves that some Mr. Ramornie paid seventy guineas for a chaise," said the fellow. "That's all well and good; but who's to prove to me that you are Mr. Ramornie?"

"Fellow!" cried I.

"Oh, fellow as much as you please!" said he. "Fellow, with all my heart! That changes nothing. I am fellow, of course—obtrusive fellow, impudent fellow, if you like—but who are you? I hear of you with two names; I hear of you running away with young ladies, and getting cheered for a Frenchman, which seems odd; and one thing I will go bail for, that you were in a blue fright when the post-boy began to tell tales at my door. In short, sir, you may be a very good gentleman; but I don't know enough about you, and I'll trouble you for your papers, or to go before a magistrate. Take your choice; if I'm not fine enough, I hope the magistrates are."

"My good man," I stammered, for, though I had found my voice, I could scarce be said to have recovered my wits, "this is most unusual, most rude. Is it the custom in Westmoreland that gentlemen should be insulted?"

"That depends," said he. "When it's suspected that gentlemen are spies, it *is* the custom, and a good custom, too. No, no," he broke out, perceiving me to make a movement. "Both hands upon the table, my gentleman! I want no pistol-balls in my chaise panels."

"Surely, sir, you do me strange injustice!" said I, now the master of myself. "You see me sitting here, a monument of tranquillity. Pray may I help myself to wine without umbraging you?"

I took this attitude in sheer despair. I had no plan, no hope. The best I could imagine was to spin the business out some minutes longer, then capitulate. At least

I would not capitulate one moment too soon.

"Am I to take that for *no*?" he asked.

"Referring to your former obliging proposal?" said I. "My good sir, you are to take it, as you say, for 'No.' Certainly I will not show you my deeds; certainly I will not rise from table and trundle out to see your magistrates. I have too much respect for my digestion and too little curiosity in justices of the peace."

He leaned forward, looked me nearly in the face, and reached out one hand to the bell-rope. "See here, my fine fellow!" said he. "Do you see that bell-rope? Let me tell you, there's a boy waiting below; one jingle, and he goes to fetch the constable."

"Do you tell me so?" said I. "Well, there's no accounting for tastes! I have a prejudice against the society of constables, but if it is your fancy to have one in for the dessert—" I shrugged my shoulders lightly. "Really, you know," I added, "this is vastly entertaining. I assure you I am looking on, with all the interest of a man of the world, at the development of your highly original character."

He continued to study my face without speech, his hand still on the button of the bell-rope, his eyes in mine; this was the decisive heat. My face seemed to myself to dislimn under his gaze, my expression to change, the smile (with which I had begun) to degenerate into the grin of the man upon the rack. I was besides harassed with doubts. An innocent man, I argued, would have resented the fellow's impudence an hour ago; and by my continued endurance of the ordeal, I was simply signing and sealing my confession; in short, I had reached the end of my powers.

"Have you any objection to my putting my hands in my breeches pockets?" I inquired. "Excuse me mentioning it, but you showed yourself so extremely nervous a moment back."

My voice was not all I could have wished, but it sufficed. I could hear it tremble, but the landlord apparently could not. He turned away and drew a long breath, and you may be sure I was quick to follow his example.

"You're a cool hand, at least, and that's the sort I like," said he. "Be you what you please, I'll deal square. I'll take the chaise for a hundred pound down and throw the dinner in."

"I beg your pardon," I cried, wholly mystified by this form of words.

"You pay me a hundred down," he re-

peated, "and I'll take the chaise. It's very little more than it cost," he added, with a grin, "and you know you must get it off your hands somehow."

I do not know when I have been better entertained than by this impudent proposal. It was broadly funny, and I suppose the least tempting offer in the world. For all that, it came very welcome, for it gave me the occasion to laugh. This I did with the most complete abandonment, till the tears ran down my cheeks; and ever and again, as the fit abated, I would get another view of the landlord's face and go off into another paroxysm.

"You droll creature, you will be the death of me yet," I cried, drying my eyes. My friend was now wholly disconcerted; he knew not where to look, nor yet what to say, and began for the first time to conceive it possible he was mistaken. "You seem rather to enjoy a laugh, sir," said he.

"Oh, yes! I am quite an original," I replied, and laughed again.

Presently, in a changed voice, he offered me twenty pounds for the chaise. I ran him up to twenty-five, and closed with the offer. Indeed, I was glad to get anything; and if I haggled, it was not in the desire of gain, but with the view at any price of securing a safe retreat. For, although hostilities were suspended, he was yet far from satisfied; and I could read his continued suspicions in the cloudy eye that still hovered about my face. At last they took shape in words.

"This is all very well," says he; "you carry it off well, but, for all that, I must do my duty."

I had my strong effect in reserve; it was to burn my ships with a vengeance! I rose. "Leave the room," said I. "This is insufferable. Is the man mad?" And then, as if already half ashamed of my passion: "I can take a joke as well as any one," I added, "but this passes measure. Send my servant and the bill."

When he had left me alone, I considered my own valor with amazement. I had insulted him; I had sent him away alone; now, if ever, he would take what was the only sensible recourse, and fetch the constable. But there was something instinctively treacherous about the man, which shrank from plain courses. And, with all his cleverness, he missed the occasion of fame. Rowley and I were suffered to walk out of his door, with all our baggage, on foot, with no destination named, except in the vague statement that we were come "to

view the lakes;" and my friend only watched our departure with his chin in his hand, still moodily irresolute.

I think this one of my great successes. I was exposed, unmasked, summoned to do a perfectly natural act, which must prove my doom and which I had not the slightest pretext for refusing. I kept my head, stuck to my guns, and, against all likelihood, here I was once more at liberty and in the king's highway. This was a strong lesson never to despair; and at the same time, how many hints to be cautious! and what a perplexed and dubious business the whole question of my escape now appeared! That I should have risked perishing upon a trumpery question of a *pourboire*, depicted, in lively colors, the perils that perpetually surrounded us. Though, to be sure, the initial mistake had been committed before that; and if I had not suffered myself to be drawn a little deep in confidences to the innocent Dolly, there need have been no tumble at the inn of Kirkby-Lonsdale. I took the lesson to heart, and promised myself in the future to be more reserved. It was none of my business to attend to broken chaises or shipwrecked travelers. I had my hands full of my own affairs; and my best defense would be a little more natural selfishness and a trifle less imbecile good-nature.

CHAPTER XXV.

I MEET A CHEERFUL EXTRAVAGANT.

I PASS over the next fifty or sixty leagues of our journey without comment. The reader must be growing weary of scenes of travel; and, for my own part, I have no cause to recall these particular miles with any pleasure. We were mainly occupied with attempts to obliterate our trail, which (as the result showed) were far from successful; for on my cousin following, he was able to run me home with the least possible loss of time, following the claret-colored chaise to Kirkby-Lonsdale, where I think the landlord must have wept to learn what he had missed, and tracing us thereafter to the doors of the coach office in Edinburgh without a single check. Fortune did not favor me, and why should I recapitulate the details of futile precautions which deceived nobody and wearisome arts which proved to be artless?

The day was drawing to an end when Mr. Rowley and I bowled into Edinburgh,

to the stirring sound of the guard's bugle and the clattering team. I was here upon my field of battle; on the scene of my former captivity, escape, and exploits; and in the same city with my love. My heart expanded; I have rarely felt more of a hero. All down the Bridges, I sat by the driver with my arms folded and my face set, unflinchingly meeting every eye, and prepared every moment for a cry of recognition. Hundreds of the population were in the habit of visiting the Castle, where it was my practice (before the days of Flora) to make myself conspicuous among the prisoners; and I think it an extraordinary thing that I should have encountered so few to recognize me. But doubtless a clean chin is a disguise in itself; and the change is great from a suit of sulphur-yellow to fine linen, a well-fitting mouse-colored great-coat, furred in black, a pair of tight trousers of fashionable cut, and a hat of inimitable curl. After all, it was more likely that I should have recognized our visitors, than that they should have identified the modish gentleman with the miserable prisoner in the Castle.

I was glad to set foot on the flagstones, and to escape from the crowd that had assembled to receive the mail. Here we were, with but little daylight before us, and that on Saturday afternoon, the eve of the famous Scottish Sabbath, adrift in the new town of Edinburgh, and overladen with baggage. We carried it ourselves; I would not take a cab, nor so much as hire a porter, who might afterwards serve as a link between my lodgings and the mail, and connect me again with the claret-colored chaise and Aylesbury. For I was resolved to break the chain of evidence for good, and to begin life afresh (so far as regards caution) with a new character. The first step was to find lodgings, and to find them quickly. This was the more needful as Mr. Rowley and I, in our smart clothes and with our cumbrous burthen, made a noticeable appearance in the streets at that time of the day and in that quarter of the town, which was largely given up to fine folk, bucks, and dandies, and young ladies, or respectable professional men on their way home to dinner.

On the north side of St. James's Square, I was so happy as to spy a bill in a third-floor window. I was equally indifferent to cost and convenience in my choice of a lodging—"any port in a storm" was the principle on which I was prepared to act; and Rowley and I made at once for the common entrance and scaled the stair.

We were admitted by a very sour-looking female in bombazine. I gathered she had all her life been depressed by a series of bereavements, the last of which might very well have befallen her the day before; and I instinctively lowered my voice when I addressed her. She admitted she had rooms to let—even showed them to us—a sitting-room and bedroom in a *suite*, commanding a fine prospect to the Firth and Fifeshire, and in themselves well proportioned and comfortably furnished, with pictures on the wall, shells on the mantelpiece, and several books upon the table, which I found afterwards to be all of a devotional character and all presentation copies, “to my Christian friend,” or “to my devout acquaintance in the Lord, Bethiah McRankine.” Beyond this my “Christian friend” could not be made to advance: no, not even to do that which seemed the most natural and pleasing thing in the world—I mean to name her price—but stood before us shaking her head, and at times mourning like the dove, the picture of depression and defense. She had a voice the most querulous I have ever heard, and with this she produced a whole regiment of difficulties and criticisms.

She could not promise us attendance.

“Well, madam,” said I, “and what is my servant for?”

“Him?” she asked. “Be gude to us! Is *he* your servant?”

“I am sorry, ma’am, he meets with your disapproval.”

“Na, I never said that. But he’s young. He’ll be a great breaker, I’m thinkin’. Ay! he’ll be a great responsibility to ye, like. Does he attend to his relegion?”

“Yes, m’m,” returned Rowley, with admirable promptitude, and, immediately closing his eyes, as if from habit, repeated the following distich with more celerity than fervor:

“Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on!”

“Nhm!” said the lady, and maintained an awful silence.

“Well, ma’am,” said I, “it seems we are never to hear the beginning of your terms, let alone the end of them. Come—a good movement! and let us be either off or on.”

She opened her lips slowly. “Ony rafterences?” she inquired, in a voice like a bell.

I opened my pocket-book and showed her a handful of bankbills. “I think,

madam, that these are unexceptionable,” said I.

“Ye’ll be wantin’ breakfast late?” was her reply.

“Madam, we want breakfast at whatever hour it suits you to give it, from four in the morning till four in the afternoon!” I cried. “Only tell us your figure, if your mouth be large enough to let it out!”

“I couldnae give ye supper the nicht,” came the echo.

“We shall go out to supper, you incorrigible female!” I vowed, between laughter and tears. “Here—this is going to end! I want you for a landlady—let me tell you that!—and I am going to have my way. You won’t tell me what you charge? Very well; I will do without! I can trust you! You don’t seem to know when you have a good lodger; but I know perfectly well when I have an honest landlady! Rowley, unstrap the valises!”

Will it be credited? The monomaniac fell to rating me for my indiscretion! But the battle was over; these were her last guns, and more in the nature of a salute than of renewed hostilities. And presently she condescended on very moderate terms, and Rowley and I were able to escape in quest of supper. Much time had, however, been lost; the sun was long down, the lamps glimmered along the streets, and the voice of a watchman already resounded in the neighboring Leith Road. On our first arrival I had observed a place of entertainment not far off, in a street behind the Register House. Thither we found our way, and sat down to a late dinner alone. But we had scarce given our orders before the door opened, and a tall young fellow entered with a lurch, looked about him, and approached the same table.

“Give you good evening, most grave and reverend seniors!” said he. “Will you permit a wanderer, a pilgrim—the pilgrim of love, in short—to come to temporary anchor under your lee? I care not who knows it, but I have a passionate aversion from the bestial practice of solitary feeding!”

“You are welcome, sir,” said I, “if I may take upon me so far as to play the host in a public place.”

He looked startled, and fixed a hazy eye on me, as he sat down.

“Sir,” said he, “you are a man not without some tincture of letters, I perceive. What shall we drink?”

I mentioned I had already called for a pot of porter.

"A modest pot—the seasonable quencher?" said he. "Well, I do not know but what I could look at a modest pot myself! I am, for the moment, in precarious health. Much study hath heated my brain, much walking wearied my—well, it seems to be more my eyes!"

"You have walked far, I daresay?" I suggested.

"Not so much far as often," he replied. "There is in this city—to which, I think, you are a stranger? Sir, to your very good health, and our better acquaintance!—there is, in this city of Dunedin, a certain implication of streets which reflects the utmost credit on the designer and the publicans—at every hundred yards is seated the Judicious Tavern, so that persons of contemplative mind are secure, at moderate distances, of refreshment. I have been doing a trot in that favored quarter, favored by art and nature. A few chosen comrades—enemies of publicity and friends to wit and wine—obliged me with their society. 'Along the cool, sequestered vale' of Register Street we kept the uneven tenor of our way, sir."

"It struck me as you came in—" I began.

"Oh, don't make any bones about it!" he interrupted. "Of course it struck you! And, let me tell you, I was devilish lucky not to strike myself. When I entered this apartment I shone 'with all the pomp and prodigality of brandy and water,' as the poet Gray has in another place expressed it. Powerful bard, Gray! but a niminy-piminy creature, afraid of a petticoat and a bottle—not a man, sir, not a man! Excuse me for being so troublesome, but what the devil have I done with my fork? Thank you, I am sure. *Temulentia, quoad me ipsum, brevis colligo est.* I sit and eat, sir, in a London fog. I should bring a link-boy to table with me; and I would, too, if the little brutes were only washed! I intend to found a Philanthropical Society for Washing the Deserving Poor, and Shaving Soldiers. I am pleased to observe that, although not of an unmilitary bearing, you are apparently shaved. In my calendar of the virtues, shaving comes next to drinking. A gentleman may be a low-minded ruffian, without sixpence, but he will always be close-shaved. See me, with the eye of fancy, in the chill hours of the morning, say about a quarter to twelve, noon—see me awake! First thing of all, without one thought of the plausible but unsatisfactory small beer, or the healthful though insipid soda-water, I take the

deadly razor in my vacillating grasp; I proceed to skate upon the margin of eternity. Stimulating thought! I bleed, perhaps, but with medicable wounds. The stubble reaped, I pass out of my chamber, calm but triumphant. To employ a hackneyed phrase, I would not call Lord Wellington my uncle! I, too, have dared, perhaps bled, before the imminent deadly shaving-table."

In this manner the bombastic fellow continued to entertain me all through dinner, and by a common error of drunkards, because he had been extremely talkative himself, leaped to the conclusion that he had chanced on very genial company. He told me his name, his address; he begged we should meet again; finally he proposed that I should dine with him in the country at an early date.

"The dinner is official," he explained. "The office-bearers and Senatus of the University of Cramond—an educational institution in which I have the honor to be Professor of Nonsense—meet to do honor to our friend Icarus, at the old-established *howff*, Cramond Bridge. One place is vacant, fascinating stranger,—I offer it to you!"

"And who is your friend Icarus?" I asked.

"The aspiring son of Dædalus!" said he. "Is it possible that you have never heard the name of Byfield?"

"Possible and true," said I.

"And is fame so small a thing?" cried he. "Byfield, sir, is an aeronaut. He apes the fame of a Lunardi, and is on the point of offering to the inhabitants—I beg your pardon, to the nobility and gentry of our neighborhood, the spectacle of an ascension. As one of the gentry concerned, I may be permitted to remark that I am unmoved. I care not a tinker's damn for his ascension. No more—I breathe it in your ear—does anybody else. The business is stale, sir, stale. Lunardi did it, and overdid it. A whimsical, fiddling, vain fellow, by all accounts—for I was at that time rocking in my cradle. But once was enough. If Lunardi went up and came down, there was the matter settled. We prefer to grant the point. We do not want to see the experiment repeated *ad nauseam* by Byfield, and Brown, and Butler, and Brodie, and Bottomley. Ah! if they would go up and *not* come down again! But this is by the question. The University of Cramond delights to honor merit in the man, sir, rather than utility in the profession; and Byfield, though an

ignorant dog, is a sound, reliable drinker, and really not amiss over his cups. Under the radiance of the kindly jar, partiality might even credit him with wit."

It will be seen afterwards that this was more my business than I thought it at the time. Indeed, I was impatient to be gone. Even as my friend maundered ahead, a squall burst, the jaws of the rain were opened against the coffee-house windows, and at that inclement signal I remembered I was due elsewhere.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE COTTAGE AT NIGHT.

AT the door I was nearly blown back by the unbridled violence of the squall, and Rowley and I must shout our parting words. All the way along Princes Street (whither my way led) the wind hunted me behind and screamed in my ears. The city was flushed with bucketfuls of rain, that tasted salt from the neighboring ocean. It seemed to darken and lighten again in the vicissitudes of the gusts. Now you would say the lamps had been blown out from end to end of the long thoroughfare; now, in a lull, they would revive, re-multiply, shine again on the wet pavements, and make darkness sparingly visible.

By the time I had got to the corner of the Lothian Road there was a distinct improvement. For one thing, I had now my shoulder to the wind; for a second, I came in the lee of my old prison-house, the Castle; and, at any rate, the excessive fury of the blast was itself moderating. The thought of what errand I was on re-awoke within me, and I seemed to breast the rough weather with increasing ease. With such a destination, what mattered a little buffeting of wind or a sprinkle of cold water? I recalled Flora's image, I took her in fancy to my arms, and my heart throbbed. And the next moment I had recognized the inanity of that fool's paradise. If I could spy her taper as she went to bed, I might count myself lucky.

I had about two leagues before me of a road mostly up-hill and now deep in mire. So soon as I was clear of the last street lamp, darkness received me—a darkness only pointed by the lights of occasional rustic farms, where the dogs howled with uplifted head as I went by. The wind continued to decline: it had been but a squall, not a tempest. The rain, on the other hand, settled into a steady deluge,

which had soon drenched me thoroughly. I continued to tramp forward in the night, contending with gloomy thoughts and accompanied by the dismal ululation of the dogs. What ailed them that they should have been thus wakeful and perceived the small sound of my steps amid the general reverberation of the rain, was more than I could fancy. I remembered tales with which I had been entertained in childhood. I told myself some murderer was going by, and the brutes perceived upon him the faint smell of blood; and the next moment, with a physical shock, I had applied the words to my own case!

Here was a dismal disposition for a lover. "Was ever lady in this humor wooed?" I asked myself, and came near turning back. It is never wise to risk a critical interview when your spirits are depressed, your clothes muddy, and your hands wet! But the boisterous night was in itself favorable to my enterprise: now, or perhaps never, I might find some way to have an interview with Flora; and if I had one interview (wet clothes, low spirits, and all), I told myself there would certainly be another.

Arrived in the cottage garden, I found the circumstances mighty inclement. From the round holes in the shutters of the parlor, shafts of candle-light streamed forth; elsewhere the darkness was complete. The trees, the thickets, were saturated; the lower parts of the garden turned into a morass. At intervals, when the wind broke forth again, there passed overhead a wild coil of clashing branches; and between whiles the whole enclosure continuously and stridently resounded with the rain. I advanced close to the window and contrived to read the face of my watch. It was half-past seven; they would not retire before ten, they might not before midnight, and the prospect was unpleasant. In a lull of the wind I could hear from the inside the voice of Flora reading aloud; the words of course inaudible—only a flow of undecipherable speech, quiet, cordial, colorless, more intimate and winning, more eloquent of her personality, but not less beautiful than song. And the next moment the clamor of a fresh squall broke out about the cottage; the voice was drowned in its bellowing, and I was glad to retreat from my dangerous post.

For three egregious hours I must now suffer the elements to do their worst upon me, and continue to hold my ground in patience. I recalled the least fortunate of

my services in the field: being out-sentry of the pickets in weather no less vile, sometimes unsuppered and with nothing to look forward to by way of breakfast but musket-balls; and they seemed light in comparison. So strangely are we built: so much more strong is the love of woman than the mere love of life.

At last my patience was rewarded. The light disappeared from the parlor, and reappeared a moment after in the room above. I was pretty well informed for the enterprise that lay before me. I knew the lair of the dragon—that which was just illuminated. I knew the bower of my Rosamond, and how excellently it was placed on the ground level, round the flank of the cottage and out of earshot of her formidable aunt. Nothing was left but to apply my knowledge. I was then at the bottom of the garden, whither I had gone (Heaven save the mark!) for warmth, that I might walk to and fro unheard and keep myself from perishing. The night had fallen still, the wind ceased; the noise of the rain had much lightened, if it had not stopped, and was succeeded by the dripping of the garden trees. In the midst of this lull, and as I was already drawing near to the cottage, I was startled by the sound of a window-sash screaming in its channels; and a step or two beyond I became aware of a rush of light upon the darkness. It fell from Flora's window, which she had flung open on the night, and where she now sat, roseate and pensive, in the shine of two candles falling from behind, her tresses deeply embowering and shading her; the suspended comb still in one hand, the other idly clinging to the iron stanchions with which the window was barred.

Keeping to the turf, and favored by the darkness of the night and the patter of the rain which was now returning, though without wind, I approached until I could almost have touched her. It seemed a grossness of which I was incapable to break up her reverie by speech. I stood and drank her in with my eyes; how the light made a glory in her hair and (what I have always thought the most ravishing thing in nature) how the planes ran into each other, and were distinguished, and how the hues blended and varied, and were shaded off, between the cheek and neck. At first I was abashed: she wore her beauty like an immediate halo of refinement; she discouraged me like an angel—or like what I suspect to be the next most discouraging, a modern lady. But as I con-

tinued to gaze, hope and life returned to me; I forgot my timidity, I forgot the sickening pack of wet clothes with which I stood burdened, I tingled with new blood.

Still unconscious of my presence, still gazing before her upon the illuminated image of the window, the straight shadows of the bars, the glinting of pebbles on the path, and the impenetrable night on the garden and the hills beyond it, she heaved a deep breath that struck upon my heart like an appeal.

"Why does Miss Gilchrist sigh?" I whispered. "Does she recall absent friends?"

"She turned her head swiftly in my direction; it was the only sign of surprise she deigned to make. At the same time I stepped forward into the light and bowed profoundly.

"You!" she said. "Here?"

"Yes, I am here," I replied. "I have come very far, it may be a hundred and fifty leagues, to see you. I have waited all this night in your garden. Will Miss Gilchrist not offer her hand—to a friend in trouble?"

She extended it between the bars, and I dropped upon one knee on the wet path, and kissed it twice. At the second it was withdrawn suddenly, methought with more of a start than she had hitherto displayed. I regained my former attitude, and we were both silent awhile. My timidity returned on me tenfold. I looked in her face for any signals of anger, and seeing her eyes to waver and fall aside from mine, augured that all was well.

"You must have been mad to come here!" she broke out. "Of all places under heaven, this is no place for you to come. And I was just thinking you were safe in France."

"You were thinking of me!" I cried.

"Mr. St. Ives, you cannot understand your danger," she replied. "I am sure of it, and yet I cannot find it in my heart to tell you. Oh, be persuaded, and go!"

"I believe I know the worst. But I was never one to set an undue value on life, the life that we share with beasts. My university has been in the wars, not a famous place of education, but one where a man learns to carry his life in his hand as lightly as a glove, and for his lady or his honor to lay it as lightly down. You appeal to my fears, and you do wrong. I have come to Scotland with my eyes quite open, to see you and to speak with you—it may be for the last time. With my eyes

quite open, I say; and if I did not hesitate at the beginning, do you think I would draw back now?"

"You do not know!" she cried, with rising agitation. "This country, even this garden, is death to you. They all believe it; I am the only one that does not. If they hear you now, if they heard a whisper—I dread to think of it. Oh, go, go this instant. It is my prayer."

"Dear lady, do not refuse me what I have come so far to seek; and remember that out of all the millions in England there can be no other but yourself in whom I can dare confide. I have all the world against me; you are my only ally; and as I have to speak, you have to listen. All is true that they say of me, and all is false at the same time. I did kill this man Goguelat—it was that you meant?"

She mutely signed to me that it was; she had become deadly pale.

"But I killed him in fair fight. Till then, I had never taken a life unless in battle, which is my trade. But I was grateful, I was on fire with gratitude, to one who had been good to me, who had been better to me than I could have dreamed of an angel, who had come into the darkness of my prison like sunrise. The man Goguelat insulted her. Oh, he had insulted *me* often, it was his favorite pastime, and he might insult me as he pleased—for who was I? But with that lady it was different. I could never forgive myself if I had let it pass. And we fought, and he fell, and I have no remorse."

I waited anxiously for some reply. The worst was now out, and I knew that she had heard of it before; but it was impossible for me to go on with my narrative without some shadow of encouragement.

"You blame me?"

"No, not at all. It is a point I cannot speak on—I am only a girl. I am sure you were in the right, I have always said so—to Ronald. Not, of course, to my aunt. I am afraid I let her speak as she will. You must not think me a disloyal friend, and even with the Major—I did not tell you he had become quite a friend of ours—Major Chevenix, I mean—he has taken such a fancy to Ronald! It was he that brought the news to us of that hateful Clausel being captured, and all that he was saying. I was indignant with him. I said—I daresay I said too much—and I must say he was very good-natured. He said, 'You and I, who are his friends, *know* that Champdivers is innocent. But what is the use of saying it?' All this was in

the corner of the room, in what they call an aside. And then he said, 'Give me a chance to speak to you in private; I have much to tell you.' And he did. And told me just what you did—that it was an affair of honor, and no blame attached to you. Oh, I must say I like that Major Chevenix!"

At this I was seized with a great pang of jealousy. I remembered the first time that he had seen her, the interest that he seemed immediately to conceive; and I could not but admire the dog for the use he had been ingenious enough to make of our acquaintance in order to supplant me. All is fair in love and war. For all that, I was now no less anxious to do the speaking myself than I had been before to hear Flora. At least, I could keep clear of the hateful image of Major Chevenix. Accordingly I burst at once on the narrative of my adventures. It was the same as you have read, but briefer, and told with a very different purpose. Now every incident had a particular bearing, every by-way branched off to Rome—and that was Flora.

When I had begun to speak, I had kneeled upon the gravel withoutside the low window, rested my arms upon the sill, and lowered my voice to the most confidential whisper. Flora herself must kneel upon the other side, and this brought our heads upon a level, with only the bars between us. So placed, so separated, it seemed that our proximity, and the continuous and low sounds of my pleading voice, worked progressively and powerfully on her heart, and perhaps not less so on my own. For these spells are double-edged. The silly birds may be charmed with the pipe of the fowler, which is but a tube of reeds. Not so with a bird of our own feather! As I went on and my resolve strengthened, and my voice found new modulations, and our faces were drawn closer to the bars and to each other, not only she, but I, succumbed to the fascination and were kindled by the charm. We make love, and thereby ourselves fall the deeper in it. It is with the heart only that one catches a heart.

"And now," I continued, "I will tell you what you can still do for me. I run a little risk just now, and you see for yourself how unavoidable it is for any man of honor. But if—but in case of the worst, I do not choose to enrich either my enemies or the Prince Regent. I have here the bulk of what my uncle gave me. Eight thousand odd pounds. Will you take

care of it for me? Do not think of it merely as money; take and keep it as a relic of your friend or some precious piece of him. I may have bitter need of it ere long. Do you know the old country story of the giant who gave his heart to his wife to keep for him, thinking it safer to repose on her loyalty than his own strength? Flora, I am the giant—a very little one: will you be the keeper of my life? It is my heart I offer you in this symbol. In the sight of God, if you will have it, I give you my name, I endow you with my money. If the worst come, if I may never hope to call you wife, let me at least think you will use my uncle's legacy as my widow."

"No, not that," she said. "Never that."

"What then?" I said. "What else, my angel? What are words to me? There is but one name that I care to know you by. Flora, my love!"

"Anne!" she said.

What sound is so full of music as one's own name uttered for the first time in the voice of her we love!

"My darling!" said I.

The jealous bars, set at the top and bottom in stone and lime, obstructed the rapture of the moment; but I took her to myself as wholly as they allowed. She did not shun my lips. My arms were wound round her body, which yielded itself generously to my embrace. As we so remained, entwined and yet severed, bruising our faces unconsciously on the cold bars, the irony of the universe—or as I prefer to say, envy of some of the gods—again stirred up the elements of that stormy night. The wind blew again in the tree-tops; a volley of cold sea-rain deluged the garden, and, as the deuce would have it, a gutter which had been hitherto choked up, began suddenly to play upon my head and shoulders with the vivacity of a fountain. We parted with a shock; I sprang to my feet, and she to hers, as though we had been discovered. A moment after, but now both standing, we had again approached the window on either side.

"Flora," I said, "this is but a poor offer I can make you."

She took my hand in hers and clasped it to her bosom.

"Rich enough for a queen!" she said, with a lift in her breathing that was more eloquent than words. "Anne, my brave Anne! I would be glad to be your maid-servant; I could envy that boy Rowley.

But, no!" she broke off, "I envy no one—I need not—I am yours."

"Mine," said I, "forever! By this and this, mine!"

"All of me," she repeated, "altogether and forever!"

And if the god were envious, he must have seen with mortification how little he could do to mar the happiness of mortals. I stood in a mere waterspout; she herself was wet, not from my embrace only, but from the splashing of the storm. The candles had guttered out; we were in darkness. I could scarce see anything but the shining of her eyes in the dark room. To her I must have appeared as a silhouette, haloed by rain and the spouting of the ancient Gothic gutter above my head.

Presently we became more calm and confidential; and when that squall, which proved to be the last of the storm, had blown by, fell into a talk of ways and means. It seemed she knew Mr. Robbie, to whom I had been so slenderly accredited by Romaine—was even invited to his house for the evening of Monday, and gave me a sketch of the old gentleman's character, which implied a great deal of penetration in herself and proved of great use to me in the immediate sequel. It seemed he was an enthusiastic antiquary, and in particular a fanatic of heraldry. I heard it with delight, for I was myself, thanks to M. de Culemborg, fairly grounded in that science, and acquainted with the blazons of most families of note in Europe. And I had made up my mind—even as she spoke it was my fixed determination, though I was a hundred miles from saying it—to meet Flora on Monday night as a fellow guest in Mr. Robbie's house.

I gave her my money—it was, of course, only paper I had brought. I gave it her to be her marriage portion, I declared.

"Not so bad a marriage portion for a private soldier," I told her, laughing, as I passed it through the bars.

"Oh, Anne, and where am I to keep it?" she cried. "If my aunt should find it! What would I say?"

"Next your heart," I suggested.

"Then you will always be near your treasure," she cried, "for you are always there!"

We were interrupted by a sudden clearness that fell upon the night. The clouds dispersed; the stars shone in every part of the heavens; and, consulting my watch, I was startled to find it already hard on five in the morning.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SABBATH DAY.

It was indeed high time I should be gone from Swanston; but what I was to do in the meanwhile was another question. Rowley had received his orders last night: he was to say that I had met a friend, and Mrs. McRankine was not to expect me before morning. A good enough tale in itself; but the dreadful pickle I was in made it out of the question. I could not go home till I had found harborage, a fire to dry my clothes at, and a bed where I might lie till they were ready.

Fortune favored me again. I had scarce got to the top of the first hill when I spied a light on my left, about a furlong away. It might be a case of sickness; what else it was likely to be—in so rustic a neighborhood, and at such an ungodly time of the morning—was beyond my fancy. A faint sound of singing became audible, and gradually swelled as I drew near, until at last I could make out the words, which were singularly appropriate both to the hour and to the condition of the singers. “The cock may crow, the day may daw,” they sang; and sang it with such laxity both in time and tune, and such sentimental complaisance in the expression, as assured me they had got far into the third bottle at least.

I found a plain rustic cottage by the wayside, of the sort called double, with a signboard over the door; and, the lights within streaming forth and somewhat mitigating the darkness of the morning, I was enabled to decipher the inscription: “The Hunters’ Tryst, by Alexander Hendry. Porter, Ales, and British Spirits. Beds.”

My first knock put a period to the music, and a voice challenged tipsily from within.

“Who goes there?” it said; and I replied, “A lawful traveler.”

Immediately after, the door was unbarred by a company of the tallest lads my eyes had ever rested on, all astonishingly drunk, and very decently dressed, and one (who was perhaps the drunkest of the lot) carrying a tallow candle, from which he impartially bedewed the clothes of the whole company. As soon as I saw them I could not help smiling to myself to remember the anxiety with which I had approached. They received me and my hastily concocted story, that I had been walking from Peebles and had lost my

way, with incoherent benignity; jostled me among them into the room where they had been sitting, a plain, hedgerow ale-house parlor, with a roaring fire in the chimney and a prodigious number of empty bottles on the floor; and informed me that I was made, by this reception, a temporary member of the “Six-Foot-High Club,” an athletic society of young men in a good station, who made the Hunters’ Tryst a frequent resort. They told me I had intruded on an “all-night sitting,” following upon an “all-day Saturday tramp” of forty miles; and that the members would all be up and “as right as ninepence” for the noonday service at some neighboring church—Collingwood, if memory serves me right. At this I could have laughed, but the moment seemed ill chosen. For, though six feet was their standard, they all exceeded that measurement considerably; and I tasted again some of the sensations of childhood, as I looked up to all these lads from a lower plane, and wondered what they would do next. But the Six-Footers, if they were very drunk, proved no less kind. The landlord and servants of the Hunters’ Tryst were in bed and asleep long ago. Whether by natural gift or acquired habit, they could suffer pandemonium to reign all over the house and yet lie ranked in the kitchen like Egyptian mummies, only that the sound of their snoring rose and fell ceaselessly, like the drone of a bagpipe. Here the Six-Footers invaded them—in their citadel, so to speak; counted the bunks and the sleepers; proposed to put me in bed to one of the lasses, proposed to have one of the lasses out to make room for me, fell over chairs, and made noise enough to waken the dead: the whole illuminated by the same young torch-bearer, but now with two candles and rapidly beginning to look like a man in a snowstorm. At last a bed was found for me, my clothes were hung out to dry before the parlor fire, and I was mercifully left to my repose.

I awoke about nine with the sun shining in my eyes. The landlord came at my summons, brought me my clothes dried and decently brushed, and gave me the good news that the “Six-Foot-High Club” were all abed and sleeping off their excesses. Where they were bestowed was a puzzle to me, until (as I was strolling about the garden patch waiting for breakfast) I came on a barn door, and, looking in, saw all the red faces mixed in the straw like plums in a cake. Quoth the stalwart maid who brought me my porridge and

bade me "eat them while they were hot": "Ay, they were a' on the ran-dan last nicht! Hout! they're fine lads, and they'll be nane the waur of it. Forby Farbes's coat: I dinna see wha's to get the creish off that!" she added, with a sigh; in which, identifying Forbes as the torch-bearer, I mentally joined.

It was a brave morning when I took the road; the sun shone, spring seemed in the air, it smelt like April or May, and some over-venturous birds sang in the coppices as I went by. I had plenty to think of, plenty to be grateful for, that gallant morning; and yet I had a twitter at my heart. To enter the city by daylight might be compared to marching on a battery; every face that I confronted would threaten me like the muzzle of a gun; and it came into my head suddenly with how much better a countenance I should be able to do it if I could but improvise a companion. Hard by Merchiston, I was so fortunate as to observe a bulky gentleman in broadcloth and gaiters, stooping with his head almost between his knees before a stone wall. Seizing occasion by the forelock, I drew up as I came alongside and inquired what he had found to interest him.

He turned upon me a countenance not much less broad than his back.

"Why, sir," he replied, "I was even marveling at my own indefeasible stupidity: that I should walk this way every week of my life, weather permitting, and should never before have *noticed* that stone," touching it at the same time with a goodly oak staff.

I followed the indication. The stone, which had been built sideways into the wall, offered traces of heraldic sculpture. At once there came a wild idea into my mind: his appearance tallied with Flora's description of Mr. Robbie; a knowledge of heraldry would go far to clinch the proof; and what could be more desirable than to scrape an informal acquaintance with the man whom I must approach next day with my tale of the drovers, and whom I yet wished to please? I stooped in turn.

"A chevron," I said; "on a chief three mullets? Looks like Douglas, does it not?"

"Yes, sir, it does; you are right," said he; "it *does* look like Douglas; though, without the tinctures, and the whole thing being so battered and broken up, who shall venture an opinion? But allow me to be more personal, sir. In these degenerate

days I am astonished you should display so much proficiency."

"Oh, I was well grounded in my youth by an old gentleman, a friend of my family, and I may say my guardian," said I; "but I have forgotten it since. God forbid I should delude you into thinking me a herald, sir! I am only an ungrammatical amateur."

"And a little modesty does no harm even in a herald," says my new acquaintance, graciously.

In short, we fell together on our onward way, and maintained very amicable discourse along what remained of the country road, past the suburbs, and on into the streets of the new town, which was as deserted and silent as a city of the dead. The shops were closed, no vehicle ran, cats sported in the midst of the sunny causeway; and our steps and voices re-echoed from the quiet houses. It was the high-water, full and strange, of that weekly trance to which the city of Edinburgh is subjected: the apotheosis of the *Sawbath*; and I confess the spectacle wanted not grandeur, however much it may have lacked cheerfulness. There are few religious ceremonies more imposing. As we thus walked and talked in a public seclusion, the bells broke out ringing through all the bounds of the city, and the streets began immediately to be thronged with decent church-goers.

"Ah!" said my companion, "there are the bells! Now, sir, as you are a stranger, I must offer you the hospitality of my pew. I do not know whether you are at all used with our Scottish form; but in case you are not, I will find your places for you; and Dr. Henry Gray, of St. Mary's, (under whom I sit) is as good a preacher as we have to show you."

This put me in a quandary. It was a degree of risk I was scarce prepared for. Dozens of people, who might pass me by in the street with no more than a second look, would go on from the second to the third, and from that to a final recognition, if I were set before them, immobilized in a pew, during the whole time of service. An unlucky turn of the head would suffice to arrest their attention. "Who is that?" they would think: "surely, I should know him!" and, a church being the place in all the world where one has least to think of, it was ten to one they would end by remembering me before the benediction. However, my mind was made up: I thanked my obliging friend, and placed myself at his disposal.

Our way now led us into the northeast quarter of the town, among pleasant new faubourgs, to a decent new church of a good size, where I was soon seated by the side of my good Samaritan, and looked upon by a whole congregation of menacing faces. At first the possibility of danger kept me awake; but by the time I had assured myself there was none to be apprehended and the service was not in the least likely to be enlivened by the arrest of a French spy, I had to resign myself to the task of listening to Dr. Henry Gray.

As we moved out, after this ordeal was over, my friend was at once surrounded and claimed by his acquaintance of the congregation; and I was rejoiced to hear him addressed by the expected name of Robbie.

So soon as we were clear of the crowd—"Mr. Robbie?" said I, bowing.

"The very same, sir," said he.

"If I mistake not, a lawyer?"

"A writer to his Majesty's Signet, at your service."

"It seems we were predestined to be acquaintances!" I exclaimed. "I have here a card in my pocket intended for you. It is from my family lawyer. It was his last word, as I was leaving, to ask to be remembered kindly, and to trust you would pass over so informal an introduction."

And I offered him the card.

"Ay, ay, my old friend Daniel!" says he, looking on the card. "And how does my old friend Daniel?"

I gave a favorable view of Mr. Romaine's health.

"Well, this is certainly a whimsical incident," he continued. "And since we are thus met already—and so much to my advantage!—the simplest thing will be to prosecute the acquaintance instantly. Let me propose a snack between sermons, a bottle of my particular green seal—and, when nobody is looking, we can talk blazons, Mr. Ducie!" which was the name I then used and had already incidentally mentioned, in the vain hope of provoking a return in kind.

"I beg your pardon, sir: do I understand you to invite me to your house?" said I.

"That was the idea I was trying to convey," said he. "We have the name of hospitable people up here, and I would like you to try mine."

"Mr. Robbie, I shall hope to try it some day, but not yet," I replied. "I

hope you will not misunderstand me. My business, which brings me to your city, is of a peculiar kind. Till you shall have heard it, and, indeed, till its issue is known, I should feel as if I had stolen your invitation."

"Well, well," said he, a little sobered, "it must be as you wish, though you would hardly speak otherwise if you had committed homicide! Mine is the loss. I must eat alone; a very pernicious thing for a person of my habit of body, content myself with a pint of skinking claret, and meditate the discourse. But about this business of yours: if it is so particular as all that, it will doubtless admit of no delay."

"I must confess, sir, it presses," I acknowledged.

"Then let us say to-morrow at half-past eight in the morning," said he; "and I hope, when your mind is at rest (and it does you much honor to take it as you do), that you will sit down with me to the postponed meal, not forgetting the bottle. You have my address?" he added, and gave it me—which was the only thing I wanted.

At last, at the level of York Place, we parted with mutual civilities, and I was free to pursue my way through the mobs of people returning from church, to my lodgings in St. James's Square.

Almost at the house door, whom should I overtake but my landlady, in a dress of gorgeous severity and dragging a prize in her wake: no less than Rowley, with the cockade in his hat, and a smart pair of tops to his boots. When I said he was in the lady's wake, I spoke but in metaphor. As a matter of fact, he was squiring her, with the utmost dignity, on his arm; and I followed them up the stairs, smiling to myself.

Both were quick to salute me as soon as I was perceived, and Mrs. McRankine inquired where I had been. I told her boastfully, giving her the name of the church and the divine, and ignorantly supposing I should have gained caste. But she soon opened my eyes. In the roots of the Scottish character there are knots and contortions that not only no stranger can understand, but no stranger can follow; he walks among explosives; and his best course is to throw himself upon their mercy—"Just as I am, without one plea," a citation from one of the lady's favorite hymns.

The sound she made was unmistakable in meaning, though it was impossible to

be written down; and I at once executed the manœuver I have recommended.

"You must remember I am a perfect stranger in your city," said I. "If I have done wrong, it was in mere ignorance, my dear lady; and this afternoon, if you will be so good as to take me, I shall accompany *you*."

But she was not to be pacified at the moment, and departed to her own quarters murmuring.

"Well, Rowley," said I; "and have you been to church?"

"If you please, sir," he said.

"Well, you have not been any less unlucky than I have," I returned. "And how did you get on with the Scottish form?"

"Well, sir, it was pretty 'ard, the form was, and reether narrow," he replied. "I don't know w'y it is, but it seems to me like as if things were a good bit changed since William Wallace! That was a main queer church she took me to, Mr. Anne! I don't know as I could have sat it out, if she 'adn't 'a' give me peppermints. She ain't a bad one at bottom, the old girl; she do pounce a bit, and she do worry, but, law bless you, Mr. Anne, it ain't nothink really—she don't *mean* it. W'y, she was down on me like a 'undred-weight of bricks this morning. You see, last night she 'ad me in to supper, and, I beg your pardon, sir, but I took the freedom of playing her a chune or two. She didn't mind a bit; so this morning I began to play to myself, and she flounced in, and flew up, and carried on no end about Sunday!"

"You see, Rowley," said I, "they're all mad up here, and you have to humor them. See, and don't quarrel with Mrs. McRankine; and, above all, don't argue with her, or you'll get the worst of it. Whatever she says, touch your forelock and say, 'If you please!' or 'I beg pardon, ma'am.' And let me tell you one thing: I am sorry, but you have to go to church with her again this afternoon. That's duty, my boy!"

As I had foreseen, the bells had scarce begun before Mrs. McRankine presented herself to be our escort, upon which I sprang up with readiness and offered her my arm. Rowley followed behind. I was beginning to grow accustomed to the risks of my stay in Edinburgh, and it even amused me to confront a new churchful. I confess the amusement did not last until the end; for if Dr. Gray were long, Mr. McCraw was not only longer, but more

incoherent, and the matter of his sermon (which was a direct attack, apparently, on all the churches of the world, my own among the number), where it had not the tonic quality of personal insult, rather inclined me to slumber. But I braced myself for my life, kept up Rowley with the end of a pin, and came through it awake, but no more.

Bethiah was quite conquered by this "mark of grace," though, I am afraid, she was also moved by more worldly considerations. The fact is, the lady had not the least objection to go to church on the arm of an elegantly dressed young gentleman and be followed by a spruce servant with a cockade in his hat. I could see it by the way she took possession of us, found us the places in the Bible, whispered to me the name of the minister, passed us lozenges, which I (for my part) handed on to Rowley, and at each fresh attention stole a little glance about the church to make sure she was observed. Rowley was a pretty boy; you will pardon me, if I also remembered that I was a favorable-looking young man. When we grow elderly, how the room brightens, and begins to look as it ought to look, on the entrance of youth, grace, health, and comeliness! You do not want them for yourself, perhaps not even for your son, but you look on smiling; and when you recall their images—again it is with a smile. I defy you to see or think of them and not smile with an infinite and intimate, but quite impersonal, pleasure. Well, either I know nothing of women, or that was the case with Bethiah McRankine. She had been to church with a cockade behind her, on the one hand; on the other, her house was brightened by the presence of a pair of good-looking young fellows of the other sex, who were always pleased and deferential in her society and accepted her views as final.

These were sentiments to be encouraged; and, on the way home from church—if church it could be called—I adopted a most insidious device to magnify her interest. I took her into the confidence, that is, of my love affair, and I had no sooner mentioned a young lady with whom my affections were engaged than she turned upon me a face of awful gravity.

"Is she bonny?" she inquired.

I gave her full assurances upon that.

"To what denoamination does she belong?" came next, and was so unexpected as almost to deprive me of breath.

"Upon my word, ma'am, I have never

inquired," cried I; "I only know that she is a heartfelt Christian, and that is enough."

"Ay!" she sighed, "if she has the root of the maitter! There's a remnant practically in most of the denoaminations. There's some in the McGlashanites, and some in the Glassites, and mony in the McMillanites, and there's a leeven even in the Estayblishment."

"I have known some very good Papists even, if you go to that," said I.

"Mr. Ducie, think shame to yoursel'!" she cried.

"Why, my dear madam! I only—" I began.

"You shouldnae jest in sairious maitters," she interrupted.

On the whole she entered into what I chose to tell her of our idyl with avidity, like a cat licking her whiskers over a dish of cream; and, strange to say, and so expansive a passion is that of love!—that I derived a perhaps equal satisfaction from confiding in that breast of iron. It made an immediate bond: from that hour we seemed to be welded into a family party; and I had little difficulty in persuading her to join us and to preside over our tea-table. Surely there was never so ill-matched a trio as Rowley, Mrs. McRankine, and the Viscount Anne! But I am of the Apostle's way, with a difference: all things to all women! When I cannot please a woman, hang me in my cravat!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EVENTS OF MONDAY: THE LAWYER'S PARTY.

By half-past eight o'clock on the next morning, I was ringing the bell of the lawyer's office in Castle Street, where I found him ensconced at a business table, in a room surrounded by several tiers of green tin cases. He greeted me like an old friend.

"Come away, sir, come away!" said he. "Here is the dentist ready for you, and I think I can promise you that the operation will be practically painless."

"I am not so sure of that, Mr. Robbie," I replied, as I shook hands with him.

"But at least there shall be no time lost with me."

I had to confess to having gone a-roving with a pair of drovers and their cattle, to having used a false name, to having murdered or half-murdered a fellow-crea-

ture in a scuffle on the moors, and to having suffered a couple of quite innocent men to lie some time in prison on a charge from which I could have immediately freed them. All this I gave him the first of all, to be done with the worst of it; and all this he took with gravity, but without the least appearance of surprise.

"Now, sir," I continued, "I expect to have to pay for my unhappy frolic, but I would like very well if it could be managed without my personal appearance or even the mention of my real name. I had so much wisdom as to sail under false colors in this foolish jaunt of mine; my family would be extremely concerned if they had wind of it; but at the same time, if the case of this Faa has terminated fatally, and there are proceedings against Todd and Candlish, I am not going to stand by and see them vexed, far less punished; and I authorize you to give me up for trial if you think that best—or, if you think it unnecessary, in the meanwhile to make preparations for their defence. I hope, sir, that I am as little anxious to be Quixotic, as I am determined to be just."

"Very fairly spoken," said Mr. Robbie. "It is not much in my line, as doubtless your friend, Mr. Romaine, will have told you. I rarely mix myself up with anything on the criminal side, or approaching it. However, for a young gentleman like you, I may stretch a point, and I daresay I may be able to accomplish more than perhaps another. I will go at once to the Procurator Fiscal's office and inquire."

"Wait a moment, Mr. Robbie," said I. "You forget the chapter of expenses. I had thought, for a beginning, of placing a thousand pounds in your hands."

"My dear sir, you will kindly wait until I render you my bill," said Mr. Robbie severely.

"It seemed to me," I protested, "that, coming to you almost as a stranger, and placing in your hands a piece of business so contrary to your habits, some substantial guarantee of my good faith—"

"Not the way that we do business in Scotland, sir," he interrupted, with an air of closing the dispute.

"And yet, Mr. Robbie," I continued, "I must ask you to allow me to proceed. I do not merely refer to the expenses of the case. I have my eye besides on Todd and Candlish. They are thoroughly deserving fellows; they have been subjected through me to a considerable term of imprisonment; and I suggest, sir, that you shall not spare money for their indemnifi-

cation. This will explain," I added, smiling, "my offer of the thousand pounds. It was in the nature of a measure by which you should judge the scale on which I can afford to have this business carried through."

"I take you perfectly, Mr. Ducie," said he. "But the sooner I am off, the better this affair is like to be guided. My clerk will show you into the waiting-room, and give you the day's 'Caledonian Mercury' and the last 'Register,' to amuse yourself with in the interval."

I believe Mr. Robbie was at least three hours gone. I saw him descend from a cab at the door, and almost immediately after I was shown again into his study, where the solemnity of his manner led me to augur the worst. For some time he had the inhumanity to read me a lecture as to the incredible silliness, "not to say immorality," of my behavior. "I have the more satisfaction in telling you my opinion, because it appears that you are going to get off scot free," he continued, where, indeed, I thought he might have begun.

"The man, Faa, has been discharged cured; and the two men, Todd and Candlish, would have been liberated long ago, if it had not been for their extraordinary loyalty to yourself, Mr. Ducie—or Mr. St. Ivey, as I believe I should now call you. Never a word would either of the two old fools volunteer that in any manner pointed at the existence of such a person; and when they were confronted with Faa's version of the affair, they gave accounts so entirely discrepant with their own former declarations, as well as with each other, that the Fiscal was quite nonplussed, and imagined there was something behind it. You may believe I soon laughed him out of that! And I had the satisfaction of seeing your two friends set free, and very glad to be on the causeway again."

"Oh, sir," I cried, "you should have brought them here."

"No instructions, Mr. Ducie!" said he. "How did I know you wished to renew an acquaintance which you had just terminated so fortunately? And, indeed, to be frank with you, I should have set my face against it, if you had! Let them go! They are paid and contented, and have the highest possible opinion of Mr. St. Ivey! When I gave them fifty pounds apiece—which was rather more than enough, Mr. Ducie, whatever you may think—the man Todd, who has the only tongue of the party, struck his staff on the

ground. 'Weel,' says he, 'I aye said he was a gentleman!' 'Man Todd,' said I, 'that was just what Mr. St. Ivey said of yourself!'"

"So it was a case of 'compliments fly when gentlefolk meet.'"

"No, no, Mr. Ducie; man Todd and man Candlish are gone out of your life, and a good riddance! They are fine fellows in their way, but no proper associates for the like of yourself; and do you finally agree to be done with all eccentricity—take up with no more drovers, or rovers, or tinkers, but enjoy the natural pleasures for which your age, your wealth, your intelligence, and (if I may be allowed to say it) your appearance so completely fit you. And the first of these," quoth he, looking at his watch, "will be to step through to my dining-room and share a bachelor's luncheon."

Over the meal, which was good, Mr. Robbie continued to develop the same theme. "You're, no doubt, what they call a dancing-man?" said he. "Well, on Thursday night there is the Assembly Ball. You must certainly go there, and you must permit me besides to do the honors of the ceety and send you a ticket. I am a thorough believer in a young man being a young man—but no more drovers or rovers, if you love me! Talking of which puts me in mind that you may be short of partners at the Assembly—oh, I have been young myself!—and if ye care to come to anything so portentously tedious as a tea-party at the house of a bachelor lawyer, consisting mainly of his nieces and nephews, and his grand-nieces and grand-nephews, and his wards, and generally the whole clan of the descendants of his clients, you might drop in to-night towards seven o'clock. I think I can show you one or two that are worth looking at, and you can dance with them later on at the Assembly."

He proceeded to give me a sketch of one or two eligible young ladies whom I might expect to meet. "And then there's my partecular friend, Miss Flora," said he. "But I'll make no attempt of a description. You shall see her for yourself."

It will be readily supposed that I accepted his invitation; and returned home to make a toilet worthy of her I was to meet and the good news of which I was the bearer. The toilet, I have reason to believe, was a success. Mr. Rowley dismissed me with a farewell: "Crikey! Mr. Anne, but you do look prime!" Even the stony Bethiah was—how shall I say?—

dazzled, but scandalized, by my appearance; and while, of course, she deplored the vanity that led to it, she could not wholly prevent herself from admiring the result.

"Ay, Mr. Ducie, this is a poor employment for a wayfaring Christian man!" she said. "Wi' Christ despised and rejectit in all pairts of the world, and the flag of the Covenant flung doon, you will be muckle better on your knees! However, I'll have to confess that it sets you weel. And if it's the lassie ye're gaun to see the nicht, I suppose I'll just have to excuse ye! Bairns maun be bairns!" she said, with a sigh. "I mind when Mr. McRankine came courtin', and that's lang by-gane—I mind I had a green gown, passementit, that was thocht to become me to admiration. I was nae just exactly what ye would ca' bonny; but I was pale, penetratin', and interestin'." And she leaned over the stair-rail with a candle to watch my descent as long as it should be possible.

It was but a little party at Mr. Robbie's—by which I do not so much mean that there were few people, for the rooms were crowded, as that there was very little attempted to entertain them. In one apartment there were tables set out, where the elders were solemnly engaged upon whist; in the other and larger one, a great number of youth of both sexes entertained themselves languidly, the ladies sitting upon their chairs to be courted, the gentlemen standing about in various attitudes of insinuation or indifference. Conversation appeared the sole resource, except in so far as it was modified by a number of keepsakes and annuals which lay dispersed upon the tables, and of which the young beaux displayed the illustrations to the ladies. Mr. Robbie himself was customarily in the card-room; only now and again, when he cut out, he made an incursion among the young folks, and rolled about jovially from one to another, the very picture of the general uncle.

It chanced that Flora had met Mr. Robbie in the course of the afternoon. "Now, Miss Flora," he had said, "come early, for I have a Phoenix to show you—one Mr. Ducie, a new client of mine that, I vow, I have fallen in love with;" and he was so good as to add a word or two on my appearance, from which Flora conceived a suspicion of the truth. She had come to the party, in consequence, on the knife-edge of anticipation and alarm; had chosen a place by the door, where I found her, on my arrival, surrounded by a *posse*

of vapid youths; and, when I drew near, sprang up to meet me in the most natural manner in the world, and, obviously, with a prepared form of words.

"How do you do, Mr. Ducie?" she said. "It is quite an age since I have seen you!"

"I have much to tell you, Miss Gilchrist," I replied. "May I sit down?"

For the artful girl, by sitting near the door, and the judicious use of her shawl, had contrived to keep a chair empty by her side.

She made room for me, as a matter of course, and the youths had the discretion to melt before us. As soon as I was once seated her fan flew out, and she whispered behind it:

"Are you mad?"

"Madly in love," I replied; "but in no other sense."

"I have no patience. You cannot understand what I am suffering!" she said. "What are you to say to Ronald, to Major Chevenix, to my aunt?"

"Your aunt?" I cried, with a start. "*Peccavi!* is she here?"

"She is in the card-room at whist," said Flora.

"Where she will probably stay all the evening," I suggested.

"She may," she admitted; "she generally does!"

"Well, then, I must avoid the card-room," said I, "which is very much what I had counted upon doing. I did not come here to play cards, but to contemplate a certain young lady to my heart's content—if it can ever be contented!—and to tell her some good news."

"But there are still Ronald and the major!" she persisted. "They are not card-room fixtures! Ronald will be coming and going. And, as for Mr. Chevenix, he—"

"Always sits with Miss Flora?" I interrupted. "And they talk of poor St. Ives? I had gathered as much, my dear; and Mr. Ducie has come to prevent it! But pray dismiss these fears! I mind no one but your aunt."

"Why my aunt?"

"Because your aunt is a lady, my dear, and a very clever lady, and, like all clever ladies, a very rash lady," said I. "You can never count upon them, unless you are sure of getting them in a corner, as I have got you, and talking them over rationally, as I am just engaged on with yourself! It would be quite the same to your aunt to make the worst kind of a

scandal, with an equal indifference to my danger and to the feelings of our good host!"

"Well," she said, "and what of Ronald, then? Do you think *he* is above making a scandal? You must know him very little!"

"On the other hand, it is my pretension that I know him very well!" I replied. "I must speak to Ronald first—not Ronald to me—that is all!"

"Then, please, go and speak to him at once!" she pleaded. "He is there—do you see?—at the upper end of the room, talking to that girl in pink."

"And so lose this seat before I have told you my good news?" I exclaimed. "Catch me! And besides, my dear one, think a little of me, and my good news! I thought the bearer of good news was always welcome! I hoped he might be a little welcome for himself! Consider! I have but one friend; and let me stay by her! And there is only one thing I care to hear; and let me hear it!"

"Oh, Anne," she sighed, "if I did not love you, why should I be so uneasy? I am turned into a coward, dear! Think, if it were the other way round—if you were quite safe and I was in, oh, such danger!"

She had no sooner said it than I was convicted of being a dullard. "God forgive me, dear!" I made haste to reply, "I never saw before that there were two sides to this!" And I told her my tale as briefly as I could, and rose to seek Ronald. "You see, my dear, you are obeyed," I said.

She gave me a look that was a reward in itself; and as I turned away from her, with a strong sense of turning away from the sun, I carried that look in my bosom like a caress. The girl in pink was an arch, ogling person, with a good deal of eyes and teeth, and a great play of shoulders and rattle of conversation. There could be no doubt, from Master Ronald's attitude, that he worshipped the very chair she sat on. But I was quite ruthless. I laid my hand on his shoulder, as he was stooping over her like a hen over a chicken.

"Excuse me for one moment, Mr. Gilchrist!" said I.

He started and span about in answer to my touch, and exhibited a face of inarticulate wonder.

"Yes!" I continued, "it is even myself! Pardon me for interrupting so agreeable a *tête-à-tête*, but you know, my

good fellow, we owe a first duty to Mr. Robbie. It would never do to risk making a scene in the man's drawing-room; so the first thing I had to attend to was to have you warned. The name I go by is Ducie, too, in case of accidents."

"I—I say, you know!" cried Ronald. "Deuce take it, what are you doing here?"

"Hush, hush!" said I. "Not the place, my dear fellow—not the place. Come to my rooms, if you like, to-night after the party, or to-morrow in the morning, and we can talk it out over a cigar. But here, you know, it really won't do at all."

Before he could collect his mind for an answer, I had given him my address in St. James's Square, and had again mingled with the crowd. Alas! I was not fated to get back to Flora so easily. Mr. Robbie was in the path: he was insatiably loquacious; and as he continued to palaver I watched the insipid youths gather again about my idol, and cursed my fate and my host. He remembered suddenly that I was to attend the Assembly Ball on Thursday, and had only attended to-night by way of a preparative. This put it into his head to present me to another young lady; but I managed this interview with so much art that, while I was scrupulously polite and even cordial to the fair one, I contrived to keep Robbie beside me all the time and to leave along with him when the ordeal was over. We were just walking away, arm in arm, when I spied my friend the major approaching, stiff as a ramrod and, as usual, obtrusively clean.

"Oh! there's a man I want to know," said I, taking the bull by the horns. "Won't you introduce me to Major Chevenix?"

"At a word, my dear fellow," said Robbie; and "Major!" he cried, "come here and let me present you to my friend Mr. Ducie, who desires the honor of your acquaintance."

The major flushed visibly, but otherwise preserved his composure. He bowed very low. "I'm not very sure," he said: "I have an idea we have met before?"

"Informally," I said, returning his bow; "and I have long looked forward to the pleasure of regularizing our acquaintance."

"You are very good, Mr. Ducie," he returned. "Perhaps you could aid my memory a little? Where was it that I had the pleasure?"

"Oh, that would be telling tales out of

school," said I, with a laugh, "and before my lawyer, too!"

"I'll wager," broke in Mr. Robbie, "that, when you knew my client, Chevenix—the past of our friend Mr. Ducie is an obscure chapter full of horrid secrets—I'll wager now you knew him as St. Ivey," says he, nudging me violently.

"I think not, sir," said the major, with pinched lips.

"Well, I wish he may prove all right!" continued the lawyer, with certainly the worst-inspired jocularly in the world. "I know nothing by him! He may be a swell mobsman for me with his aliases. You must put your memory on the rack, Major, and when you've remembered when and where ye met him, be sure ye tell me."

"I will not fail, sir," said Chevenix.

"Seek to him!" cried Robbie, waving his hand as he departed.

The major, as soon as we were alone, turned upon me his impassive countenance.

"Well," he said, "you have courage."

"It is undoubted as your honor, sir," I returned, bowing.

"Did you expect to meet me, may I ask?" said he.

"You saw, at least, that I courted the presentation," said I.

"And you were not afraid?" said Chevenix.

"I was perfectly at ease. I knew I was dealing with a gentleman. Be that your epitaph."

"Well, there are some other people looking for you," he said, "who will make no bones about the point of honor. The police, my dear sir, are simply agog about you."

"And I think that that was coarse," said I.

"You have seen Miss Gilchrist?" he inquired, changing the subject.

"With whom, I am led to understand, we are on a footing of rivalry?" I asked. "Yes, I have seen her."

"And I was just seeking her," he replied.

I was conscious of a certain thrill of temper; so, I suppose, was he. We looked each other up and down.

"The situation is original," he resumed.

"Quite," said I. "But let me tell you frankly you are blowing a cold coal. I owe you so much for your kindness to the prisoner Champdivers."

"Meaning that the lady's affections are more advantageously disposed of?" he asked, with a sneer. "Thank you, I am sure. And, since you have given me a lead, just hear a word of good advice in your turn: Is it fair, is it delicate, is it like a gentleman, to compromise the young lady by attentions which (as you know very well) can come to nothing?"

I was utterly unable to find words in answer.

"Excuse me if I cut this interview short," he went on. "It seems to me doomed to come to nothing, and there is more attractive metal."

"Yes," I replied, "as you say, it cannot amount to much. You are impotent, bound hand and foot in honor. You know me to be a man falsely accused, and even if you did not know it, from your position as my rival you have only the choice to stand quite still or to be infamous."

"I would not say that," he returned, with another change of color. "I may hear it once too often."

With which he moved off straight for where Flora was sitting amidst her court of vapid youths, and I had no choice but to follow him, a bad second, and reading myself, as I went, a sharp lesson on the command of temper.

(To conclude next month.)



CHARLES A. DANA IN THE CIVIL WAR.

BY IDA M. TARBELL.

AT the close of 1860 the army of the United States was composed of 16,000 men. Its wages that year were something under \$5,000,000, and its care cost about \$6,500,000. Two years later this army numbered over 800,000 men, its pay roll was \$113,000,000, and its supplies cost \$176,000,000. This terrible expansion was not the result of a growth, but of a fiat—and it had all the evils of a thing produced by fiat.

The word of the President had called this mass into existence. It was the duty of the War Department to make an effective army of it; to feed, clothe, equip, and shelter it; to transport it east or west as it was needed; to nurse its sick, punish its criminals, bury its dead. This work could only be accomplished by the aid of a great number of officers; but where were they to be found? A regular army of less than 20,000 men produces few officers. The War Department saw that to beat this raw material into form it must take men as untrained as the mass itself. Officers must be made, as the army was to be made, in the actual work of waging war.

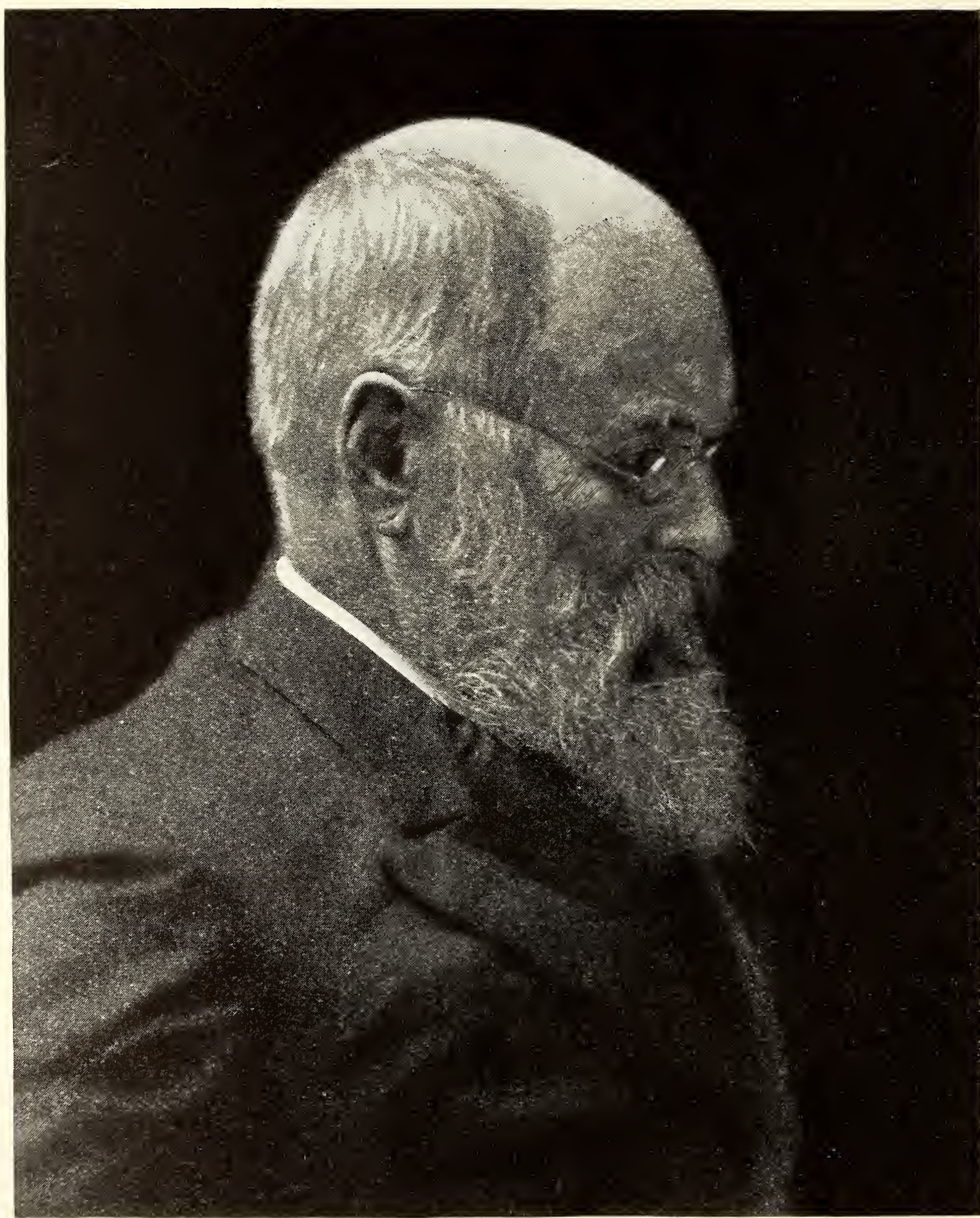
It was a dangerous undertaking. Inefficient and dishonest men could push their way into places of trust, and there was no way of keeping them back; for where all men were untried, the usefulness of a particular man could only be known by proving him. The result was that the War Department was forced to invent methods for verifying its own work; it had to set a watch on its own appointments. One of the chief assistants whom it called to this service of critic and investigator was Mr. Charles A. Dana.

At the beginning of the war Mr. Dana was the managing editor of the New York "Tribune." He had been associated with Horace Greeley on that journal for fifteen years, and had, with James S. Pike, held it to an aggressive anti-slavery policy even when, as often happened, the courage of its editor-in-chief failed. After the battle of Bull Run Mr. Dana and Mr. Greeley differed so radically in their ideas of the war policy of the "Tribune" that in April, 1862, Mr. Dana left the paper. The Secretary of War at that date was

Edwin M. Stanton. He had been but a little over three months in position; but his aggressive loyalty had been tried to the last degree by the inertia, failures, and frauds which were inevitable in an army created in the way in which the Federal army of 1862 had been. Mr. Stanton's appeals for help to men who he believed were as disinterested as himself were pathetic in their vehemence. When he heard that Mr. Dana was free from the "Tribune," he at once begged him to hold himself at the service of the War Department.

An immediate task Mr. Stanton did not offer; the nature of the service he left to circumstances. He simply assured Mr. Dana that he would be needed, and in 1862 the knowledge that the government needed one for any service whatever was enough for an honest man. Mr. Dana promised to hold himself at Mr. Stanton's call, and the relation thus begun lasted until July, 1865. The position never became one of routine. From first to last it was special service made necessary by unexpected conditions, and it was always full of surprises and adventure. Indeed, it is doubtful if any man connected with the War Department had a more varied and unique experience in the Civil War than Mr. Dana.

His first commission of particular interest came in the spring of 1863. Next to the capture of Richmond, the opening of the Mississippi was considered the most imperative duty of the war. Grant was at it, but was he the man to do the work? He did fight, that the War Department knew; but his critics said that he fought badly, that he could not be trusted. Was this true? It was imperative that the Department risk nothing by trusting an unsafe man, and it was equally imperative that it should not lose a strong man by heeding criticisms which were inspired by envy or prejudice. There were other generals in Grant's army concerning whom Lincoln and Stanton were uncertain; McClelland, Sherman, McPherson, all were men whose full value was yet unknown. The Department was in doubt not only about its generals on the Mississippi; it could not keep itself promptly and fully informed about the operations going on



CHARLES A. DANA.

From the photograph by G. C. Cox.

there. As Lincoln said later, "Grant was a 'copious' worker and fighter, but he was a very meager writer or telegrapher;" and from him only the rarest details went to Washington. In March the President was in such despair over his inability to find out what the great army on the Mississippi was doing that he was driven to telegraph himself to the officer at Memphis: "What news have you? What from Vicksburg? What from Yazoo Pass? What from Lake Providence? What generally?"

Finally it occurred to the tormented government that it might be possible to send some one down there simply to look on and write daily letters. Mr. Dana was sent for. "We want some one," Mr. Stanton told him, "who will see everything and report it without malice or prejudice. Your value to us will depend on your energy in getting about, your keenness in observing, and your clearness and impartiality in reporting. We will give you a commission which will admit you everywhere, and will endow you with the authority of the War Department. We will relieve you of all responsibility of decision or advice. Will you go?" Of course he went. Ostensibly he was to investigate the condition of the paymaster's department; really he was to be, as Lincoln said, "the eyes of the government at the front."

Arriving at Milliken's Bend just as Grant was announcing the plan of campaign by which Vicksburg was finally captured, Mr. Dana saw from that time on every detail of the operations. Most of them he saw at Grant's side, sharing every danger and hardship of that general. He watched each officer's way of doing things; studied him in camp, on the march, on the battle-field, in the siege; studied his relations to other men, and listened to criticism of him by his fellows. Almost every day he sent telegrams to Washington, telling just what he had seen done and heard said. He never glossed errors nor stinted enthusiasm, but wrote frankly as he would have talked. His despatches told exactly the things Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton wanted to know—the kind of things that they themselves would have noted had they been on the field. The President and the Secretary soon began to feel that they were in daily communication with the army. The operations seemed to pass under their eyes. When Vicksburg finally capitulated, they knew what each officer had been doing

almost daily for three and a half months. They were no longer uncertain about him. He had demonstrated his value. At last they had found a way of learning what was really going on at the front. Mr. Stanton was not slow to show his appreciation. "Your telegrams are a great obligation," he wrote, "and are looked for with deep interest. I cannot thank you as much as I feel for the service you are now rendering."

From Vicksburg to the end of the war Mr. Dana remained the confidential reporter of the government. Whenever matters at the front became complicated and obscure, whenever a general was being tested, whenever there was a sudden change in the situation, involving new problems, Mr. Lincoln's and Mr. Stanton's first thought was, "Send Dana." When Rosecrans in September, 1863, started after the enemy, Dana went along. When Burnside was shut up in Knoxville in the fall of 1863 and Grant could not decide from Burnside's complaints just how critical his situation was, it was Dana who, at two different times, crossed East Tennessee to see just what was going on at Knoxville. When Grant began his Peninsular campaign and Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton got no full and satisfactory reports of what he was doing, Dana joined the army, and from Spottsylvania to Petersburg he rode at Grant's side, reporting daily to the waiting government what he saw. When Early made his raid on Washington, it was Dana whom Grant sent from the army of the Potomac to the capital to inspect the defenses. When Richmond fell, it was Dana who kept Mr. Stanton informed of all the inside transactions. When Jefferson Davis was transferred to Fortress Monroe, it was Dana again whose eyes were on prisoner and officers and who informed the War Department of all the details of that dramatic incident.

The influence of the descriptions and characterizations which Mr. Dana sent to Mr. Stanton from the front is apparent, now that the records of the war are open. It is clear that in many cases the policy of the government towards men was decided by these communications. They were so clear, full, and unbiased, that the conclusions from the facts they gave were irresistible. The few suggestions Mr. Dana made were weighty because he had led up to them naturally by his day-to-day reports. The necessity of a certain policy was apparent before the suggestion of it came. It is

not too much to say that it was Mr. Dana's reports which first convinced the government that two of its greatest generals were Sherman and Grant, which proved that McClernand should be dropped, and which showed that Grant and Thomas should take hold of the army which Rosecrans had demoralized.

To know men, to see everything that went on, and to describe all fully, was, then, Mr. Dana's chief business. In the course of it he was an observer of several of the great spectacular episodes of the war. He watched the gunboats running the batteries of Vicksburg; saw Pemberton standing out on the fortification of that city, while his army stacked their arms in sign of surrender; was driven from the field of Chickamauga in the terrible panic of September 20, 1863; beside Grant, watched the battle of Missionary Ridge; was at Cold Harbor and Petersburg. The descriptions of these events, written at the time, are surpassingly brilliant, and they are perfectly clear. One feels the roar and clash of the battle in them, and one understands what it is all about.

An intimate acquaintance with a great number of officers was naturally forced on Mr. Dana by his position. Probably no man in the War Department at that time studied so many different generals face to face as he did, and certainly nobody else wrote so fully and frankly his opinions of the men he studied. Not only did Mr. Dana know the officers of the army; in the dull times between campaigns, he remained in Washington as an assistant to Secretary Stanton. There he saw much of Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet and of the members of Congress. His work there was scarcely less in interest than that at the front, and much of it was as truly warfare, though of a bloodless kind. It was incessant skirmishing with contractors who were watching for opportunities to cheat the government, with deserters and blockade-runners, with Confederate agents in Canada, and spies from within the enemy's lines. Often the skirmishing developed into pitched battles.

His reminiscences of this unique war experience Mr. Dana has never published save now and then a fragment, and it is

with great satisfaction that the editors of *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* announce that in the November number they will begin the publication of a series of articles by him on his life as the private war reporter of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton.

In preparing these reminiscences Mr. Dana has not trusted to his memory alone. The great mass of documents he prepared for the eyes of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton has been freely used; so have his voluminous correspondence with military governors and provost-marshals, carried on at the period when he was in Washington, the reports of special investigations he made for the War Department (reports never published, though influential in determining large questions of policy), and private correspondence with friends, including private letters from Mr. Stanton, General Sherman, and others. In fact, he has opened a great private storehouse of historical matter and condensed it in these reminiscences. In the work he has had free access to the great collection of Stanton papers in the hands of the Hon. George B. Gorham, and to the files of the War Department, Mr. Gorham having turned over to Mr. Dana all of the Stanton papers that could be of use to him in this connection, and the War Department having extended innumerable courtesies and aided the work in every possible way. To insure perfect accuracy in the details of military movements, the manuscript has been read by Mr. Leslie J. Perry, the well-known expert of the War Records Commission.

A narrative of a man's own experiences in such scenes and relations as those in which Mr. Dana figured through the war could not fail to be of interest even if he were rather a commonplace man. When coming from one of the keenest observers and most trenchant writers of our times, a man who from the first was the confidant of the government and had access to every secret source of information, both the historic and literary value of the story is apparent. Since the appearance of General Grant's "Personal Memoirs" no such contribution to the literature of the Civil War has been made as these reminiscences of Mr. Dana.

THE GRATEFUL REPORTER.

BY OCTAVE THANET,

Author of "Stories of a Western Town," "The Ladder of Grief," etc.

"SURE, it's sorry I am for the creachure," said Mrs. Patrick Fitzmaurice to her only son, Tommy. This was in the year when Tommy was in training as a candidate for mayor; indeed, the primaries were to be held that week. As the little Irishwoman spoke she glanced up wistfully at Tommy's handsome face, and brushed an imperceptible trace of dust from his coat-sleeve. Tommy began to guess what was coming.

"And what does she want you to do, ma?" said he, slipping his arm about her waist and looking fondly down at the face that was pretty to him still, although to most people it was but a wrinkled little Irish face with violet eyes and a long upper lip. "She's after you for something—that I know."

"Why, she has no sinse at all, Tommy; and she puts me out of me temper with the way she goes on, till I clean forget she is me third cousin on me stepmother's side and I want to tell her to be quiet; but then I think of how old she is, and with no children: never a chick nor a child did Tim and she have to bless them, Tommy; and many's the time she looks at you, and I can see the sigh in her eyes that she's too proud to let drop from her lips; and then I think, 'Well, if she does make a time over an ould box, it's hers, and maybe the forlorn creachure vallys it; maybe, not having any humans to love, she has to take it out on her things.'"

"That box she lost in the custom-house in Chicago, I suppose," says Tommy, patiently. "She isn't nagging you to have me go to Chicago, is she?"

"Well, that very same she is, Tommy. And I tould her, says I, he's busy wid important business of the election, says I, and he ain't got the time. But the creachure don't seem to have good sinse, for all she says is, 'It was owing to him I took it to Chicago instid of to New York to the customs there; and now it's lost!' Meself, I wonder she didn't lose ivery box she had, comin' a wake before she was ixpectid and we not meeting her; for

she can't so much as go down town alone."

Tommy was swallowing his annoyance. He loved his mother, whatever he might think of her stepmother's third cousin; and he knew how his mother must have been harried to bring her to the point of asking a journey of him this particular week. It was a nuisance, and it might well be a risk, to leave just now, but he would chance it; and having resolved to chance it, he would not spoil a kind act by an ill grace in the doing. Therefore he laughed as he smoothed his mother's thin but still silky hair; and told her that he could manage to get off to Chicago and that she might assure Mrs. Sullivan that he would look up every unclaimed article of luggage in the Chicago customs.

He might have felt repaid had he seen his mother, that evening, wiping her eyes while she repeated the scene to his father, who puffed hard on his pipe. "And you won't deny, Pat, he is the bist son in the country!"

"I ain't thinkin' of sons," said the ex-saloon-keeper grimly; "I'm thinkin' of mothers that lets their sons throw away their chances to gratify the fool whims of a doddering ould woman. Tom has no business to be out of town this wake, and well he knows it."

"And for why not, Pat?"

"For why? Because he has got to go, to-morrow, no later, to the meeting, and Paulsen will be at the meeting, and the other men; and 'specially for Paulsen they want Tommy to be there. Ye know how Tommy talks and the persuasiveness of him"—the father could not hide a lurking smile—"well, they're hoping whin Paulsen hears him he'll listen to rason and go in for him. And Harry Lossing, he's going to see Paulsen and persuade him how sound Tommy is about kaping the saloons down and yit raising enough rivinue for the ixpenses, and how he'll look moighty scharp after the contracts, and there won't be no boodlin' games countenanced noways; and he'll take the police

out of politics. Av coorse, Tommy can't be tellin' what a foine mayor he'll make for himself; but Harry will say it, and more; and then at the meeting he'll ask Tommy any quistions that Paulsen will want answered or that he hears Paulsen will want; and Tommy will have his innings thin. Do you see? But now, wid your blethering ould cousin and her box, ye'll git him aff and maybe he'll not be back; there was a washout only yisterday on the road, and loike enough there'll be another; and Tommy'll be losing the mayor's office to git—"

"Oh, Pat, is it that bad?" cried the mother, clasping her hands. "Sure I'll drive to the depot and beg him to stay!"

She meant her words, and her hand was on the door-knob, but her husband stopped her. "Ye will *not*, Ellen," said he with an ironic chuckle, "for it's off already he is. Ye will set down and hope ye ain't done much harm sindin' him off!"

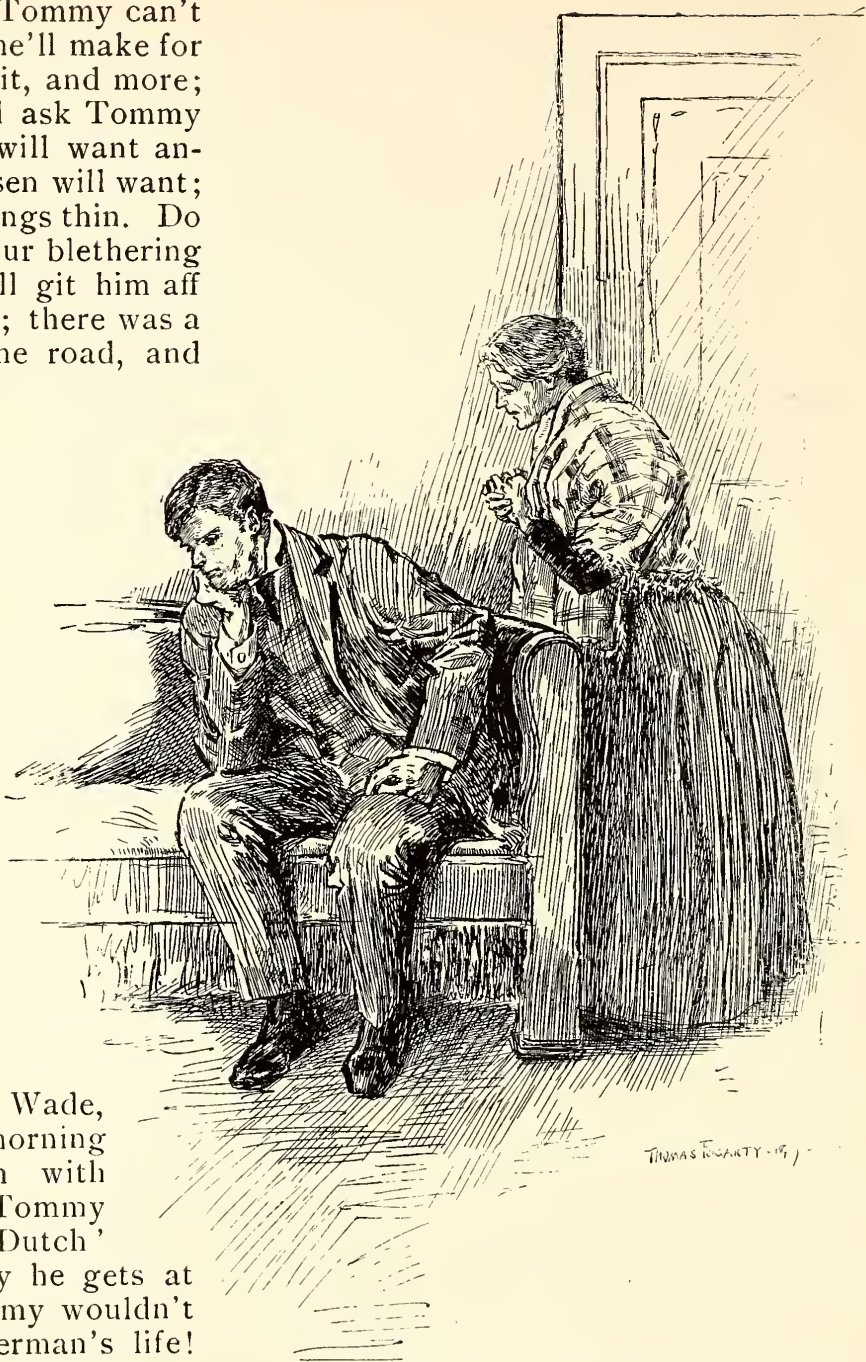
"And who would harm him, sure?"

"Well, there is Alderman Wade, who is after Paulsen from morning till night, pecking at him with 'Tommy is an Irishman, Tommy is shly, Tommy hates the Dutch'—you'll see—that's the way he gets at him, making him think Tommy wouldn't cross the street to save a German's life! And Paulsen has got a tremenjis lot of pull wid the Dutch, and that's the fact; he ain't, so far's I kin find out, he ain't opened the mouth of him yit whether it's for or whether it's agin Tommy. But Tommy best be round when he does—that's all."

"But why would Alderman Wade be wanting to hurt Tommy? I mind well, whin you had the place down town, how he always had his drinks free, and he was always asking afther your foine young son at the university."

Old Patrick humped his shoulders, and muttered, "Things was different thin; I'm thinkin', meself, that he wants to be greased, and Tommy won't grease him!"

Mrs. Fitzmaurice, as innocent a soul as ever was sent into a wicked world, had lived too long with Patrick not to understand. She sighed. "Is he loike that,



THOMAS FOGARTY. 1911

"... IS IT THAT BAD?" CRIED THE MOTHER, CLASPING HER HANDS, "..."

thin? I didn't think it. And is Mr. Paulsen the same?"

"I guess not"—with a short laugh—"you couldn't buy Paulsen any more than you could coax a mule with a greenback. Oh, he's honest, but he's obstinate; and he's like a mule that way too: you niver know which end of him is going to kick! Harry Lossing was tilling me he mistrusted he'd be fighting us."

"Well, you'll find Tommy'll match him," said the mother confidently, to which the father only grunted—being, however, like many husbands, secretly cheered by his wife's unreasoning hope.

But she, poor woman, staid awake all night, wondering whether indeed she had jeopardized her son's prospects by sending

him away, and struggling darkly in her mind after some way to reach the incorruptible and obstinate Paulsen.

Tommy, meanwhile, had gone easily to Chicago, and the next morning, having found the box, was loitering, with a conscience at rest, among a hundred odd people who were at the sale of "unclaimed and seized merchandise" in the government warehouse. Next to Tommy stood a yellow-haired young man with his hat on the back of his head and a pad bulging his breast-pocket. Tommy and he were the only persons present not bidding.

"Live in Chicago?" said the young man.

Tommy, flattered by the inference, shook his head and named his town.

"Pretty town," said the young man. "I used to live there; I used to be on the 'Evening Scimitar.' Now"—he flung his coat open, disclosing his reporter's badge. Tommy read the name of the great city paper with a tinge of respect. The reporter asked questions about familiar names, ending with Tommy's own personality—"Fitzmaurice? Fitzmaurice? You aren't—"

"I'm Patrick Fitzmaurice's son," said Tommy, composedly. "His place was down on Third Street."

The reporter eyed Tommy askance. He could not place this well-dressed, well-mannered young man, with his handsome Irish-Norman face (that clean-cut, delicate face which is no more like the caricatures of the Irish-Celtic face than the newspaper "Celt" is like the man himself). He knew Pat Fitzmaurice's place, but here was a flower from a saloon window. He did not quite know how to take Tommy's calmness. "I must have been at the university when you were there," said Tommy, still unconscious, "for I don't remember you."

"They had a son at school. Mrs. Fitzmaurice used to tell me about him. I hope your mother is well, Mr. Fitzmaurice. She was an angel of mercy to me. One awfully cold night, when I was out on an assignment about a fire, got

wet through, and my clothes froze on me, I went in, and she made me hot coffee herself—she said I was too young for whisky—loaned me some of your clothes, by the way, to get home in—all not knowing I wasn't reeling off a lie to her."

"Well, the clothes came back," said Tommy. "I heard about it. Mother's always up to such tricks."

"Mothers are a big thing; they keep a fellow sure there's some good left in the world, and yours was one of the motherliest mothers going."

Tommy blushed with pleasure, but could think of nothing better than to hand the reporter a cigar. And it was at this softened moment that his eyes fell on an old woman who had just entered. She was poorly clad in a worn, limp, black skirt made short enough to show her coarse shoes, and a basque of that unchanging model affected by elderly German women of the humbler kind. The hair under the old-fashioned bonnet was gray, almost white. She walked in with a quick step, like one in haste, her dim eyes wandering anxiously over the array of boxes on the platform. Then she whispered to the young girl at her side, who seemed to be a servant, and was a comely, fresh-colored, honest-looking lass, in the cheap travesty of the fashion that so soon replaces the trusty old blue stuffs in this



"... HE FLUNG HIS COAT OPEN, DISCLOSING HIS REPORTER'S BADGE."

country. The girl glanced about her and, after a second's hesitation, whispered to Tommy, "Is does tings on der platform all vat dey is sole?"

"So far," says Tommy, "yes, ma'am." He spoke the last words to the old woman, and he smiled reassuringly. She seemed so feeble, so agitated, and so lost among the crowd of idle men and junk-dealers that he was minded to comfort her.

She gave him a grateful glance. Her hands were clasped, one over the other. They were hands disfigured and roughened by toil, with the prominent veins and distorted knuckles and withered cleanliness of years over the washtub. Tommy remembered how in his youth he had resolved that one day his mother should have white, soft hands, like the mother of his school friend, Harry Lossing; and how he had spent some of his very first earnings in a weird assortment of cosmetics which his mother faithfully used.

His mother's hands were white now, and there were rings on them; but Tommy remembered how they used to look.

Lot after lot was disappearing and being bundled down to the new owners. The old woman, who had slowly regained composure, all at once rose suddenly from her seat, and instantly sank back again, clutching the purse in her hand. Her face had gone a dull gray; the streaks of red were ebbing slowly from her cheek. Tommy heard her thin, elderly pipe—"One dollar." "One dollar!" called the girl in a louder key. "I'm bid one dollar?" began the auctioneer; "one—do I hear two dollars? Thank you, sir. Two dollars! two dollars!"

"And five cents," called the girl, while the woman's eyes strained after every twist of the auctioneer's head, every swing of his hand.

"Dollar five, dollar five—yes, sir; thank you, sir. Three dollars—"

Here a man shouldered his way through the crowd—a stout, florid man in a checked suit, baggy as to the knees of the trousers and illuminated as to shirt-front by a vivid but soiled red scarf.

This man glanced keenly at the box and from the box to the woman, and threw a "Five dollars" carelessly at the official.

"West side dealer," commented the newspaper man in an undertone to Tommy. "He thinks there's something in it."

The old woman raised the bid, as before, by a nickel; as before, the man jumped the intervening cents to a dollar. The old woman, her agitation momentarily in-

creasing, repeated the same manœuvre, with the same result on the part of her opponent. The uneven bidding continued until the bids were twenty-seven dollars, bid by the dealer. The old woman turned desperately to the girl, and the latter in a second called loudly a raise of ten cents.

"Twenty-eight!" shouted the man.

The woman sank back into her chair. She trembled so violently that for a second Tommy thought she was going to faint, and he hurried to put a flask to her lips, while the newspaper man ran for water. She motioned the flask away. Her eyes went piteously to the girl.

"Come, mother," said she; "come, dear mother."

"Shan't I help you out?" said Tommy. The words rolled back in the roof of his mouth at the girl's expression.

"We don't have got no more money," said she stolidly. "The mother has been saving for this year and I also; and it was twenty-seven dollars, but we haf also the car-fare. We bid all; it was not enough—no, don't look, don't look!" she cried in her own tongue. But the old woman rose, and watched the successful bidder lift down the box, an irrepressible moan bursting through her lips.

"Say, why do you want the box?" asked Tommy. "Can't I—"

"It was by mine vater," said the girl. "Dey vas lif tirty-dree years by vun anudder, und dey vas nefar qvarel, but ven dey coom over he vas die on der road, and dey put him in der sea. She didn't have notings, no grave; und dey vas charge so mooch vat you call it duty dat ve don't can take der box, und so she und I ve save, but it vas no use. Koom, koom!"

She declined the tin cup which the reporter was holding rather helplessly at them, and would have supported her mother out of the room. The old woman looked dizzy; she only said, in German, "It was his picture, my Emil's picture."

"You wait a minute," said Tommy. "Don't you stir from her, and I'll see if I can't buy that back—there is nothing of value—no money? no watch?"

He hardly waited their denial to rush off, with the unheeded and amused reporter at his heels. The latter thoughtfully poured the water on the floor before he put the tin cup on a window-sill.

The junk-dealer had his box on the floor, meditating over it, a screw-driver in his hand, as if preparing to open it by the hinges. It was a clumsy box of wood, with iron hinges. A friend near by

wagged a sympathizing and curious head on the other side.

"Invoiced at twelve dollars," said the friend. "That ain't no twelve-dollar box, Dorry!"

Tommy, whose hurry had been displaced by the idlest, sauntering air, craned his neck forward. "That's right," said he; "there ain't twelve dollars' worth of truck in that box. The government's got a great head, running this kind of lottery business. Things of value are bound to be claimed."

The junk-dealer playfully cocked one eye. "You trying to buy that box, my Christian friend?"

"Big finds in those boxes sometimes," remarked the junk-dealer's crony.

"Big disappointments, too," said Tommy. "I bet that you'll be swearing mad when you open that box."

"How much do you bet?" sneered the junk-dealer, trying his screw-driver on the heads of the screws.

"Well, I'll bet five dollars to a nickel you can't sell the whole contents of that box for twelve dollars. How's that?"

Two or three men drew nearer, and instantly a dozen more were drawn by the sight of them, as is the way of a crowd.

"Is it a kind of game?" inquired one man.

"I'm not likely to make much by it," said Tommy; "five dollars to a nickel!"



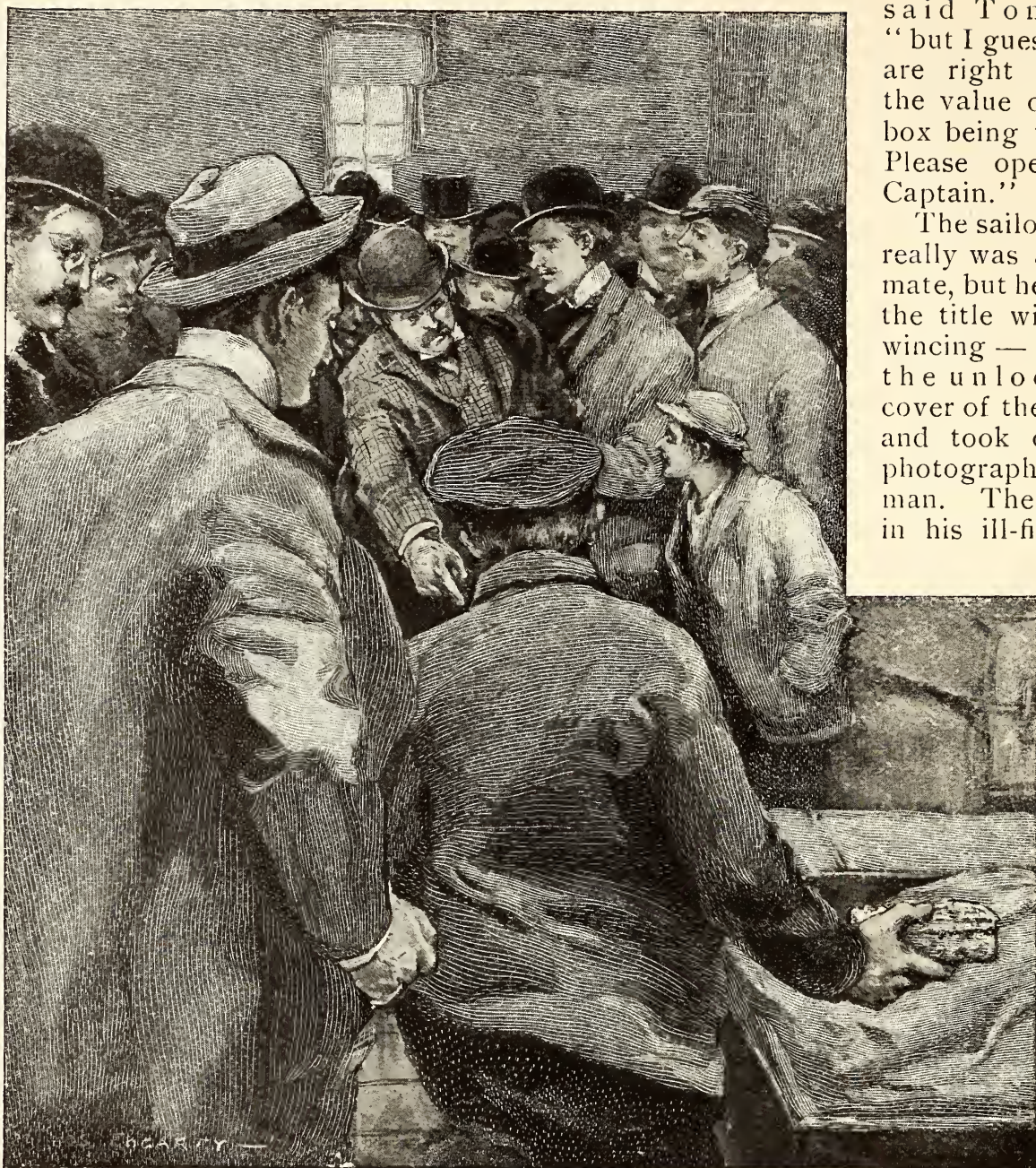
"SHE WALKED IN WITH A QUICK STEP . . . HER DIM EYES WANDERING ANXIOUSLY OVER THE ARRAY OF BOXES. . . ."

"Let's see your money," said the reporter, glancing out of the tail of his eye at the dealer, whom he knew slightly.

The dealer laughed. He wasn't afraid of games, he said, and he proffered his nickel to the reporter. Tommy gravely placed a bank-note beside it.

"Well," said the dealer, "I don't object to giving you all a peep, but who's to decide as to the value?"

"You can pick two men, and I'll pick one," said Tommy, carelessly. As he anticipated, the dealer chose his friend and the reporter. Tommy hit at random on a grave and rubicund man who had the



said Tommy, "but I guess you are right about the value of the box being there. Please open it, Captain."

The sailor—he really was a first mate, but he took the title without wincing—lifted the unlocked cover of the box, and took out a photograph of a man. The man, in his ill-fitting,

"'I'LL TAKE THAT,' SAID HE; 'THE VALUE OF THE BOX IS IN THERE!'"

attitude and the wide-footed standing posture of a steamer-deck.

The dealer found little difficulty in wrenching one-half of the hinges free. He lifted the lid and forced it back on the lock.

"Let the referees take out the things," said Tommy.

There was revealed at first glimpse nothing better than a neatly folded layer of coarse and worn woolen clothing, the cause of the heavy duty. This displaced by the seaman, there came a cheap German Bible, a pair of heavy, patched shoes, and a small box ornamented with shells, most of which were broken. At the sight of the box the dealer's color turned and he held out his hand. "I'll take that," said he; "the value of the box is in there!"

"No, you won't take it—play fair!"

tidy, holiday suit, with a smile on his honest face, and both large, toil-marked hands spread on his knees, was, one could easily guess, the owner of the clothes in the box.

"That's all," said the sailor.

The reporter and the other representatives of the junk-dealer quickly verified his words. That was all. An oath slid between the dealer's teeth. He seized on the clothes, and examined every pocket, every seam. Some one made a jocose comment, and the crowd laughed. It laughed again as he snatched at the carte. In the same movement Tommy's strong white fingers grappled his puffy red ones. "You drop that," said he. "No, I won't take your money. I knew what was in that trunk, and that poor old soul, who had been saving for a year, knew, too. Gentlemen"—he turned to the crowd, a sizable

number by this time, and agog with curiosity—"let me explain."

So Tommy, with all the fiery Irish eloquence in his power, explained. And then, while the crowd settled closer, he flung his

offer at the bewildered dealer.

"You, sir," to the reporter, "pass the hat. Let that five dollars stay in. Look here, what will you sell for? That five-dollar bill?"

"No, I won't," snapped the dealer; "I can get more from the old woman."

Tommy darted a glance at the reporter, and that nimble-witted young man promptly took his cue. "She's gone," said he, looking in another direction from the place where they left the two Germans. "I can't see her!"

"Then I don't care to do anything," returned Tommy, giving himself an irritable shake. "Hand me my bill."

"I'll call it ten dollars," said the dealer quickly. "Come now, you can find her. I'm sorry for the old party, too."

"Eight," said Tommy, making as if to go.

"Nine," said the dealer in a dying voice.

"Make it nine; we'll all chip in," called the most distant man in the crowd.

The hat went round with Tommy's banknote and one dollar from the reporter. It returned laden with eight dollars and ninety cents, and Tommy grimly threw in a cigar, which he said he had bought in

Chicago for fifteen cents. It was not five minutes before the sailor man headed an interesting procession bearing the box back to the old woman.

"And really," said Tommy to the reporter about two hours later, "she took it well—a kind of dignity."

"I guess we shan't be any the worse off for her prayers," mused the reporter; "but, say! you've missed your train, and you had an important appointment, didn't you say? That was taking grandma home yourself in a carriage."

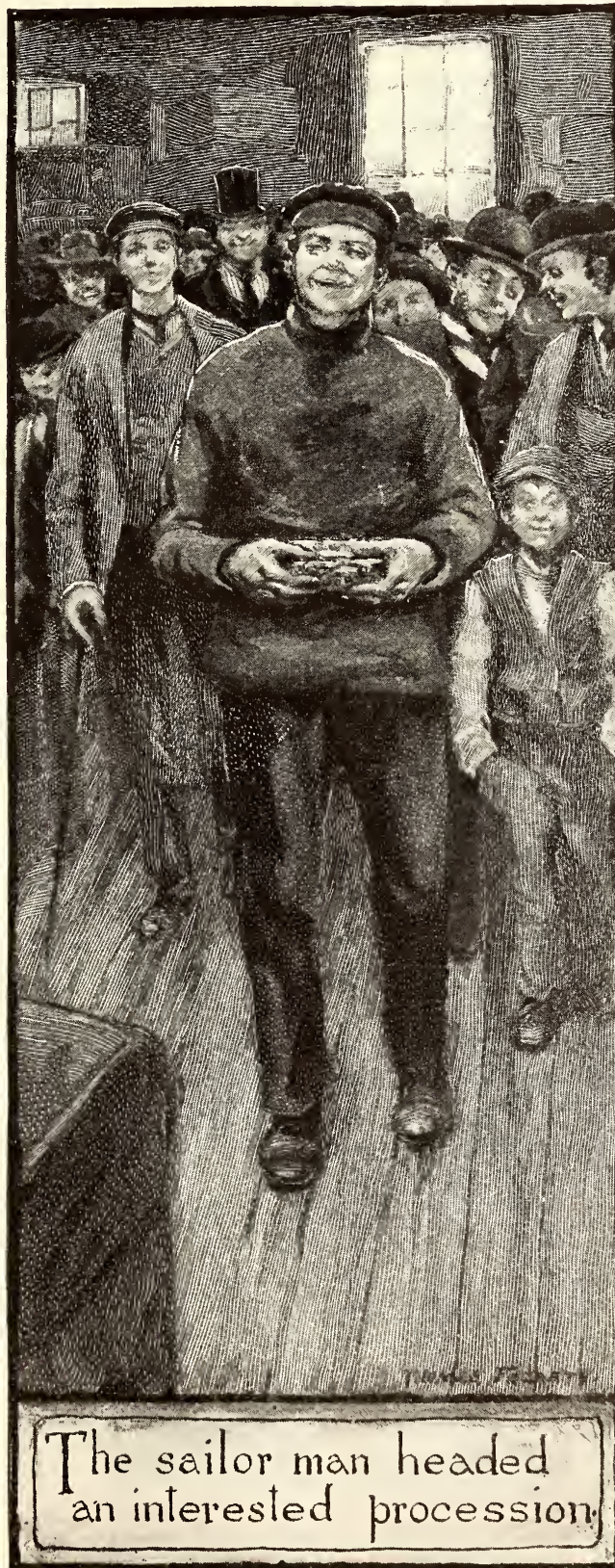
"She wasn't fit to walk," said Tommy. "If—if she'd been my mother, I'd have wanted her taken home."

"That's right," the reporter agreed. He did not say anything else, though he looked at Tommy with a kind of lightning of his sharp smile; and just then Tommy hailed a cab to save the next train if he could; and so they parted.

Tommy was not lucky enough even to catch his second train, wherefore he was obliged to pass the night in the city and return home in the very early morning hours in a decidedly irritable frame of mind. He did not repent of

his humanity, but I must confess that he did wish that his mother had not put him in the way of being humane.

Harry Lossing and another root-fast political friend were waiting at the depot,



The sailor man headed
an interested procession.

nor did their aspect of reproachful gloom tend to ease his mood.

"How are things?" he ventured, after they had silently taken his bag and walked him into the street.

"If you mean the election," replied Harry, "everything is going wrong. Paulsen is on his high horse."

"Why didn't you show up at the meeting?" asked McGinnis, the other friend, in the tone of an executioner demanding of his victim which side of the block he preferred.

"I missed the train," said Tommy, meekly.

"Ye missed the train!" McGinnis's heavy voice rose a note in caustic sarcasm. "Well, Tom, I didn't think ye was the kind of man to miss trains or I'd never have gone in for you. Did ye have a pleasant time? I hope that much, for you're likely to miss your nomination, too!"

"Drop that, McGinnis!" interrupted Lossing. "You know perfectly well Fitzmaurice isn't that kind. What *was* the matter? Paulsen makes a great offense of your not coming; says you are not to be depended on, and this shows it, and a lot of rot—"

"Aw, Paulsen is only talking for a blind," McGinnis struck in. "He won't vote for an Irishman, nohow, and that's where the hair is thin. I heard he said he never knowed a Irishman would do a good turn to a German, and he had it from Wade, who'd knowed you from a boy, that you was too slick to be honest. Maybe if you could have got at him yesterday you might have done something for him. Mr. Lossing and me, we couldn't move him!"

"Well, I'm sorry," said Tommy, ruefully, but he didn't explain why he missed his train, not even when Alderman McGinnis capped Lossing's "I think if you promise the chief of police to a German we may do something" with "I think it's awful to try to help fools!"

"No," thought Tommy, "I mean to be a gentleman, and a gentleman does not brag of being barely decent; and if Paulsen were to hear of it he'd think I was a fool for sure to lose my train that way." And these mixed motives prompted him to say, "I missed that train doing a kindness to somebody, if you must know, and that's all there is about it."

Alderman McGinnis drew a long, sad sigh from the depths beneath his glossy shirt-front. "Only tell me it ain't a woman, Tommy; that's all I ask," he moaned.

"It was a very nice, respectable old woman," said Tommy, firmly.

"And no young woman for a daughter or a niece or somewhere hitched to the outfit? Why, Tom, you ain't blushing! Tom, this is awful! What made me bet on you? One big thing was you didn't seem to know the difference between a pretty girl and a homely one; but if you're going to let the women come the comemether over you and miss trains—why, great Scott! boy, what will we do when we send ye to the legislature and they git at you for the clerkships and them offices and—"

Again Lossing, looking thoroughly annoyed, but loyal even in this stress, interfered to rescue Tommy and to again propose the offering of the head of the police on a charger to the powerful Paulsen.

Tommy went home red with chagrin.

But he is glad to this day that he swallowed his feelings and bore his father's reproaches in silence. The old man was broken-hearted at the prospect of losing the office, and the more that Wade made a handle of Tommy's not coming on time and tales not fitted for Tommy's mother's ears were bandied about among the enemy. Paulsen had been seen. Paulsen had been offered the disposal of office. And Paulsen had declined to commit himself. "I'm looking round for the best man," said Paulsen. Which was discouraging.

Tommy had not reproached his mother. In fact, he had been more than ordinarily kind and gentle to her, for the poor soul was in such deep tribulation that to be cruel to her would have required a heart of stone. Patrick, the sorely wronged and disappointed Patrick himself, did not go beyond an eloquent dumbness at meals. And Tommy, in pity, ate so much—to show that he appreciated the special dainties prepared for his consolation—that he was like to add the discomforts of dyspepsia to his mental griefs.

The morning of the primaries, absorbed as both men were, they nevertheless perceived that Mrs. Fitzmaurice was agitated beyond all control. She sweetened Tommy's coffee twice, which did not matter, for Tommy gulped it down unheeding; but she omitted to sweeten Patrick's cup at all, which was quite another thing. Yet as he raised his eyebrows preparatory to the just rebuke, the look on her face made him suddenly give her the kindest smile in days. "I declare, you're worriting yerself sick, Ellen!" said he. "Come what may, it ain't a killing matter

for Tommy. If they down us this time, we'll down them next."

"Of course, mother," said Tommy, and he went over and kissed her. He did not pay any especial attention to her broken murmur of meaning it for the best and she never meant to hurt him. He said, "That's all right, mother. You're the best mother in the world!" and kissed her again, and so left her comforted.

"Well, I'm glad ye ain't taking it out on the wimmin," said Patrick. "I ain't axed ye anny quistions about what I heard from McGinnis, but if it's—"

"It's nothing I'd be ashamed to tell you or mother," Tommy burst out, "and I will tell you now if you like—"

"Ye needn't; I believe you," said Patrick; "and I say agin, this day ain't no killing matter. But what's Paulsen got there?"

Paulsen was haranguing a crowd. "A young man! Well, what's the matter of a young man? I found out all about Thomas Fitzmaurice. I said, 'I wait till I find out.' Now read that paper, and you see what kind of a man he is!"

Tommy could see a paper fluttering from hand to hand. A trusty henchman was instantly despatched for the paper, which Patrick awaited in a stony calm. At intervals he patted Tommy on the back.

"Don't you mind what they say," he repeated over and over. "I ain't going

to be worried; don't you be! And we'll pay 'em up!"

The messenger returned grinning. He handed the paper to Patrick, and over his father's shoulders Tommy read, in bold headlines, the grateful offering of the reporter that his mother had warmed: "The Hon. Thomas Fitzmaurice, of Iowa, has a Heart. But He is No Fool, either. How the Dealer Outbid the Aged Widow and the Hon. Thomas Buncoed the Dealer and Restored a Cherished Treasure. A Pathetic Happening in Real Life." And there, beneath, was the story of Tommy's humanity. It was fluttering all around the field.

Tommy grew a rose-red, and looked wildly about him. It was at this instant that he beheld Harry and McGinnis—beaming.

"It's all right! Paulsen's all right!" said Harry.

"But that confounded paper" (thus are the mercies of the press slighted!) "do you—Harry, you don't suppose I—"

"My dear boy, cool off. The paper was sent to your mother, and she sent it to me and to Paulsen, of course. She was tickled with it, I suppose, or she thought it would do good. It did. It hit Paulsen just right. I fancy, old man, you'll owe your election to your mother."

Tommy was standing very thoughtful. "More than you think, maybe," said he.

CERTAIN WONDERS OF THE GREATER NEW YORK.

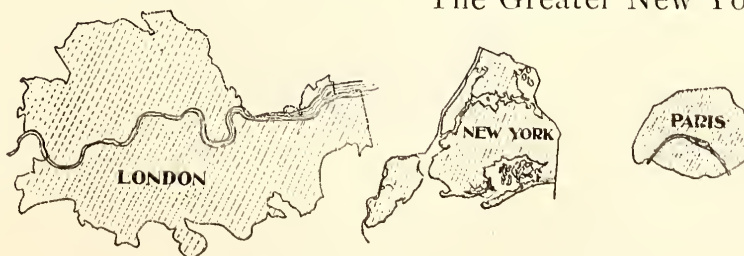
BY GEORGE B. WALDRON.

ON January 1, 1898, a score of cities, towns, and villages, ranging in population from a few hundreds up to two millions, will become consolidated into one Greater New York. With not less than 3,300,000 people in an area of 360 square miles, the American metropolis will be then, next to Greater London, the largest city in the world. London was a city nearly two thousand years before the first white man set foot on Manhattan Island. Yet the old world's chief city, with her 6,200,000 population and 688 square miles of territory, has less than twice the population

of the first city of the new world. New York is increasing in population at the rate of 315 a day, while London's daily increase is but 230.

Paris, with 2,600,000 population and 173 square miles of area must now drop to the third place. Next come Berlin and Chicago, in close rivalry. The German city has but 25 square miles of territory, while the other spreads over 187 miles of our Western prairie.

The Greater New York lies in form like a triangle, with the base, about 18 miles long, resting on the Atlantic. To the apex, which is up the Hudson, the greatest



Comparative size of the three greatest cities of the world.

length is some 35 miles. Yet the 360 equally crowded it would contain three square miles of the city's area are but a times the present population of the entire speck upon the wide domain of the Nation. Even little Rhode Island, the smallest state of the Union, has an area nearly four times as great. The broad Empire State might be carved into 132 such cities without disturbing her three other largest centers. So insignificant in size is this plot, that to an observer stationed on the moon a pin-head seventy feet away from the eye would cover it from sight. Yet the earth itself would appear four times as broad as our moon does to us.

But into this limited space are crowded as many people as were in all the Thirteen Colonies when they declared their independence. Then the Greater New York had but 80,000 people. To-day her numbers equal the combined population of thirteen of our new states and territories whose area is two-fifths that of the Nation and more than 3,000 times that of the metropolis.

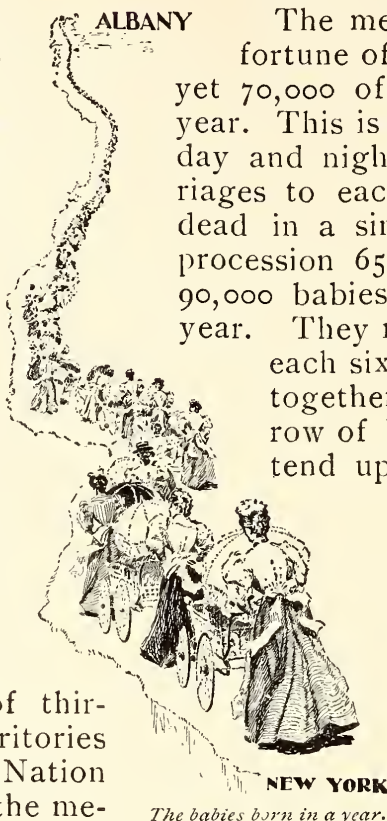
Line up this army shoulder to shoulder in single rank, and it would extend to St. Louis, a thousand miles across the country. March the people by in procession, two abreast day and night, for three weeks, and not then would the last pair have passed the observer. If these 3,300,000 people were equally distributed over the greater city's area, each family could have a lot of 100 feet front and still leave room enough for streets, parks, and business purposes.

But it is only too evident that they are not equally distributed. Into one-sixth of the city's area are crowded five-sixths of the entire population. There is one section of thirty-two acres on lower Manhattan Island which is admittedly the most densely populated spot on earth. Into its tenements the people are packed nearly a thousand to the acre. If the whole of the greater city were

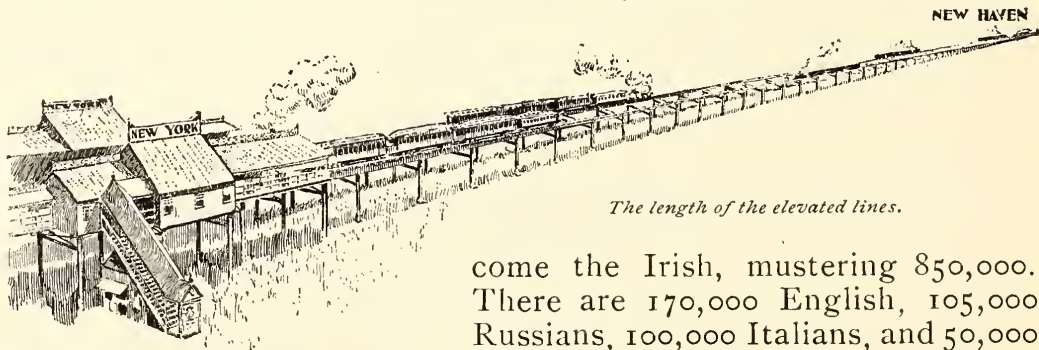
United States.

The metropolis has not the misfortune of an abnormal death rate, yet 70,000 of its people die during a year. This is one every seven minutes, day and night. Allow but three carriages to each funeral, and the city's dead in a single year have a funeral procession 650 miles long. There are 90,000 babies born in the city every year. They number 250 a day, or one each six minutes. Take them out together for an airing, and the row of baby carriages would extend up the Hudson to Albany, 150 miles.

The Greater New York is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. Within her borders are representatives of almost every nation and city upon the earth. Her foreign-born number 1,250,000, and their children swell the numbers to 2,500,000, or two-thirds the city's entire population. At the head of the list stand the Germans, who number nearly 900,000. Next



The babies born in a year.



The length of the elevated lines.

come the Irish, mustering 850,000. There are 170,000 English, 105,000 Russians, 100,000 Italians, and 50,000 Scotch.

America's metropolis is the largest Irish city in the world. Dublin, the chief city of the Emerald Isle, has less than half as many. Next to Berlin, she is also the world's largest German city. She has nearly as many Germans as Hamburg and Munich combined. She has more English than Portsmouth, more Canadians than Canadian London, more Russians than Vilna, more French than Aix. She has nearly as many Scotch as Leith, Italians as Venice, Austro-Hungarians as Presburg, and Scandinavians as Bergen.



Length of the system of steam roads centering in New York.

The steam and street railroad within the borders of the new city would reach in an unbroken line of track to Omaha. The steam roads alone would connect the Battery by double track with Lake Champlain. The elevated lines would make a double track connection with New Haven, Connecticut. The street car lines would extend in single track to Chicago.

The street lines have a capital of \$95,000,000. Their 5,000 cars make a yearly aggregate run of 85,000,000 miles, which would almost bridge the distance from the earth to the



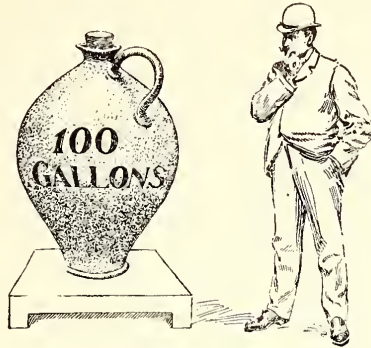
Seven thousand policemen.

sun. They carry 480,000,000 passengers a year, or an average of 1,300,000 a day. This is within twelve per cent. of the entire passenger traffic of the steam roads of the Nation.

The elevated roads have a capital of \$120,000,000. Their aggregate train mileage is 14,000,000 miles. The journey traveled by the 1,600 cars in a year is about 65,000,000 miles, which is five trips a week from the earth to the moon. They carry 250,000,000 passengers annually, or an average of 700,000 a day. Some of the most important systems of steam roads of the Nation center at the metropolis. Including those in New Jersey which connect with the city by ferry, these lines would measure three-quarters of the distance around the globe. About 1,000 passenger trains leave the city on these roads every twenty-four hours. They carry 210,000,000 passengers a year, or two-fifths of the entire passenger traffic of the steam roads of the United States. The freight they move is one-third of the total shipments by rail in the country.

Probably not less than 500,000 passengers on the average enter or leave the city on these roads every day. Including the

passenger traffic of the elevated and surface lines, the total daily movement of passengers on all the roads of the city is 2,500,000. This is equivalent to two-thirds of the entire population of the Greater New York. Nor does this estimate include the inter-urban movement by ferry and over Brooklyn Bridge. The bridge traffic alone reaches 115,000 a day by cars, and 35,000 more cross on foot.



Daily water supply per capita.

Greater New York is the chief distributing center for the commerce of the Nation. Through her gateways pass two-fifths of all the exports and two-thirds of all the imports. The total annual value of goods in this foreign trade through the city is \$850,000,000. During the year the

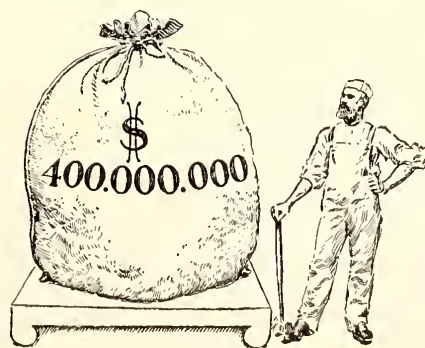
city receives 30,000,000 bushels of wheat, 6,400,000 barrels of flour, 29,000,000 bushels of corn, 43,000,000 bushels of oats, 4,400,000 bushels of rye, and 11,800,000 bushels of barley. Her total yearly grain receipts are 125,000,000 bushels. Loaded on freight cars this grain would fill 180,000 cars and make a continuous train from Kansas City to the metropolis.



Four thousand "white wings"

Another evidence of the immense business transacted in America's first city appears in the volume of checks and drafts passed through the clearing house by her banks. This reaches a yearly aggregate of \$29,000,000,000, or \$96,000,000 a day, which is a half larger than the combined bank clearings of all the other cities of the Nation. A \$2,000 check for each family in the United States would not cover this business of the city during a single year.

In manufacturing the Greater New York easily stands first among our cities. She has 50,000 manufacturing establishments, requiring a capital of \$1,100,000,000. These employ 635,000 workers and pay \$400,000,000 a year in wages. The value of the products reaches \$1,400,-



Yearly wages.

000,000. She manufactures one-fourth of all the factory-made men's clothing and one-half of the factory-made women's clothing. She does two-fifths of the Nation's coffee roasting, makes one-fifth of the beer, tobacco, and cigars. Her presses turn off one-fifth of the printing of the country.

In 1626 the Dutch purchased Manhattan Island for \$24. The surrounding country was not then considered worth buying. To-day the value of the land and building of the enlarged city is not less than \$4,500,000,000. This is an average of \$125,000 an acre and fifty cents a square foot for the entire 360 square miles. But there are sections down on lower Broadway and on Wall Street that could not be bought for less than a thousand times that price. A workingman would need to spend the wages of twenty years for a plot large enough to give him a decent burial. The property value of this one city would buy one-third of all the farms in the United States.

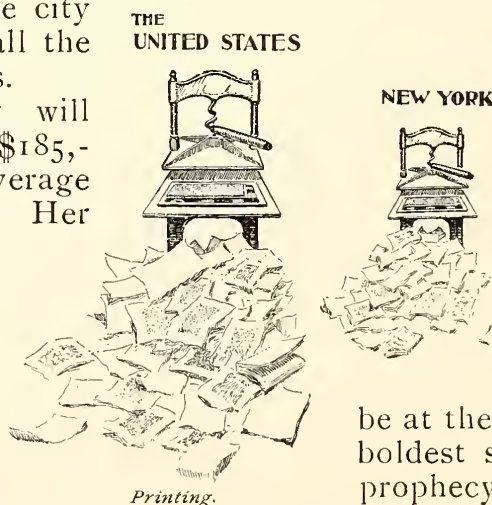
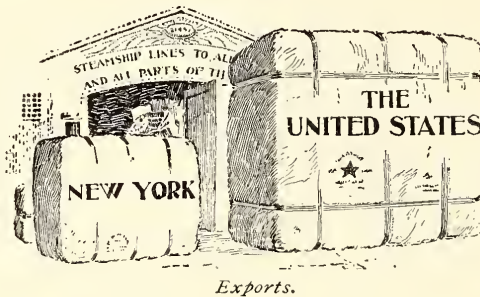
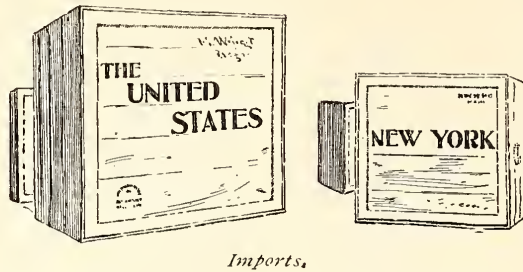
The consolidated city will have a municipal debt of \$185,000,000, which is an average burden of \$56 per capita. Her municipal expenditures will require \$70,000,000 a year. This exceeds the total state, city, town, and county expenditures in twenty of the southern and western states and territo-

ries. Her municipal employees will form an army of 30,000, larger than the regular army of the United States. Of these, 7,000 will wear the policeman's blue and 4,000 will form the street cleaners' white brigade.

The 1,200 miles of paved streets would extend to Minneapolis, and the unpaved streets would continue the road to Boise City, Idaho. The city has 1,400 miles of water mains and half as many miles of sewers. Her 75 miles of wharves and docks would reach from the Battery to New Haven, Connecticut. Her entire water front would nearly encircle Long Island. She has 7,000 acres of parks worth \$250,000,000. Their money value would buy fifty-acre farms at ordinary prices for 100,000 families.

Her water supply is 325,000,000 gallons a day, or about 100 gallons for every inhabitant. The water that she uses in a year would make a canal wide and deep enough to float the largest war vessel and that would extend from New York to San Francisco.

These are some of the marvels belonging to-day to this giant among the cities of the world. But what the Greater New York will be at the end of another century the boldest scarcely dare to venture a prophecy.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.—REMINISCENCES AND FORECASTS.

FOUR years and a half ago the first number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE was published, and the price of the magazine at that time was fifteen cents a copy. There was then no magazine sold for less than twenty-five cents a copy that gave its readers the best current literature and employed the best artists for the illustration of its text. Without laying stress upon the question of price as necessary or essential to this publication, we record this fact as of interest in the history of periodical publishing. We have a certain pride that we were the pioneers in the field of low-priced periodical literature, and it is in the interest of the truth, which has been more or less distorted in various ways, that we revive the recollection of the position of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE and its price at the time it was started.

Two years ago, in announcing the reduction of the price of McCLURE'S from fifteen cents to ten cents a copy, we made the statement that there were "no contributions, literary or pictorial, suitable for a great popular monthly that were not within the reach of the publishers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE at ten cents a copy." At the time these words were written there was considerable discussion in the publishing craft in regard to the future of the ten-cent magazine, and in this discussion the public took a lively interest. Our contribution to the discussion was simply an elaboration of the idea expressed in the words quoted above: that is, the realization in fact of our faith—the *publication of a magazine which proved the point*. Within the last two years the discussion has died out. In the case of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, which was founded at the beginning of the hard times, its circulation steadily increased in those two years, in spite of the general adverse business conditions, from 75,000 to over 275,000. Within that short period we have been enabled to set up a manufacturing plant which is not surpassed by any other printing and binding establishment of its kind in the world, and our business has so extended that we require for offices and printing establishment the equivalent of an ordinary ten-story building. That we carried out the statement made as to contributions, both literary and pictorial, is proved by the appreciative friendship that has been shown the magazine by the public, the newspapers, and the advertisers.

Such facts speak louder than any theories or speculations, and show why the discussion as to the future of the ten-cent magazine has died out. *There is nothing left to speculate about now.*

The purpose of the founders of this magazine has been and is to bring within reach of a greater mass of readers than before enjoyed the opportunity, the fresh product of the best writers of fiction, the clear presentation of the latest and most far-reaching developments of science, the most vivid and human pictures of the great men and events of our history—in short, to give our readers from month to month a moving, living transcript of the intelligent, interesting, human endeavor of the time. We, like other men, wish to gain material success, but we want to gain it by those means which appeal to our intellectual as well as to our moral self-respect.

We are striving to make a wholesome, entertaining, stimulating magazine, and we are editing for our readers with the same sense of sympathetic responsibility as if the magazine were only intended for ourselves and our own kin.

THE MAGAZINE'S NEW CONTRIBUTIONS TO AMERICAN HISTORY.

Following an instinct which we have good reason to believe is shared by all of our readers, we have had as one of our foremost interests, in editing the magazine, the inspiring history of our own country. Our series of LIFE PORTRAITS OF GREAT AMERICANS, for instance, is positively the first full and adequate presentation of the real features of those sterling patriots whom we all honor and revere. Miss Tarbell's papers on THE EARLY LIFE OF LINCOLN gave the first, and indeed the only, full and accurate account of Lincoln's youth and early manhood that the world has had. Mr. Hamlin Garland's series of papers did somewhat the same service for THE EARLY LIFE OF GRANT. Then the papers which appeared in the magazine from time to time, on specific vital episodes or incidents in recent history, written by men who were themselves participants in the events they related, have brought to general knowledge facts and proceedings of the highest interest, that, but for these papers, might have gone forever unrecorded. We have sought, wherever there still survived a man whose own life has been a significant chapter in the history of the country, to have him tell the world his story in the pages of the magazine. Autobiographic history, in addition to being the most entertaining to read, is perhaps the most valuable. It is the one kind that is infallibly vivifying; it gives us the fact, hot and direct, from the hand of the one man capable of delivering it. In matter of this kind, by far our most important and interesting publication is one that is to begin in the next (November) number; namely,

C. A. DANA'S REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE WAR.

Mr. Dana is one of the few men now living who was intimately associated with the important personages and events of the Civil War. Publishers and war students have long demanded from him his reminiscences of this period, and particularly his matured judgment on the three greatest actors in the struggle, Lincoln, Stanton, and Grant. But it is not until now that he has consented to give any one this important contribution to history.

The value and variety of Mr. Dana's memoirs are apparent when we consider that he was one of the first men called to a confidential position in the War Department by Edwin M. Stanton, and that he from first to last had the entire confidence of the great War Secretary. This confidence led to his appointment to many private missions, and it was his reports which influenced the action of the government at many critical periods. It was his full, unprejudiced account of Rosecrans's administration at Chattanooga, after the disaster of Chickamauga, which led

to the retirement of that general; and it was his account of Thomas's skill and courage which led to Thomas's appointment to the head of the Army of the Cumberland. In company with Grant, Dana saw Admiral Porter's fleet run the Vicksburg batteries. At Grant's headquarters he saw the siege of Vicksburg, and at Grant's side he rode into the capitulated city. He was swept from the field of Chickamauga, and was present at the midnight council of war at the Widow Glenn's after the first day's battle.

Beside Grant, Thomas, and Granger, Mr. Dana beheld the battle of Missionary Ridge. At the special request of President Lincoln, he accompanied Grant throughout the second Peninsular campaign. Sheridan received his commission as Brigadier-General from Dana's hands. When Richmond surrendered, Dana went, at Stanton's request, to report the condition of the city and to secure Confederate documents. His last interview with Lincoln was on April 13th, the day before the President's assassination. He spent the night at Lincoln's death-bed, writing dispatches at Stanton's dictation. He was an important witness at the trial of the conspirators.

There will be embodied in Mr. Dana's papers numerous hitherto

UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS AND LETTERS,

including unpublished letters to Mr. Dana from Edward M. Stanton, Secretary of War: Stanton's confidential orders to Mr. Dana in regard to the treatment of Jefferson Davis at Fortress Monroe—now first made public; many confidential letters written at the request of the Secretary of War, and giving Mr. Dana's opinion of all the leading officers in Grant's army; unpublished letters to Mr. Dana from Generals Sherman and Grant; a long confidential dispatch to Mr. Stanton, now first published, relating what Mr. Dana saw of the transfer of Jefferson Davis to Fortress Monroe.

For the illustration of these reminiscences we are permitted to draw on the collection of

HITHERTO INACCESSIBLE WAR PHOTOGRAPHS

made and arranged for the government under the painstaking and invaluable direction of General A. W. Greely. In its great store of negatives and original historical documents it stands quite alone. Under the permission of the War Department we shall give our readers many of its priceless portraits of the great personages of the war. It seemed to us that the dignity and straightforwardness of these absolutely authentic human documents made them the only fitting illustrations of a text so close to real facts, so ruddy with real life, as Mr. Dana's reminiscences.

MISS TARBELL'S LATER LIFE OF LINCOLN.

We are glad to announce to our readers that Miss Tarbell has been making considerable progress in her work upon the last four years of Lincoln's life. Although these years cover the war period, the work is written entirely from the personal standpoint; it has to do with Lincoln, and it follows closely his footsteps, only dealing with the war and its events so far as he personally was concerned in molding them. It is our belief that these articles will make Lincoln the man, the great War President, more real, and the dramatic story of those last four years

of his life more absorbing, than they have ever before been made.

THE NEWEST SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND EXPLORATION.

Always seeking for the significant discoveries or speculations which touch the edge of the future, the magazine has been the first to give authoritative and attractive accounts of many new scientific achievements. Every volume of the magazine furnishes illustrations of this policy. McCCLURE's published the first full description of Professor Langley's "flying-machine," by the inventor himself. We had the first authoritative paper on the discovery and application of the X-rays, written from material furnished by Professor Roentgen; the first magazine account of Nansen's wonderful voyage to the Far North, of Professor Dewar's experiments in liquefying oxygen, of the discovery of the new element argon, etc. We shall soon publish an important paper,

LORD KELVIN ON PROBLEMS OF RECENT SCIENCE.

Lord Kelvin is the foremost living authority on physical science. While in America, at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Toronto, he gave Dr. Henry Smith Williams, with full permission to publish it in McCCLURE's MAGAZINE, an interview of real scientific interest. Their talk dwelt particularly upon the vortex theory of matter, of which Lord Kelvin is the author, and which is one of the few great scientific speculations of our century. The conversation also dealt with the upper limits of heat, and the suggested speculation in regard to the age of the sun; also with recent experiments in seeking for the absolute zero the lowest possible temperature. A character sketch of the personality of Lord Kelvin and an account of his achievements form the framework of this interview.

TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.

Mr. W. H. Preece, Engineer-in-Chief of the Telegraph Department of the English Postal System, who has helped Marconi in developing the invention described in this magazine last March, has for many years been experimenting with methods for telegraphing without the use of wires. He is unmistakably the greatest expert of the world on this subject. The latest results of the experiments of the English postal authorities are of far-reaching importance, and the authoritative account which Mr. Preece gives of them in an article for McCCLURE's forms a wonderful chapter in recent scientific history.

IN UNEXPLORED ASIA.

An illustrated account of Dr. Sven Hedin's adventures in the great desert of Chinese Turkestan, one of the most remarkable feats of exploration of the past year, will soon appear. The article is not only a contribution to knowledge, but contains a story of great human interest.

CHARACTER SKETCHES AND REAL CONVERSATIONS.

We have maintained from the foundation of the magazine, as one of its special features, the presentation of the great personalities of our own time. By series of portraits, conversations, and character studies, we have exhibited to our readers, in his

actual every-day life, at the moment when they were most interested in him, the eminent living author, artist, statesman, scientist, business man, or inventor. We expect to publish in an early number, probably the November number, with numerous illustrations, a real conversation between

MARK TWAIN AND ROBERT BARR.

As we write this paragraph Mr. Barr is just returning to England from Lucerne, in Switzerland, where he has been visiting Mark Twain. His conversations with Mr. Clemens will form the basis of an article about the great humorist. Our readers, who are so well acquainted with Mr. Barr's work, with his humorous stories and his delightful articles, will realize that in this article they are sure to have a fresh, unconventional, and vivid presentation of Mark Twain.

THE BEST FICTION.

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE has been notable for its fiction. It has been the editor's purpose and his good fortune to get from the great writers of fiction of our day the best expression of their genius. It is our pride that in these few years we have published so much of the finest work of Stevenson, Kipling, Anthony Hope, and other masters of fiction. There will appear in the Christmas number

A TALE OF A CLOUDED TIGER BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

entitled, "The Tomb of his Ancestors." It is another powerful and absorbing tale of India. The extraordinary plot is as convincing and realistic as anything Kipling has ever written; and the young officer who is the hero of the tale is a character that one will be glad to know and remember. We have sought, by the collaboration of two artists of the first order, one with a strong grasp of the character of the human figure, the other with the imaginative instinct for dramatic composition and setting, to secure illustrations worthy of the tale, entirely novel, and certainly most interesting as an artistic experiment.

ANTHONY HOPE.

An event of much interest to the many readers of "The Prisoner of Zenda" is the coming of the author of that entrancing tale to the United States this month, to give public readings from his works. There is certainly no living writer of pure romance to be named with Anthony Hope. At a time when it seemed that no one could follow in the footsteps of Scott, Dumas, and Stevenson; that all that human invention could do in devising interesting complexities and situations had long since been done; Anthony Hope came quietly forward, and with only the men and conditions of our own day in mind, constructed stories that in novelty of incident, picturesqueness of character, and delightful, unexpected complications, compare with the great romances of the past. He proved that there was still no lack of good stories with a good story-teller at hand; and he found, in return, that the good story-teller has not to wait long for an audience.

THE SEQUEL TO "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"

will begin publication in McCCLURE'S MAGAZINE for December. It is entitled "Prince Rupert of Hentzau," and it takes the characters of "The Prisoner of Zenda," surely one of the most attractive groups

of people created by a story writer, and carries them through a series of adventures even more dramatic and absorbing than those they underwent in the earlier book. The story is complete in itself; the first paragraphs put the reader in possession of all the knowledge of persons and events necessary to a full understanding of the tale.

It has been magnificently illustrated, in absolute sympathy with the text, by C. D. Gibson, with a series of page pictures, where our great American illustrator reveals a new and most important side of his talent. These pages, full of beauty and romantic spirit, are the most striking productions of Mr. Gibson's genius, and in themselves, while belonging intimately to the text, are artistic masterpieces.

GOOD STORIES BY NEW WRITERS.

We, who have had the distinction of publishing the first productions of Kipling and Hope in America, have always eagerly looked for and warmly welcomed spirited, stirring tales by writers still unknown to the public or to the older and more conservative publications. Only last February we published the first story that has appeared in a magazine of the young Western writer, W. A. White of the "Emporia Gazette," from whom we shall have

MORE BOYVILLE STORIES.

Mr. White is doing in prose what James Whitcomb Riley has done in verse—he is giving us true, hearty pictures of American boy life. These new stories will carry on the series begun with "The King of Boyville" (February, 1897) and "The Martyrdom of Mealy Jones" (September, 1897). The boys of these stories are just the same real characters as Tom Sawyer and Huckelberry Finn; and the artist who has drawn them, himself grew up in that West which Mr. White describes, so that his pictures have the same sort of unmistakable individuality and truth to nature as the author's delineations.

MARK TWAIN'S DIARY

OF HIS VOYAGE FROM INDIA TO SOUTH AFRICA.

Two years ago Mr. Clemens started on a trip around the world. The diary he kept on this trip forms the basis of a new book of travel. We have arranged for the first and exclusive publication in a magazine of portions of this work—the chapters describing Mark Twain's voyage from India to South Africa, which are pervaded by a large humanity and abound in droll anecdotes, striking descriptions, and such observations as no one but Mark Twain could make. These chapters will be illustrated by A. B. Frost and Peter Newell, who are themselves master humorists of the rarest talent, and singularly sympathetic and original in their own field.

A NEW DEVELOPMENT.

It has long been our purpose to enter the general field of book publishing when the proper time should arrive; and we have now begun the actual work of carrying out this plan. The publishing business has been formed, for convenience, into a separate department, under the title of The Doubleday & McClure Co. We shall build up, as quickly as may be, a worthy collection of books, and in choosing them we shall follow the same line of editorial policy that is exemplified in McCCLURE'S MAGAZINE; we shall publish wholesome, stimulating literature, and sound, interesting knowledge. Not only will our books be good, helpful reading, but they will be well made and sold at reasonable prices.

MR. KIPLING'S JUBILEE POEM.

By special arrangement with Mr. Rudyard Kipling, we print herewith his very remarkable Jubilee poem, "Recessional." At the close of the elaborate and august ceremonies in celebration of the completion of the sixtieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, when it seemed that every thought and emotion that the occasion could possibly prompt had been more than once expressed, and that nothing more remained to be said, Mr. Kipling quietly sent this poem to the London "Times." At once it was recognized as the strongest and most searching word of all that the Jubilee had called forth. The "Times" gave it the honor of a place immediately under the letter of the Queen expressing her personal gratitude and thanks for the "loyal attachment and real affection" on the part of her subjects which the Jubilee had given proof of. An editorial article in the same number commented on both the letter and the poem, saying of the latter :

"The deep sense of religious feeling and of moral obligation which has colored the whole of the Queen's life will bring her heartily into unison with the spirit of the fine poem by Mr. Rudyard Kipling which we print this morning. There is a tendency, in these days, to rush into dithy-

rambic raptures over every great exhibition of national power. It is well that we should be reminded by a poet who, more perhaps than any other living man, has been identified with pride of empire and with confidence in the destinies of our race, that there is a spiritual as well as a material side to national greatness. The lesson has been taught before by some of our noblest men of letters—by Milton and Wordsworth, by Burke and Carlyle. We all acknowledge its truth in our hours of serious thought, but, none the less, we need, all of us, the warning words of the seer and the bard—'Lest we forget—lest we forget!' The most dangerous and demoralizing temper into which a state can fall is one of boastful pride. To be humble in our strength, to avoid the excesses of an over-confident vanity, to be as regardful of the rights of others as if we were neither powerful nor wealthy, to shun 'Such boasting as the Gentiles use Or lesser breeds without the Law,'—these are the conditions upon which our dominion by sea and land is based even more than on fleets and armies. At this moment of imperial exaltation, Mr. Kipling does well to remind his countrymen that we have something more to do than to build battleships and multiply guns."

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.



Be good + you will be lonesome.

Mark Twain
—

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

No. 1.

FROM INDIA TO SOUTH AFRICA.

THE DIARY OF A VOYAGE.

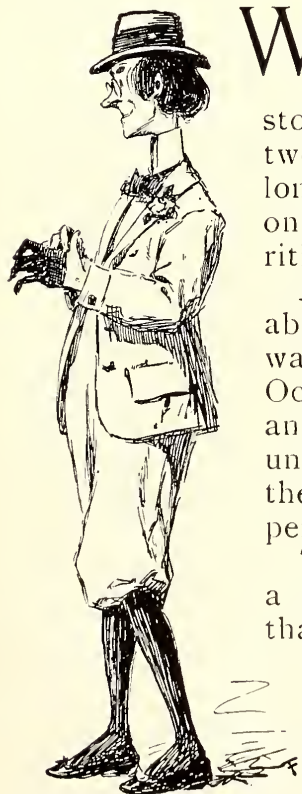
BY MARK TWAIN.

Author of "The Innocents Abroad," "Adventures of Tom Sawyer," etc.

A TRUTHFUL CAPTAIN WHOM NOBODY WOULD BELIEVE, AND A FABLING PASSENGER WHOM NOBODY WOULD DISCREDIT.—A STEAMSHIP LIBRARY PERFECT IN ITS OMISSIONS.—THE ADVANTAGES OF LIVING AWAY FROM MAURITIUS.—BARNUM'S PURCHASE OF SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.

I.

There are no people who are quite so vulgar as the over-refined ones.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar.*



"A Female Uncle."

WE sailed from Calcutta toward the end of March; stopped a day at Madras; two or three days in Ceylon; then sailed westward on a long flight for Mauritius. From my diary:

April 7th.—We are far abroad upon the smooth waters of the Indian Ocean now; it is shady and pleasant and peaceful under the vast spread of the awnings, and life is perfect again—ideal.

The difference between a river and the sea is, that the river looks fluid, the sea solid—usually looks as if you could step out and walk on it.

The captain has this peculiarity—he cannot tell the truth in a plausible way. In this he is the very opposite of the austere Scot who sits midway of the table:

he cannot tell a lie in an *un*-plausible way. When the captain finishes a statement the passengers glance at each other privately, as who should say, "Do you believe that?"

When the Scot finishes one, the look says, "How strange and interesting!" The whole secret is in the manner and method of the two men.

The captain is a little shy and diffident, and he states the simplest fact as if he were a little afraid of it, while the Scot delivers himself of the most abandoned lie with such an air of stern veracity that one is forced to believe it although one knows it isn't so. For instance, the Scot told about a pet flying-fish he once owned, that lived in a little fountain in his conservatory, and supported itself by catching birds and frogs and rats in the neighboring fields. It was plain that no one at the table doubted this statement.

By and by, in the course of some talk about custom-house annoyances, the captain brought out the following simple, everyday incident, but through his infirmity of style, managed to tell it in such a way that it got no credence. He said:

"I went ashore at Naples one voyage when I was in that trade, and stood around helping my passengers, for I could speak a little Italian. Two or three times, at intervals, the officer asked me if I had any-

thing dutiable about me, and seemed more and more put out and disappointed every time I told him no. Finally a passenger whom I had helped through asked me to come out and take something. I thanked him, but excused myself, saying I had taken a whisky just before I came ashore.

"It was a fatal admission. The officer at once made me pay sixpence import duty on the whisky—just from ship to shore, you see; and he fined me five pounds for not declaring the goods, another five pounds for falsely denying that I had anything dutiable about me, also five pounds for concealing the goods, and fifty pounds for smuggling, which is the maximum penalty for unlawfully bringing in goods under the value of sevenpence ha'penny. Altogether, sixty-five pounds sixpence, for a little thing like that!"

The Scot is always believed, yet he never tells anything but lies; whereas the captain is never believed, although he never tells a lie—so far as I can judge. If he should say his uncle was a male person, he would probably say it in such a way that nobody would believe it; at the same time the Scot could claim that he had a female uncle and not stir a doubt in anybody's mind. My own luck has been curious all my literary life: I never could tell a lie that anybody would doubt, nor a truth that anybody would believe.

Lots of pets on board—birds and things. In these far countries the white people do seem to run remarkably to pets. Our host in Cawnpore had a fine collection of birds—the finest we saw in a private house in India. And in Colombo, Dr. Murray's great compound and commodious bungalow were well populated with domesticated company from the woods: frisky little squirrels; a Ceylon mina walking sociably about the house; a small green parrot, that whistled a single urgent note of call without motion of its beak, also chuckled; a monkey in a cage on the back veranda, and some more out in the trees; also a number of beautiful macaws in the trees; and various and sun-

dry birds and animals of breeds not known to me. But no cat. Yet a cat would have liked that place.

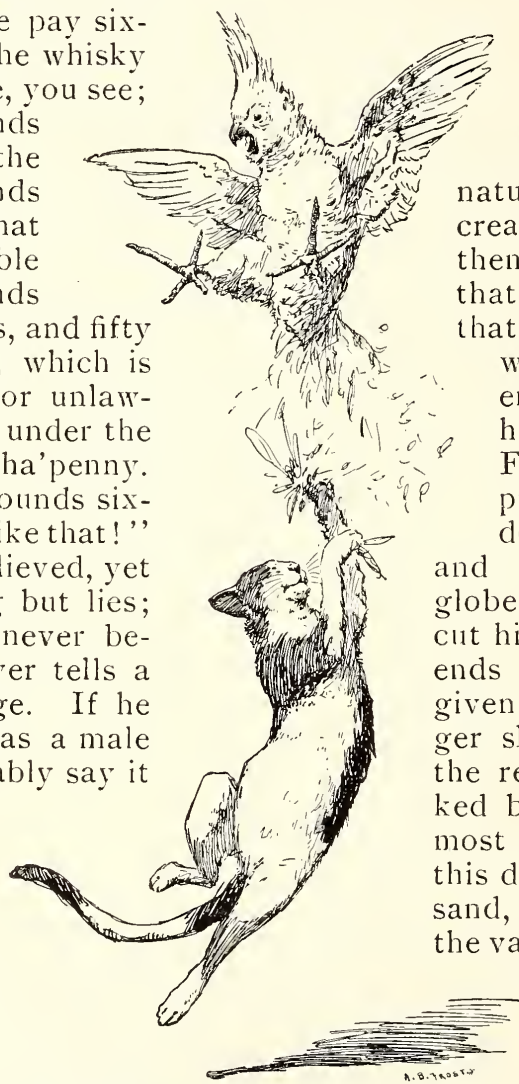
April 9th.—Tea-planting is the great business in Ceylon now. A passenger says it often pays forty per cent. on the investment. Says there is a boom.

April 10th.—The sea is a Mediterranean blue; and I believe that that is about the divinest color known to nature.

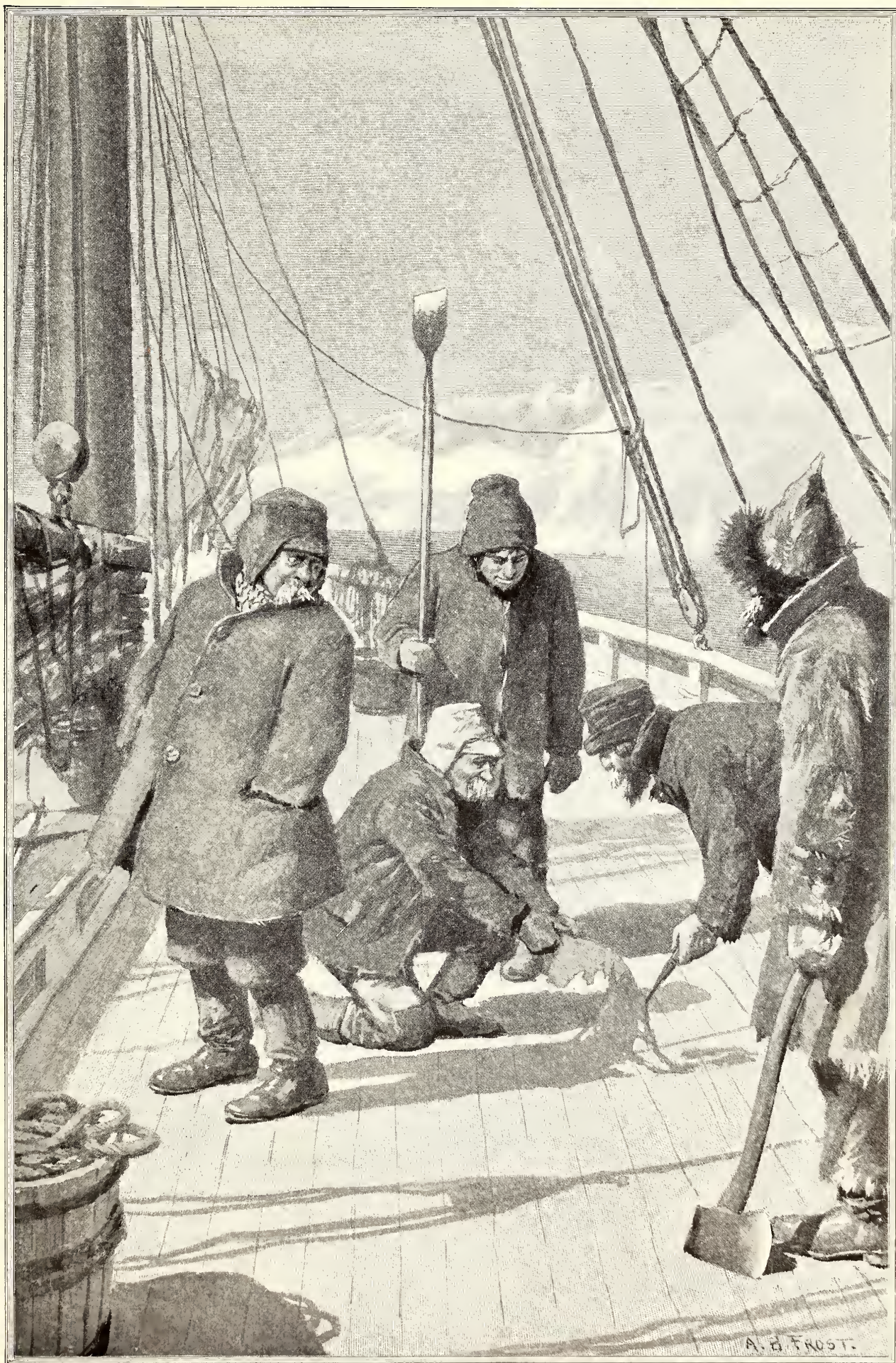
It is strange and fine—nature's lavish generosity to her creatures. At least to all of them except man. For those that fly she has provided a home that is nobly spacious—a home which is forty miles deep and envelops the whole globe, and has not an obstruction in it. For those that swim she has provided a more than imperial domain which is miles deep and covers three-fifths of the globe. But as for man, she has cut him off with the mere odds and ends of the creation. She has given him the thin skin, the meager skin which is stretched over the remaining two-fifths—the naked bones stick up through it in most places. On the one-half of this domain he can raise snow, ice, sand, rocks, and nothing else. So the valuable part of his inheritance really consists of but a single fifth of the family estate; and out of it he has to grub hard to get enough to keep him alive and provide kings and sol-

diers and powder to extend the blessings of civilization with. Yet man, in his simplicity and complacency and inability to cipher, thinks nature regards him as the important member of the family—in fact, her favorite. Surely it must occur to even his dull head, sometimes, that she has a curious way of showing it.

Afternoon.—The captain has been telling how, in one of his Arctic voyages, it was so cold that the mate's shadow froze fast to the deck and had to be ripped loose by main strength. And even then he got only about two-thirds of it back. Nobody said anything, and the captain went away. I think he is becoming disheartened. . . . Also, to be fair, there is another word of praise due to this ship's library: it contains no copy of the "Vicar of



"Yet a cat would have liked that place."



"THE MATE'S SHADOW FROZE FAST TO THE DECK,"



"Every shade of complexion."

Wakefield," that strange menagerie of complacent hypocrites and idiots, of theatrical cheap-john heroes and heroines who are always showing off, of bad people who are not interesting and good people who are fatiguing. A singular book! Not a sincere line in it, and not a character that invites respect; a book which is one long waste-pipe discharge of goody-goody puerilities and dreary moralities; a book which is full of pathos which revolts and humor which grieves the heart. There are few things in literature that are more piteous, more pathetic, than the celebrated "humorous" incident of Moses and the spectacles.

Jane Austin's books, too, are absent from this library. Just that one omission alone would make a fairly good library out of a library that hadn't a book in it.

Customs in tropic seas: At five in the morning they pipe to wash down the decks, and at once the ladies who are sleeping there turn out, and they and their beds go below. Then one after another the men come up from the bath in their pajamas, and walk the decks an hour or two with bare legs and bare feet. Coffee and fruit served. The

ship cat and her kitten now appear and get about their toilets; next the barber comes and flays us on the breezy deck. Break-

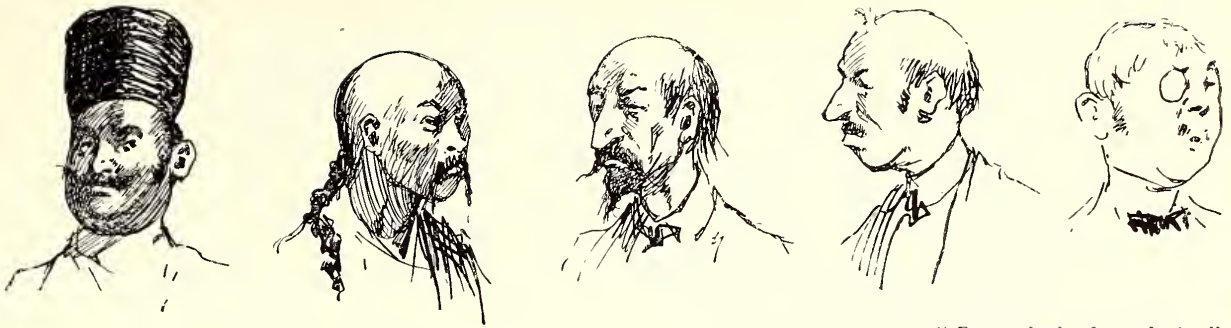
fast at 9:30, and the day begins. I do not know how a day could be more reposeful; no motion; a level blue sea; nothing in sight from horizon to horizon; the speed of the ship furnishes a cooling breeze; there is no mail to read and answer; no newspapers to excite you; no telegrams to fret you or fright you—the world is far, far away; it has ceased to exist for you—seemed a fading dream, along in the first days; has dissolved to an unreality now; it is gone from your mind with all its businesses and ambitions, its prosperities and disasters, its exultations and despairs, its joys and griefs and cares and worries. They are no concern of yours any more; they have gone out of your life; they are a storm which has passed and left a deep calm behind. The people group themselves about the decks in their snowy white linen, and read, smoke, sew, play cards, talk, nap, and so on. In other ships the passengers are always ciphering about when they are going to arrive; out in these seas it is rare, very rare, to hear that subject broached. In other ships there is always an eager rush to the bulletin board at noon to find out what the "run" has been; in these seas the bulletin seems to attract no interest; I have seen no one visit it; in thirteen days I have visited it only once. Then I happened to notice the figures of the day's run. On that day there happened to be talk, at dinner, about the speed of modern ships. I was the only passenger present who knew this ship's gait. Necessarily the Atlantic custom of betting on the ship's run is not a custom here—nobody ever mentions it.

I myself am wholly indifferent as to when we are going to "get in;" if any one else feels interested in the matter he has not indicated it in my hearing. If I had my way we should never get in at all. This sort of sea life is charged with an indestructible charm. There is no weariness, no fatigue, no worry, no responsibility, no work, no depression of spirits.



B.F.

"Only one match in sixteen will light."



"Every shade of complexion."

There is nothing like this serenity, this comfort, this peace, this deep contentment, to be found anywhere on land. If I had my way I would sail on forever and never go to live on the solid ground again.

One of Kipling's ballads has delivered the aspect and sentiment of this bewitching sea correctly:

"The Injlan Ocean sets
an' smiles
So sof', so bright, so
bloomin' blue;
There aren't a wave for
miles an' miles
Excep' the jiggle from
the screw."

April 14th.—It turns out that the astronomical apprentice worked off a section of the Milky Way on me for the Magellan Clouds. A man of more experience in the business showed one of them to me last night. It was small and faint and delicate, and looked like the ghost of a bunch of white smoke left floating in the sky by an exploded bombshell.

Wednesday, April 15th, Mauritius.—Arrived and anchored off Port Louis two A.M. Rugged clusters of crags and peaks, green to their summits; from their bases to the sea a green plain with just tilt enough to it to make the water drain off. I believe it is in 56 E. and 22 S.—a hot, tropical country. The green plain has an inviting look; has scattering dwellings nestling among the greenery. Scene of the sentimental adventure of Paul and Virginia.

Island under French control—which means a community which depends upon quarantines for its health, not upon sanitation.

Thursday, April 16th.—Went ashore in the forenoon at Port Louis—a little town, but with the largest variety of nationalities and complexions we have encountered yet: French, English, Chinese, Arabs, Africans with wool, blacks with straight hair, East Indians, half-whites, quadroons—and great varieties in costumes and colors.

Took the train for Curepipe at 1:30—two hours' run, gradually up hill. What a contrast, this frantic luxuriance of vegetation, with the arid plains of India; these architecturally picturesque crags and knobs and miniature mountains, with the monotony of the Indian dead-levels!

A native pointed out a handsome swarthy man of grave and dignified bearing, and said in an awed tone, "That is So-and-so; has held office of one sort or another under this government for thirty-seven years—he is known

all over this whole island—and in the other countries of the world perhaps—who knows? One thing is certain; you can speak his name anywhere in this whole island, and you will find not one grown person that has not heard it. It is a wonderful thing to be so celebrated; yet look



The wettest climate on earth.

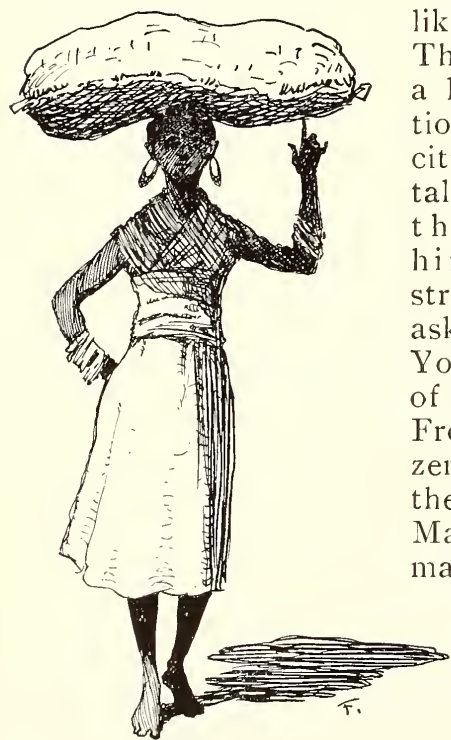
at him; it makes no change in him; he does not even seem to know it."

Curepipe (means Pincushion, or Peg-town, probably).—Sixteen miles (two hours) by rail from Port Louis. At each end of every roof and on the apex of every dormer window a wooden peg two feet high stands up; in some cases its top is blunt, in others the peg is sharp and looks like a toothpick. The passion for this humble ornament is universal.

Apparently there has been only one prominent event in the history of Mauritius, and that one didn't happen. I refer to the romantic sojourn of Paul and Virginia here. It was that story that made Mauritius known to the world, made the name familiar to everybody, the geographical position of it to nobody.

A clergyman was asked to guess what was in a box on a table. It was a vellum fan painted with the shipwreck, and was "*one of Virginia's wedding gifts.*"

April 18th.—This is the only country in the world where the stranger is not asked



"How do you like this place?" This is indeed a large distinction. Here the citizen does the talking about the country himself; the stranger is not asked to help. You get all sorts of information. From one citizen you gather the idea that Mauritius was made first, and then heaven; and that heaven was copied after Mauritius.

Another one tells you that this is an exaggeration; that the two chief villages, Port Louis and Curepipe, fall short of heavenly perfection; that nobody lives in Port Louis except upon compulsion, and that Curepipe is the wettest and rainiest place in the world. An English citizen said:

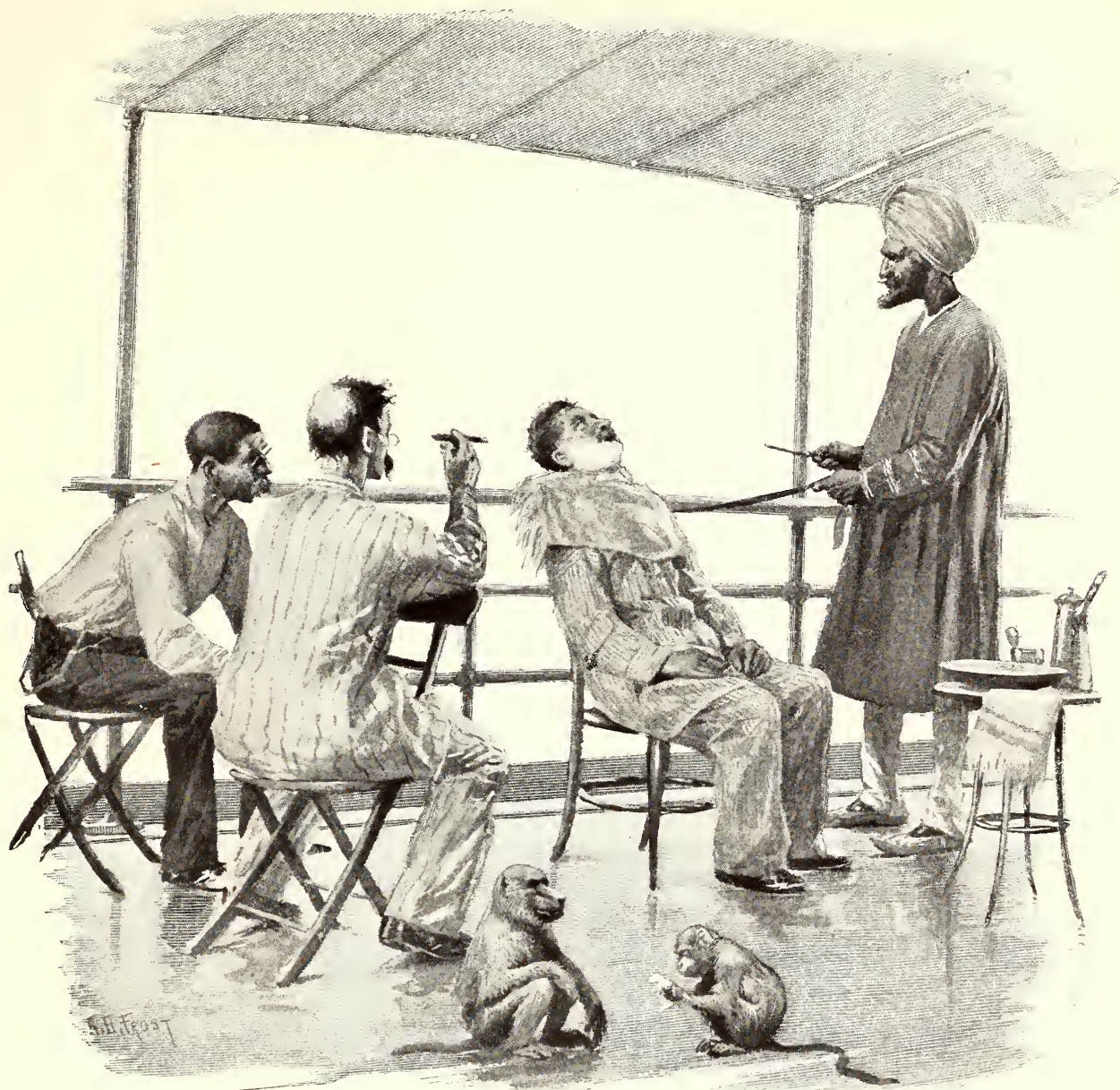
"In the early part of this century Mauritius was used by the French as a basis from which to operate against England's Indian merchantmen; so England cap-

tured the island and also the neighbor, Bourbon, to stop that annoyance. England gave Bourbon back; the government in London did not want any more possessions in the West Indies. If the government had had a better quality of geography in stock it would not have wasted Bourbon in that foolish way. A big war will temporarily shut up the Suez Canal some day, and the English ships will have to go to India around the Cape of Good Hope again; then England will have to have Bourbon and will take it.

"Mauritius was a crown colony until twenty years ago, with a governor appointed by the crown and assisted by a council appointed by himself; but Pope Hennessey came out as governor then, and he worked hard to get a part of the council made elective, and succeeded. So now the whole council is French, and in all ordinary matters of legislation they vote together and in the French interest, not the English. The English population is very slender; it has not votes enough to elect a legislator. Half a dozen rich French families elect the legislature. Pope Hennessey was an Irishman, a Catholic, a Home Ruler M. P., a hater of England and the English, a very troublesome person, and a serious incumbrance at Westminster. So it was decided to send him out to govern unhealthy countries, in the hope that something would happen to him. But nothing did. The first experiment was not merely a failure, it was more than a failure. He proved to be more of a disease himself than any he was sent to encounter. The next experiment was here. The dark scheme failed again. It was an off season, and there was nothing but measles here at the time. Pope Hennessey's health was not affected. He worked with the French and for the French and against the English, and he made the English very tired and the French very happy, and lived to have the joy of seeing the flag he served publicly hissed. His memory is held in worshipful reverence and affection by the French.

"It is a land of extraordinary quarantines. They quarantine a ship for anything or for nothing; quarantine her for twenty and even thirty days. They once quarantined a ship because her captain had had the smallpox when he was a boy. That and because he was English.

"The population is very small; small to insignificance. The majority is East Indian; then mongrels; then negroes (descendants of the slaves of the French



"THE BARBER . . . FLAYS US ON THE BREEZY DECK."

times); then French, then English. There was an American, but he is dead or mislaid. The mongrels are the result of all kinds of mixtures; black and white, mulatto and white, quadroon and white, octoroon and white. And so there is every shade of complexion; ebony, old mahogany, horse-chestnut, sorrel, molasses-candy, clouded amber, clear amber, old-ivory white, new-ivory white, fish-belly white—this latter the leprous complexion frequent with the Anglo-Saxon long resident in tropical climates.

"You wouldn't expect a person to be proud of being a Mauritian, now, would you? But it is so. The most of them have never been out of the island, and haven't read much or studied much; they think the world consists of three principal countries—Judea, France, and Mauritius; so they are very proud of belonging to one of the three grand divisions of the globe. They think that Russia and Ger-

many are in England, and that England does not amount to much. They have heard vaguely about the United States and the equator, but they think both of them are monarchies. They think Mount Peter Botte is the highest mountain in the world, and if you show one of them a picture of Milan Cathedral, he will swell up with satisfaction and say that the idea of that jungle of spires was stolen from the forest of pegtops and toothpicks that makes the roofs of Curepipe look so fine and prickly.

"There is not much trade in books. The newspapers educate and entertain the people. Mainly the latter. They have two pages of large-print reading matter—one of them English, the other French. The English page is a translation of the French one. The typography is super-extra primitive; in this quality it has not its equal anywhere. There is no proof-reader now; he is dead.

"Where do they get matter to fill up a

page in this little island lost in the wastes of the Indian Ocean? Oh, Madagascar. They discuss Madagascar and France. That is the bulk. Then they chock up the rest with advice to the government. Also, slurs upon the English administration. The papers are all owned and edited by creoles—French.

"The language of the country is French. Everybody speaks it—has to. You have to know French—particularly mongrel French, the patois spoken by Tom, Dick, and Harry of the multiform complexions—or you can't get along.

"This was a flourishing country in former days, for it made then and still makes the best sugar in the world; but first the Suez Canal severed it from the world and left it out in the cold, and next the beet root sugar, helped by bounties, captured the European markets. Sugar is the life of Mauritius, and it is losing its grip. Its downward course was checked by the depreciation of the rupee—for the planter pays wages

in rupees, but sells his crop for gold—and the insurrection in Cuba and paralyzation of the sugar industry there have given our prices here a life-saving lift; but the outlook has nothing permanently favorable about it. It takes a year to mature the canes—on the high ground, three and six months longer—and there is always a chance that the annual cyclone will rip the profit out of the crop. In recent times a cyclone took the whole crop, as you may say; and the island never saw a finer one. Some of the noblest sugar estates in the island are in deep difficulties. A dozen of them are investments of English capital; and the companies that own them are at work now trying to settle up and get out with a saving of half the money they put in. You

know, in these days, when a country begins to introduce the tea culture, it means that its own specialty has gone back on it. Look at Bengal; look at Ceylon. Well, they've begun to introduce the tea culture *here*.

"Many copies of 'Paul and Virginia' are sold every year in Mauritius. No other book is so popular here except the Bible. By many it is supposed to be a part of the Bible. All the missionaries work up their French on it when they come here to pervert the Catholic mongrel. It is the greatest story that was ever written about Mauritius, and the only one."

II.

The principal difference between a cat and a lie is that the cat has only nine lives.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar*.



"The third year they do not gather shells."

and the water-pipes; and for a time after the flood had disappeared there was much distress from want of water.

This is the only place in the world where *no* breed of matches can stand the damp. Only one match in sixteen will light.

The roads are hard and smooth; some of the compounds are spacious, some of the bungalows commodious, and the roadways are walled by tall bamboo hedges, trim and green and beautiful; and there are azalea hedges, too, both the white and the red. I never saw that before.

As to healthiness: I translate from today's (April 20th) "Merchants' and Planters' Gazette," from the article of a regular contributor, "Carminge," concerning

April 20th.—The cyclone of 1892 killed and crippled hundreds of people; it was accompanied by a deluge of rain which drowned Port Louis and *produced a water famine*. Quite true; for it burst the reservoir

*The cyclone.*

the death of the nephew of a prominent citizen.

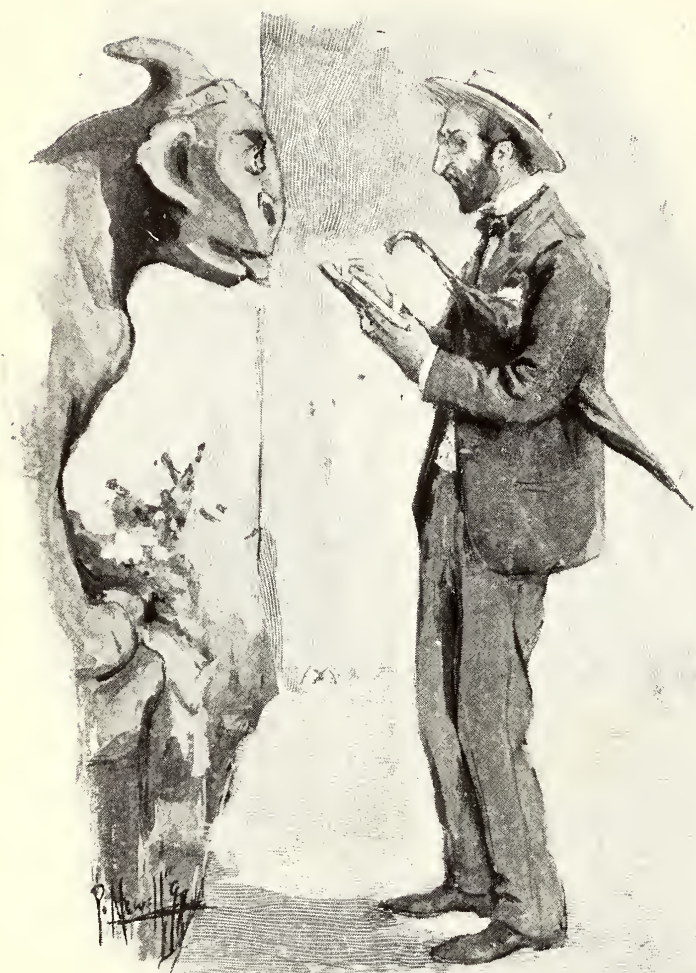
"Sad and lugubrious existence, this which we lead in Mauritius; I believe there is no other country in the world where one dies more easily than among us. The least indisposition becomes a mortal malady; a simple headache develops into meningitis; a cold into pneumonia, and presently, when we are least expecting it, death is a guest in our home."

This daily paper has a meteorological report which tells you what the weather was day before yesterday.

One is never pestered by a beggar or a peddler in this town, so far as I can see. This is pleasantly different from India.

April 22d.—To such as believe that the quaint product called French civilization would be an improvement upon the civilization of New Guinea and the like, the snatching of Madagascar and the laying on of French civilization there will be fully justified. But why did England allow the French to have Madagascar? Did she respect a theft of a couple of centuries ago? Dear me, robbery by European nations of each other's territories has never been a sin, is not a sin to-day. To the several cabinets the several political establishments of the world are clothes-lines; and a large part of the official duty of these cabinets is to keep an eye on each other's wash and grab what they can of it as opportunity offers. All the territorial possessions of all the political establishments in the earth—including America,

of course—consist of pilferings from other people's wash. No tribe, howsoever insignificant, and no nation, howsoever mighty, occupies a foot of land that was not stolen. When the English, the French, and the Spaniards reached America, the Indian tribes had been raiding each other's territorial clothes-lines for ages, and every acre of ground in the continent had been stolen and re-stolen five hundred times. The English, the French, and the Spaniards went to work and stole it all over again; and when that was satisfactorily accomplished they went diligently to work and stole it from each other. In Europe and Asia and Africa every acre of ground has been stolen several millions of times. A crime persevered in a thousand centuries ceases to be a crime, and becomes a virtue. This is the law of custom, and custom supersedes all other forms of law. Christian governments are as frank to-day, as open and above-board, in discussing projects for raiding each other's clothes-lines as ever they were before the golden rule came smiling into this inhospitable world and couldn't get a night's lodging anywhere. In one hundred and fifty years England has beneficently retired garment after garment from the Indian lines, until there is hardly a rag of the original wash left dangling anywhere. In eight hundred years an obscure tribe of Muscovite savages has risen to the dazzling position of land-robber-in-chief; she found a quarter of the world hanging out to dry on a hundred parallels of lati-

*Resting in Europe.*

tude, and she scooped in the whole wash. She keeps a sharp eye on a multitude of little lines that stretch along the northern boundaries of India, and every now and then she snatches a hip-rag or a pair of pajamas. It is England's prospective property, and Russia knows it; but Russia cares nothing for that. In fact, in our day, land-robbery, claim-jumping, is become a European governmental frenzy. Some have been hard at it in the borders of China, in Burma, in Siam, and the islands of the sea; and *all* have been at it in Africa. Africa has been as coolly divided up and portioned out among the gang as if they had bought it and paid for it. And now straightway they are beginning the old game again—to steal each other's grabbings. Germany found a vast slice of Central Africa with the English flag and the English missionary and the English trader scattered all over it, but with certain formalities neglected—no signs up, “Keep off the grass,” “Trespassers forbidden,” etc.—and she stepped in with a cold, calm smile, and put up the signs herself, and swept those English

pioneers promptly out of the country.

There is a tremendous point there. It can be put into the form of a maxim: Get your formalities right—never mind about the moralities.

It was an impudent thing, but England had to put up with it. Now, in the case of Madagascar, the formalities had originally been observed, but by neglect they had fallen into desuetude ages ago. England should have snatched Madagascar from the French clothes-line. Without an effort she could have saved those harmless natives from the calamity of French civilization, and she did not do it. Now it is too late.

The signs of the times show plainly enough what is going to happen. All the savage lands in the world are going to be brought under subjection to the Christian governments of Europe. I am not sorry, but glad. This coming fate might have been a calamity to those savage peoples two hundred years ago,

but now it will in some cases be a benefaction. The sooner the seizure is consummated, the better for the savages. The dreary and dragging ages of bloodshed and disorder and oppression will give place to peace and order and the reign of law. When one considers what India was under her Hindoo and Mohammedan rulers, and what she is now; when he remembers the miseries of her millions then and the protections and humanities which they enjoy now, he must concede that the most fortunate thing that has ever befallen that empire was the establishment of British supremacy there. The savage lands of the world are to pass to alien possession, their peoples to the mercies of alien rulers. Let us hope and believe that they will all benefit by the change.

April 23d.—“The first year they gather shells; the second year they gather shells and drink; the third year they do not gather shells.” (Said of immigrants to Mauritius.) . . . What there is of Mauritius is beautiful. You have undulating, wide expanses of sugar cane—a fine, fresh green

and very pleasant to the eye; and everywhere else you have a ragged luxuriance of tropic vegetation of vivid greens of varying shades, a wild tangle of underbrush, with graceful tall palms lifting their plumes high above it; and you have stretches of shady, dense forest with limpid streams frolicking through them, continually glimpsed and lost and glimpsed again in the pleasantest hide-and-seek fashion; and you have some tiny mountains, some quaint and picturesque groups of toy peaks, and a dainty little vest-pocket Matterhorn; and here and there and now and then a strip of sea with a white ruffle of surf breaks into the view.

That is Mauritius; and pretty enough. The details are few. The massed result is charming, but not imposing; not riotous, not exciting; it is a Sunday landscape. Perspective, and the enchantments wrought by distance, are wanting. There are no distances; there is no perspective, so to speak. Fifteen miles as the crow flies is the usual limit of vision. Mauritius is a garden and a park combined. It affects one's emotions as parks and gardens affect them. The surfaces of one's spiritual deeps are pleasantly played upon, the deeps

themselves are not reached, not stirred. Spaciousness, remote altitudes, the sense of mystery which haunts apparently inaccessible mountain domes and summits reposing in the sky—these are the things which exalt the spirit and move it to see visions and dream dreams.

The Sandwich Islands remain my ideal of the perfect thing in the matter of tropical islands. I would add another story to Mauna Loa's sixteen thousand feet if I could, and make it particularly bold and steep and craggy and forbidding and snowy; and I would make the volcano spout its lava-floods out of its summit instead of its sides; but aside from these non-essentials, I have no corrections to suggest. I hope these will be attended to; I do not wish to have to speak of it again.

III.

When your watch gets out of order you have choice of two things to do: throw it in the fire, or take it to the watch-tinker. The former is the quickest.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar*.

The "Arundel Castle" is the finest boat I have seen in these seas. She is thor-



"FIFTEEN OR TWENTY AFRICANDERS . . . SAT UP SINGING ON THE AFTERDECK, IN THE MOONLIGHT, TILL THREE A.M."

oughly modern; and that statement covers a great deal of ground. She has the usual defect, the common defect, the universal defect, the defect that has never been missing from any ship that ever sailed: she has imperfect beds. Many ships have good beds, but no ship has *very* good ones. In the matter of beds all ships have been badly edited, ignorantly

and receiving worrying cables and letters. And a sea voyage on the Atlantic is of no use—voyage too short, sea too rough. The peaceful Indian and Pacific oceans and the long stretches of time are the healing thing.

May 2d, A.M.—A fair, great ship in sight—almost the first we have seen in these weeks of lonely voyaging. . . .

Last night the burly chief engineer,



"FIFTY INDIANS AND CHINAMEN SLEEP IN A BIG TENT IN THE WAIST OF THE SHIP FORWARD."

edited, from the beginning. The selection of the beds is given to some hearty, strong-backed, self-made man, when it ought to be given to a frail woman accustomed from girlhood to backaches and insomnia. Nothing is so rare, on either side of the ocean, as a perfect bed, nothing is so difficult to make. Some of the hotels on both sides provide it, but no ship ever does or ever did. In Noah's Ark the beds were simply scandalous. Noah set the fashion, and it will endure in one degree of modification or another till the next flood.

8 A.M. — Passing Isle de Bourbon. Broken-up sky-line of volcanic mountains in the middle. Surely it would not cost much to repair them, and it seems inexcusable neglect to leave them as they are.

It seems stupid to send tired men to Europe to rest. It is no proper rest for the mind to clatter from town to town, in the dust and cinders, and examine galleries and architecture and be always meeting people and lunching and teating and dining,

middle-aged, was standing telling a spirited seafaring tale, and had reached the most exciting place—where a man overboard was washing swiftly astern on the great seas and uplifting despairing cries, everybody racing aft in a frenzy of excitement and fading hope—when the band, which had been silent a moment, began impressively its closing piece, the English national anthem. As simply as if he was unconscious of what he was doing, he stopped his story, uncovered, laid his laced cap against his breast, and slightly bent his grizzled head; the few bars finished, he put on his cap and took up his tale again, as naturally as if that interjection of music had been a part of it. There was something touching and fine about it, and it was moving to reflect that he was one of a myriad, scattered over every part of the globe, who by turn were doing as he was doing, every hour of the twenty-four—those awake doing it while the others slept—those impressive bars forever float-

ing up out of the various climes, never silent and never lacking reverent listeners.

All that I remember about Madagascar is that Thackeray's little Billee went up to the top of the mast and there knelt him upon his knee, saying,

I see
Jerusalem and Madagas-
car,
And North and South
Amerikee.

May 3d, Sunday.
—Fifteen or twenty Africanders who will end their voyage to-day and strike for their several homes from Delagoa Bay to-morrow, sat up singing on the afterdeck in the moonlight till 3 A.M. Good fun and wholesome. And the songs were clean songs, and some of them were hallowed by their tender associations. Finally, in a pause, a man asked if they had heard a certain old and an altogether lowly anecdote. It was a discord, a wet blanket. The men were not in the mood for humorous dirt. The songs had carried them to their homes, and in spirit they sat by those far hearthstones and saw faces and heard voices other than those that were about them. The poor man hadn't wit enough to see that he had blundered, but asked his question again. Again there was no response. It was embarrassing for him. In his confusion he chose the wrong course, did the wrong thing—began the anecdote. Began it in a deep and hostile stillness, where had been such life and stir and warm comradeship before. The two rows of men sat like statues. There was no movement, no sound. He *had* to go on; there was no other way—at least none that an animal of his caliber could think of. When at last he finished his tale, which is wont to fetch a crash of laughter, not a ripple of sound resulted. It was as if the tale had been told to dead men. After what seemed a long, long time, somebody sighed, somebody else stirred in his seat; presently the men dropped into a low murmur of confidential talk, each with his neighbor, and the incident was closed. There were indications that that man was fond of his anecdote; that it was his pet, his standby, his shot that never missed, his reputation-maker. But he will never tell it again. No doubt he will think of

it sometimes, for that cannot well be helped; and then he will see a picture—and always the same picture: the double rank of dead men; the vacant deck stretching away in dimming perspective beyond them, the wide desert of smooth sea all abroad; the rim of the moon spying from behind a rag of black cloud; the remote top of the mizzenmast shearing a zigzag path through the field of stars in the deeps of space; and this soft picture will remind him of the time that he sat in the midst of it and told his poor little tale and felt *so* lonesome when he got through.

Fifty Indians and Chinamen sleep in a big tent in the waist of the ship forward; they lie side by side with no space between; the former wrapped up, head and all, as in the Indian streets; the Chinamen uncovered; the lamp and things for opium-smoking in the center. . . .

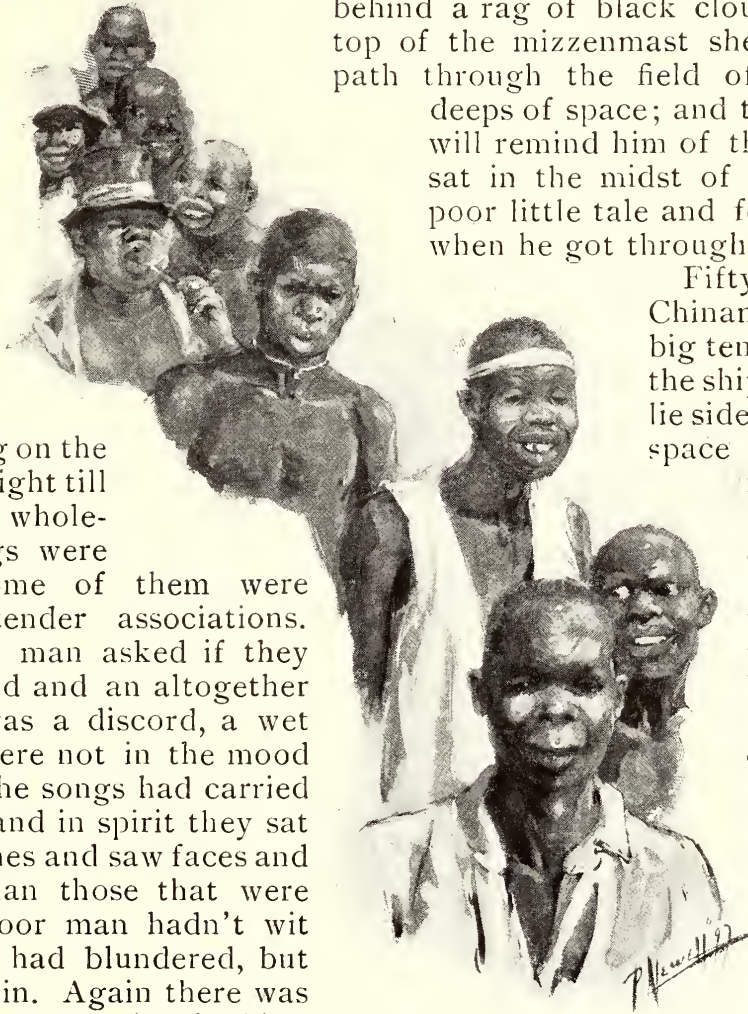
Monday, May 4th.—Steaming slowly in the stupendous Delagoa Bay, its dim arms stretching far away and disappearing on

"MOST OF THEM ARE EXACTLY LIKE
THE NEGROES OF THE SOUTHERN
STATES—ROUND FACES, FLAT NOSES."

both sides. It could furnish plenty of room for all the ships in the world, but it is shoal. The lead has given us three and one-half fathoms several times, and we are drawing that, lacking six inches.

A bald headland—precipitous wall 150 feet high—very strong red color, stretching a mile or so. A man said it was Portuguese blood—battle fought here with the natives last year. I think this doubtful. Pretty cluster of houses on the tableland above the red—and rolling stretches of grass and groups of trees, like England.

The Portuguese have the railroad (one passenger train a day) to the border, seventy miles—then the Netherlands Company have it. Thousands of tons of freight on the shore—no cover. This is



Portuguese all over—indolence, piousness, poverty, impotence.

Crews of small boats and tugs all jet black, woolly heads, and very muscular.

Winter.—The South African winter is just beginning now, but nobody but an expert can tell it from summer. However, I am tired of summer; we have had it unbroken for eleven months. We spent the afternoon on shore, Delagoa Bay. A

eter of a teacup. It required nice balancing—and got it.

No bright colors; yet there were a good many Hindoos.

The Second Class Passenger came over as usual at "lights out" (eleven), and we lounged along the spacious vague solitudes of the deck and smoked the peaceful pipe and talked. He told me an incident in Mr. Barnum's life which was evidently



"IT'S A FIRST-RATE IDEA. I'LL BUY THE MONUMENT."

small town—no sights. No carriages. Three rickshaws, but we couldn't get them—apparently private. These Portuguese are a rich brown, like some of the Indians. Some of the blacks have the long horse-heads and very long chins of the negroes of the picture books; but most of them are exactly like the negroes of our Southern States—round faces, flat noses, good-natured, and easy laughers.

Flocks of black women passed along, carrying outrageously heavy bags of freight on their heads—the quiver of their leg as the foot was planted and the strain exhibited by their bodies showed what a tax upon their strength the load was. They were stevedores, and doing full stevedore's work. They were very erect when unladen—from carrying weights on their heads—just like the Indian women. It gives them a proud, fine carriage.

Sometimes one saw a woman carrying on her head a laden and topheavy basket the shape of an inverted pyramid—its top the size of a soup-plate, its base the diam-

characteristic of that great showman in several ways. This was Barnum's purchase of Shakespeare's birthplace, a quarter of a century ago.

The Second Class Passenger was in Jamrach's employ at the time, and knew Barnum well. He said the thing began in this way. One morning Barnum and Jamrach were in Jamrach's little private snugery back of the wilderness of caged monkeys and snakes and other common-places of Jamrach's stock in trade, refreshing themselves after an arduous stroke of business, Jamrach with something orthodox, Barnum with something heterodox—for Barnum was a teetotaler. The stroke of business was in the elephant line. Jamrach had contracted to deliver to Barnum in New York eighteen elephants for \$360,000, in time for the next season's opening. Then it occurred to Mr. Barnum that he needed a "card." He suggested Jumbo. Jamrach said he would have to think of something else—Jumbo couldn't be had; the Zoo wouldn't part

with that elephant. Barnum said he was willing to pay a fortune for Jumbo if he could get him. Jamrach said it was no use to think about it; that Jumbo was as popular as the Prince of Wales, and the Zoo wouldn't dare to sell him; all England would be outraged at the idea; Jumbo was an English institution; he was part of the national glory; one might as well think of buying the Nelson monument. Barnum spoke up with vivacity and said:

"It's a first-rate idea. *I'll buy the monument.*"

Jamrach was speechless for a second. Then he said, like one ashamed:

"You caught me. I was napping. For a moment I thought you were in earnest."

Barnum said pleasantly:

"*I was* in earnest. I know they won't sell it, but no matter. I will not throw away a good idea for all that. All I want is a big advertisement. I will keep the thing in mind, and if nothing better turns up I will offer to buy it. That will answer every purpose. It will furnish me a couple of columns of gratis advertising in every English and American paper for a couple of months, and give my show the biggest boom a show ever had in this world."

Jamrach started to deliver a burst of admiration, but was interrupted by Barnum, who said:

"Here is a state of things! England ought to blush."

His eye had fallen upon something in the newspaper. He read it through to himself; then read it aloud. It said that the house that Shakespeare was born in at Stratford-on-Avon was falling gradually to ruin through neglect; that the room where the poet first saw the light was now serving as a butcher's shop; that all appeals to England to contribute money (the requisite sum stated) to buy and repair the house and place it in the care of salaried and trustworthy keepers had fallen resultless. Then Barnum said:

"There's my chance. Let Jumbo and the monument alone for the present—they'll keep. I'll buy Shakespeare's house. I'll set it up in my museum in New York, and put a glass case around it and make a sacred thing of it; and you'll see all America flock there to worship; yes, and pilgrims from the whole earth; and I'll make them take their hats off, too. In America we know how to value anything that Shakespeare's touch has made holy. You'll see!"

In conclusion the S. C. P. said:

"That is the way the thing came about. Barnum did buy Shakespeare's house. He paid the price asked, and received the properly attested documents of sale. Then there was an explosion, I can tell you. England rose! What, the birthplace of the master genius of all the ages and all the climes—that priceless possession of Britain—to be carted out of the country like so much old lumber and set up for sixpenny desecration in a Yankee show-shop! The idea was not to be tolerated for a moment. England rose in her indignation, and Barnum was glad to relinquish his prize and offer apologies. However, he stood out for a compromise; he claimed a concession—England must let him have Jumbo. And England consented, but not cheerfully."

It shows how, by help of time, a story can grow—even after Barnum has had the first innings in the telling of it. Mr. Barnum told me the story himself, years ago. He said that the permission to buy Jumbo was not a concession; the purchase was made and the animal delivered before the public knew anything about it; also, that the securing of Jumbo was all the advertisement he needed. It produced many columns of newspaper talk free of cost, and he was satisfied. He said that if he had failed to get Jumbo he would have caused his notion of buying the Nelson monument to be treacherously smuggled into print by some trusty friend, and after he had gotten a few hundred pages of gratuitous advertising out of it, he would have come out with a blundering, obtuse, but warm-hearted letter of apology, and in a postscript to it would have naively proposed to let the monument go and take Stonehenge in place of it at the same price.

It was his opinion that such a letter, written with well-simulated asinine innocence and gush, would have gotten his ignorance and stupidity an amount of newspaper abuse worth six fortunes to him and not purchasable for twice the money.

I knew Mr. Barnum well, and I placed every confidence in the account which he gave me of the Shakespeare birthplace episode. He said he found the house neglected and going to decay, and he inquired into the matter, and was told that many times earnest efforts had been made to raise money for its proper repair and preservation, but without success. He then proposed to buy it. The proposition was entertained, and a price named—\$50,000, I think; but whatever it was, Barnum paid

the money down, without remark, and the papers were drawn up and executed. He said that it had been his purpose to set up the house in his museum, keep it in repair, protect it from name-scribblers and other decorators, and leave it by bequest to the safe and perpetual guardianship of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. But as soon as it was found that Shakespeare's house had passed into foreign hands and was going to be carried across the ocean, England was stirred as no appeal from the custodians of the relic had ever stirred her before, and protests came flowing in—and money, too,—to stop the outrage. Offers of re-purchase were made—offers of double the money that

Mr. Barnum had paid for the house. He handed the house back, and took only the sum which it had cost him—but on the condition that an endowment sufficient for the future safeguarding and maintenance of the sacred relic should be raised. This condition was fulfilled.

That was Barnum's account of the episode; and to the end of his days he claimed with pride and satisfaction that not England, but America—represented by him—saved the birthplace of Shakespeare from destruction.

At three P.M., May 6th, the ship slowed down, off the land, and thoughtfully and cautiously picked her way into the snug harbor of Durban, South Africa.*

THE GOVERNMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY GENERAL A. W. GREELY.

IN its progress the American civil war was marked by the application to its use and benefit of many phases of industrial evolution that had hitherto been unemployed in the art of war. One of the most interesting for the future historian was the utilization of photography. Fortunately for historical students there has been concentrated, arranged, and catalogued, in the War Department Library, more than eight thousand photographs relating to the civil war, which are the property of the United States. Of these more than six thousand are represented by negatives. Inasmuch as *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* has been the first to thoroughly examine these photographs for historical purposes, under permission of Secretary of War Russell A. Alger, and will present many of them to its readers in connection with the reminiscences of the former Assistant Secretary of War, Charles A. Dana, one of the ablest and most active officials of the war period, it may be of interest to its readers to know the story of the aggregation of these photographs and of the vicissitudes which nearly caused their total loss to the world.

These negatives and photographs were brought together in the War Department

Library in 1894, under an order of Secretary of War Lamont, reorganizing certain divisions of the War Department, which directed that collections of photographs of any bureau of the War Department, not used in the administrative work thereof, should be transferred to the War Department Library. As a result there are now in the files of the War Department Library 8,115 photographs, ranging in size from three by four inches to seventeen by twenty inches.

While fewest in number, yet, from their official character, the most important photographs are those contributed by the Corps of Engineers and the Quartermaster's Department. The Quartermaster's photographs, over a thousand in number, illustrate not only the multifarious operations and activities of this great department, but also of other army bureaus. We find represented bakeries, hospitals, stables, warehouses, barracks, conscript camps, prisoners' quarters, signal towers, convalescent camps, draft rendezvous, gunboats, refugee camps and quarters, contraband quarters, hospitals, and camps, rolling-mills, shipyards, waterworks—in short, nearly every phase of the operations in the rear of or accessory to a great

* EDITOR'S NOTE.—These chapters (copyright, 1897, by Olivia L. Clemens) are from a forthcoming book by Mark Twain, entitled "Following the Equator," and are published here by special arrangement with the American Publishing Co., of Hartford, Conn. They constitute the only account of any part of Mark Twain's recent journey around the world that will appear in periodical form, and all rights are expressly reserved. The book will be sold only by subscription, and its sale in New York and the vicinity is under the exclusive control of the Doubleday and McClure Company.

army. There is an extended series of views of gunboats and transports, and a very valuable one showing the operation, construction, and repair of military railways as conducted by the Railway Division of the Quartermaster's Department. These photographs exhibit experimental bridges, the manner of straightening bent rails, of various expedients for crossing streams, of barges carrying freight cars, with appliances for loading and unloading, from which originated the great transfer railway ferryboats, which are still peculiar to America only. The Adjutant-General's photographs consist of nearly seven hundred portraits of distinguished officers who served in the war. Very few of these photographs have ever been reproduced, the collection not being accessible until now. Among views obtained from private sources the most important collection is that belonging to Captain W. C. Margedant, about fifty views of Chattanooga and its surroundings in 1863-64.

Far the greater number, and those possessing the greatest popular interest, are contained in the views and negatives known as the Brady war photographs. The Brady collection covers the operations of the war in the District of Columbia, Georgia, Maryland, New York, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia. It also comprises photographs of Presidents Lincoln and Johnson, and their cabinets, senators and members of the House of Representatives, judges, many distinguished citizens, and a large number of military and naval officers. Secretary of War William W. Belknap purchased for the War Department in July, 1874, a large number of photographic negatives of war views and portraits of prominent men. The government secured a perfect title to the entire collection in April, 1875, at an aggregate expense of nearly \$28,000.

For nearly twenty years subsequent to the passing of these negatives into the possession of the United States, the story of the Brady war photographs is practically one of neglect or misfortune. Intrusted to the care of subordinate officials, who were either indifferent to or ignorant of the value and interest of the collection, it suffered to an extraordinary degree from the lack of proper care in handling. Passing from one official to another, it was nearly ten years before any attempt was made to make a list of the six thousand negatives. Meanwhile, for various official and historical purposes, free and

unguarded access was allowed to the negatives, which naturally suffered from inexperienced and careless handling. Many negatives were broken, some defaced by handling, some destroyed by neglect and exposure, while others were lost.

When in 1894 Secretary Lamont ordered that the civil war photographs be grouped and catalogued, the labor of identification, cleaning, repairing, and putting beyond the possibility of further damage of this Brady collection seemed at first a hopeless task; but fortunately, after a period of three years, this has been in a measure done, except three hundred unidentified negatives. The perfected work is now, through a published catalogue of the War Department, in such shape as to be available to historical students, and the original negatives of the various collections, in dust-proof envelopes, have been so arranged, classified, and stored that any one of them is immediately accessible.

Future generations, in dwelling on the civil war, must necessarily revert to these war photographs for information and impressions; and, as man is always of greater interest than his environment, the portraits of the prominent actors in this stupendous war must be ever of the greatest value. The wealth of the collection in this direction may be appreciated by the names of a few of the Federal and Confederate commanders, now dead, whose deeds and services have won renown.

Among these are Anderson, Bartlett, Beauregard, Birney, Boggs, Buell, Buford, Burnside, Casey, Corcoran, Combs, Custer, Dahlgren, Davis, Dix, Dupont, Emory, Farragut, Foote, Foster, Frémont, Garfield, Grant, Gregg, Griffin, Hancock, Hazen, Heintzelmann, Hooker, Hunt, "Stonewall" Jackson, Johnston, Kearney, Lee, Logan, McClellan, McPherson, Meade, Morris, Ord, Paulding, the Porters, Rodgers, Rowan, Schenck, Scott, Sedgwick, Sheridan, Sherman, Slocum, Terry, Thomas, and Warren.

In short, there are but few Federal officers of rank and distinction whose lineaments are not preserved in this collection, which in another generation will be considered one of the inestimable treasures of the American nation. The genius of the artist may well be looked to for the delineation of the heroic figures of the American civil war. But it is safe to say that, however beautiful may be these works of art, they can never touch the heart or awaken the imagination as do certain photographs of this collection.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY CHARLES A. DANA,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF
CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

I.

FROM THE "TRIBUNE" TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT.



HAD been associated with Horace Greeley on the New York "Tribune" for about fifteen years when, one morning early in April, 1862, Mr. Sinclair, the advertising manager of the paper, came to me saying that Mr. Greeley would be glad to have me resign. I asked one of my associates to find from Mr. Greeley if it was really his wish. In a few hours he came to me saying that I had better go. I stayed the day out, in order to make up the paper and give them an opportunity to find a successor, but I never went into the office after that. I think I owned a fifth of the paper—twenty shares—at that time; this stock my colleagues bought.

Mr. Greeley never gave a reason for dismissing me, nor did I ever ask for one. I know, though, that the real explanation was that while he was for peace I was for war, and that as long as I staid on the "Tribune" there was a spirit there which was not his spirit—that he did not like.

My retirement from the "Tribune" was talked of in the newspapers for a day or two,* and brought me a letter from the

Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, saying he would like to employ me in the War Department. I had already met Mr. Lincoln, and had carried on a brief correspondence with Mr. Stanton. My meeting with Mr. Lincoln was shortly after his inauguration. He had appointed Mr. Seward to be his Secretary of State, and some of the Republican leaders of New York who had been instrumental in preventing Mr. Seward's nomination to the Presidency and in securing that of Mr. Lincoln, had begun to fear that they would be left out in the cold in the distribution of the offices. General James S. Wadsworth, George Opdyke, Lucius Robinson, T. B. Carroll, and Henry B. Stanton were among the number of these gentlemen. Their apprehensions were somewhat mitigated by the fact that Mr. Chase, to whom we were all friendly, was Secretary of the Treasury. But, notwithstanding, they were afraid that the superior tact and pertinacity of Mr. Seward and of Mr. Thurlow Weed, Seward's close friend and the political manager of the Republican party, would get the upper hand, and that the power of the Federal administration would

*AN EDITORIAL CHANGE.

It seems to be generally understood, and we believe it is true, that Charles A. Dana, Esq., who has been for the last fifteen years managing editor of the "Tribune," has withdrawn from that position, and dissolved his connection with that journal.

The reasons of this step are not known to us, nor are they proper subjects of public comment.

We presume, however, that Mr. Dana intends to withdraw from journalism altogether and devote himself to the more congenial pursuits of literature. He is one of the ablest and most accomplished gentlemen connected with the newspaper press. The ranks of the profession are not sufficiently crowded with such members to render his departure from it a matter of indifference.

The "Albion" makes the following just and merited notice of this incident:

"The daily press of this city has sustained—for a time at

least—a serious loss in the discontinuance of Mr. Charles A. Dana's editorial connection with the 'Tribune.' Differing as we almost invariably have done with the policy and the tenets of that paper, and having been drawn at intervals into controversy with it, we should nevertheless omit both a pleasure and a duty if we failed to put on record our grateful sense of many professional courtesies experienced at Mr. Dana's hands.

"Remembering also that during the palmy days of the New York Press Club, no member of that association was more personally popular than this our genial and scholarly friend, we do but unite, we are sure, with all our brethren in hoping that he will not long absent himself from the ranks. Should he, however, hold aloof from a difficult and thankless office, his taste and abilities are certain to bring him most honorably before the public in some other department of letters. Such as he cannot hide their light under a bushel."—"The Times," New York, April 6, 1862.



HORACE GREELEY IN 1862. AGE 51 YEARS.

Editor of the New York "Tribune" from 1841 to 1872.

be put into the control of the rival faction; accordingly, several of them determined to go to Washington, and I was asked to go with them.

I believe the appointment for our interview with the President was made through Mr. Chase; but, at any rate, we all went up to the White House together, except Mr. Henry B. Stanton, who stayed away because he was himself an applicant for office.

Mr. Lincoln received us in the large room upstairs in the east wing of the White House, where he had his working office, and stood up while General Wadsworth, who was our principal spokesman, and Mr. Opdyke stated what was desired. After the interview was begun, a big Indian, who was a messenger in attendance in the White House, came into the room and said to the President,

"She wants you."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Lincoln, without stirring.

Soon afterward the messenger returned again, exclaiming,

"I say she wants you!"

The President was evidently annoyed, but, instead of going out after the messenger, he remarked to us:

"One side shall not gobble up everything. Make out a list of places and men you want, and I will endeavor to apply the rule of give and take."

General Wadsworth answered:

"Our party will not be able to remain in Washington, but we will leave such a list with Mr. Carroll, and whatever he agrees to will be agreeable to us."

Mr. Lincoln continued: "Let Mr. Carroll come in to-morrow, and we will see what can be done."

This is the substance of the interview, and what most impressed me was the evident fairness of the President. We all felt that he meant to do what was right and square in the matter. While he was not the man to promote factious quarrels and difficulties within his party, he did not intend to leave in the lurch the special friends through whose exertions his nomination and election had finally been brought about. At the same time he understood perfectly that we of New York and our associates in the Republican body had not gone to Chicago for the purpose of nominating him, or of nominating any one in particular, but only to beat Mr. Seward, and thereupon to do the best that could be done regarding the selection of the candidate.

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH STANTON.

My acquaintance with Mr. Stanton had come about through an editorial which I had written for the "*Tribune*"* on his entrance to the War Department, and which I had sent to him with a letter calling his attention to certain facts with which, it seemed to me, the War Department ought to deal. In reply I received the following letter:

WASHINGTON, *January 24, '62.*

My dear Sir:—Yours of the 22d only reached me this evening. The facts you mention were new to me, but there is too much reason to fear they are true. But that matter will, I think, be corrected *very speedily*.

You cannot tell how much obligation I feel myself under for your kindness. Every man who wishes

* "The New Head of the War Department," *New York Tribune*, January 21, 1862. Mr. Stanton became Secretary of War the middle of January, 1862.

the country to pass through this trying hour should stand on watch, and aid me. Bad passions, and little passions, and mean passions gather around and hem in the great movements that should deliver this nation.

Two days ago I wrote you a long letter—a three pager—expressing my thanks for your admirable article of the 21st, stating my position and purposes; and in that letter I mentioned some of the circumstances of my unexpected appointment. But interrupted before it was completed, I will not inflict, or afflict, you with it.

I know the task that is before us—I say *us* because the "*Tribune*" has its mission as plainly as I have mine, and they tend to the same end. But I am not in the smallest degree dismayed or disheartened. By God's blessing, we shall prevail. I feel a deep, *earnest* feeling growing up around me. We have no jokes or trivialities; but all with whom I act show that they are now in dead earnest.

I know you will rejoice to know this.

As soon as I can get the machinery of the office working, the rats cleared out, and the rat-holes stopped, we shall *move*. This army has got to fight or run away; and while men are striving nobly in the West, the champagne and oysters on the Potomac must be stopped. But patience for a short while only is all I ask, if you and others like you will rally around me.

Yours truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON.

C. A. DANA, ESQ.

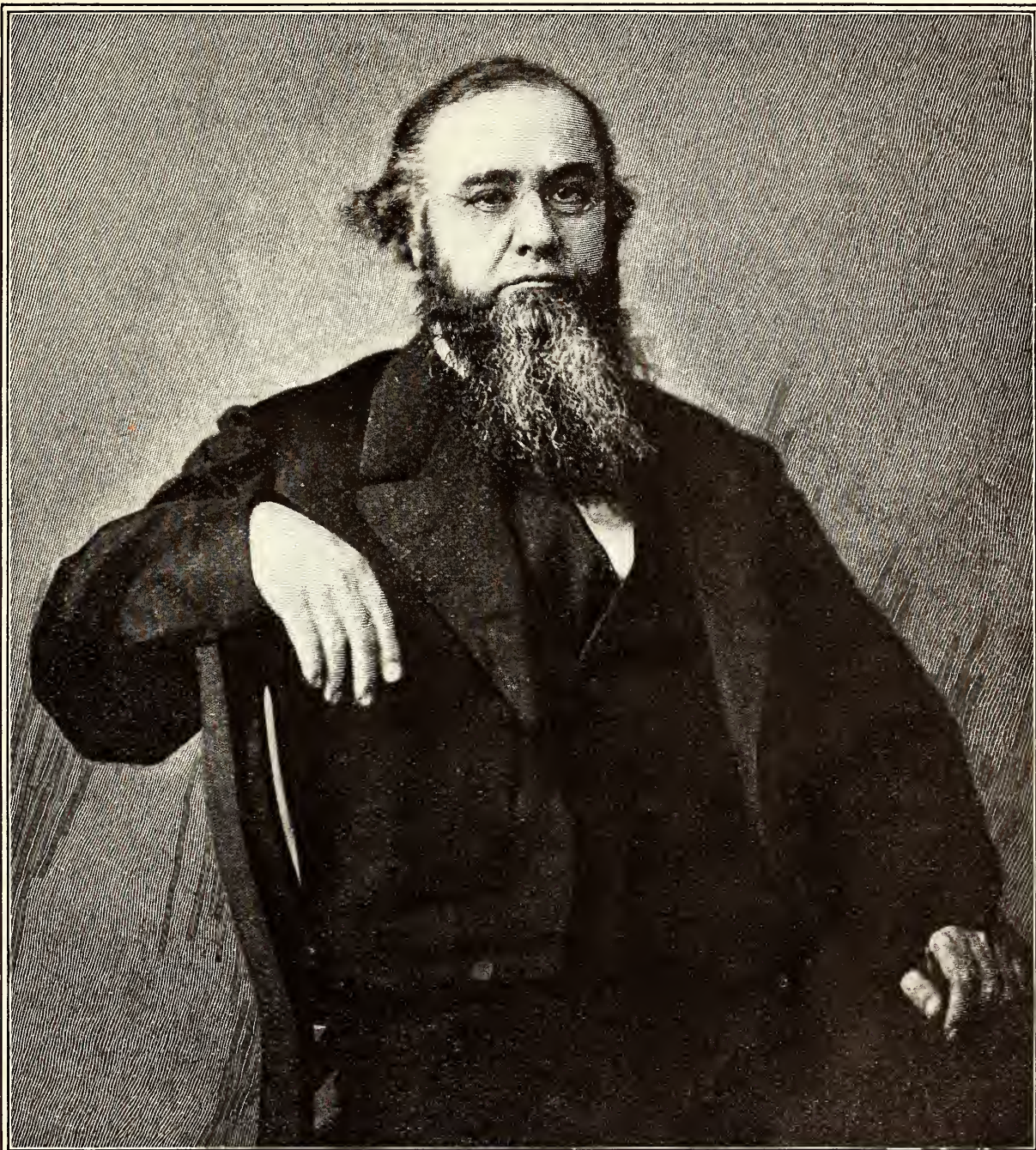
A few days after this I wrote Mr. Stanton a second letter, in which I asked him to give General Frémont a chance. At the breaking out of the war Frémont had been made a major-general in the regular army and the command of the Western department had been given him. His campaign in Missouri in the summer of 1861 gave great dissatisfaction, and in November, 1861, he was relieved, after an investigation by the Secretary of War. Since that time he had been without a command. I believed, as did many others, that political intrigue was keeping Frémont back, and I was anxious that he should have fair play, in order that the great mass of people who had supported him for the Presidency in 1856, and who still were his warm friends, might not be dissatisfied. To my letter Mr. Stanton replied:

WASHINGTON, *February 1, '62.*

Dear Sir:—If General Frémont has any fight in him he shall (so far as I am concerned) have a chance to show it, and I have told *him* so. The times require the help of every man according to his gifts; and having neither partialities nor grudges to indulge, it will be my aim to practice on the maxim "the tools to him that can handle them."*

There will be serious trouble between Hunter and Lane. What Lane's expedition has in view, how it came to be set on foot, and what is expected to be accomplished by it, I do not know and have tried in vain to find out. It seems to be a haphazard affair that no one will admit himself to be responsible for. But believing that Lane has pluck and is an earnest

* A few weeks later, viz., March 11th, General Frémont was assigned to the command of the "Mountain Department," composed of parts of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee.



EDWIN M. STANTON.

Secretary of War from January, 1862, to May, 1868.

man, he *shall have fair play*. If you know anything about him or his expedition pray tell it to me.

To bring the War Department up to the standard of the times, and work an army of five hundred thousand with machinery adapted to a peace establishment of twelve thousand, is no easy task. This was Mr. Cameron's great trouble, and the cause of much of the complaints against him. All I ask is reasonable time and patience. The pressure of members of Congress for clerk and army appointments, notwithstanding the most stringent rules, and the persistent strain against all measures essential to obtain time for thought, combination, and conference, is discouraging in the extreme—it often tempts me to quit the helm in despair. The only consolation is the confidence and support of good and patriotic men—to their aid I look for strength.

Yours truly, EDWIN M. STANTON.
C. A. DANA, ESQ., "Tribune" Office.

Very soon after Mr. Stanton went into office military affairs were energized, and a forward movement of the armies was apparent. It was followed by several victories, notably those of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. On different occasions the "Tribune" credited to the head of the War Department this new spirit which seemed to inspire officers and men. Mr. Stanton, fearful of the effect of this praise, sent to the paper the following despatch:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE."

Sir:—I cannot suffer undue merit to be ascribed to my official action. The glory of our recent vic-

ories belongs to the gallant officers and soldiers that fought the battles. No share of it belongs to me.

Much has recently been said of military combinations and organizing victory. I hear such phrases with apprehension. They commenced in infidel France with the Italian campaign, and resulted in Waterloo. Who can organize victory? Who can combine the elements of success on the battlefield? We owe our recent victories to the Spirit of the Lord that moved our soldiers to rush into battle and filled the hearts of our enemies with dismay. The inspiration that conquered in battle was in the hearts of the soldiers and from on high; and wherever there is the same inspiration there will be the same results. Patriotic spirit, with resolute courage in officers and men, is a military combination that never failed.

We may well rejoice at the recent victories, for they teach us that battles are to be won now and by us in the same and only manner that they were ever won by any people, or in any age, since the days of Joshua, by boldly pursuing and striking the foe. What, under the blessing of Providence, I conceive to be the true organization of victory and military combination to end this war, was declared in a few words by General Grant's message to General Buckner—"I propose to move immediately on your works."

Yours truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON.

On receiving this I at once wired to our representative in Washington to know if Mr. Stanton meant to "repudiate" the "Tribune." I received my answer from Mr. Stanton himself.

WASHINGTON, February 19, '62.

Dear Sir:—It occurred to me that your kind notice of myself might be perverted into a disparagement of the Western officers and soldiers to whom the merit of the recent victories justly belongs, and that it might create an antagonism between them and the head of the War Department. To avoid *that* misconstruction was the object of my despatch—leaving the matter to be determined as to publication to the better judgment of the "Tribune," my own mind not being clear on the point of its expediency. Mr. Hill* called to see me this evening, and from the tenor of your despatch it seemed to me that your judgment did not approve the publication or you would not speak of me as "repudiating" anything the "Tribune" says. On reflection *I am convinced the communication should not be published*, as it might imply an antagonism between myself and the "Tribune." On this, as on any future occasion, I defer to your judgment. We have one heart and mind in this great cause, and upon many essential points you have a wider range of observation and clearer sight than myself; I am therefore willing to be guided by your wisdom.

Yours truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON.

C. A. DANA, ESQ.

On receiving this letter we of course published his telegram at once.†

When Mr. Stanton went into the War Department there was great dissatisfaction in the "Tribune" office with Mc-

Clellan. He had been placed in command of the Army of the Potomac in the preceding August, and since November 1st had been in command of all the armies of the United States; but while he had proved himself an excellent drill-master, he had, at the same time, proved that he was no general at all. His friends were loyal, however, and whatever success our armies met with was attributed to his generalship.

When the capture of Fort Donelson was announced McClellan's friends claimed that he had directed it by telegraph from his headquarters on the Potomac. Now, the terminus of the telegraph toward Fort Donelson was many miles off from the battlefield. Besides, the absurdity of a general directing the movements of a battle a thousand miles off, even if he had fifty telegraph wires, leading to every part of the field, was apparent. Nevertheless, McClellan's supporters kept up their claim. On February 20th, the Associated Press agent at Washington, in reporting a meeting of a railroad convention at which Mr. Stanton had spoken, said:

"Secretary Stanton, in the course of his address, paid a high compliment to the young and gallant friend at his side, Major-General McClellan, in whom he had the utmost confidence, and the results of whose military schemes, gigantic and well-matured, were now exhibited to a rejoicing country. The secretary, with upraised hands, implored Almighty God to aid them and himself, and all occupying positions under the government, in crushing out this unholy rebellion."

I did not believe Stanton had done any such thing, so I sent the paragraph to him. The secretary replied:

[Private.]

WASHINGTON, February 23, '62.

Dear Sir:—The paragraph to which you called my attention was a ridiculous and impudently impertinent effort to puff the general by a false publication of words I never uttered. Sam Barlow, one of the secretaries of the meeting, was its author, as I have been informed. It is too small a matter for *me* to contradict, but I told Mr. Kimlen, the other secretary, that I thought the gentlemen who invited me to be present at their meeting owed it to themselves to see that one of their own officers should not misrepresent what I said. It was for them, and due to their own honor, to see that an officer of the government might communicate with them in safety. And if it was not done, I should take care to afford no other opportunity for such practices.

The fact is that the agents of the Associated Press and a gang around the Federal Capitol appear to be organized for the purpose of magnifying their idol.

And if such men as those who composed the railroad convention in this city do not rebuke such a

* Adams S. Hill, now professor of English literature in Harvard University. Then he was a correspondent of the "Tribune" in Washington.

† New York "Tribune," February 20, 1862, editorial page.

practice as that perpetrated in this instance, they cannot be conferred with in future.

You will, of course, see the propriety of my not noticing the matter, and thereby giving it importance beyond the contempt it inspires. I think you are well enough acquainted with me to judge in future the value of any such statement.

I notice the "Herald" telegraphic reporter announces that I had a second attack of illness on Friday and could not attend the department. I was in the department, or in cabinet, from 9 A.M. until 9 at night, and never enjoyed more perfect health than on that day and at present.

For *your* kind solicitude accept my thanks. I shall not needlessly impair my means of usefulness.

Yours truly,
EDWIN M.
STANTON.

C. A. DANA, ESQ.

P.S.—Was it not a funny sight to see a certain military hero in the telegraph office at Washington last Sunday organizing victory, and by sublime military combinations capturing Fort Donelson *six hours after* Grant and Smith had taken it sword in hand and had victorious possession! It would be a picture worthy of "Punch."

FIRST CONNECTION WITH THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

Thus when the newspapers announced my unexpected retirement from the "Tribune," I was not unknown to either the President or the Secretary of War.

To Mr. Stanton's letter asking me to go into the service of the War Department, I replied that I would take anything he wanted me to, and in May he wrote me that I was to be appointed on a commission to audit unsettled claims against the quartermaster's department at Cairo, Illinois. I was directed to be in Cairo on June 17th. My formal appointment, which I did not receive until after I reached Cairo, read:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,
June 16, 1862.

Sir:—By direction of the President, a commission has been appointed, consisting of Messrs. George S. Boutwell, Stephen T. Logan, and yourself, to examine and report upon all unsettled claims against the War Department, at Cairo, Illinois, that may have originated prior to the first day of April, 1862.

Messrs. Boutwell and Logan have been requested to meet with you at Cairo on the eighteenth day of

June instant, in order that the commission may be organized on that day and enter immediately upon the discharge of its duties.

You will be allowed a compensation of eight dollars per day and mileage.

Mr. Thomas Means, who has been appointed solicitor for the government, has been directed to meet you at Cairo on the 18th instant, and will act under the direction of the commission in the investigation of such claims as may be presented.

EDWIN M.
STANTON,
Secretary of War.

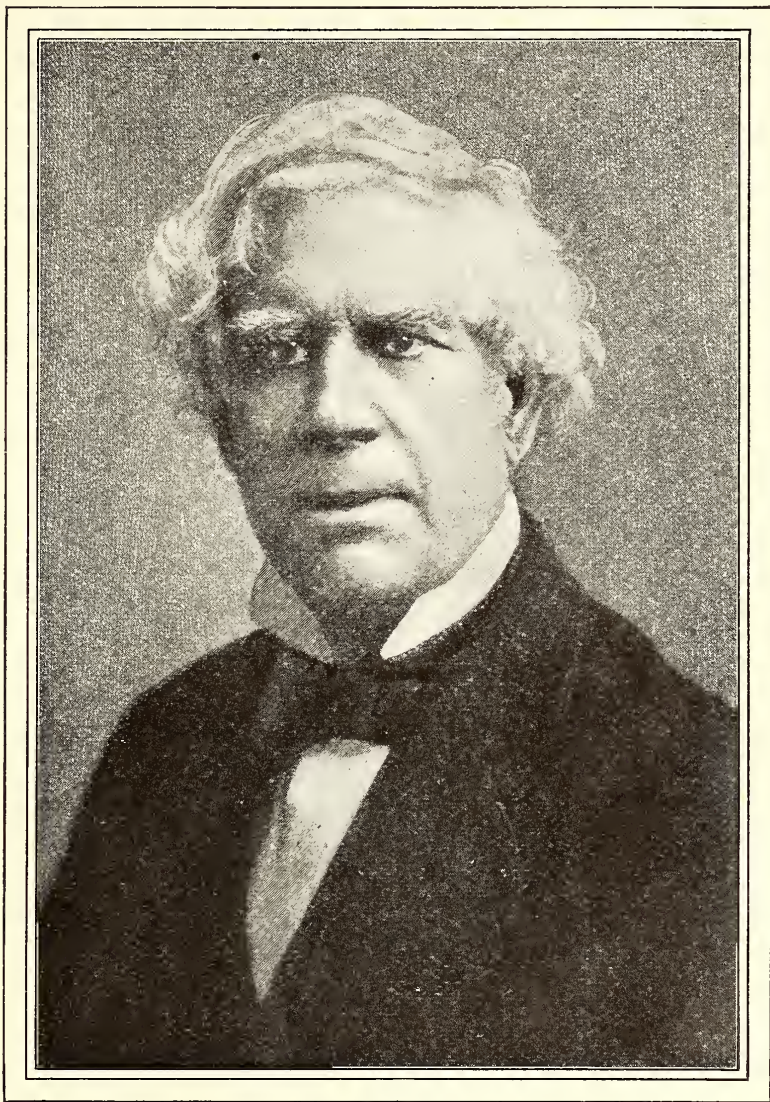
HON. CHARLES A.
DANA of New
York,

Cairo, Illinois.

On reaching Cairo on the appointed day, I found my associates, Judge Logan of Springfield, Illinois, one of Mr. Lincoln's

friends, and Mr. Boutwell of Massachusetts—afterward governor of that State, Secretary of the Treasury, and a senator—both present. We organized on the 18th, as directed. Two days after we met, Judge Logan was compelled by illness to resign from the commission, and Shelby M. Cullom, now United States Senator from Illinois, was appointed in his place.

The main Union armies had by now advanced far to the front, but Cairo was still an important military depot—almost an outpost—in command of General William K. Strong, whom I had known well in New



THURLOW WEED.

When Mr. Dana entered the War Department Mr. Weed was in Europe, trying to prevail on foreign governments to refrain from recognizing the Confederacy.

York as a Republican politician. There was a large number of troops stationed in the town, and from there the armies on the Mississippi, in Missouri, and Kentucky got all their supplies and munitions of war. The quartermaster's department there had been organized hastily, and the demands upon it had increased rapidly. Much of the business had been done by green volunteer officers who did not understand the technical duties of making out military requisitions and returns; the result was that the accounts were in great confusion, and hysterical newspapers were charging the department with fraud and corruption. The matter could not be settled by any ordinary means, and the commission went there as a kind of supreme authority, accepting or rejecting claims, and paying them as we thought fit, after examining the evidence.

Sixteen hundred and ninety-six claims, amounting to \$599,219.36, were examined by us. Of those approved and certified for payment the amount was \$451,105.80.

Of the claims rejected a considerable portion were for losses suffered in the active operations of the army, either through departure from discipline on the part of soldiers, or from requisitions made by officers who failed to give receipts and certificates to the parties, who were thus unable to support their claims by sufficient evidence. Many claims of this description were also presented by persons whose loyalty to the government was impeached by credible witnesses. In rejecting these the commission set forth the disloyalty of the claimants, in the certificates written on the face of their accounts. Other accounts, whose rightfulness was established, were rejected on proof of disloyalty. The commission regarded complicity in the rebellion as barring all claims against the United States.

A very small percentage of the claims were rejected because of fraud. In almost every case it was possible to suppose that the apparent fraud was accident. My observation throughout the war was the same. I do not believe that so much business could be transacted with a closer adherence to the line of honesty. That there were frauds is a matter of course, because men, and even some women, are wicked, but they were the exception.

FIRST MEETING WITH GRANT.

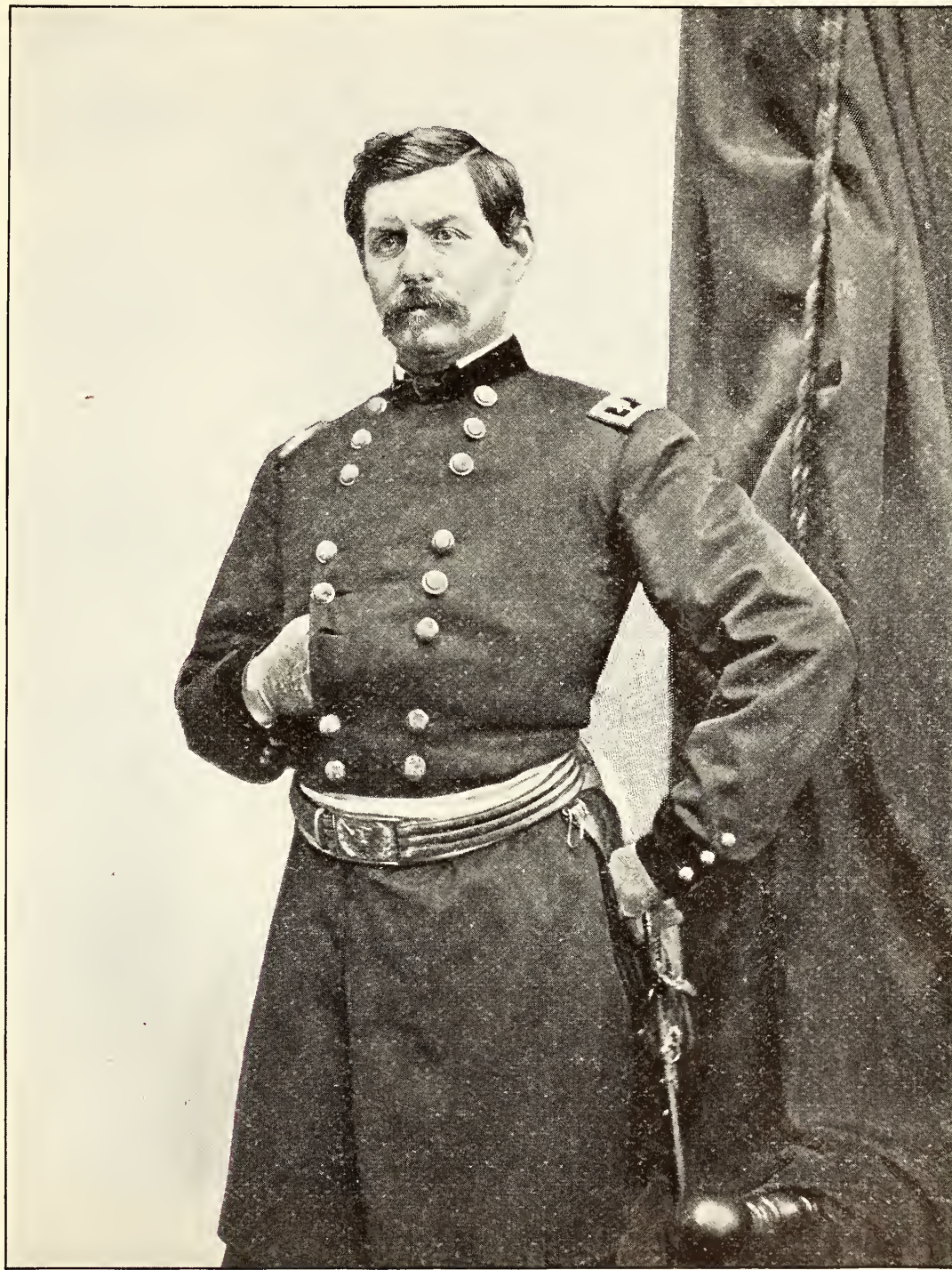
All the leisure that I had at Cairo I spent in horseback riding up and down the river

banks and in visiting the adjacent military posts. My longest and most interesting trip was on the Fourth of July, when I went down the Mississippi to attend a big celebration at Memphis. I remember it particularly because it was there that I first met General Grant. The officers stationed in the city gave a dinner that day to which I was invited. At the table I was seated between Grant and Major John A. Rawlins of his staff. I remember distinctly the pleasant impression Grant made—that of a man of simple manners, straightforward, cordial, and unpretending. He had already fought the successful battles of Fort Donelson and Shiloh, and when I met him, was a major-general in command of the district of West Tennessee, Department of the Missouri, under Halleck, with headquarters at Memphis. Although one would not have suspected it from his manners, he was really under a cloud at the time because of the operations at Shiloh. Those who did not like him had accused him of having been taken by surprise there, and had declared that he would have been beaten if Buell had not come up. I often talked later with Grant's staff officers about Shiloh, and they always affirmed that he would have been successful if Buell had not come to his relief. I believe Grant himself thought so, although he never, in any one of the many talks I afterwards had with him about the battle, said so directly.

RETURN TO WASHINGTON.

We finished our labors at Cairo on the 31st of July, 1862, and I went at once to Washington with the report, placing it in the hands of Mr. Stanton on August 5th. It was never printed, and the manuscript is still in the files of the War Department.

There was a great deal of curiosity among officers in Washington about the result of our investigation, and all the time that I was in the city I was questioned on the subject. It was natural enough that they should have been interested in our report. The charges of fraud and corruption against officers and contractors had become so reckless and general that the mere sight of a man in conference with a high official led to the suspicion and often the charge that he was conspiring to rob the government. That in this case, where the charges seemed so well based, so small a percentage of corruption had been proved was a source of solid



GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, COMMANDER OF THE ARMIES IN 1862.

satisfaction to everyone in the War Department.

As Mr. Stanton had no immediate need of my services, I returned to New York in August, where I was occupied with various private affairs until the middle of November, when I received a telegram from Assistant Secretary of War P. H. Watson, asking me to come immediately to Washington to enter upon another investigation. I went, and was received by Mr. Stanton, who offered me the place of Assistant Secretary of War. I said I would accept.

"All right," said he, "consider it settled."

As I went out from the War Department into the street I met Major Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly) of the Sixty-ninth New York Infantry. I had known Halpine well as a newspaper man in New York, and I told him of my appointment as Mr. Stanton's assistant. He immediately repeated what I had told him to some newspaper people; it was reported in the New York papers the next morning. The secretary was greatly offended, and

withdrew the appointment. When I told Halpine I had, of course, no idea he was going to repeat it; besides I did not think there was any harm in telling.

Immediately after this episode I formed a partnership with Roscoe Conkling and George W. Chadwick to buy cotton. The outcry which the manufacturers had raised over the inability to get cotton for their industries had induced the government to permit trading through the lines of the army, and the business looked profitable. Conkling and I each put \$10,000 into the firm, and Chadwick gave his services, which, as he was an expert in cotton, was considered equal to our capital. To facilitate our operations, I went to Washington to ask Mr. Stanton for letters of recommendation to the generals on and near the Mississippi, where we proposed to begin our operations. Mr. Stanton and I had several conversations about the advisability of allowing such traffic, but he did not hesitate about giving me the letters I asked. There were several of them—one to General Hurlbut, then at Memphis, another to General Grant, who was planning his operations against Vicksburg, and another to General Curtis, who commanded in Arkansas. The general purport of them was: "Mr. Dana is my friend, you can rely upon what he says, and if you can be kind to him in any way you will oblige me."

It was in January, 1863, that Chadwick and I went to Memphis, where we staid at the Gayoso Hotel, at that time the swell hotel of the town and the headquarters of several officers.

It was not long after I began to study the trade in cotton before I saw it was a bad business and ought to be stopped. I at once wrote Mr. Stanton the following letter which embodied my observations and gave my opinion as to what should be done:

MEMPHIS, *January 21, 1863.*

Dear Sir:—You will remember our conversations on the subject of excluding cotton speculators from the regions occupied by our armies in the South. I now write to urge the matter upon your attention as a measure of military necessity.

The mania for sudden fortunes made in cotton, raging in a vast population of Jews and Yankees scattered throughout this whole country, and in this town almost exceeding the numbers of the regular residents, has to an alarming extent corrupted and demoralized the army. Every colonel, captain, or quartermaster is in secret partnership with some operator in cotton; every soldier dreams of adding a bale of cotton to his monthly pay. I had no conception of the extent of this evil until I came and saw for myself.

Besides, the resources of the rebels are inordinately increased from this source. Plenty of cotton is

brought in from beyond our lines, especially by the agency of Jewish traders, who pay for it ostensibly in treasury notes, but really in gold.

What I would propose is that no private purchaser of cotton shall be allowed in any part of the occupied region.

Let quartermasters buy the article at a fixed price, say twenty or twenty-five cents per pound, and forward it by army transportation to proper centers, say Helena, Memphis, or Cincinnati, to be sold at public auction on government account. Let the sales take place on regular fixed days, so that all parties desirous of buying can be sure when to be present.

But little capital will be required for such an operation. The sales being frequent and for cash will constantly replace the amount employed for the purpose. I should say that two hundred thousand dollars would be sufficient to conduct the movement.

I have no doubt that this two hundred thousand dollars so employed would be more than equal to thirty thousand men added to the national armies.

My pecuniary interest is in the continuance of the present state of things, for while it lasts there are occasional opportunities of profit to be made by a daring operator; but I should be false to my duty did I, on that account, fail to implore you to put an end to an evil so enormous, so insidious, and so full of peril to the country.

My first impulse was to hurry to Washington to represent these things to you in person; but my engagements here with other persons will not allow me to return East so speedily. I beg you, however, to act without delay if possible. An excellent man to put at the head of the business would be General Strong. I make this suggestion without any idea whether the employment would be agreeable to him.

Yours faithfully,

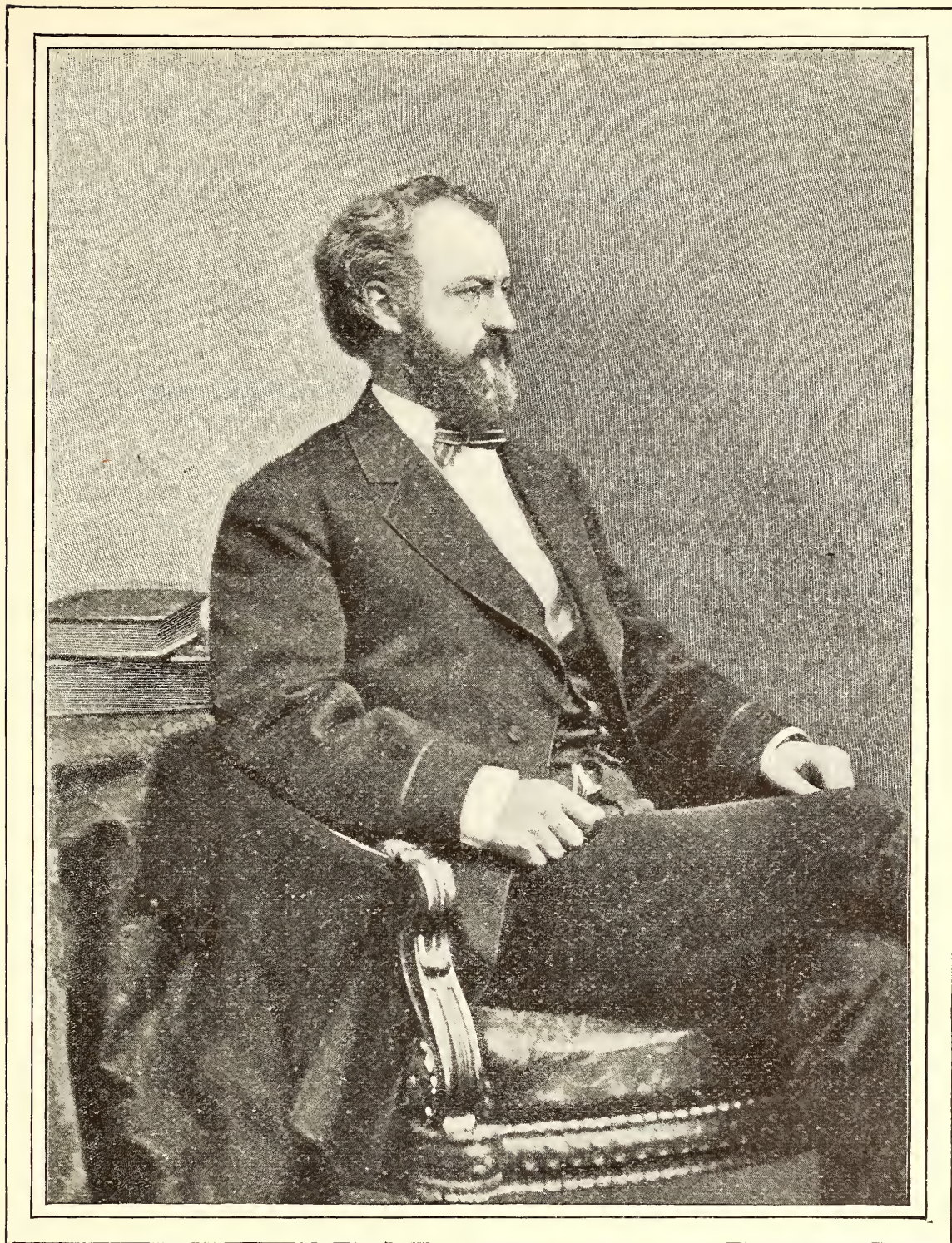
CHARLES A. DANA.

MR. STANTON.

P. S.—Since writing the above I have seen General Grant, who fully agrees with all my statements and suggestions, except that imputing corruption to every officer, which of course I did not intend to be taken literally.

I have also just attended a public sale by the quartermaster here of five hundred bales of cotton, confiscated by General Grant at Oxford and Holly Springs. It belonged to Jacob Thompson and other notorious rebels. This cotton brought to-day over a million and a half of dollars, cash. This sum alone would be five times enough to set on foot the system I recommend, without drawing upon the treasury at all. In fact there can be no question that by adopting this system the quartermaster's department in this valley *would become self-supporting*, while the army would become honest again and the slaveholders would no longer find that the rebellion had quadrupled the price of their great staple, but only doubled it.

As soon as I could get away from Memphis I went to Washington, where I had many conversations with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton about restricting the trade in cotton. They were deeply interested in my observations, and questioned me closely about what I had seen. My opinion that the trade should be stopped had the more weight because I was able to say, "General Grant and every general officer whom I have seen hopes it will be done."



ROSCOE CONKLING.

Mr. Conkling was a Member of Congress from 1858 to 1862. In the latter year he was defeated of reëlection, but was reëlected in 1864.

The result of our conferences was that on March 31, 1863, Mr. Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring all commercial intercourse with the States in insurrection unlawful, except when carried on according to the regulations prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury. These regulations Mr. Chase prepared at once. At the same time that Mr. Lincoln issued his proclamation, Mr. Stanton issued an order forbidding officers and all other members of the army to have anything to do with the trade. In spite of all these regulations, however, and the modifica-

tions of them which experience brought, there was, throughout the war, more or less difficulty over cotton trading.

SPECIAL COMMISSIONER IN GRANT'S ARMY.

From Washington I went back to New York. I had not been there long before Mr. Stanton sent for me to come to Washington. He wanted some one to go to Grant's army, he said, to report daily to him the military proceedings, and to give such information as would enable Mr. Lincoln and him to settle their minds as to

Grant, about whom, at that time, there were many doubts, and against whom there was some complaint.

"Will you go?" Mr. Stanton asked. "Yes," I said. "Very well," he replied. "The ostensible function I shall give you will be that of a special commissioner of the War Department to investigate the pay department in Western armies, but your real duty will be to report to me every day what you see."

On March 12th, Mr. Stanton wrote me the following letter:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY,
March 12,
1863.

Dear Sir:—I enclose you a copy of your order of appointment and the order fixing your compensation, with a letter to Generals Sumner,* Grant, and Rosecrans, and a draft for one thousand dollars. Having explained the purposes of your appointment to you personally, no further instructions will be given unless specially required. Please acknowledge the receipt of this and proceed as early as possible to your duties.

Yours truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON.

C. A. DANA, Esq., New York.

My commission read:

ORDERED, That C. A. Dana, Esq., be and he is hereby appointed special commissioner of the War

* General E. V. Sumner, who had just been relieved at his own request from the Army of the Potomac and appointed to the Department of the Missouri. He was on his way thither when he died on March 21st.

Department to investigate and report upon the condition of the pay service in the Western armies. All paymasters and assistant paymasters will furnish to the said commissioner for the Secretary of War information upon any matters concerning which he makes inquiry of them as fully and completely and promptly as if directly called for by the Secretary of War. Railroad agents, quartermasters, and commis-

sioners will give him transportation and subsistence. All officers and persons in the service will aid him in the performance of his duties and will afford him assistance, courtesy, and protection. The said commissioner will make report to this department as occasion may require.

The letters of introduction and explanation to the generals were identical:

General:—Charles A. Dana, Esq., has been appointed a Special Commissioner of this Department to investigate and report upon the condition of the pay service in the Western armies. You will please aid him in the performance of his duties and communicate to him fully your views and wishes in respect to that branch of the service in your command, and also give to him

such information as you may deem beneficial to the service. He is specially commended to your courtesy and protection.

Yours truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON.

I at once started for Memphis, going by way of Cairo and Columbus.

THE DANA CIPHER.

I sent my first despatch to the War Department from Columbus, on March 20th.

Message or division of *5 Columns*

COMMENCEMENT WORDS.

Army	Astor	Anderson
Anson	Advance	Ambush
Action	Artillery	Agree
COLUMNS	COLUMNS	COLUMNS

ROUTE:—Up the.....column—down the.....—up the.....—

down the.....—up the.....—down the.....—up the.....

Lines

Abuse	1	Idiot
Accordion	2	Idle
Adelaide	3	Indolent
Aetna	4	Infatuate
Affront	5	Impulse
Agility	6	Innocent
Alimony	7	Insulate
Amuse	8	Intricate
Antique	9	Interview
Apron	10	Invisible
Aquatic	11	Jealous
Arrow	12	Joyful
Astute	13	Jungle
Auburn	14	Ankle
Awful	15	Anguish

PAGE FROM KEY TO THE DANA SPECIAL CIPHER.

The key to the Dana Cipher bears Mr. Stanton's own mark, the words "Dana Special" being written in his hand on the first page. A duplicate key was kept at the War Department in Washington. By changing the number of columns and their order of reading, three combinations of cipher were possible from this page alone. As there were eight similar pages the cipher could be varied frequently, though as a matter of fact Mr. Dana's cipher books show that he usually employed the "route" marked on the above page and cited in his text as an illustration.

It was sent by a secret cipher furnished by the War Department, which I used myself, for throughout the war I was my own cipher clerk. The ordinary method at the various headquarters was for the sender to write out the despatch in full, after which it was translated from plain English into the agreed cipher by a telegraph operator or clerk, retained for that exclusive purpose, who understood it, and by another retranslated back again at the other end of the line. So whatever military secret was transmitted was at the mercy always of at least two outside persons, besides running the gauntlet of other prying eyes. Despatches written in complex cipher codes were often difficult to unravel, unless transmitted by the operator with the greatest precision. A wrong word sometimes destroyed the sense of an entire despatch, and important movements were delayed thereby. This explains the oft-repeated "I do not understand your telegram" found in the official correspondence of the war period.

I have, since the war, become familiar with a great many ciphers, but I never found one which was more satisfactory than that I used in my messages to Mr. Stanton. In preparing my message I first wrote it out in lines of a given number of words, spaced regularly so as to form five, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten columns. My key contained various "routes" to be followed in writing out the messages for transmission. Thus a five-column message had one route, a six-column another, and so on. The route was indicated by a "commencement word." If I had put my message into five columns, I would write the word "army," or any one in a list of nine words, at the beginning. The receiver, on looking for that word in his key, would see that he was to write out what he had received in lines of five words, thus forming five columns, and then he was to read it down the fifth column, up the third, down the fourth, up the second, down the first. At the end of each column an "extra" or "check"

word was added as a blind; a list of "blind" words was also printed in the key, with each route, which could be inserted if wished at the end of each line so as still further to deceive curious people who did not have the key. The key contained a large number of cipher words—thus, P. H. Sheridan was "soap" or "Somerset;" President was "Pembroke" or "Penfield;" instead of writing "there has been," I wrote "maroon;" instead of secession, "mint;" instead of Vicksburg, "Cupid." My own cipher was "spunky" or "squad." The months, days, hours, numerals, and alphabet all had ciphers.

The only message sent by this cipher to be translated by an outsider on the route, so far as I know, was that one of 4 P.M., September 20, 1863, in which I reported the Union defeat at Chickamauga. General R. S. Granger, who was then at Nashville, was at the telegraph office waiting for news when my despatch passed through. The operator guessed out the despatch, as he afterward confessed, and it was passed around Nashville. The agent of the Associated Press at Louisville sent out a private printed circular quoting me as an authority for reporting the battle as a total defeat, and in Cincinnati Horace Maynard repeated, the same day of the battle, the entire second sentence of the despatch, "Chickamauga is as fatal a name in our history as Bull Run."

This premature disclosure to the public of what was only the truth, well known at the front, caused a great deal of trouble. I immediately set on foot an investigation to discover who had penetrated our cipher code, and soon arrived at a satisfactory understanding of the matter, of which Mr. Stanton was duly informed. No blame could attach to me, as was manifest upon the inquiry; nevertheless, the sensation resulted in considerable annoyance all along the line from Chattanooga to Washington. I suggested to Mr. Stanton the advisability of concocting a new and more difficult cipher; but it was never changed, so far as I now remember.





DREAMERS.

BY ROSALIE M. JONAS.

With drawing by Louise L. Heustis.

DRUMS and trumpets thrown aside,
Eyelids drooping, "arms at rest,"
Fast asleep on mother's breast.

Lo! this dimpled warrior dreams
Of far conquests that shall be
When a "grown-up man" is he.

And she dreams, who holds him close,
"I shall always keep him so,
Safely shielded from life's woe."

Dreamers both! but bide ye, Fate,
On the threshold of their door,
For a little moment more.

ST. IVES

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XXVIII (*Continued*).

EVENTS OF MONDAY: THE LAWYER'S PARTY.

IT is a strange thing how young men in their teens go down at the mere wind of the coming of men of twenty-five and upwards! The vapid ones fled without thought of resistance before the major and me; a few dallied awhile in the neighborhood—so to speak, with their fingers in their mouths—but presently these also followed the rout, and we remained face to face before Flora. There was a draught in that corner by the door; she had thrown her pelisse over her bare arms and neck, and the dark fur of the trimming set them off. She shone by contrast; the light played on her smooth skin to admiration, and the color changed in her excited face. For the least fraction of a second she looked from one to the other of her rival swains, and seemed to hesitate. Then she addressed Chevenix:

"You are coming to the Assembly, of course, Major Chevenix?" said she.

"I fear not; I fear I shall be otherwise engaged," he replied. "Even the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss Flora, must give way to duty."

For awhile the talk ran harmlessly on the weather, and then branched off towards the war. It seemed to be by no one's fault; it was in the air, and had to come.

"Good news from the scene of operations," said the major.

"Good news while it lasts," I said. "But will Miss Gilchrist tell us her private thought upon the war? In her admiration for the victors, does not there mingle some pity for the vanquished?"

"Indeed, sir," she said, with animation, "only too much of it! War is a subject that I do not think should be talked of to

a girl. I am, I have to be—what do you call it?—a non-combatant? And to remind me of what others have to do and suffer: no, it is not fair!"

"Miss Gilchrist has the tender female heart," said Chevenix.

"Do not be too sure of that!" she cried. "I would love to be allowed to fight, myself!"

"On which side?" I asked.

"Can you ask?" she exclaimed. "I am a Scottish girl!"

"She is a Scottish girl!" repeated the major, looking at me. "And no one grudges you her pity!"

"And I glory in every grain of it she has to spare," said I. "Pity is akin to love."

"Well, and let us put that question to Miss Gilchrist. It is for her to decide, and for us to bow to the decision. Is pity, Miss Flora, or is admiration, nearest love?"

"Oh, come," said I, "let us be more concrete. Lay before the lady a complete case: describe your man, then I'll describe *mine*, and Miss Flora shall decide."

"I think I see your meaning," said he, "and I'll try. You think that pity—and the kindred sentiments—have the greatest power upon the heart. I think more nobly of women. To my view, the man they love will first of all command their respect; he will be steadfast—proud, if you please; dry, possibly—but of all things steadfast. They will look at him in doubt; at last they will see that stern face which he presents to all the rest of the world soften to them alone. First, trust, I say. It is so that a woman loves who is worthy of heroes."

"Your man is very ambitious, sir," said I, "and very much of a hero! Mine is a humbler and, I would fain think, a more human dog. He is one with no particular trust in himself, with no superior steadfastness to be admired for, who sees a lady's face, who hears her voice, and, without

any phrase about the matter, falls in love. What does he ask for, then, but pity?—pity for his weakness, pity for his love, which is his life. You would make women always the inferiors, gaping up at your imaginary lover; he, like a marble statue, with his nose in the air! But God has been wiser than you; and the most steadfast of your heroes may prove human, after all. We appeal to the queen for judgment,” I added, turning and bowing before Flora.

“And how shall the queen judge?” she asked. “I must give you an answer that is no answer at all. ‘The wind bloweth where it listeth’: she goes where her heart goes.” Her face flushed as she said it; mine also, for I read in it a declaration, and my heart swelled for joy. But Chevenix grew pale.

“You make of life a very dreadful kind of a lottery, ma’am,” said he. “But I will not despair. Honest and unornamental is still my choice.” And I must say he looked extremely handsome and very amusingly like the marble statue with its nose in the air to which I had compared him.

“I cannot imagine how we got upon this subject,” said Flora.

“Madam, it was through the war,” replied Chevenix.

“All roads lead to Rome,” I commented. “What else would you expect Mr. Chevenix and myself to talk of?”

About this time I was conscious of a certain bustle and movement in the room behind me, but did not pay to it that degree of attention which perhaps would have been wise. There came a certain change in Flora’s face; she signaled repeatedly with her fan; her eyes appealed to me obsequiously; there could be no doubt that she wanted something—as well as I could make out, that I should go away and leave the field clear for my rival, which I had not the least idea of doing. At last she rose from her chair with impatience. “I think it time you were saying good-night, Mr. Ducie!” she said. I could not in the least see why, and said so. Whereupon she gave me this appalling answer, “My aunt is coming out of the card-room.” In less time than it takes to tell, I had made my bow and my escape.

Looking back from the doorway, I was privileged to see, for a moment, the august profile and gold eyeglasses of Miss Gilchrist issuing from the card-room; and the sight lent me wings. I stood not on the order of my going; and a moment after,

I was on the pavement of Castle Street, and the lighted windows shone down on me, and were crossed by ironical shadows of those who had remained behind.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EVENTS ON TUESDAY: THE TOILS CLOSING.

THIS day began with a surprise. I found a letter on my breakfast-table addressed to Edward Ducie, Esquire; and at first I was startled beyond measure. “Conscience doth make cowards of us all!” When I had opened it, it proved to be only a note from the lawyer, enclosing a card for the Assembly Ball on Thursday evening. Shortly after, as I was composing my mind with a cigar at one of the windows of the sitting-room, and Rowley, having finished the light share of work that fell to him, sat not far off tootling with great spirit and a marked preference for the upper octave, Ronald was suddenly shown in. I got him a cigar, drew in a chair to the side of the fire, and installed him there—I was going to say, at his ease, but no expression could be farther from the truth. He was plainly on pins and needles, did not know whether to take or to refuse the cigar, and, after he had taken it, did not know whether to light or to return it. I saw he had something to say; I did not think it was his own something; and I was ready to offer a large bet it was really something of Major Chevenix’s.

“Well, and so here you are!” I observed, with pointless cordiality, for I was bound I should do nothing to help him out. If he were, indeed, here running errands for my rival, he might have a fair field, but certainly no favor.

“The fact is,” he began, “I would rather see you alone.”

“Why, certainly,” I replied. “Rowley, you can step into the bedroom. My dear fellow,” I continued, “this sounds serious. Nothing wrong, I trust.”

“Well, I’ll be quite honest,” said he. *I am* a good deal bothered.”

“And I bet I know why!” I exclaimed. “And I bet I can put you to rights too.”

“What do you mean!” he asked.

“You must be hard up,” said I, “and all I can say is, you’ve come to the right place. If you have the least use for a hundred pounds, or any such trifling sum as that, please mention it. It’s here, quite at your service.”

"I am sure it is most kind of you," said Ronald, "and the truth is, though I can't think how you guessed it, that I really *am* a little behind board. But I haven't come to talk about that."

"No, I daresay!" cried I. "Not worth talking about! But remember, Ronald, you and I are on different sides of the business. Remember that you did me one of those services that make men friends forever. And since I have had the fortune to come into a fair share of money, just oblige me, and consider so much of it as your own."

"No," he said, "I couldn't take it; I couldn't, really. Besides, the fact is, I've come on a very different matter. It's about my sister, St. Ives," and he shook his head menacingly at me.

"You're quite sure?" I persisted. "It's here, at your service—up to five hundred pounds, if you like. Well, all right; only remember where it is, when you do want it."

"Oh, please let me alone!" cried Ronald. "I've come to say something unpleasant; and how on earth can I do it, if you don't give a fellow a chance? It's about my sister, as I said. You can see for yourself that it can't be allowed to go on. It's compromising; it don't lead to anything; and you're not the kind of man (you must feel it yourself) that I can allow my female relatives to have anything to do with. I hate saying this, St. Ives; it looks like hitting a man when he's down, you know; and I told the major I very much disliked it from the first. However, it had to be said; and now it has been, and, between gentlemen, it shouldn't be necessary to refer to it again."

"It's compromising; it doesn't lead to anything; not the kind of man," I repeated thoughtfully. "Yes, I believe I understand, and shall make haste to put myself *en regle*." I stood up, and laid my cigar down. "Mr. Gilchrist," said I, with a bow, "in answer to your very natural observations, I beg to offer myself as a suitor for your sister's hand. I am a man of title, of which we think lightly in France, but of ancient lineage, which is everywhere prized. I can display thirty-two quarterings without a blot. My expectations are certainly above the average: I believe my uncle's income averages about thirty thousand pounds, though I admit I was not careful to inform myself. Put it anywhere between fifteen and fifty thousand; it is certainly not less."

"All this is very easy to say," said Ronald, with a pitying smile. "Unfortunately, these things are in the air."

"Pardon me—in Buckinghamshire," said I, smiling.

"Well, what I mean is, my dear St. Ives, that you *can't prove* them," he continued. "They might just as well not be: do you follow me? You can't bring us any third party to back you up."

"Oh, come!" cried I, springing up and hurrying to the table. "You must excuse me!" I wrote Romaine's address. "There is my reference, Mr. Gilchrist. Until you have written to him, and received his negative answer, I have a right to be treated, and I shall see that you treat me, as a gentleman." He was brought up with a round turn at that.

"I beg your pardon, St. Ives," said he. "Believe me, I had no wish to be offensive. But there's the difficulty of this affair; I can't make any of my points without offence! You must excuse me, it's not my fault. But, at any rate, you must see for yourself this proposal of marriage is—is merely impossible, my dear fellow. It's nonsense! Our countries are at war; you are a prisoner."

"My ancestor of the time of the Ligue," I replied, "married a Huguenot lady out of the Saintonge, riding two hundred miles through an enemy's country to bring off his bride; and it was a happy marriage."

"Well!" he began; and then looked down into the fire, and became silent.

"Well?" I asked.

"Well, there's this business of—Gogue-lat," said he, still looking at the coals in the grate.

"What!" I exclaimed, starting in my chair. "What's that you say?"

"This business about Gogue-lat," he repeated.

"Ronald," said I, "this is not your doing. These are not your own words. I know where they came from: a coward put them in your mouth."

"St. Ives!" he cried, "why do you make it so hard for me? and where's the use of insulting other people? The plain English is, that I can't hear of any proposal of marriage from a man under a charge like that. You must see it for yourself, man! It's the most absurd thing I ever heard of! And you go on forcing me to argue with you, too!"

"Because I have had an affair of honor which terminated unhappily, you—a young soldier, or next-door to it—refuse my

offer? Do I understand you aright?" said I.

"My dear fellow!" he wailed, "of course you can twist my words, if you like. You *say* it was an affair of honor. Well, I can't, of course tell you that—I can't—I mean, you must see that that's just the point! Was it? I don't know."

"I have the honor to inform you," said I.

"Well, other people say the reverse, you see!"

"They lie, Ronald, and I will prove it in time."

"The short and long of it is, that any man who is so unfortunate as to have such things said about him is not the man to be my brother-in-law," he cried.

"Do you know who will be my first witness at the court? Arthur Chevenix!" said I.

"I don't care!" he cried, rising from his chair and beginning to pace outrageously about the room. "What do you mean, St. Ives? What is this about? It's like a dream, I declare! You made an offer, and I have refused it. I don't like it, I don't want it; and whatever I did, or didn't, wouldn't matter—my aunt wouldn't hear of it, anyway! Can't you take your answer, man?"

"You must remember, Ronald, that we are playing with edged tools," said I. "An offer of marriage is a delicate subject to handle. You have refused, and you have justified your refusal by several statements. First, that I was an impostor; second, that our countries were at war; and third—no, I will speak," said I; "you can answer when I have done,—and third, that I had dishonorably killed—or was said to have done so—the man Goguelat. Now, my dear fellow, these are very awkward grounds to be taking. From any one else's lips I need scarce tell you how I should resent them; but my hands are tied. I have so much gratitude for you, without talking of the love I bear your sister, that you insult me, when you do so, under the cover of a complete impunity. I must feel the pain—and I do feel it acutely—I can do nothing to protect myself."

He had been anxious enough to interrupt me in the beginning; but now, and after I had ceased, he stood a long while silent.

"St. Ives," he said at last, "I think I had better go away. This has been very irritating. I never at all meant to say anything of the kind, and I apologize to

you. I have all the esteem for you that one gentleman should have for another. I only meant to tell you—to show you what had influenced my mind; and that, in short, the thing was impossible. One thing you may be quite sure of: *I* shall do nothing against you. Will you shake hands before I go away?" he blurted out.

"Yes," said I, "I agree with you—the interview has been irritating. Let bygones be bygones. Good-by, Ronald."

"Good-by, St. Ives!" he returned. "I'm heartily sorry."

And with that he was gone.

The windows of my own sitting-room looked toward the north; but the entrance passage drew its light from the direction of the square. Hence I was able to observe Ronald's departure, his very disheartened gait, and the fact that he was joined, about half-way, by no less a man than Major Chevenix. At this, I could scarce keep from smiling; so unpalatable an interview must be before the pair of them, and I could hear their voices, clashing like crossed swords, in that eternal antiphony of "I told you," and "I told you not." Without doubt, they had gained very little by their visit; but then I had gained less than nothing, and had been bitterly dispirited into the bargain. Ronald had stuck to his guns and refused me to the last. It was no news; but, on the other hand, it could not be contorted into good news. I was now certain that during my temporary absence in France, all irons would be put into the fire, and the world turned upside down, to make Flora disown the obtrusive Frenchman and accept Chevenix. Without doubt she would resist these instances; but the thought of them did not please me, and I felt she should be warned and prepared for the battle.

It was no use to try and see her now, but I promised myself early that evening to return to Swanston. In the meantime I had to make all my preparations, and look the coming journey in the face. Here in Edinburgh I was within four miles of the sea, yet the business of approaching random fishermen with my hat in one hand and a knife in the other, appeared so desperate, that I saw nothing for it but to retrace my steps over the northern counties, and knock a second time at the doors of Birchell Fenn. To do this, money would be necessary; and after leaving my paper in the hands of Flora I had still a balance of about fifteen hundred pounds. Or rather I may say I had them and I had them not;

for after my luncheon with Mr. Robbie I had placed the amount, all but thirty pounds of change, in a bank in George Street, on a deposit receipt in the name of Mr. Rowley. This I had designed to be my gift to him, in case I must suddenly depart. But now, thinking better of the arrangement, I had despatched my little man, cockade and all, to lift the fifteen hundred.

He was not long gone, and returned with a flushed face and the deposit receipt still in his hand.

"No go," Mr. Anne," says he.

"How's that?" I inquired.

"Well, sir, I found the place all right, and no mistake," said he. "But I tell you wot gavē me a blue fright! There was a customer standing by the door, and I reckonized him! Who do you think it was, Mr. Anne? W'y, that same Red-Breast—him I had breakfast with near Aylesbury."

"You are sure you are not mistaken?" I asked.

"Certain sure," he replied. "Not Mr. Lavender, I don't mean, sir; I mean the other party. 'Wot's he doin' here?' says I. 'It don't look right.'"

"Not by any means," I agreed.

I walked to and fro in the apartment reflecting. This particular Bow Street runner might be here by accident; but it was to imagine a singular play of coincidence that he, who had met Rowley and spoken with him in the "Green Dragon," hard by Aylesbury, should be now in Scotland, where he could have no legitimate business, and by the doors of the bank where Rowley kept his account.

"Rowley," said I, "he didn't see you, did he?"

"Never a fear," quoth Rowley. "W'y, Mr. Anne, sir, if he 'ad you wouldn't have seen *me* any more! I ain't a hass, sir!"

"Well, my boy, you can put that receipt in your pocket. You'll have no more use for it till you're quite clear of me. Don't lose it, though; it's your share of the Christmas-box: fifteen hundred pounds all for yourself."

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Anne, sir, but wot for?" said Rowley.

"To set up a public-house upon," said I.

"If you'll excuse me, sir, I ain't got any call to set up a public-house, sir," he replied, stoutly. "And I tell you wot, sir, it seems to me I'm reether young for the billet. I'm your body-servant, Mr. Anne, or else I'm nothink."

"Well, Rowley," I said, "I'll tell you what it's for. It's for the good service you have done me, of which I don't care—and don't dare—to speak. It's for your loyalty and cheerfulness, my dear boy. I had meant it for you; but to tell you the truth, it's past mending now—it has to be yours. Since that man is waiting by the bank, the money can't be touched until I'm gone."

"Until you're gone, sir?" reëchoed Rowley. "You don't go anywheres without me, I can tell you that, Mr. Anne, sir!"

"Yes, my boy," said I, "we are going to part very soon now; probably to-morrow. And it's for my sake, Rowley! Depend upon it, if there was any reason at all for that Bow Street man being at the bank, he was not there to look out for *you*. How they could have found out about the account so early is more than I can fathom; some strange coincidence must have played me false! But there the fact is; and, Rowley, I'll not only have to say farewell to you presently, I'll have to ask you to stay indoors until I can say it. Remember, my boy, it's only so that you can serve me now."

"W'y, sir, you say the word, and of course I'll do it!" he cried. "'Nothink by 'alves,' is my motto! I'm your man, through thick and thin, live or die, I am!"

In the meantime there was nothing to be done till towards sunset. My only chance now was to come again as quickly as possible to speech of Flora, who was my only practicable banker; and not before evening was it worth while to think of that. I might compose myself as well as I was able over the "Caledonian Mercury," with its ill news of the campaign of France and belated documents about the retreat from Russia; and, as I sat there by the fire, I was sometimes all awake with anger and mortification at what I was reading, and sometimes again I would be three parts asleep as I dozed over the barren items of home intelligence. "Lately arrived"—this is what I suddenly stumbled on—"at Dumbreck's Hotel, the Viscount of Saint-Yves."

"Rowley," said I.

"If you please, Mr. Anne, sir," answered the obsequious, lowering his pipe.

"Come and look at this, my boy," said I, holding out the paper.

"My crikey!" said he. "That's 'im, sure enough!"

"Sure enough, Rowley," said I. "He's on the trail. He has fairly caught up with

us. He and his Bow Street man have come together, I would swear. And now here is the whole field, quarry, hounds, and hunters, all together in this city of Edinburgh."

"And wot are you goin' to do now, sir? Tell you wot, let me take it in 'and, please! Gimme a minute, and I'll disguise myself, and go out to this Dum—to this hotel, leastways, sir—and see wot he's up to. You put your trust in me, Mr. Anne: I'm fly, don't you make no mistake about it. I'm all a-growing and a-blowing, I am."

"Not one foot of you," said I. "You are a prisoner, Rowley, and make up your mind to that. So am I, or next door to it. I showed it you for a caution; if you go on the streets, it spells death to me, Rowley."

"If you please, sir," says Rowley.

"Come to think of it," I continued, "you must take a cold, or something. No good of awakening Mrs. McRankine's suspicions."

"A cold?" he cried, recovering immediately from his depression. "I can do it, Mr. Anne."

And he proceeded to sneeze and cough and blow his nose, till I could not restrain myself from smiling.

"Oh, I tell you, I know a lot of them dodges," he observed proudly.

"Well, they come in very handy," said I.

"I'd better go at once and show it to the old gal, 'adn't I?" he asked.

I told him, by all means; and he was gone upon the instant, gleeful as though to a game of football.

I took up the paper, and read carelessly on, my thoughts engaged with my immediate danger, till I struck on the next paragraph:

"In connection with the recent horrid murder in the Castle, we are desired to make public the following intelligence. The soldier, Champdivers, is supposed to be in the neighborhood of this city. He is about the middle height or rather under, of a pleasing appearance and highly genteel address. When last heard of he wore a fashionable suit of pearl gray, and boots with fawn-colored tops. He is accompanied by a servant about sixteen years of age, speaks English without any accent, and passed under the *alias* of Ramornie. A reward is offered for his apprehension."

In a moment I was in the next room, stripping from me the pearl-colored suit!

I confess I was now a good deal agitated. It is difficult to watch the toils

closing slowly and surely about you and to retain your composure; and I was glad that Rowley was not present to spy on my confusion. I was flushed, my breath came thick; I cannot remember a time when I was more put out.

And yet I must wait and do nothing, and partake of my meals, and entertain the ever-garrulous Rowley, as though I were entirely my own man. And if I did not require to entertain Mrs. McRankine also, that was but another drop of bitterness in my cup! For what ailed my landlady, that she should hold herself so severely aloof, that she should refuse conversation, that her eyes should be reddened, that I should so continually hear the voice of her private supplications sounding through the house? I was much deceived, or she had read the insidious paragraph and recognized the comminated pearl-gray suit. I remembered now a certain air with which she had laid the paper on my table, and a certain sniff, between sympathy and defiance, with which she had announced it: "There's your 'Mercury' for ye!"

In this direction, at least, I saw no pressing danger; her tragic countenance betokened agitation; it was plain she was wrestling with her conscience, and the battle still hung dubious. The question of what to do troubled me extremely. I could not venture to touch such an intricate and mysterious piece of machinery as my landlady's spiritual nature; it might go off at a word, and in any direction, like a badly-made firework. And while I praised myself extremely for my wisdom in the past, that I had made so much a friend of her, I was all abroad as to my conduct in the present. There seemed an equal danger in pressing and in neglecting the accustomed marks of familiarity. The one extreme looked like impudence, and might annoy; the other was a practical confession of guilt. Altogether it was a good hour for me when the dusk began to fall in earnest on the streets of Edinburgh and the voice of an early watchman bade me set forth.

I reached the neighborhood of the cottage before seven; and as I breasted the steep ascent which leads to the garden wall, I was struck with surprise to hear a dog. Dogs I had heard before, but only from the hamlet on the hillside above. Now, this dog was in the garden itself, where it roared aloud in paroxysms of fury, and I could hear it leaping and straining on the chain. I waited some while, until the brute's fit of passion had

roared itself out. Then, with the utmost precaution, I drew near again, and finally approached the garden wall. So soon as I had clapped my head above the level, however, the barking broke forth again with redoubled energy. Almost at the same time, the door of the cottage opened, and Ronald and the major appeared upon the threshold with a lantern. As they so stood, they were almost immediately below me, strongly illuminated, and within easy earshot. The major pacified the dog, who took instead to low, uneasy growling intermingled with occasional yelps.

"Good thing I brought Towzer!" said Chevenix.

"Damn him, I wonder where he is!" said Ronald; and he moved the lantern up and down, and turned the night into a shifting puzzle-work of gleam and shadow.

"I think I'll make a sally."

"I don't think you will," replied Chevenix. "When I agreed to come out here and do sentry-go, it was on one condition, Master Ronald: don't you forget that! Military discipline, my boy! Our beat is this path close about the house. Down, Towzer! good boy, good boy—gently, then!" he went on, caressing his confounded monster.

"To think! The beggar may be hearing us this minute!" cried Ronald.

"Nothing more probable," said the major. "You there, St. Ives?" he added, in a distinct but guarded voice. "I only want to tell you, you had better go home. Mr. Gilchrist and I take watch and watch."

The game was up. "*Beaucoup de plaisir!*" I replied, in the same tones. "*Il fait un peu froid pour veiller; gardez-vous des engelures!*"

I suppose it was done in a moment of ungovernable rage; but in spite of the excellent advice he had given to Ronald the moment before, Chevenix slipped the chain, and the dog sprang, straight as an arrow, up the bank. I stepped back, picked up a stone of about twelve pounds' weight, and stood ready. With a bound the beast landed on the cope-stone of the wall; and, almost in the same instant, my missile caught him fair in the face. He gave a stifled cry, went tumbling back where he had come from, and I could hear the twelve-pounder accompany him in his fall. Chevenix, at the same moment, broke out in a roaring voice: "The hell-hound! If he's killed my dog!" and I judged, upon all grounds, it was as well to be off.

CHAPTER XXX.

EVENTS OF WEDNESDAY: THE UNIVERSITY OF CRAMOND.

I AWOKE to much diffidence, even to a feeling that might be called the beginnings of panic, and lay for hours in my bed considering the situation. Seek where I pleased, there was nothing to encourage me, and plenty to appal. They kept a close watch about the cottage; they had a beast of a watch-dog—at least, unless I had settled it; and if I had, I knew its bereaved master would only watch the more indefatigably for the loss. In the pardonable ostentation of love I had given all the money I could spare to Flora; I had thought it glorious that the hunted exile should come down, like Jupiter, in a shower of gold, and pour thousands in the lap of the beloved. Then I had in an hour of arrant folly buried what remained to me in a bank in George Street. And now I must get back the one or the other; and which? and how?

As I tossed in my bed, I could see three possible courses, all extremely perilous. First, Rowley might have been mistaken; the bank might not be watched; it might still be possible for him to draw the money on the deposit receipt. Second, I might apply again to Robbie. Or, third, I might dare everything, go to the Assembly Ball, and speak with Flora under the eyes of all Edinburgh. This last alternative, involving as it did the most horrid risks, and the delay of forty-eight hours, I did but glance at with an averted head, and turned again to the consideration of the others. It was the likeliest thing in the world that Robbie had been warned to have no more to do with me. The whole policy of the Gilchrists was in the hands of Chevenix; and I thought this was a precaution so elementary that he was certain to have taken it. If he had not, of course I was all right: Robbie would manage to communicate with Flora; and by four o'clock I might be on the south road and, I was going to say, a free man. Lastly, I must assure myself with my own eyes whether the bank in George Street were beleaguered.

I called to Rowley and questioned him tightly as to the appearance of the Bow Street officer.

"What sort of a looking man is he, Rowley?" I asked, as I began to dress.

"Wot sort of a looking man he is?"

repeated Rowley. "Well, I don't very well know wot you would say, Mr. Anne. He ain't a beauty, any'ow."

"Is he tall?"

"Tall? Well, no, I shouldn't say *tall*, Mr. Anne."

"Well, then, is he short?"

"Short? No, I don't think I would say he was what you would call *short*. No, not piticular short, sir."

"Then, I suppose he must be about the middle height?"

"Well, you might say it, sir; but not remarkable so."

I smothered an oath.

"Is he clean-shaved?" I tried him again.

"Clean-shaved?" he repeated, with the same air of anxious candor.

"Good heaven, man, don't repeat my words like a parrot!" I cried. "Tell me what the man was like: it is of the first importance that I should be able to recognize him."

"I'm trying to, Mr. Anne. But *clean shaved*? I don't seem to rightly get hold of that p'int. Sometimes it might appear to me like as if he was; and sometimes like as if he wasn't. No, it wouldn't surprise me now if you was to tell me he 'ad a bit o' whisker."

"Was the man red-faced?" I roared, dwelling on each syllable.

"I don't think you need go for to get cross about it, Mr. Anne!" said he. "I'm tellin' you every blessed thing I see! Red-faced? Well, no, not as you would remark upon."

A dreadful calm fell upon me.

"Was he anywise pale?" I asked.

"Well, it don't seem to me as though he were. But I tell you truly, I didn't take much heed to that."

"Did he look like a drinking man?"

"Well, no. If you please, sir, he looked more like an eating one."

"Oh, he was stout, was he?"

"No, sir. I couldn't go so far as that. No, he wasn't not to say *stout*. If anything, lean rather."

I need not go on with the infuriating interview. It ended as it began, except that Rowley was in tears and that I had acquired one fact. The man was drawn for me as being of any height you like to mention, and of any degree of corpulence or leanness; clean shaved or not, as the case might be; the color of his hair Rowley "could not take it upon himself to put a name on;" that of his eyes he thought to have been blue—nay, it was the one

point on which he attained to a kind of tearful certainty. "I'll take my davy on it," he asseverated. They proved to have been as black as sloes, very little, and very near together. So much for the evidence of the artless! And the fact, or rather the facts, acquired? Well, they had to do not with the person but with his clothing. The man wore knee-breeches and white stockings; his coat was "some kind of a lightish color—or betwixt that and dark;" and he wore a "moleskin weskit." As if this were not enough, he presently hailed me from my breakfast in a prodigious flutter, and showed me an honest and rather venerable citizen passing in the square.

"That's *him*, sir," he cried, "the very moral of him! Well, this one is better dressed, and p'r'aps a trifle taller; and in the face he don't favor him no ways at all, sir. No, not when I come to look again, 'e don't seem to favor him nowadays."

"Jackass!" said I, and I think the greatest stickler for manners will admit the epithet to have been justified.

Meanwhile the appearance of my landlady added a great load of anxiety to what I had already suffered. It was plain that she had not slept; equally plain that she had wept copiously. She sighed, she groaned, she drew in her breath, she shook her head, as she waited on table. In short, she seemed in so precarious a state, like a petard three times charged with hysteria, that I did not dare to address her; and stole out of the house on tiptoe, and actually ran downstairs, in the fear that she might call me back. It was plain that this degree of tension could not last long. It was my first care to go to George Street, which I reached (by good luck) as a boy was taking down the bank shutters. A man was conversing with him; he had white stockings and a moleskin waistcoat, and was as ill-looking a rogue as you would want to see in a day's journey. This seemed to agree fairly well with Rowley's *signalement*: he had declared emphatically (if you remember), and had stuck to it besides, that the companion of the great Lavender was no beauty.

Thence I made my way to Mr. Robbie's, where I rang the bell. A servant answered the summons, and told me the lawyer was engaged, as I had half expected.

"Wha shall I say was callin'?" she pursued; and when I told her "Mr. Ducie," "I think this'll be for you, then?" she added, and handed me a letter from the hall table. It ran:

"DEAR MR. DUCIE,

"My single advice to you is to leave *quam primum* for the South.

"Yours,
T. ROBBIE."

That was short and sweet. It emphatically extinguished hope in one direction. No more was to be gotten of Robbie; and I wondered, from my heart, how much had been told him. Not too much, I hoped, for I liked the lawyer who had thus deserted me, and I placed a certain reliance in the discretion of Chevenix. He would not be merciful; on the other hand, I did not think he would be cruel without cause.

It was my next affair to go back along George Street, and assure myself whether the man in the moleskin vest was still on guard. There was no sign of him on the pavement. Spying the door of a common stair nearly opposite the bank, I took it in my head that this would be a good point of observation, crossed the street, entered with a businesslike air, and fell immediately against the man in the moleskin vest. I stopped and apologized to him; he replied in an unmistakable English accent, thus putting the matter beyond doubt. After this encounter I must, of course, ascend to the top story, ring the bell of a suite of apartments, inquire for Mr. Vavasour, learn (with no great surprise) that he did not live there, come down again, and, again politely saluting the man from Bow Street, make my escape at last into the street.

I was now driven back upon the Assembly Ball. Robbie had failed me. The bank was watched; it would never do to risk Rowley in that neighborhood. All I could do was to wait until the morrow evening, and present myself at the Assembly, let it end as it might. But I must say I came to this decision with a good deal of genuine fright; and here I came for the first time to one of those places where my courage stuck. I do not mean that my courage boggled and made a bit of a bother over it, as it did over the escape from the Castle; I mean, stuck, like a stop watch or a dead man. Certainly I would go to the ball; certainly I must see this morning about my clothes. That was all decided. But the most of the shops were on the other side of the valley, in the Old Town; and it was now my strange discovery that I was physically unable to cross the North Bridge! It was as though a precipice had stood between us, or the deep sea had intervened. Nearer to the Castle my legs refused to bear me.

I told myself this was mere superstition; I made wagers with myself—and gained them; I went down on the esplanade of Princes Street, walked and stood there, alone and conspicuous, looking across the garden at the old gray bastions of the fortress, where all these troubles had begun. I cocked my hat, set my hand on my hip, and swaggered on the pavement, confronting detection. And I found I could do all this with a sense of exhilaration that was not unpleasing and with a certain *cranerie* of manner that raised me in my own esteem. And yet there was one thing I could not bring my mind to face up to, or my limbs to execute; and that was to cross the valley into the Old Town. It seemed to me I must be arrested immediately if I had done so; I must go straight into the twilight of a prison cell, and pass straight thence to the gross and final embraces of the nightcap and the halter. And yet it was from no reasoned fear of the consequences that I could not go. I was unable. My horse balked, and there was an end!

My nerve was gone: here was a discovery for a man in such imminent peril, set down to so desperate a game, which I could only hope to win by continual luck and unflagging effrontery! The strain had been too long continued, and my nerve was gone. I fell into what they call panic fear, as I have seen soldiers do on the alarm of a night attack, and turned out of Princes Street at random as though the devil were at my heels. In St. Andrew's Square, I remember vaguely hearing some one call out. I paid no heed, but pressed on blindly. A moment after, a hand fell heavily on my shoulder, and I thought I had fainted. Certainly the world went black about me for some seconds; and when that spasm passed I found myself standing face to face with the "cheerful extravagant," in what sort of disarray I really dare not imagine, dead white at least, shaking like an aspen, and mowing at the man with speechless lips. And this was the soldier of Napoleon, and the gentleman who intended going next night to an Assembly Ball! I am the more particular in telling of my breakdown, because it was my only experience of the sort; and it is a good tale for officers. I will allow no man to call me coward; I have made my proofs; few men more. And yet I (come of the best blood in France and inured to danger from a child) did, for some ten or twenty minutes, make this hideous exhibition of myself on

the streets of the New Town of Edinburgh.

With my first available breath I begged his pardon. I was of an extremely nervous disposition, recently increased by late hours; I could not bear the slightest start.

He seemed much concerned. "You must be in a devil of a state!" said he; "though of course it was my fault—damnable silly, vulgar sort of thing to do! A thousand apologies! But you really must be run down; you should consult a medico. My dear sir, a hair of the dog that bit you is clearly indicated. A touch of Blue Ruin, now? Or, come: it's early, but is man the slave of hours? what do you say to a chop and a bottle in Dumbreck's Hotel?"

I refused all false comfort; but when he went on to remind me that this was the day when the University of Cramond met; and to propose a five-mile walk into the country and a dinner in the company of young asses like himself, I began to think otherwise. I had to wait until to-morrow evening, at any rate; this might serve as well as anything else to bridge the dreary hours. The country was the very place for me; and walking is an excellent sedative for the nerves. Remembering poor Rowley, feigning a cold in our lodgings and immediately under the guns of the formidable and now doubtful Bethiah, I asked if I might bring my servant. "Poor devil! it is dull for him," I explained.

"The merciful man is merciful to his ass," observed my sententious friend. "Bring him by all means!

'The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy;'

and I have no doubt the orphan boy can get some cold victuals in the kitchen, while the *Senatus* dines."

Accordingly, being now quite recovered from my unmanly condition, except that nothing could yet induce me to cross the North Bridge, I arranged for my ball dress at a shop in Leith Street, where I was not served ill, cut out Rowley from his seclusion, and was ready along with him at the trysting place, the corner of Duke Street and York Place, by a little after two. The University was represented in force: eleven persons, including ourselves, Byfield the aeronaut, and the tall lad, Forbes, whom I had met on the Sunday morning, bedewed with tallow, at the "Hunter's Tryst." I was introduced; and we set off

by way of Newhaven and the sea beach; at first through pleasant country roads, and afterwards along a succession of bays of a fairylike prettiness, to our destination—Cramond on the Almond—a little hamlet on a little river, embowered in woods, and looking forth over a great flat of quicksand to where a little islet stood planted in the sea. It was miniature scenery, but charming of its kind. The air of this good February afternoon was bracing, but not cold. All the way my companions were skylarking, jesting, and making puns, and I felt as if a load had been taken off my lungs and spirits, and skylarked with the best of them.

Byfield I observed, because I had heard of him before and seen his advertisements, not at all because I was disposed to feel interest in the man. He was dark and bilious and very silent; frigid in his manners, but burning internally with a great fire of excitement; and he was so good as to bestow a good deal of his company and conversation (such as it was) upon myself, who was not in the least grateful. If I had known how I was to be connected with him in the immediate future, I might have taken more pains.

In the hamlet of Cramond there is a hostelry of no very promising appearance, and here a room had been prepared for us, and we sat down to table.

"Here you will find no guttling or gormandising, no turtle or nightingales' tongues," said the extravagant, whose name, by the way, was Dalmahoy. "The device, sir, of the University of Cramond is Plain Living and High Drinking."

Grace was said by the Professor of Divinity, in a macaronic Latin, which I could by no means follow, only I could hear it rhymed, and I guessed it to be more witty than reverent. After which the *Senatus Academicus* sat down to rough plenty in the shape of rizzar'd haddocks and mustard, a sheep's head, a haggis, and other delicacies of Scotland. The dinner was washed down with brown stout in bottle, and as soon as the cloth was removed, glasses, boiling water, sugar, and whisky were set out for the manufacture of toddy. I played a good knife and fork, did not shun the bowl, and took part, so far as I was able, in the continual fire of pleasantry with which the meal was seasoned. Greatly daring, I ventured, before all these Scotsmen, to tell Sim's tale of Tweedie's dog; and I was held to have done such extraordinary justice to the dialect, "for a Southron," that I was

immediately voted into the Chair of Scots, and became, from that moment, a full member of the University of Cramond. A little after, I found myself entertaining them with a song; and a little after—perhaps a little in consequence—it occurred to me that I had had enough, and would be very well inspired to take French leave. It was not difficult to manage, for it was nobody's business to observe my movements, and conviviality had banished suspicion.

I got easily forth of the chamber, which reverberated with the voices of these merry and learned gentlemen, and breathed a long breath. I had passed an agreeable afternoon and evening, and I had apparently escaped scot free. Alas! when I looked into the kitchen, there was my monkey, drunk as a lord, toppling on the edge of the dresser, and performing on the flageolet to an audience of the house lasses and some neighboring ploughmen.

I routed him promptly from his perch, stuck his hat on, put his instrument in his pocket, and set off with him for Edinburgh. His limbs were of paper, his mind quite in abeyance; I must uphold and guide him, prevent his frantic dives, and set him continually on his legs again. At first he sang wildly, with occasional outbursts of causeless laughter. Gradually an inarticulate melancholy succeeded; he wept gently at times; would stop in the middle of the road, say firmly, "No, no, no," and then fall on his back; or else address me solemnly as "M'lord," and fall on his face by way of variety. I am afraid I was not always so gentle with the little pig as I might have been, but really the position was unbearable. We made no headway at all, and I suppose we were scarce gotten a mile away from Cramond, when the whole *Senatus Academicus* was heard hailing and doubling the pace to overtake us.

Some of them were fairly presentable; and they were all Christian martyrs compared to Rowley; but they were in a frolicsome and rollicking humor that promised danger as we approached the town. They sang songs, they ran races, they fenced with their walking-sticks and umbrellas; and, in spite of this violent exercise, the fun grew only the more extravagant with the miles they traversed. Their drunkenness was deep-seated and permanent, like fire in a peat; or rather—to be quite just to them—it was not so much to be called drunkenness at all, as the effect of youth and high spirits—a fine night, and

the night young, a good road under foot, and the world before you!

I had left them once somewhat uncere- moniously; I could not attempt it a second time; and, burthened as I was with Mr. Rowley, I was really glad of assistance. But I saw the lamps of Edinburgh draw near on their hill-top with a good deal of uneasiness, which increased, after we had entered the lighted streets, to positive alarm. All the passers-by were addressed, some of them by name. A worthy man was stopped by Forbes. "Sir," said he, "in the name of the Senatus of the University of Cramond, I confer upon you the degree of LL.D.," and with the words he bonneted him. Conceive the predicament of St. Ives, committed to the society of these outrageous youths, in a town where the police and his cousin were both looking for him! So far, we had pursued our way unmolested, although raising a clamor fit to wake the dead; but at last, in Abercromby Place, I believe—at least it was a crescent of highly respectable houses fronting on a garden—Byfield and I, having fallen somewhat in the rear with Rowley, came to a simultaneous halt. Our ruffians were beginning to wrench off bells and doorplates!

"Oh, I say!" says Byfield, "this is too much of a good thing! Confound it, I'm a respectable man—a public character, by George! I can't afford to get taken up by the police."

"My own case exactly," said I.

"Here, let's bilk them," said he.

And we turned back and took our way down hill again.

It was none too soon: voices and alarm-bells sounded; watchmen here and there began to spring their rattles; it was plain the University of Cramond would soon be at blows with the police of Edinburgh! Byfield and I, running the semi-inanimate Rowley before us, made good despatch, and did not stop till we were several streets away, and the hubbub was already softened by distance.

"Well, sir," said he, "we are well out of that! Did ever any one see such a pack of young barbarians?"

"We are properly punished, Mr. Byfield; we had no business there," I replied.

"No, indeed, sir, you may well say that! Outrageous! And my ascension announced for Saturday, you know!" cried the *aéronaut*. "A pretty scandal! Byfield the *aéronaut* at the police-court! Tut-tut! Will you be able to get your

rascal home, sir? Allow me to offer you my card. I am staying at Walker and Poole's Hotel, sir, where I should be pleased to see you."

"The pleasure would be mutual, sir," said I; but I must say my heart was not in my words, and as I watched Mr. Byfield departing, I desired nothing less than to pursue the acquaintance.

One more ordeal remained for me to pass. I carried my senseless load upstairs to our lodging, and was admitted by the landlady in a tall white night-cap and with an expression singularly grim. She lighted us into the sitting-room; where, when I had seated Rowley in a chair, she dropped me a cast-iron courtesy. I smelt gunpowder on the woman. Her voice tottered with emotion.

"I give ye nottage, Mr. Ducie," said she. "Dacent folks' houses . . ."

And at that, apparently, temper cut off her utterance, and she took herself off without more words.

I looked about me at the room, the goggling Rowley, the extinguished fire; my mind reviewed the laughable incidents of the day and night; and I laughed out loud to myself—lonely and cheerless laughter!

At this point the story breaks off, having been laid aside by the author some weeks before his death. The argument of the few chapters remaining to be written was known to his stepdaughter and amanuensis, Mrs. Strong, who has been good enough to supply materials for the following summary:

Anne goes to the Assembly Ball, and there meets Chevenix, Ronald, Flora, and Flora's aunt. Anne is very daring and impudent, Flora very anxious and agitated. The Bow Street runner is on the

stairs, and presently the Vicomte de St. Yves is announced. Anne contrives to elude them and to make an appointment with Flora that she should meet him with his money the next day at a solitary place near Swanston. They keep the appointment, and have a long interview, Flora giving him his money packet. They are disturbed by a gathering crowd in the neighborhood, and learn accidentally that a balloon ascent is about to take place close at hand. Perceiving Ronald and Chevenix, Anne leaves Flora and forces his way into the thickest of the crowd, hoping thus to evade pursuit. But the Bow Street runner and the rest of his pursuers follow him up to the balloon itself. The ropes are about to be cut when Anne, after a moment's whispered conversation with the aëronaut, leaps into the car as the balloon rises. The course of the balloon takes it over the British channel, where it descends, and the voyagers are picked up by an American privateer and carried to the United States. Thence St. Ives makes his way to France.

Meanwhile Rowley, with the help of Mr. Robbie, busies himself successfully at Edinburgh to bring about an investigation into the circumstances attending Goguelat's death. Chevenix, conceiving that Anne would never return, and wishing to appear in a magnanimous light before Flora, comes forward as the principal witness, and, by telling what he knows of the duel, clears his rival of the criminal charge hanging over him.

Upon the restoration of the monarchy, the Vicomte de St. Yves being discredited and ruined, Anne comes into possession of his ancestral domains, and returns to Edinburgh in due form and state to claim and win Flora as his bride.

S. C.

THE END.



A MODERN MIRACLE.

By H. G. PROUT.

IN the second volume of Kipling's "Jungle Book" appears a story, which is not a jungle story, entitled "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat." The main facts told are that a great landslip one mile long and 2,000 feet high came down into a valley and overwhelmed a village, and that the villagers were warned by a holy man, Purun Bhagat, and fled across the valley and up the other slope and were all saved. The only life lost was that of Purun Bhagat himself.

I propose to tell the real story, very briefly, for much of this did happen, and the facts are to be found in official documents lately made public. It is quite possible, however, that the landslip of which Kipling tells and that of which I shall tell were not identical.

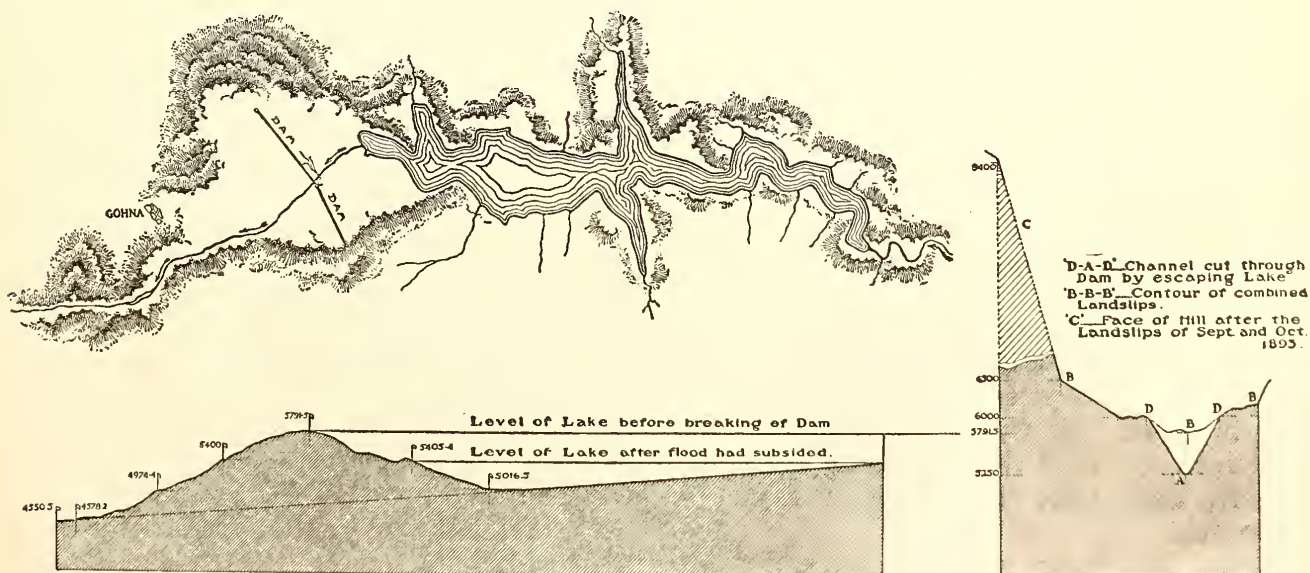
There was what might indeed seem to the ignorant a miracle, but it was only an exhibition of applied knowledge and intelligence and of official zeal and devotion. An appalling landslip did occur villages were swept away, a valley was devastated, and the only lives lost were those of a fakir (religious beggar) and his family.

On the northwestern frontier of India, in the flanks of the Himalayas, is a small stream, the Birahi Gunga, a tributary of the Ganges. High up on this stream is the little village of Gohna, and that is where the miracle took place.

In September, 1893, an enormous bulk of rock and earth slid down the mountain

side into the river, and in October of the same year was another great landslip. The mountain from which this material came down rises 4,000 feet above the bed of the stream. The dam which the material formed across the valley was about 900 feet high and 3,000 feet long, as measured across the gorge. Of course the formation of this dam would convert the stream above it into a lake, and it was calculated that when the water should reach the level of the top of the dam, it would cover an area of about one and one-third square miles and would contain about 16,650 million cubic feet of water, about as much water as could be carried in 500,000 of the biggest freight trains.

All of this was apparent to every one; but back of all this the British officers, civil and military, who were in charge of the affairs of that region, saw certain other truly awful facts. Some time the lake would fill and the water would begin to rise over the crest of the dam. But there being no masonry protection, the water would begin at once to cut away the crest and the face of the dam, and the breach started, it would increase by swift leaps, as greater and greater volumes of water were let loose, till the whole lake would be released, to sweep in one vast wave down the valley. This process of breaking down begun, the end would not be a matter of days, but of hours. Between the first trickling overflow and the



escape of the mass of the water, probably less than a day would elapse, possibly only a very few hours. In fact, seventeen hours after the first overflow did take place the great flood was let loose.

That all this would happen was not speculation; it was human experience. It was exactly what happened at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in 1889, when several towns were wrecked and 5,000 lives were lost; only the Gohna dam was fourteen times as high and three and one-quarter times as long as the Johnstown dam, and the water held back was twenty-six times as much. All this the British officers knew was before them. What could they do to save lives and property, and how much time had they to do it?

From surveys they knew the area of the watershed from which the water would come to fill the lake, and from records they knew the ordinary rainfall; and so in the autumn of 1893 they calculated that the overflow would begin August 15, 1894. It actually began August 25th. No doubt the officers intended to make the error on the safe side, and hardly expected the overflow to take place as early as August 15th.

Having satisfied themselves when the flood would take place, they began to prepare for it. They built a telegraph line from Gohna, down the river, 150 miles, and established stations at all important points. They put up pillars of masonry on the slopes of the valley: in the upper part 200 feet above ordinary flood level, and farther down the valley, 100 feet above floods. These pillars were established near all villages and camping-grounds, and at intervals of half a mile down the river. The people were directed to retire above the line of pillars when they should receive warning of the flood. The valley is not thickly peopled, but it contains several villages, and one town which has a population of 2,000. It is, however, a famous resort for pilgrims, and is studded with shrines, and streams of devotees pass back and forth.

The protection of the people was provided for by these precautions, but it remained to save such property as might be saved. The permanent bridges along the valley were taken down and stored high up the slopes and replaced by temporary rope bridges. In two cases the local authorities requested that the bridges should be left, and these two were completely destroyed.

Below Hardwar, which is 150 miles be-

low Gohna, at the mouth of the valley, are situated the headworks of the great Ganges Canal. A flood coming down the valley might destroy these and greatly injure the works farther down. This in itself would be a terrible calamity, for the agriculture of vast regions depends upon this canal. Therefore, measures were taken to protect the canal works by dams and other constructions more or less substantial.

When they had done all they could the officers waited for the flood. At half past six on the morning of August 25th, a little stream began to trickle over the dam. At two o'clock in the afternoon a message was sent down the valley, saying that the flood would come during the night. A thick mist overhung the lake and the dam. At half past eleven at night a loud crash was heard, a cloud of dust rose through the mist and rain, and the flood roared down the valley.

Just below the dam the wave rose 260 feet above the ordinary flood level. If this wave had swept down Broadway, it would have risen to the cornices of some of the recent twenty-story buildings. Thirteen miles below the dam the wave was 160 feet high; and seventy-two miles below, at Srinagar, it was forty-two feet above ordinary flood level; and at Hardwar, 150 miles down the stream, at the mouth of the valley, the wave was still eleven feet high. The average speed of the flood going down the valley, in the first seventy miles of its course, was estimated at about eighteen miles an hour; but in the upper twelve miles it must have moved at a rate of over twenty-seven miles an hour. In four and a half hours 10,000 million cubic feet of water, almost two-thirds of the whole contents of the lake, were discharged. This mass weighed more than 300 million tons. Nothing could withstand that weight moving at such a speed. Rocks were ground to dust. The town of Srinagar was entirely destroyed, with the rajah's palace and the public buildings; and a thick bed of stones, sand, and mud was deposited where the town had stood. All the villages of the valley were swept away; but, wonderful to relate, there was absolutely no loss of life, except the Gohna fakir and his family. This old fellow scorned the warning of the Christians, and he and his family were twice forcibly moved up the slope, but each time they returned, to be finally overwhelmed in the flood.

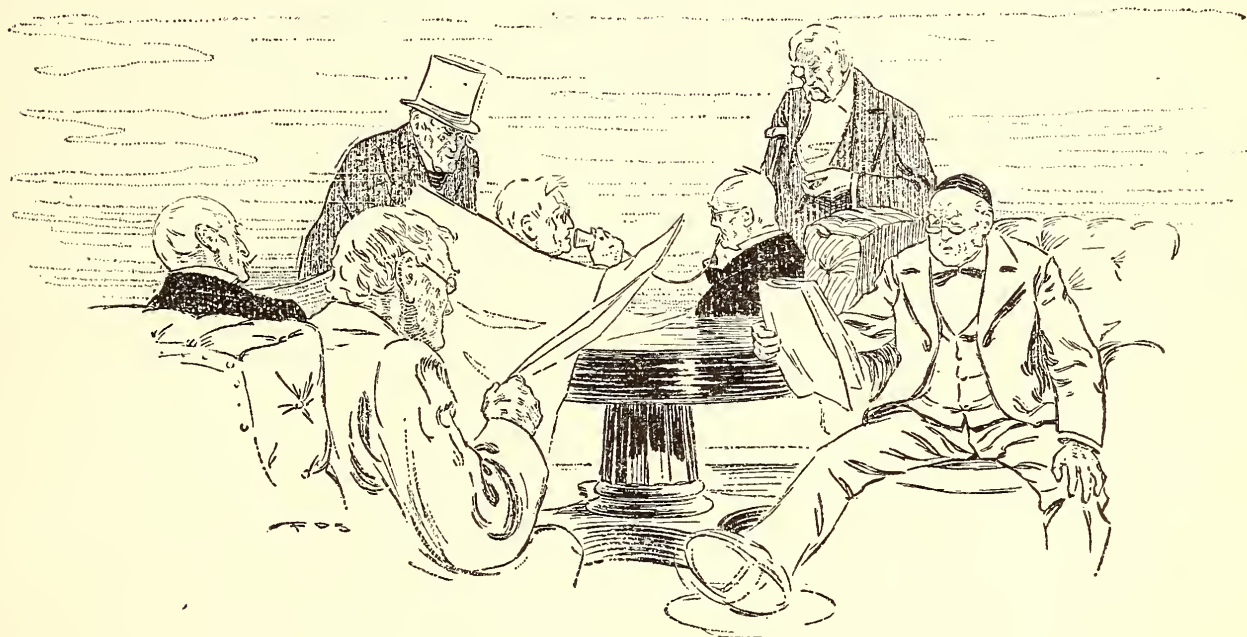
So efficient were the preparations for protecting the headworks of the Ganges

Canal that these were but slightly injured. The whole cost of the protective work and the value of bridges and public property destroyed amounted to 2,500,000 rupees. The official value of the rupee in 1894 was thirty-two cents, and, therefore, this sum was equal to \$800,000. This does not include the destruction of private property, of which no estimate has been made.

To save the people of the valley and to save the Ganges Canal required more than mere knowledge. It required moral courage and resolution. The officers had to reckon with the ignorance and incredulity of the people, as shown in the case of the old fakir. They had also to meet opposi-

tion in high places, for there were men in the government who did not believe that the dam would fail even when the lake overflowed, and there were others who wanted plans tried which, as events proved, would have been useless.

The annals of the British conquest and government of India are full of instances of the fitness of our race to govern, but this little tale illustrates, perhaps as well as any of them, those qualities of faith in acquired knowledge, zeal in the performance of duty, and courage and efficiency in action which have made it possible for the English-speaking people to govern one-third of the habitable globe and one-fourth of the population of the earth.



AN UNJUST ACCUSATION.

BY ROBERT BARR,

Author of "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Mutable Many," etc.

THERE are houses in London which seem to take upon themselves some of the characteristics of their inmates. Down the steps of a gloomy-looking dwelling you generally see a gloomy-looking man descend, and from the portal of a bright-red brick façade, incrustated with terra-cotta ornaments, there emerges a fashionably dressed young fellow twirling a jaunty cane. The house in which a terrible murder has been committed, usually looks the exact place for such a crime, and ancient maiden ladies live in peaceful semi-detached suburban villas.

In like manner famous club buildings

give forth to the observant public some slight indication of the quality of their collective members. The Athenæum Club looks for all the world like a respectable massiye book-case, made last century and closed up. One would expect, were the walls opened out, to see row upon row of stately useful volumes, like encyclopedias, and solid works of reference, strongly bound in sober leather. The Reform and the Carleton, standing together, resemble two distinguished portly statesmen, of opposing politics, it is true, but, nevertheless, great personal friends. The clubs where good dinners are to be had seem to

bulge out in front, and you can almost draw up at the somber entrance of the imagine a phantom hand patting a dis- Ironsides, expecting with equal certainty tended waistcoat with supreme satisfaction. to be well paid and found fault with.

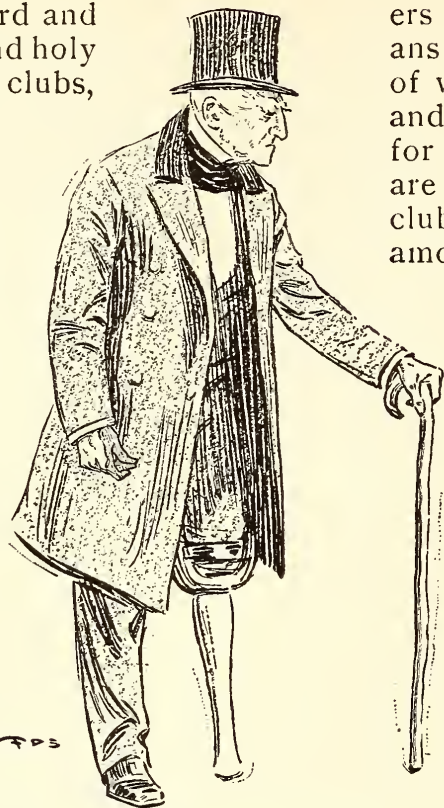
The university clubs remind one of the architecture of Oxford and Cambridge. A benignant and holy calm pervades the clerical clubs, and the hall porters look like vergers; while there are wide-awake and up-to-date clubs on Piccadilly, frequented by dashing young sparks, and the windows of these clubs almost wink at you as you pass by.

Of no edifice in London can this theory be held more true than of the gloomy, scowling building that houses the Royal Ironside Service Club. It frowns upon the innocent passer-by with an air of irascible superiority, not unmixed with disdain. If you hail a hansom and say to the cabman: "Drive me to the Royal Ironside Service Club," the man will likely lean over towards you and ask with puzzled expression:

"To *where*, sir?"

But if, instead, you cry in snarly, snappy tones:

"The Growlers!" he will instantly whip along towards St. James's quarter, and



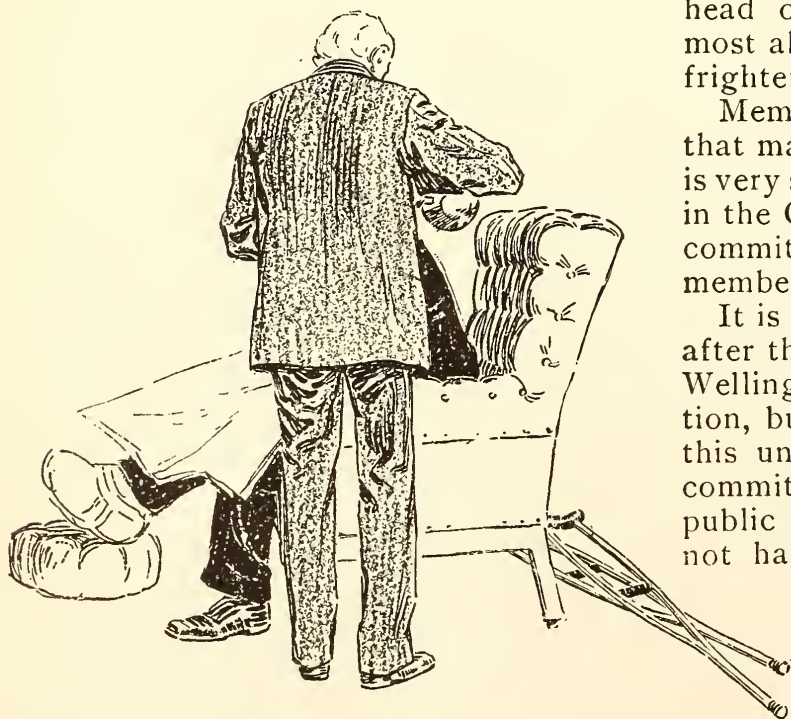
"Like Admiral Sir Stonage Gradburn."

terror to every official of the place within hearing distance. The old man will have nothing to do with modern artificial contrivances in the way of patent legs, and when a well-known firm in London offered him one for nothing if he would but wear it, the angry admiral was only prevented from inflicting personal chastisement upon the head of the firm by the receipt of the most abject apology from that very much frightened individual.

Membership in the Growlers is an honor that may be legitimately aspired to, but it is very seldom attained, for the blackballing in the Growlers is something fearful. The committee seems to resent applications for membership as if they were covert insults.

It is a tradition of the club that, shortly after the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington was elected without opposition, but members speak apologetically of this unusual unanimity, holding that the committee of the day was carried away by public feeling and that the duke should not have been admitted until he was at least ten years older.

The junior member of the club is Colonel Duxbury, who, being but sixty-five years old, neither expects nor receives the slightest consideration for any views he



"Stop!"

may express within the walls of the club building.

It is not precisely known how this collection of warlike antiques came to select James C. Norton, a person of the comparatively infantile age of forty, to be manager of the club. Some say that his age was not definitely known to the committee at the time he was appointed. Others insist that, although the club dues are high, the finances of the institution got into disorder, and so an alert business man had to be engaged to set everything straight. Outsiders again allege that the club had got so into the habit of grumbling, that at last it thought it had a real grievance, and thus they brought in a new man, putting him over the head of the old steward, who, however, was not dismissed nor reduced in pay, but merely placed in a subordinate position. Scoffers belonging to other clubs, men who were doubtless blackballed at the Growlers, libelously state that the trouble was due to the club whisky, a special Scotch of peculiar excellence. In all other clubs in London, whisky, being a precious fluid, is measured out, and a man gets exactly so much for his threepence or his sixpence, as the case may be. No such custom obtains at the Growlers. When whisky is called for, in the smoking-room, for instance, the ancient servitor, Peters, comes along with the decanter in his hand and pours the exhilarating fluid into a glass until the member who has ordered it says "Stop!" The scoffers hold, probably actuated by jealousy and vain longing, that this habit of unmeasured liquor is enough to bankrupt any club in London.

Peters, whose white head has bent without protest under many fierce complainings poured out upon it by irascible members, is said to be the most expert man in London so far as the decanting of whisky is concerned. The exactitude of his knowledge respecting the temperament and requirements of each member is most admirable. When Sir Stonage Gradburn projects the word "Stop" like a bullet, not another drop of the precious liquid passes the lip of the decanter. When Colonel Duxbury, with the modesty of a youthful member, says "Stop" in quite a different tone of voice, Peters allows about an ounce more of whisky to pour into the glass, and then murmurs with deferential humility:

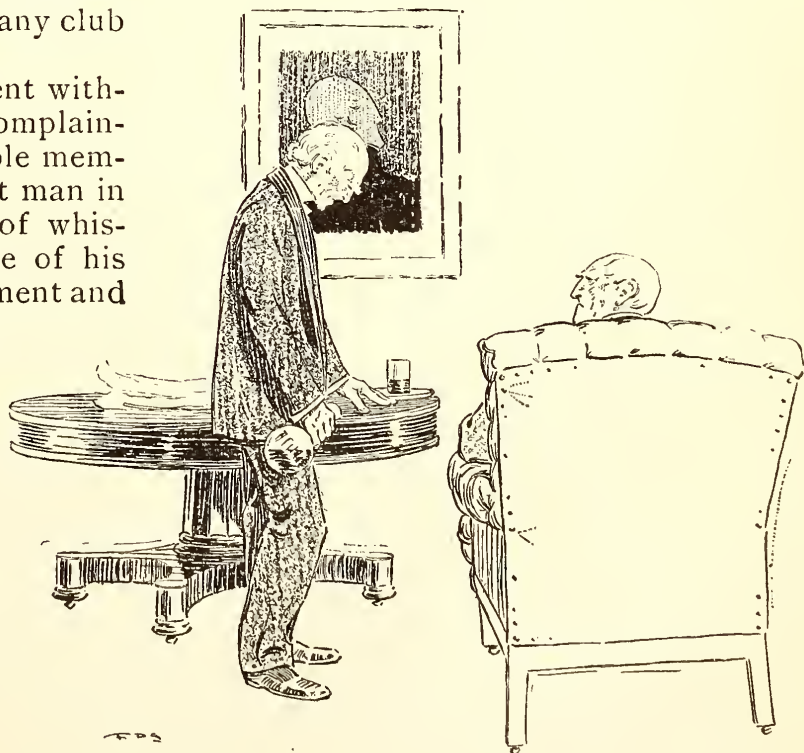
"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir."

Whereupon the colonel replies with chastened severity:

"I will overlook it this time, Peters, but be more careful in future." Whereupon the respectful Peters departs, with the decanter in his hand, saying, "Thank you, sir."

Shortly after the installation of the new manager, Admiral Sir Stonage Gradburn drove up to the Growlers' Club in his brougham, and stumped noisily through the hall, looking straight ahead of him, with a deep frown on his face. His forbidding appearance caused every one within sight to know that the British empire was going on all right, for if the admiral had ever entered with a smile on his face, such an unusual event would have convinced them that at last the peace of Europe had been broken.

The stump of the admiral's wooden leg was lost in the depths of the carpet that covered the smoking-room floor, and the old man seated himself with some caution in one of the deep, comfortable, leather-covered chairs that stood beside a small round table, Peters waiting upon him obsequiously to take his hat and stick, which the admiral never left in the cloak-room, as an ordinary mortal might have done. When the respectful Peters came back, Sir Stonage ordered whisky and the "Times," a mixture of which he was exceedingly fond. Peters hurried away with all the speed that the burden of eighty-six years upon his shoulders would allow, and return-



"Notice to quit, sir!"

ing, gave the admiral the newspaper, while he placed a large glass upon the table and proceeded to pour the whisky into it.

"That will do!" snapped the admiral when a sufficient quantity of "Special" had been poured out. Then an amazing, unheard-of thing happened, that caused the astonished admiral to drop the paper on his knee and transfix the unfortunate Peters with a look that would have made the whole navy quail. The neck of the decanter had actually jingled against the lip of the glass, causing a perceptible quantity of the fluid to flow after the peremptory order to cease pouring had been given.

"What do you mean by that, Peters?" cried the enraged sailor, getting red in the face. "What is the meaning of this carelessness?"

"I am very sorry, Sir Stonage, very sorry, indeed, sir," replied Peters, cringing.

"Sorry! Sorry!" cried the admiral. "Saying you are sorry does not mend a mistake, I would have you know, Peters."

"Indeed, Sir Stonage," faltered Peters, with a gulp in his throat, "I don't know how it could have happened, unless—" he paused, and the admiral, looking up at him, saw there were tears in his eyes. The frown on the brow of Sir Stonage deepened at the sight, and, although he spoke with severity, he nevertheless moderated his tone.

"Well, unless what, Peters?"

"Unless it is because I have notice, sir."

"Notice! Notice of what—a birth, a marriage, a funeral?"

"Notice to quit, sir."

"To quit what, Peters? To quit drinking, to quit gambling, or what? Why don't you speak out? You always *were* a fool, Peters."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," replied Peters, with humility. "I am to leave the service of the club, Sir Stonage."

"Leave the club!" cried the admiral with amazement. "Now, Peters, that simply proves the truth of what I have been saying. You are a fool, and no mis-

take. You may get higher wages, which I doubt; you may better yourself, as the detestable modern phrase goes, but where will you meet such kindly treatment as you receive in this club?"

Sir Stonage Gradburn glared at the servitor so fiercely that Peters feared for a moment the admiral had forgotten he was not on the quarterdeck and about to order the culprit before him to receive a certain number of lashes; but the eyes of the aged waiter refilled as the last words of the admiral brought to his mind the long procession of years during which he had been stormed at, gruffly ordered about, and blamed for everything that went wrong in the universe. Still, all this had left no permanent mark on Peters's mind, for there had never been a sting in the sometimes petulant complaints flung at him, and he recognized them merely as verbal fireworks playing innocently about his head, relieving for a moment the irritation of some old gentleman who had been accustomed all his life to curt command and instant obedience. Peters actually believed

that the members had invariably been kind to him, and when he thought of how munificently they had remembered him Christmas after Christmas, a lump came into his throat that made articulation difficult. Although the members gave no audible token of their liking for him, nevertheless the old man well knew they would miss him greatly when he was gone, and

Peters often pictured to

himself the heroic ordeal that awaited his unfortunate successor in office. So the admiral's remark about the kindness of the club to him touched a tender chord in the heart of the old menial, and the vibration of this chord produced such an agitation within him that it was some moments before he could recover sufficient control over his voice to speak. An impatient "Well, sir?" from the scowling admiral brought him to his senses.

"The new manager has dismissed me, Sir Stonage," replied Peters.

"Dismissed you!" cried the admiral. "What have you been doing, Peters? Not infringing any of the rules of the club, I hope? You have been with us, man and boy, for forty-two years, and should have



"... such kindly treatment."

a reasonable knowledge of our regulations by this time."

Peters had become a servitor of the club at the age of forty-four, and therefore every member looked upon him as having spent his infancy within the walls of the Ironside Service Club.

"Oh, no, Sir Stonage, I have broken none of the rules. I leave the club without a stain on my character," replied Peters, mixing in his reply a phrase that lingered in his mind from the records of the courts. "Mr. Norton dismisses me, sir, because I am too old for further service."

"WHAT!" roared the admiral in a voice of thunder.

Several members in different parts of the room looked up with a shade of annoyance on their countenances. Most of them were deaf, and nothing less than the firing of a cannon in the room would ordinarily have disturbed them, but the admiral's shout of astonishment would have been heard from the deck of the flagship to the most remote vessel in the fleet.

"Too old!"

"Too *old!*" he continued, "too old for service! Why, you can't be a day more than eighty-six!"

"Eighty-six last March, sir," corroborated Peters, with a sigh.

"This is preposterous!" cried the admiral, with mounting rage. "Go and get my stick at once, Peters. We shall see if servants are to be discharged in the very prime of their usefulness."

Peters shuffled off, and returned from the cloak-room with the stout cane. The admiral took a gulp of his liquor without diluting it, and Peters, handing him his stick, stood by, not daring to make any ostentatious display of assisting Sir Stonage to rise, for the old warrior resented any suggestion that the infirmities natural to his time of life were upon him, or even approaching him. But on this occasion, to Peters's amazement, the admiral, firmly

planting his stick on the right-hand side of the deep chair, thrust his left hand within the linked arm of Peters, and so assisted himself to his feet, or rather to his one foot and wooden stump. Peters followed him with anxious solicitude as he thumped towards the door; then the admiral, apparently regretting his temporary weakness in accepting the arm of his underling, turned savagely upon him, and cried in wrath:

"Don't hover about me in that disgustingly silly way, Peters. You'll be saying I'm an old man next."

"Oh, no, sir," murmured the abject Peters.

The admiral stumped into the committee room of the club, and rang a hand-bell which was upon the table, for no such modern improvement as electricity was anywhere to be found within the club. When the bell was answered the admiral said shortly:

"Send Mr. Norton to me, here."

Mr. Norton came presently in, a clean-cut, smooth-shaven, alert man, with the air of one who knew his business. Nevertheless, Mr. Norton seemed to have the

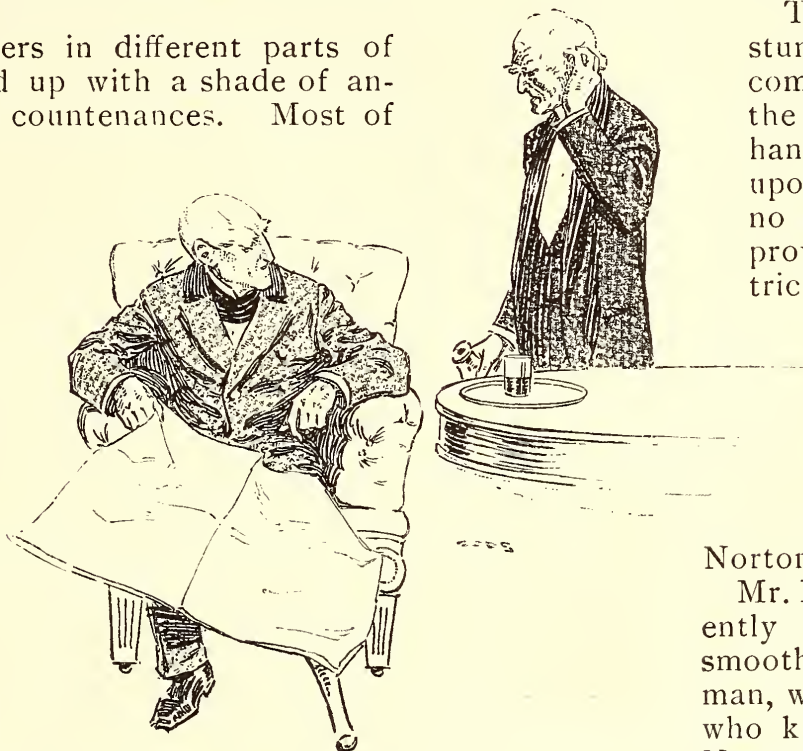
uneasy impression that he was a man out of place. He looked like a smug, well-contented, prosperous grocer, who was trying to assume the dignified air of a Bank of England porter. He bowed to so important a person as the chairman of the House Committee with a deference that was not unmingled with groveling; but the admiral lost no time in preliminaries, jumping at once to the matter that occupied his mind.

"I understand, sir, that you have dismissed Peters."

"Yes, Sir Stonage," replied the manager.

"And I have heard a reason given of such absurdity that I find some difficulty in crediting it; so I now give you a chance to explain. *Why* have you dismissed Peters?"

"On account of hage, Sir Stonage," replied the manager, cowering somewhat, fearing stormy weather ahead.



"Why, you can't be a day more than eighty-six!"



"Don't hover about me in that disgustingly silly way, Peters."

"Hage, sir!" roared the admiral, who for some unexplained reason always felt like striking a man who misplaced his "h's." "I never heard of such a word."

"Peters is hold, sir," said the manager, in his agitation laying special stress on the letter "h" in this sentence.

"Hold! Hold! Are you talking of a ship? Haven't you been taught to speak English? I have asked you what reason you can give for the dismissal of Peters. Will you be so good as to answer me, and use only words to which I am accustomed?"

The badgered manager, remembering that he had a legal contract with the club which that body could not break without giving him, at least, a year's notice or bestowing upon him a year's pay, plucked up courage and answered with some asperity:

"Peters is in his dotage, sir; 'e's hover heighty-six years hold, if 'e's a day, sir."

Lucky for Mr. Norton that the long committee table was between him and the

angry admiral. The latter began stumping down the room, rapping on the table with the knob of his stick as he went, as if he had some thought of assaulting the frightened manager.

"In his dotage at eighty-six!" he exclaimed. "Do you intend to insult the whole club, sir, by such an idiotic remark? How old do you think I am, sir? Do you think I am in my dotage?"

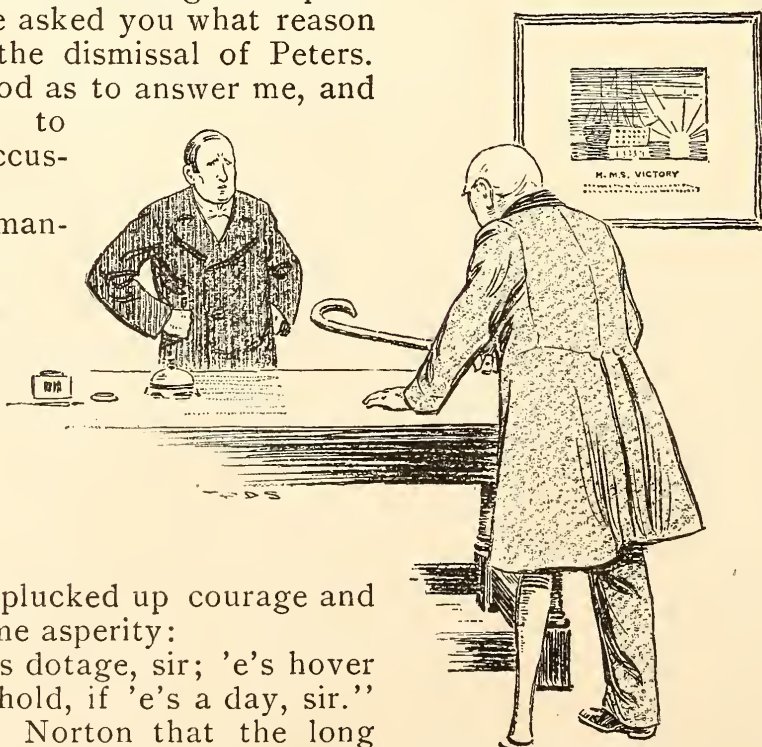
The manager, his grasp on the handle of the door, attempted to assure the approaching admiral that he had no intention whatever of imputing anything to anybody except to old Peters, but he maintained that if he was to reform the club, he must be allowed to make such changes as he thought necessary, without being interfered with. This remark, so far from pouring oil on the troubled waters, added to the exasperation of the admiral.

"Reform! The club has no need of reform."

So the conference ended futilely in the manager going back to his den and the admiral stumping off to call a meeting of the House Committee.

When the venerable relics of a bygone age known as the House Committee assembled in the room set apart for them, their chairman began by explaining that they were called upon to meet a crisis, which it behooved them to deal with in that calm and judicial frame of mind that always characterized their deliberations. Although he admitted that the new manager had succeeded in making him angry, still he would

now treat the case with that equable temper which all who knew him were well aware he possessed. Whereupon he disclosed to them the reason for their being called together, waxing more and more vehement as he continued, his voice becoming louder and louder; and at last he emphasized his remarks by pounding on the table with the head of his stick



"Peters is in his dotage, sir."



"A meeting of the House Committee."

until it seemed likely that he would split the one or break the other.

The members of the committee were unanimously of the opinion that the new manager had cast an aspersion on the club, which was not to be tolerated; so the secretary was requested to write out a check, while the manager was sent for, that he might at once hear the decision of the committee.

The chairman addressed Mr. Norton, beginning in a manner copied somewhat after the deliberative style of our best judges while pronouncing sentence, but ending abruptly, as if the traditions of the bench hampered him.

"Sir, we have considered your case with that tranquillity in which any measure affecting the welfare of our fellow-creatures should be discussed, and, dash me, sir, we've come to the conclusion that we don't want you any longer. Go!"

The chairman at the head of the table scanned malevolently the features of the offending manager, while the different heads of the committee, gray and bald, nodded acquiescence. The manager, seeing the fat was in the fire in any case, now stood up boldly for his rights. He demanded a year's notice.

"You shall have nothing of the kind, sir," replied the admiral. "It is not the custom of the club to give a year's notice."

"I don't care what the custom of the club is," rejoined Norton. "My contract calls for a year's pay if I am dismissed."

"I don't care *that* for your contract,"

cried the admiral, bringing his stick down with a whack on the table. "The club will not change its invariable rule for you or your contract."

"Then I shall sue the club in the law courts. You will 'ear from my solicitor."

Here the admiral, rising, poured forth a stream of language which it is impossible to record, and the members of the committee also rose to their feet, fearing a breach of the peace.

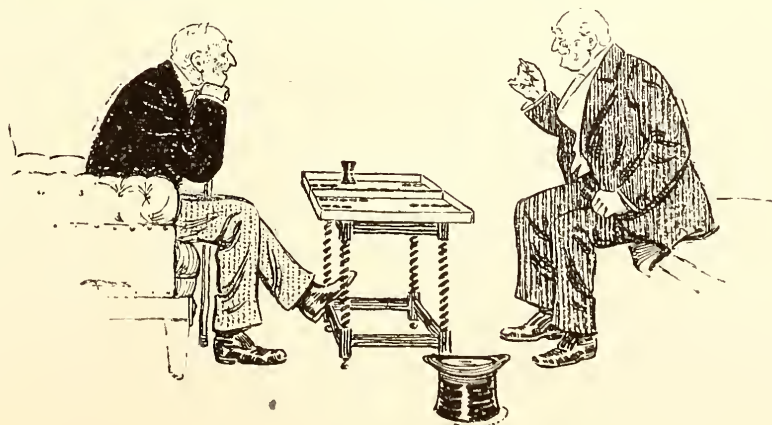
"In heaven's name," whispered the secretary to the manager, "don't anger the admiral further, or there will be trouble. Take the check now and go away without saying any more; then if you don't want the other year's salary, bring it back and give it quietly to our treasurer."

"The hother year's salary!" cried Norton.

"Certainly. It is a habit of the Growlers to pay two years' salary to any one whom they dismiss."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Norton, seizing the check, which he found was for double the amount which he expected. Whereupon he retired quickly to his den, while the committee set itself the task of soothing the righteous anger of the admiral.

And thus it comes about that Peters, who is, as Sir Stonage Gradburn swears, still in the prime of his usefulness, serves whisky in the smoking-room of the Growlers as usual, and the old steward of the club has taken the place so suddenly left vacant by the departure of the energetic Mr. Norton.



SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

BY ANNA A. ROGERS.

MRS. ENNIS was writing as usual on the bulging old atlas laid in her lap, the traveling-inkstand at her elbow on the low window-sill. She was entirely absorbed and curiously exhilarated as she rapidly filled, numbered, and tossed aside sheet after sheet of the thinnest note-paper.

All the thought, sentiment, and passion of her being found their outlet in her letters to her absent husband. More than all else, the pathos of her starved, unnatural existence was shown by the pages she wrote of homely details that strove to make real their marriage, to keep it from becoming to them both a sort of dream—an almost fierce determination to hold him close to her daily life, hers and the children's.

It was almost three years since she and her boy had stood on the beach at Fort Monroe, up near the soldiers' cemetery, and watched the ship "all hands up anchor," swing round, and head for the Capes. Sometimes she had heard every two weeks, sometimes the silence was unbroken for three dreary months, during a long cruise to some remote island of the Southern Archipelago. Then again, while in dock at Mare Island, the letters came daily. The repairs once finished, he was again blotted from her life for weeks, and a cablegram in the papers, a mere line to say the "Mohican" had arrived at Valparaiso or Callao, with the added brief "all well," was what she lived on till the long sea letter, often a month old, came to gladden her heart once more.

She was answering a letter that had come that morning unexpectedly, brought north by a tramp steamer.

As she began to re-read it the third time in search of fresh stimulus, she suddenly started and raised her flushed face. A woman's voice was singing, as it approached along the narrow hotel corridor, a series of soft trills ending in a chromatic run that had the effect of a low, sweet laugh. There was a pause, and then a sharp tattoo on the door-panel, and the voice sang to its accompaniment:

"Un beau matin on voit là,
Un beau vaisseau rapprocher,
Et voilà ce cher Pedro,
Que la Vierge a protégé—"

Mrs. Ennis pounced upon the foreign-stamped envelope lying at her feet, piled helter-skelter into her lap the many loose sheets about her, and, throwing over all her long sewing-apron, cried:

"Come in, Alice!"

The door was thrown wide, a voice announced pompously, "Miss Blithe," and a tall, beautiful girl swept in with a burlesque grand air and courtesy. Then she exclaimed naturally, laughing and running to Mrs. Ennis:

"I'm so insanely happy to-day, please don't mind anything I do. Are you happy, too, to-day?" She looked attentively at Mrs. Ennis, who nodded her head, returning the girl's sharp scrutiny. Then they both looked hastily away. Mrs. Ennis caught up a little jacket, holding it away from her lest Alice should detect the rustle of the hidden letter, and both women talked at random about the best way to darn an obtuse-angled rent.

"Mrs. Ennis," began Miss Blithe with a rising inflection. Then she took a deep breath, and began again with a falling inflection:

"Mrs. Ennis," again a pause, and then she said rapidly:

"We ought to hear by the same mail, oughtn't we, now that Archie has been transferred to your husband's ship?"

Mrs. Ennis looked up quickly. The girl's head was on one side, critically admiring the polish of her pretty finger-nails, her hand extended. Mrs. Ennis went on with her sewing.

"As a rule, yes; but you must learn, Alice, to make allowances at this distance. A mail might go off very suddenly, and Mr. Endicott might not hear the call; be on some special duty, asleep after a watch, or ashore. You must remember the possibilities."

"Yes? How about Dr. Ennis in all this? Doesn't any of it hold good in your case?" Alice asked with dancing eyes. Mrs. Ennis laughed nervously. Presently Miss Blithe wandered to the window that looked out toward the college, across the tree-tops.

"Oh, Mrs. Ennis! There goes Preston again, on the end of the longest kind

of a whip-lash! What shall we do with that—"

Alice heard an exclamation behind her, and, turning quickly, found her friend standing amidst a great flutter of flying papers, her face full of distress. The young girl danced up to her and exclaimed:

"Oh, how delicious! You had it under your apron all the time—and look!" She dived into her pocket and pulled out a letter, waving it aloft as she waltzed around the room; and then the two women fell into each other's arms, laughing, and Alice cried in a breath:

"Mine came an hour ago, and I was so afraid you hadn't got one—the doctor might have been asleep, you know; so I wouldn't tell till I knew, and you had it all the time! And we were both trying to be so deep and sly! Isn't it lovely! Now let's sit down and compare notes."

They gathered up the scattered sheets, and were once more on a natural and apparently perfectly frank footing; but Mrs. Ennis said nothing of a paragraph in the doctor's letter, near the end, which read: "Endicott has suddenly gone to pieces. I can't quite make it out—heart, I'm afraid. Our time is up, and orders for home have not yet come. Of course we're all a good deal rattled, but it's downright poison for him in his present state."

And when Alice read extracts of her letter to Mrs. Ennis, she, too, passed over a sentence with a gasp that made the other smile. It read: "Doctor Ennis told me there were two cases of yellow fever on this ship before I joined her, and she was in quarantine for weeks. He did not write his wife about it; and you, sweetheart mine, are to say nothing to her, unless exaggerated accounts get into the papers."

When the letters were tenderly folded and put away, Mrs. Ennis took up her work again, and Alice sat down on a stool at her feet, putting her elbows on her knees and resting her chin on the palms of her hands, watching the quiet, busy mother.

"I wish I could be more like you, Mrs. Ennis. I do get so utterly weary of the endless see-saw of my moods. You are so strong and brave, and, above all, sane."

"Not always, Alice."

"Well, then it's all the more admirable, for no one ever sees the other side."

"I had a temperament very like yours when I married the doctor, and I've been frozen into what you call sanity by the strain of this life of ours. He and I have been separated six years out of eleven.

Of course nowadays that is unusual, but he is not a 'Coburger'; we have no house in Washington, neither political nor social influence. When George is ordered to sea, after three years' shore duty, he goes. It's the old story of the willing horse."

"I should think you would have gone to San Francisco or Honolulu, as Mrs. French and Mrs. Atherton did. They saw their husbands twice, and had such lovely times, they wrote. Why didn't you, Mrs. Ennis?"

"We have nothing but the doctor's pay, Alice."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I am so thoughtless," cried the girl.

"Don't distress yourself, my dear child. Fortunately, expense is the last thing you ever have to think about. I don't in the least object to telling you my little affairs. He has to help his mother in a small way, and my father has his hands full. Then, because we can't save anything, my husband carries a rather heavy—for us, of course—life insurance; and so we always sail very close to the wind." And, to Alice's bewilderment, Mrs. Ennis smiled as she went on:

"I can't be too thankful I stumbled on this little nook—fresh air for Dorothy and a good school for Preston, and, between the college sessions, the hotel practically to ourselves. And then you followed me here, and behold my own opera on demand, like a queen; your lovely rooms, and all the books, and you and your gowns, neither ever twice the same—a constant source of delight to me."

"Oh, really!" and the girl's white face flushed with pleasure, and her eager young eyes drooped shyly like a child's.

There was a short silence, and Mrs. Ennis sewed buttons on a pile of little shabby shoes, and Alice put a liquid blacking on them, and laid them one by one on a newspaper to dry. Finally, the latter said:

"I was so glad to come, for Aunty is not very sympathetic about my engagement to Archie, you know. She doesn't object to the Mr. Endicott, but the Lieutenant Endicott. She declares she doesn't understand anything about the navy—never even heard of it before—and she's much too old to begin!"

"I fancy Mrs. Percy thinks it a little vulgar, Alice; many people do until—well, there's a war scare."

"You won't breathe it, will you, Mrs. Ennis, even to the doctor, if I tell you something?" Alice took a deep breath.

"I fairly hurled myself at Archie before he would propose!"

"I fancy you," said the other, with a laugh.

"Of course that sounds worse than it really was, because I knew perfectly well, ever since that winter in Washington, that he—liked me; and that it was only all this horrid money poor papa left that came between us—that and his stupid pride. You see, Auntie and I were at home in New York before the 'Mohican' sailed, and he kept coming to the house, and sometimes he would only stay ten minutes and then rush off, saying he had a watch to stand, or was on a board of survey, or had promised to take somebody's relief—whatever that means. He was so irritating, you can't believe! Well, one day those lawyers wrote me one of their tiresome legal letters that take four sheets to say one little simple thing that I can say in two sentences. I groped around in the slough of words awhile, and finally discovered I was being scolded for spending too much money to suit them—I had to give things to Auntie, you see, to make Archie's path more smiling—and that gave me an idea. I closed the house and dragged her off to the boarding-house in Gramercy Park, where I met you. It was before Dorothy came, and my heart ached so for you and the poor doctor." Alice, holding off a tiny wet shoe, stooped over and kissed the hand pulling the linen thread back and forth through a button-loop.

The mother looked up and smiled.

"Auntie vowed she'd take me before the Commission in Lunacy. She couldn't understand why I took to wearing old traveling-dresses, and packed away all my rings and furbelows. When Archie came I assumed an anxious, careworn look, and pretended to be nervous and absent-minded. I never worked so hard over anything in all my life. And he was so bewildered, poor boy! Only a fortnight before the 'Mohican' sailed, he came one afternoon and I was more pathetic than ever. I was simply determined! Finally, he burst out with: 'Miss Blithe, what is it? I can't stand this sort of thing any longer. Won't you tell me?' And Mrs. Ennis, what do you think I said? I answered in a husky sort of way—I'd been practicing for a month—'Money!' And then—well—there was a lovely scene. Don't you like scenes?"

"My dear, I'm a woman!"

"Then what do you suppose I did?"

"You asked him to give you till to-morrow, and so forth, and so forth."

"Exactly! Wasn't it too dreadful?" cried Alice.

"Oh! we all do it. We suggest, as it were, and then retreat. You must never quote me as saying so, but I shouldn't like to tell what I think would become of the question of matrimony if we didn't."

The children dashed in, and Alice ran away, singing as she went:

" Ecoutez, Sainte Marie,
Je donnerai mon beau collier,
Si vous ferez rapporter,
Revenir mon cher Pedro."

Several weeks later, one evening after the children had gone to sleep, Mrs. Ennis sat at the table covered with a temple-cloth, absorbed in the worship of the god called *Daikoku* in the land whence came the glittering brocade.

There should have been a thread of incense burning and the tinkle of a bell to rouse the ever-drowsy god of wealth; but the suppliant had much the same attitude and expression here as there, of hunger and weariness, as she sat with clasped hands and head bowed over several little piles of postal receipts from the Navy Mutual Aid Association. There had been two extra assessments that month, and that was a financial tragedy in her life. A feminine panic had seized upon her; she must go over it all once more. It meant so much just then. She had planned so closely, and had hoped to meet her husband dressed as he liked to see her, all in brown from head to foot—as if he really cared; but it would have been one of those ultra-happinesses that all her life long had been denied her.

There was a soft tap at the door, and Alice's maid handed her a note, a mere line:

"Please come down and be audience. Auntie will not keep awake, and I must sing to-night or die! Maggie will stay with the children."

So she went, and found Alice in her maddest mood and Mrs. Percy gone to bed in her grumpiest.

Alice had felt like making a toilet that evening, and wore a beautiful gown of soft clinging gray, with white chiffon at the fair throat and wrists, that fluttered like a seagull's wings against a dull sky as she flew to the door and greeted her friend.

"You angel of mercy! I was so afraid you couldn't, or you wouldn't, or you

mustn't, or something—that subjunctive of yours is the bane of my existence.” And she laughed and pushed Mrs. Ennis into an arm-chair, and placed a footstool for her, lifting each square-toed, heavy-soled boot and putting it down on the soft plush cover, one at a time, with a tenderness that did not escape her friend. Then a cushion was laid under her head, and Alice exclaimed:

“There! It’s the thing nowadays to make even hanging as comfortable as possible, so it’s the very least I can do for my little victim.”

Mrs. Ennis gave herself up to the girl’s whim, folding her busy hands on her lap.

Always of an exquisite timbre and cultivated up to the limit of the social law in such matters, Alice’s voice had in it that night an additional passionate throb that sent the tears at once to Mrs. Ennis’s eyes, and they stayed there through song after song.

Then the girl suddenly stopped, and wheeled round on the stool. The soft, yellow light from the shaded piano-lamp fell about her like a radiance in the otherwise darkened room.

“Isn’t that enough? I never know when to stop when I have you at my mercy; you’re just the dear old gallery, which doesn’t know one note from another, and yet has critical emotions, fresh and honest, with none of the pedantry of the orchestra nor the subdivided interest of the boxes. I know there are tears in your eyes, and I’m afraid I can’t sing anything to-night to drive them away. Life seems all in a minor key—I mean as Wagner manages it—not thinly sentimental and genteelly pathetic, but harsh and terrible, with clashing discords that make one want to scream with the agony of it all. There! my singing’s better than this sort of thing, at least. I’ll spare you.”

She turned again to the piano and sang, without the music, Grieg, Franz, Lassen; then once more back to Grieg. Then her voice was still, and her fingers played over and over again a curious succession of chords, that ended in a sort of interrogation. Finally she said, softly:

“There’s something I haven’t sung since Archie went away. I feel like singing it to-night for you. You see it ends in a long, rather high note, held endlessly with a slight tremolo, dying out and coming back in a sort of echo. One evening he said it carried him back to Japan. There’s a park called Shiba, near Tokio, I think he said, where there’s a huge statue

of Buddha, and a temple near by with a bell whose notes go ringing on and on, dying away and then returning in a wonderful way; so he called the song ‘Shiba,’ and this is the way it goes—” A sharp knock at the door startled them both.

“Let me go!” cried Mrs. Ennis, for what reason she never knew as long as she lived.

“The idea!” said Alice, opening the door with a laugh. A telegraph-boy stood outside, and he inquired:

“Miss Alice Blithe?”

There was a flash from her jeweled hand as she tore open the envelope the boy handed to her. An instant’s silence, and with only a moan of, “Oh, my God!” the girl threw out her arms as if pushing something back from her, and fell backwards as if struck. The paper and envelope fluttered to the floor more slowly. Mrs. Ennis sprang to her feet, closed the door, calling Mrs. Percy again and again. She rang the bell and sent for a doctor—she was so sure of the contents of that hideous yellow paper—working meanwhile over the senseless girl, who lay as one dead. Mrs. Percy came in frightened and bewildered.

“What’s the matter? I was sound asleep; I thought it was fire. Why doesn’t Alice get up? What is it?”

“I don’t know any more than you do,” Mrs. Ennis found herself saying coldly. “A telegram came, and this is the result. I beg you to go at once for Maggie; I must have help.”

Mrs. Percy read the telegram aloud first:

“From Montevideo. ‘Lieutenant Endicott died March twentieth. Buried at sea.’ Signed ‘Westcott, Commander.’”

Mrs. Percy laid the paper down gently, and left the room instantly and in silence. It was then the first week in April, and they had not known.

For two days Alice was happily oblivious to everything, and the doctor made those three visits a day that represent so many fights with death. Mrs. Ennis stayed by her day and night, the children going to a neighbor’s, until there was some change in the stricken girl. When the dry, white lips first moved, Mrs. Ennis bent closely and caught:

“Un beau matin on voit là
Un beau vaisseau—Pedro,”

and after that there were days of delirium, with terrible bursts of singing and pitiful laughter.

Two trained nurses came, and Mrs. Ennis took up her own life again, and with it a terror that would not leave her for an hour. The children tiptoed and whispered about their rooms, three floors removed.

After a fortnight Alice was better, free from fever, and conscious, lying almost pulseless, following with wide-stretched, vacant eyes the figures moving about her room.

Dr. Knutt did not like the looks of things, and he sent for Mrs. Ennis and told her as much, as they walked up and down together in the hall outside the sick-room.

"I want you to use your woman's wits—stir her up, wake her up, shake her up, somehow. I consider it pure philanthropy to force her to live, willy-nilly. There are plenty of good women in the world—a doctor knows that; and there are entirely too many clever ones. But beauty like Miss Blithe's is rare and owes its leaven to the lump. I know, I know!" he exclaimed, in response to a deprecatory movement of Mrs. Ennis's hands. "All the same, I'll stick to it, and a big dose of statistics once a day wouldn't hurt the whole lot of you. Well, good-night," and he stamped off down the long corridor.

Then there came the bright May morning and the telegram for Mrs. Ennis from Staten Island, which said:

"Arrived daybreak. Am well. Pack everything. Come immediately. Wire your train. Address Stapleton.
GEORGE ENNIS."

Not until then did the woman's brave heart falter, much as an infant's tiny feet totter as they near the open arms at the end of their first little journey in the world. But she managed to say, quietly:

"The ship's in, Preston. Papa wants us. Take Dorothy into the other room and get her toys together."

Behind the closed door she gave way completely, and kneeling at her bedside she laid her head on her pillow—that woman's Gethsemane—which had known of her lonely, wakeful nights, the tears of weariness, and later that agony of suspense.

"It is over—it is over, thank God! Oh, my love, my love, no one will ever know what it has been," she whispered. Then she arose and walked up and down the little room, nervously patting her left hand with her right in unconscious self-pity, as she would have soothed Dorothy's woes.

The instinct of motherhood in some

women even encompasses themselves. A smile came slowly to her lips, a happy light to her eyes that took ten years from her age; then she stood and laughed aloud, called the children to her and kissed them, answering twenty excited questions in a breath.

They had three hours before the express train left for New York. She had studied it out long ago, and did not lose a moment. The delight of her stunted life, the Indian rug given by the wardroom of the "Marion," as a wedding present, was rolled up and slipped into the canvas bag, and with a score of strong stitches across the end it stood ready. The diagonal flights of Havana fans came down from the walls with a rush. The children's joy, the Chinese flag with its green-backed dragon reaching out with almost vegetable ardor for the fiery sun, fell without parley. Eight little gilt-headed tacks in each room were wrenched out, and down slid the blue Japanese *chijimi* curtains. Walls, tables, and closets were stripped in a flash, the trunks packed, and in less than two hours after the glad news came, the little high-perched rooms that had been their home for so long were bare, cheerless, characterless—a home no more; simply number seventy, fourth floor.

Mrs. Ennis stood ready, dressed, as ever, two years behind the fashions, but with a glow on her plain, strong face that made her almost beautiful.

The children, in a mood for exalted obedience, sat holding hands, wide-eyed. The mother drew a deep breath of relief; then suddenly she started and exclaimed:

"Alice!"

She took off her hat, and in two minutes was standing by the girl's bedside. Her hands were cold and trembled so, she dared not give the accustomed caress. She sat where her face could not be seen, and then said gently, fighting down the throb in her voice:

"Alice, I'm going away for a little while; but, of course, if you need me or even want me—you see how conceited you've made me!—you must let me know at once. You'll do that, won't you?"

At the first word the girl turned her head with an effort, so that she could see her friend's profile.

"Your father ill?" she asked faintly, in the voice that had changed even more than her face.

"Oh, no—that is, I hope not; although you remember I told you I feel very anxious about him, and—" Mrs. Ennis

was too honest, too simple, for the task. Alice watched her intently, detecting at once, with the invalid's quickened sensibility, first the repressed excitement, then the false note.

"Are you going there?" she asked in the same slow, expressionless way.

"Oh, yes! later—that is, I must go first—elsewhere. Now, Alice, I'll write a line every day, and I've arranged with Mrs. Percy to—"

"I know what it is! I know just what it is!" suddenly exclaimed Alice excitedly, dragging herself up on the pillows. Mrs. Ennis's heart gave a bound, and then seemed to stop.

"It's our ship—it has come! Our ship has come in!" She sat erect, with dilated eyes looking ahead. Mrs. Ennis threw herself on her knees, with her arms about the girl, and buried her face.

"I'd be so glad if I could only feel anything; but you know I'm glad, don't you, 'way down under it all? I can see it, I can see it! You said it would be this way; I remember every word: First the tiny streamer of smoke 'way down the bay—it's not like other smoke, somehow; we can always tell it, can't we? And the tugs and the other things get out of the way, don't they?" and she laughed a little. "And then she comes in sight, so slowly, just creeping along, and she looks so dingy and tired, somehow, from the long, long way she's come. And then we can see the long, homeward-bound pennant fluttering, and the big black bunches of sailors in the front, and the little dark knots of officers at the back, and each one looks exactly like the one—the one we—" She stopped, and then, with a terrible cry, she threw herself forward on the bed, and broke into wild, heartrending sobs.

Mrs. Ennis struggled to her feet and ran to the door, which she found ajar, and Dr. Knutt standing there smiling. He drew her outside, shut the door, and shook her hand till it ached.

"Nothing could be better! I'm simply delighted. I knew you'd find a way. We'll have her as right as a trivet in two weeks—you'll see. Trust me a little and nature a great deal. I tell you this has saved her life. Haven't you got to plow before new seeds are sown? Well! Now

you run away, and I'll send old Maggie in to her. All she needs is a little Irish babying. Confound these sailors, anyhow, for the way they have with the womenkind!" he muttered to himself when alone.

As the express train went slowly into the station at Jersey City, Mrs. Ennis exclaimed:

"Don't miss a single face, Preston!"

"Did you say a beard, mamma? I've forgotten. Maybe I won't know him; I'm so sorry," and the boy's voice broke.

"The last letter said no beard. Never mind, dear; mamma isn't at all sure she'll know him herself," and she laughed excitedly.

The train stopped, and they got out, but no one greeted them. They stood out of the line of people hurrying towards the ferries. Mrs. Ennis gripped Preston's hand and cried to him pitifully:

"Oh, my boy! do you think anything can be wrong?"

"It's all right, I'm just as sure as sure can be," the little man kept saying bravely, swallowing the rising lumps in his throat. Then a deep voice behind them said:

"Isn't this Mrs. Ennis—the wife of Surgeon Ennis of the—"

"Yes, yes; what is it? Why can't you speak?" she cried, turning fiercely. She was white to the lips, and moisture stood out on her face in beads.

"Why, mamma, it's Frohman!" exclaimed Preston, recognizing his old friend, the ship's apothecary, who said quickly:

"Dr. Ennis is perfectly well. He was detained on board, and told me to give you this," handing her a note, which she tore open, reading hungrily the hastily penciled lines:

"My darling, I'm so sorry not to meet you! You cannot feel it more than I do. The navigator is ill—there's a consultation—I had to be here. Think of his wife, and have courage for a few hours more. Seven o'clock, sure! Frohman will look after you. Go to the Gramercy Park House. Get nice rooms. Don't stint yourself. Saved a pile on the home run. Love to my babies, and God bless you—the best, bravest, truest, bonniest wife in the world!"

A TWENTIETH CENTURY WOMAN.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON,

Author of "The Takin' in of Old Miss Lane," and Other Stories.

MR. DAWSON stood at the dining room window. His hands were deep in his trousers pockets. He was jingling some pieces of silver money, and swearing silently with closed lips.

The room looked more like a business office than a dining-room in a house. It was furnished handsomely, but with extreme plainness. There was an air of stiffness about everything. There were no plants in the windows; there was not a flower on the table, which stood ready for breakfast. In a word, there were no feminine touches anywhere.

Precisely at eight o'clock a strong, quick step came down the stairs and through the hall. Mr. Dawson turned with a quelled impatience in his manner. His wife entered.

"Oh," she said. She glanced at him, smiling mechanically, as one would at a child. Then she walked rapidly to a little table, and began to look over the morning mail. "Have you been waiting?" she added, absent-mindedly.

"It is not of the least consequence." Mr. Dawson spoke with a fine sarcasm. It was wasted. She did not even hear the reply.

"Ah," she said, tossing down a letter and turning to ring for breakfast. "I must run up to Salem on the noon train."

An untidy servant entered.

"Breakfast, please," said Mrs. Dawson, without looking at the girl. She seated herself at the breakfast-table, and opened the morning paper, which had been laid at her place. Mr. Dawson sat down opposite her. There was silence, save for the occasional rustle of the paper as Mrs. Dawson turned it sharply. Her eyes glanced alertly from heading to heading, pausing here and there to read something of interest. Her husband looked at her from time to time. At last he said, again with fine sarcasm, "Any news?"

Mrs. Dawson finished the article she was reading. Then, with a little start, as if she had just heard, she said: "Oh, no, no; nothing of consequence, my dear." But she read on, more intently than before.

"Well," said her husband presently, with a touch of sharpness, "here are the strawberries. Can you take time to eat them?"

She sighed impatiently. Three deep lines gathered between her brows. She folded the paper slowly, and put it in an inside pocket of her jacket. She wore a street dress, made with a very full skirt which reached a few inches below the knees. The jacket was short, and had many pockets. She wore, also, a tan-silk shirt, rolled collar and tie, and leggings. Her hair was arranged very plainly. In spite of her unbecoming attire, however, she was a beautiful woman, and her husband loved her and was proud of her.

This did not prevent him, though, from saying, with something like a feminine pettishness, "Mrs. Dawson, I wish you would remember to leave the paper for me."

Mrs. Dawson looked at him in surprised displeasure. "I have not finished reading it myself," she said coldly. "Besides, there is nothing in it that will interest you. It is mostly political news. If I had time to read it before I go down town, it would be different; but I am out so late every night, I must sleep till the last minute in the morning to keep my strength for the campaign. You cannot complain that I forget to bring it home for you in the evening."

Mr. Dawson coughed scornfully, but made no reply for some minutes. Finally he said, in a taunting tone, "It's all very well for you. You are down town all day, among people, hearing everything that is going on—while I sit here alone, without even a paper to read!"

For a moment Mrs. Dawson was angry. Here she was with an invalid husband and two children, working early and late to support them comfortably. She had been successful—so successful that she had received the nomination for State Senator on the Republican ticket. She loved her husband. She was proud of herself for her own sake, but certainly more for his sake. She thought he ought to make her way



" . . . WHILE I SIT HERE ALONE WITHOUT EVEN A PAPER TO READ."

easier for her. He was not strong, and it was her wish that he should not exert himself in the least. All she asked of him was to look after the servants, order the dinners, entertain the children when the nurse was busy, and be cheerful and pleasant the short time she was at home. Surely, it was little enough to ask of him; and it was hard that he should fail even in this.

When, two years previous, equal suffrage had been graciously granted to women, Mr. Dawson, being then in failing health, had most cheerfully turned his real-estate business over to his wife. At first she managed it under his advice and instructions. He was simply amazed at the ease with which she "caught on." In less than six months she ceased to ask for suggestions, and his proffered advice was received with such a chill surprise that it soon ceased altogether.

At first the change had seemed like heaven to Mr. Dawson. It was a delightful novelty to give orders about dinners and things to maids who giggled prettily at his mistakes; to have the children brought in by the respectfully amused nurse for an hour's romp; to entertain his gentlemen friends at afternoon "smokers" (Mrs. Dawson's dainty afternoon tea-table had been removed to the garret; a larger table, holding cigars, decanters,

etc., had taken its place); to saunter down to his wife's office whenever he felt inclined.

But the maids soon grew accustomed to the change. They received some of his more absurd orders with more insolence than merriment. He began to have an uneasy feeling in their presence. They really were not respectful. The nurse no longer smiled when she brought the children. What was worse, she left them with him much more than at first.

The children themselves, somehow, seemed to be getting out of clothes and out of manners. He told the nurse to have some clothes made for them. She asked what seamstress he preferred, and what material.

"I don't know," he answered, helplessly. "Get any good seamstress, and let her select the materials."

The nurse brought a friend from the country. She asked him how he wished them made.

"How?" he repeated, with some anger. "Why, in the fashion, of course." She made them in the style then in vogue in Stumpville. When he saw them, he swore. When he spoke to his wife about it, she replied, with an impatience that strove to be good-natured, "Why, my dear, I don't trouble you about my business perplexities, do I? Really, I haven't time to think of so much—with this campaign on my shoulders, too. You must try to manage better. Find stylish seamstresses—and don't trust even them. Study the magazines and styles yourself. It is quite a study—but I am sure you have time. And while I think about it, dear, I wish you would see that the roasts are not overdone."

The smokers and little receptions among the men became bores.

So many women now being in business, their husbands were compelled to maintain the family position in society. Mr. Dawson submitted. But he considered it an infernal nuisance to carry his wife's cards around with him. Sometimes he could not remember how many gentlemen there were in a family.

There was something worse than all this. He could not fail to perceive, in spite of the usual masculine obtuseness in such matters, that he was no longer welcome at his wife's office. She received him politely but coldly. Then she ignored his presence. If she chanced to be busy, she at once became very busy—aggressively so, in fact. If idle, she immediately found something to engross her attention.

In anger, one day, he taunted her with it. She replied, without passion, but with cutting coldness, that it was not good for business to have one's husband sitting around the office; that women did not come in so readily, feeling afraid that something might be overheard and repeated.

"You have a young gentleman typewriter," sneered Mr. Dawson.

"That is different," said his wife, smiling good-naturedly.

So the two years had gone by. Some things had improved; others had grown worse. Ill health and the narrow world he moved in seemed to have affected Mr. Dawson's mind. He felt that his wife neglected him. At times he was proud of her brilliant success, financial and political; her popularity, her beauty and grace. At others he was violently jealous of—everything and everybody, even the young man who musically took down her thoughts in the office.

It was absurd, of course, but he was such a beastly good-looking young fool! What business had he to put fresh flowers in her vase every day? Mr. Dawson asked her once furiously if she paid him for that. She looked at him in cold displeasure. Then she left the house, and scarcely spoke to him for a week. At the end of the week she remembered his invalidism, and relented. On the way home she bought a pretty trifle, a jeweled scarf-pin, and gave it to him with a little show of affection. He was deeply touched. Then she really loved him, after all!

Thereafter she permitted herself to become angry with him more readily. The temporary estrangement furnished a reasonable excuse to spend several nights down town with the girls; and, when she was tired of it, she had only to carry home some pretty jewel—and peace was restored. Mr. Dawson's life was becoming such a narrow, walled-in one that he was losing his spirit.

It is not surprising that Mrs. Dawson looked at him angrily over the breakfast-table. However, she made no answer to his unreasonable complaint.

"Is it necessary that you should make so many trips to Salem?" he asked, presently.

"Yes, my dear," she replied,

coldly. "Unless you wish to see me defeated."

"And is it necessary that you should remain out until one or two o'clock every night?"

"It is," Mrs. Dawson spoke firmly to convince herself as well as her husband. "My dear, I have had enough of this. You were pleased—I repeat, pleased—with the idea of my running for senator, or I should not have accepted the nomination. Now, already, you annoy me with petty complaints and jealousies. I prefer being at home with you and the children, certainly; but I cannot neglect my business, or we should soon be in the poor-house. Nor can I make anything of a canvass without spending some time with the girls."

"And money," sneered Mr. Dawson.

"Yes, and money"—more coldly. "God knows I do not enjoy it; my tastes are domestic."

Mr. Dawson got up suddenly. He lifted his chair, and set it down with a crash.

"Mrs. Dawson," he said, "I don't care whether you make a good canvass or a poor one. When I gave my consent to our going into this thing, I supposed you'd run it differently. You women have been talking and ranting for the last fifty years about the way you'd purify politics when you got the ballot—and here you are run-



" . . . THE CHILDREN BROUGHT IN BY THE RESPECTFULLY AMUSED NURSE. . . ."

ning things just as men have been doing ever since the United States were born."

"Oh, my dear!" interrupted Mrs. Dawson, with a little, aggravating laugh. "That is wrong, isn't it? was born would be better. Besides, why not say the earth at once?"

"And I don't care if you are defeated! I'm tired of being cooped up here with a lot of children and servants! Ordering puddings, and leaving cards on fools because you happen to know their wives in a business way, and doctoring measles and mumps! And you down town canvassing with the girls! What a home, where the wife only comes to eat!"

Mrs. Dawson arose silently and, putting on her hat in the hall, left the house. She was furious. Her face was very white. She shook with passion. What a life! What a home! What a husband for a rising woman to have dragging her down! Not even willing to help her socially! Why, it had been only two years, and here he was sunk to the shoulders in the narrow groove it had taken women centuries to struggle out of! Had she ever been proud of him? Impossible! He was unjust, contemptible, mean! Why—why—could he not be like John Darrach? There was a man, strong, fearless, a politician. He had not lost his grip. If she won, it would be because of his earnest support.

She went into her private office, and laid her head upon her desk and wept passionately.

Presently a knock came upon the door. She did not hear. The door opened, but she did not hear that either. But she felt a hand close firmly around her wrist; and then she heard a voice say, "Why, what does this mean?"

She lifted her head, and looked through her tears into John Darrach's eyes.

There was unmistakable tenderness in the look and in the pressure of his strong fingers. A warm color flamed over her face and throat. She controlled her feeling and smiled through her tears, slowly drawing her arm from his clasp.

"Forgive me," he said, instantly, returning to his usual manner toward her. "When I saw you were in trouble, I—forgot."

"It is nothing," she said, with an exaggerated cheerfulness. "Only, sometimes I fear this campaign is making me nervous. I hate nervous people," she added passionately.

"My carriage is at the door," said Darrach. He looked away from her with

a visible effort. "Shall we drive out to see that piece of property now?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; I had forgotten that. How good of you to always remind me! I am afraid I depend upon you too much."

"Not as much as I wish," he answered her in a low voice. He stood holding the door open while she rapidly drew on her gloves. Then seeing the color coming to her face again, he added, grimly: "I must earn my salary as your attorney, you know."

That was a delightful morning. The road ran along the Willamette from Portland to Vancouver. The perfect blue of an Oregon sky bent softly over them. The long, silver curves of the slow-moving river wound before them. There were green fields and bits of emerald wood and picturesque islands. Farther away were the heavily timbered hills, purple in the distance; and grand and white and glistening against the sky were the superb snow mountains, majestic in their far loneliness.

The air was fragrant with wild syringa, which grew by the roadside, flinging long, slender sprays of white, gold-hearted flowers in all directions. The soft, caressing winds let free about them a breath from the far ocean.

Mrs. Dawson leaned back in the carriage and forgot domestic cares—forgot ill-bred servants and over-done roasts, shabbily dressed children and an unreasonable, fault-finding husband. She loved the soft sway of the carriage, the spirited music of the horses' feet on the hard road, the sensuous, compelling caresses of the wind on her face and throat.

Darrach stopped the horses in a shady spot.

"We must have some of this syringa," he said, putting the reins in her hands. He broke a great armful, snapping the stems almost roughly. He bore them to the carriage, and piled them upon her knees until they covered her bosom and shoulders with their snowy drifts—some of the scented sprays curling even about her throat and hair.

"Do you know," said Darrach, looking at her, "these cool, white sprays always make me think of a woman's arms." He reached for the reins, and for a second his hand rested upon hers. She turned very pale.

"By the way," said Darrach, instantly, in a light tone, "is the canvass going on satisfactorily?"

"Not quite as I could wish," she replied.

"As I expected, the lower classes are solid for—my opponent. It is a bitter thing to run against such a woman. It will be more bitter to be defeated by her."

"You must not be."

"I cannot help it. How can I get such votes?"

Darrach shrugged his shoulders.

"Put up more money," he said, coldly, but in a low tone.

"Ah," said Mrs. Dawson, with deep contempt. "It is dishonorable—disgusting! Sell my birthright for a mess of pottage?"

"Nonsense," said Darrach. He turned and smiled at her. "Am I to be disappointed in you? Have I not guided you with a careful hand through dangers and pitfalls? Have I not helped you to success? It is wrong to spend money for such a purpose—I confess it, of course. We want all that changed. We can change it only by getting good women into power. We can get them into power only through money. We must ourselves stoop at first, to elevate politics eventually. Mrs. Dawson, you owe it to the State—to your country—you owe it to yourself—to sacrifice your noble principles and ideals this time, in view of the powerful reform you, and such women as you, can bring about in politics, once you are in power."

He turned the horses into a long, locust-bordered lane. At the end of it was a large, white farm-house. A woman sat on the front steps. She was tall and thin. Her face and hands were wrinkled and harsh. Her eyes were narrow and faded. Her sandy hair, gray in places, was brushed straight back from her face, and wound in a knot with painful tightness. She sat with her sharp elbows on her knees, her chin sunk in her palms.

She arose with a little country flurry of embarrassment at their approach. She stood awkwardly, looking at them, keeping her shabbily clad feet well under her scant skirt.

"Are you the lady who wishes to borrow money on a farm?" asked Darrach.

"Yes," she said, "I be." She did not change her expression. Her only emotion seemed to be excessive self-consciousness. She put her hands behind her to feel if her apron-strings were tied. Then she rested her right elbow in her left hand, and began to smooth her hair nervously with her right hand. "Yes, I want to git \$500 on this here farm. Land knows it's worth twicet thet."

"Yes," said Darrach, politely.

"It is too bad to mortgage it," said Mrs. Dawson, feeling a sudden pity. "Is it absolutely necessary?"

"Yes," said the woman, closing her thin lips together firmly; "my mind's set. My man's one o' them kind o' easy-goin's thet you can't never git worked up to the pitch o' doin' anythin'. I'm tired of it. We've set here on this here place sence we crossed the plains, an' we ain't got anythin' but land an' stawk an' farm machin'ry. We ain't got a buggy, ner a drivin' horse, ner a side-saddle; we ain't got 'n org'n, ner a fiddle, ner so much's a sewin'-machine—an' him a-gettin' new rakes, an' harrers, an' drills, an' things ev'ry year, all of 'em with seats to ride on. I ain't even got a washin'-machine!"

"But why do you mortgage your farm?" asked Mrs. Dawson, quietly.

"Because I've got my dose," said the woman, fiercely. "The place's in my name, an' now thet we've got our rights, I'm goin' to move to town. I'll show him! I'll git a job's street commish'ner—er somepin. He can let the place out er run it hisself, jist 's he's a mind, but I'm goin' to take that money an' hire a house 'n town an' buy furniture. My mind's set. I didn't sense what a fool I be tell we got our rights. If he'd a half give me my rights afore, I'd give him his'n now; but I've got the whip-hand, an' I guess I'll git even. He never even let me hev the hen money—consarn his ugly picter!"

"Oh, I am sure it is wrong to mortgage your farm," said Mrs. Dawson, looking distressed. "Your husband must have trusted you, or he would not have put it in your name."

The woman laughed harshly, but without mirth.

"Oh, I've played my game cute," she said. "I've schemed and laid low. Back 'n Kanzus we hed a fine place out 'n the rollin' kentry, all 'n his name, an' he made me sign a mortgage on 't to buy machin'ry with—said he'd leave me 'f I didn't, an' the hull place went. Mebbe I ain't worked to lay his sphish'uns, though! Mebbe I ain't laid awake nights a-plannin' to git this place 'n my name! Mebbe I didn't git it, too!"

"But will he sign the mortgage?" asked Darrach.

"He'll hev to." She spoke with something like a snarl. "If he don't—I'll do what he threatened me with back 'n Kanzus! I'll leave him!" Her tone was terrible now.

"Let us go," said Mrs. Dawson, turning a pale face to Darrach.

He made an appointment to meet the woman in town. Then they returned to the carriage. Looking back, they saw

color mounted into his face. "Oh, I didn't mean Dawson. I was still thinking of that woman's husband." But he was trembling under strength of the feeling he was endeavoring to control.

"We must hasten," said she, "or I shall be too late for the Salem train."

that she had reseated herself in the same listless attitude on the steps, her chin sunken in her hand, watching them with those dull, narrow eyes.

Darrach sent the horses down the lane at a lively pace. Mrs. Dawson sat erect. Her face was pale and troubled.

"Well, that's awful, isn't it?" said Darrach, cheerfully. "It makes me suspect that this suffrage business isn't all it is represented to be."

"Oh, it is terrible," said Mrs. Dawson, earnestly. "That a woman should have such a feeling"—she pressed her hands together upon her knees—"I cannot help feeling sorry for her. She is wrong, all wrong, now; yet I think I understand what a miserable, starved life she has had. I believe that the hearts of millions of women would have leaped could they have heard those words: 'If he'd a half given me my rights before!' You men have been wrong; you have not been wise. You brought this revolution on your own heads. Why, what can one expect of the kind of man that woman's husband must be, when my own husband—a man of refinement and culture—treated me like a dependent in money matters?"

"The beast!" said Darrach. She turned a white, startled face upon him. "What?" she stammered.

He laughed instantly, although a thick



"SHE SEATED HERSELF AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE, AND OPENED THE MORNING PAPER, . . ."

Once on the train, Mrs. Dawson had three hours of hard and bitter reflection. There are certain crises in the lives of all of us when a word, a look, a gesture, is sufficient to awaken us to a full realization of some wrong that we have been committing with shut eyes and dulled conscience. Mrs. Dawson had reached the crisis in her life. Her awakening

was sudden and complete; but it was crushing.

She sat with her burning cheek in her hand, looking out the window. She saw nothing—neither wide green fields, nor peaceful village, nor silver, winding river. The events of the past two years were marching, panorama-wise, before her aching eyes. Her heart beat painfully under its burden of self-accusation. Oh, blind, foolish, wicked!

She did not care for Darrach. He was an attentive, congenial companion; that was all. But how wrong, how loathsome, now seemed her association with him!

She felt a great choke coming into her throat. She detested her campaign, woman suffrage, and, most of all, herself as she had been in these two years.

Suddenly she sat erect. "I will give it all up," she said. "I will go back to my husband and my children, from whom I

have wandered—oh, God, how far! Other women may do as they choose—I shall make a home again, and stay therein. I believe active life will restore my husband's health. We will try all over again to forget, and just be happy. Oh, I have been walking in my sleep for two years! I have awakened—in time, thank God! Every act, almost every thought, of these two years is loathsome to me now. But I shall atone. I shall make my husband and my children happy."

Mr. Dawson had spent a wretched day. Upon reflection, he was heartily ashamed of the way he had spoken to his wife. Notwithstanding their deep love for each other, he felt that they were growing farther apart each day. He blamed himself bitterly. He even thought of going down to the office and apologizing; but he remembered that she was going to Salem.

Mrs. Dawson returned with a violent headache and fever. She had had a chill on the train. She took a cab and drove straight home. Her husband opened the door for her. "Dearest," he said. She threw herself upon his breast, and clung to him in her old dependent, girlish way, that was indescribably sweet to him.

"I am ill, dear," she sobbed, "so ill. And oh, I am so tired of it all! I have given it all up. I don't want to be a senator, nor a business woman, nor even a progressive woman; I just want to be your wife again. I want to take care of my children and my home, and I want you to be a man again!"

"Why, God bless my soul!" said Mr. Dawson. He was looking down at the

back of her head with the most amazed eyes imaginable.

Mrs. Dawson went to bed without her dinner. In the morning the doctor came, and said it was typhoid fever.

It was six weeks before Mrs. Dawson was able to go about the house and to hear news of the outside world. Then, one morning, Mr. Dawson conveyed to her with extreme delicacy and caution the information that woman suffrage had been declared unconstitutional and had been abolished. He added that he had considered

it his duty to take her place, and he was now running for the Senate.

"How lovely of you, dearest!" she said, with a sphinx-like smile.

Then she inquired for Dar-rach.

"Oh, he went off on a wild-goose chase to Australia soon after you were taken ill," said Dawson, lightly.

"Oh," said Mrs. Dawson. "And my type-

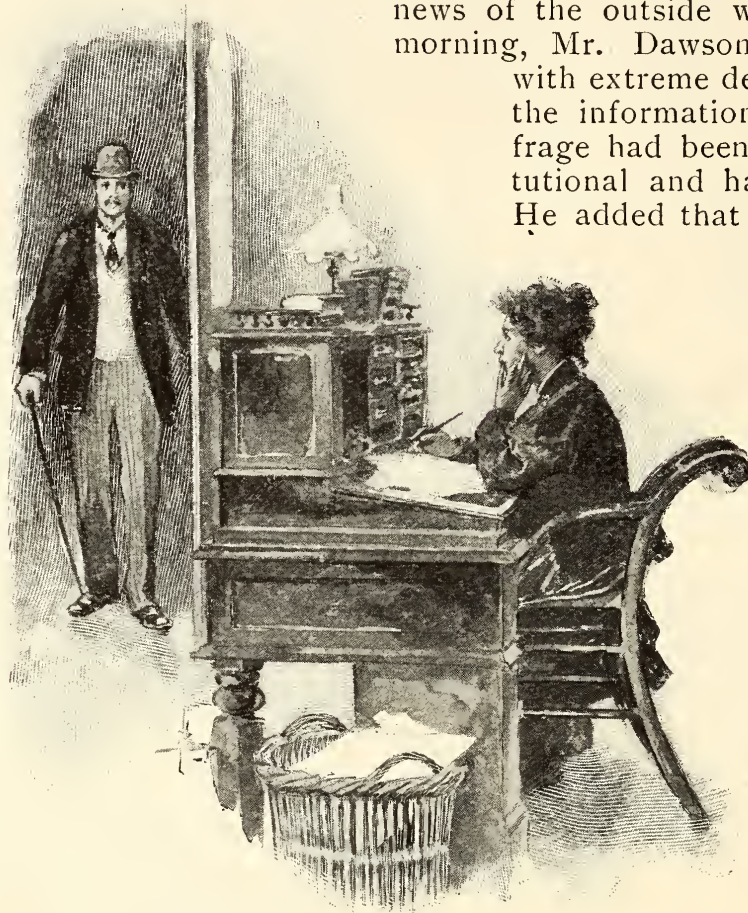
writer? Is he still with you?"

"Why—er—no," said Dawson. He looked with deep attention at an old Chinaman going along the street on a trot with two baskets of vegetables dangling at the ends of a pole on his shoulder. "The fact is—I didn't just like him. He wasn't competent. I—" he jingled some coins in his pocket—"I have a very speedy young woman—er—a Miss Standish."

"Oh," said Mrs. Dawson.

When Mr. Dawson started for the office the following morning his wife followed him to the hall door. She looked charming in her long, soft house-dress. Her lovely arms shone out of the flowing sleeves. Her hair was parted in the middle, and waved daintily. A red rose glowed on her breast. The color was coming back to her cheeks, and her eyes were bright.

Her husband put his arm around her, and drew her to him with affection and satisfaction. He was fully restored to health,



"... HE WAS NO LONGER WELCOME AT HIS WIFE'S OFFICE."

and thoroughly pleased with himself. Mrs. Dawson put one arm around his shoulder, and as she kissed him, with the other hand deftly extracted the morning paper from his inside pocket—at the same time giving him a most charming and adorable smile.

Dawson's countenance fell. But he decided instantly not to remonstrate—

this time. By and by, when she was stronger.

At the steps he paused and said, lightly, "Oh, I forgot: I'll not be home to dinner. Have to dine with some of the boys at the club. Infernal nuisance, this campaign!"

It requires so many exhausting lessons to teach a man anything.

A FRENCH CRITIC'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

BY FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE,

Editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

NEW YORK AND BALTIMORE.—AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.—AMERICAN CHARACTERISTICS.

NEW YORK, March 22d.—My greatest surprise is to be surprised so little; and in the mild atmosphere, under a brilliant sun, it does not seem to me that I have changed climates.

Nevertheless I am in America.

But what can you expect? My eyes and my mind are so fashioned that wherever I have journeyed I have found men more like each other than their vanity might be willing to admit; and doubtless that is not a favorable temper for "observing," but who knows whether it be not an excellent one for seeing better? How many travelers there are whose accounts have aroused in me nothing but a great astonishment at their ingenuity! They discover differences everywhere, and to my eyes these differences do not exist. Europeans or Americans, yellow men or white, Anglo-Saxons or Latins, we all have specimens at home of all the vices; let us add that the same is true of all the qualities and virtues, and repeat with the poet:

*"Humani generis mores tibi nosse volenti,
Sufficit una domus. . . ."*

. . . I am walking along Fifth Avenue, making these reflections and beginning to fear lest a spice of vexation at not possessing a more traveled soul may creep into them, when it suddenly occurs to me that this avenue is very long. I also perceive that all the streets

cross each other at right angles, and that, motley as the crowd may be which fills them with commotion, numerous as are the car lines by which they are furrowed, unlike and sumptuous as are the shops which line them, the impression they produce is, after all, a trifle monotonous. Fortunately, some tall houses come to dispel this at the very nick of time—very tall houses, of from twelve to fourteen stories; cubical houses with flat roofs; pierced with innumerable windows; stone houses whose crude whiteness enlivens at last this decoration which hitherto has been all in brick. I take pains to note, then, that in New York there are houses of fourteen stories, and, must it be said? they are not uglier than if they had only five. Where is it that I have seen uglier ones, not so tall, but in the same style, or the same taste, which proceeded less from the art of Bramante or Palladio than from the science of Eiffel the engineer? Was it not perchance at Rome, in the new quarters? What astonishes me most, however, and what I can scarcely account for to myself, is that, positively, these enormous houses do not seem to be embedded in the ground; one would say they were placed upon its surface.

I go on to the right, and the aspect of the scene has suddenly changed. The flooring of an aerial railway, supported by enormous cast-iron pillars, has robbed me of sunlight, and the trains which momentarily

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The author of this paper, M. Brunetière, besides being the editor of one of the most important periodicals in the world, is, perhaps, the foremost of living French critics. In it and two that are to follow (one in December and one in January) is collected whatever has particular interest for American readers in a series which M. Brunetière is now publishing in his own magazine, the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

succeed each other make a deafening racket over my head. Now the streets are lined with popular shops, saloons, oyster houses, and also with boot-blacks. Pedlars of Italian aspect offer me bananas, oranges, apples, and sticks of marshmallow. These are no longer the smells of Paris, but those of Marseilles and Genoa; in fact, they make me remember that I am in a maritime city. Did I say in a maritime city? I should have said in an island, where I ought to have found it quite natural that the manners and institutions should be "floating" (it is the remark of an ancient who had not seen America), and that the very houses should not yet succeed in "fixing themselves." A great maritime city always has a little the air of having been born yesterday; its monuments can be counted; and how often I have been surprised that of all our French cities the most ancient, the one that existed before there was a France, and even before Gaul had a name—I mean Marseilles—should also be one of the most modern, where one finds least of the historical and detects the least of what is past.

There are from sixty to eighty thousand Italians at Marseilles, and formerly there were many Greeks and Levantines; this doubtless gave it the cosmopolitan aspect. Here at New York there are from four hundred to five hundred thousand Germans, and how many Irish? To say nothing of Italians, French, Greeks, Chinese, Japanese, etc. I am not surprised that all this makes a mixture, a medley in which one would be troubled to find anything very "American." The business streets, Twenty-third, Fourteenth, Broadway, are filled with a crowd, neither very noisy nor very bustling; numerous loiterers are seated on benches in the squares—a great "cosmopolitan" city; a very large city; a gigantic city; where I seem to recognize some traits of Paris and Marseilles, of Genoa, Antwerp, and Amsterdam; where certain slight differences, suspected rather than felt, fancied rather than experienced, indefinable for the moment, melt and are effaced in the multiplicity of resemblances and analogies: such did New York appear to me at first. And also as an "amusing" city, since I had been walking in it for four hours without either my curiosity or my legs having grown weary of it.

to the sixth or seventh story in a fine hotel, entirely new, and in which there is nothing "American," or at least more "American" than in any other hotel, unless its being admirably kept. I cannot refrain from noting that in a city where the negro population is not less than seventy or eighty thousand souls, the hotel service is performed exclusively by whites. Strange fatality! All other travelers have lodged in extraordinary hotels. They were inundated with electric light! They were drenched with ice water! They could not make a step nor even a gesture, without setting in motion all sorts of very complicated machinery or mobilizing a whole army of negroes. Not one of these favors has yet fallen to my lot.

If one excepts five or six large streets, Baltimore does not seem to be very animated, or, above all, very busy—I just now had to consult my guide-book to assure myself that it contains four or five hundred thousand souls. Have the tales of travelers positively misled me concerning the activity of Americans? What sort of epicurean or dilettante existence can they have led in Europe who find that people live so fast here, or even in New York? Or rather—and it is this doubtless which is more probable—are there not two, three, four Americas, of which it would be wrong to be unwilling to see only one? I shall not see Chicago, or St. Louis, or San Francisco, or even New Orleans; but here, in the Eastern States, I do not find myself at all perplexed, and the reason appears to me very simple. The habits of European civilization are daily becoming the foundation of American, and, reciprocally, if America makes an improvement in these habits, we hasten to adopt it in Europe.

For instance, these interminable streets crossing each other at right angles are monotonous; the picturesque, the unexpected, the variety of perspectives is absent. But has not this rectilinear ideal become ours also within the last half century and in the name of science and hygiene? Here, moreover, much more than in New York, where all the houses in a locality resemble each other, the diversity of architecture puts an element of gaiety into the monotony of the street. A touch of every style blends into a disorder which amuses the eyes. The brick is less somber, newer, and of a more vivid red; clambering greenery and the whiteness of marble steps attenuate its crudity. Stone alternates with brick. Here are houses of "colonial"

IMPRESSIONS OF BALTIMORE.

Baltimore, March 24th.—I have "descended," but only to "mount" at once

aspect, one especially which is unfailingly pointed out to Frenchmen—the old Patterson house, where that young prodigal of a Jérôme Bonaparte, as his great brother styled him, married Miss Elizabeth Patterson. . . .

The general impression of Baltimore was very well rendered by Mr. George Cable, when he said that its “aspect is quite meridional.” And when he was asked to explain himself more fully, he insisted on the air of ease and the agreeable, nonchalant bearing of the promenaders in the streets—a city of leisure, a city of “residences,” where the negro looks happy and the negro girls still more so. . . .

Nevertheless, I must think about my first lecture. . . .

March 25th.—My eyes wander over my audience, ascertaining in the first place that the students of the Johns Hopkins University, more courteous than our own, have not excluded women from these lectures. Doubtless they do not believe in Baltimore that the words of a professor are the exclusive property of male students, or that these words must necessarily be empty or superficial if women comprehend them. Neither do they believe, and I make the remark with singular pleasure, that the instruction given in a Protestant university should be interdicted to Catholic seminarians.

It is a short history of French poetry which I have promised to condense into nine lectures, and during the three months in which I have been thinking of my subject I have learned a good deal myself. Hence I have decided that it is especially necessary to avoid taking a purely French point of view, which evidently could not be that of either Englishmen or Americans. Something of Shakespeare, of Shelley, always escapes us; and, similarly, foreigners will never relish what we find particularly exquisite in Racine or André Chénier. Consideration of form or of pure art, which I might be tempted to put in the first rank if I were speaking in France, I relegate here to the second, and there results an arrangement or disposition of the subject which I confess I did not expect. Imperfect as are our *Chansons de gestes* and our *Romans de la Table Ronde*, I find it impossible not to give them in these lectures a place which answers to the extended influence which they once exerted in European literature and which they still exert. And where in the world should I feel myself more straitly obliged to this than here, where the sovereignly noble poet of

the “Idyls of the King” has doubtless no fewer admirers than in England, and where the author of “Tristan and Iseult” may have more than in Germany? I know very well that the invention of the subject, the theme, is of small moment; and I remember most opportunely that no one, to my knowledge, has shown this better than Emerson in his essay on Shakespeare. But there is more than the subject in our “Heroic Ballads” or our “Romances of the Round Table”: there is the sentiment of the subject; and nothing, to tell the truth, is lacking to them but the sentiment of form and art. I cannot devote less than three lectures to the French poetry of the Middle Ages.

On the other hand, if there should be such a thing as French classic poetry, we doubtless find it, and foreigners can hardly do otherwise, in the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, the comedies of Molière, and the fables of La Fontaine—these are really our poets—and not, I imagine, Clément Marot or Malherbe, Jean Baptiste Rousseau or Voltaire. Jean Baptiste is only a declaimer, and the other three are merely excellent prose writers who have rhymed their prose. I would still be too French—I mean too narrowly confined within the limits of our national taste—if I should try to make Americans take Boileau for a poet. Nurtured as they are in Shakespeare, I fear I should find difficulty in explaining to them and making them understand what there is “poetic,” in the absolute sense of the word, in Corneille’s tragedies or Molière’s comedies. On this point, therefore, I will concentrate my forces. I shall bring together in one lecture all that has been attempted among us from Ronsard to Malherbe, and I will show that, as all these efforts had no other tendency, even in poetry, and perhaps especially there, than to make the court and the social spirit predominate over the spirit of individualism, this could only result “poetically” in the formation of the dramatic style on the ruins of the lyric and epic styles. I will then endeavor to show what the pure dramatic style, independent of all addition or mixture of lyricism, admits of in the way of true “poetry.” And finally from Racine to the other Rousseau, Jean Jacques, putting together all of our *prosateurs* of the eighteenth century who fancied they were poets, I will point out in the long decline of our dramatic poetry and the corresponding development of individualism the near revival of lyricism.

But how am I to divide the nineteenth century in its turn? And here in Baltimore, the city of which Edgar Poe was a native and where he rests, shall I make the concession of encouraging the sympathy I am told they feel for the Baudelaires and the Verlaines? Heaven forbid! On the contrary, what I have said of Verlaine and Baudelaire in France I will repeat, merely taking account of the fact that in the conception they have formed of poetry there is something vaguely analogous to the idea, at once mystic and sensual, which the Anglo-Saxon genius seems to have formed of it now and again. And, moreover, as this idea has been developed amongst us in contrast, or even in declared hostility, to the Parnassian idea, I will explain what has been intended by the poets who have been designated in France as Parnassians. And necessarily, the far too large part granted nowadays to romanticism, in the movement of the times, will be proportionately reduced. All Europe, however, has had its "Romanticists;" and to show what analogy Musset bears to Byron will not require a long discourse. Besides, whatever one may think respectively of the *Poèmes Barbares* or the *Poèmes Antiques* and the *Légende des siècles*, there are at least as many "novelties" in the Parnassian theory as in the Romantic. And that will answer for my three final lectures, in the first of which I will attempt to define the romantic movement in itself and in relation to English or German romanticism; in the second I will show how and why the "Parnassians" have so far differed from the "Romanticists" as to become their living contradiction; and, finally, in the third, I will connect with symbolism the new tendencies I think I discern in contemporary poetry. . . .

HIGHER EDUCATION IN FRANCE AND IN AMERICA.

. . . In what relates to the organization of universities, the professors, whose kindness is inexhaustible, are here to rectify or redress what, without them, might be superficial or erroneous in my observation. It is by the aid of their conversations and their publications that I wish to say a few words on a subject which has its importance and its difficulties.

Concerning this subject, let us remember, in the first place, that institutions of superior instruction are not all of the same type in France, whatever the Germans

appear to think about it, when one finds the editors of their *Minerva* jumbling in the uniformity of one continuous enumeration the Polytechnic School, the University of Paris, and the Museum of Natural History. The Museum of Natural History, the former *Jardin du Roi*, from which the great name of Buffon is inseparable, is one of the very rare institutions which are devoted amongst us to the cult of pure and disinterested science. No examinations are passed there, no diplomas or certificates are conferred; and it neither conducts nor leads to anything but an acquaintance with natural history. This is also the originality of the *Collège de France*. One learns nothing immediately practical there, and even the Chinese which is taught is not the Chinese which is spoken. Our universities are already more "utilitarian;" they grant diplomas, and these diplomas, which may have a great scientific value, have before all else a state valuation. They are at once—and this is their great vice—the official sanction of studies and a title to a career. Our universities form lawyers, physicians, and professors, and it is all the better if savants or learned men issue from them; but thus far they have not been adapted for that purpose. Finally, the great schools, such as the *École polytechnique* or the *École Normale Supérieure*, are not, properly speaking, anything but professional schools, whose first object, whose principal object, is to provide for the recruiting of certain great public employments, so that if their regulations should be heedlessly altered, the quality of this recruitment would be compromised and the entire category of great employments modified in its foundations.

There are likewise different types of American universities. There are State universities—like the University of Virginia, for instance; or the University of Michigan (Ann Arbor)—which are independent, no doubt, in the sense that they manage themselves absolutely, and yet whose independence is in some respect limited by the grant they receive from the States. Their principal obligations are to admit to the university course, without previous examination, pupils who come from the high schools of Michigan or Virginia, and to establish alongside of their liberal instruction, technical training—scientific agriculture, for example—or legal or medical courses.

Other universities, generally the oldest ones, like Harvard, 1655; Yale, 1701;

Columbia, 1754; Princeton, 1757, or, again, the University of Pennsylvania, are free from any obligation of the sort. They began as simple colleges, such as we had under the old regime, the *Collège des Grassins*, the *Collège d'Harcourt*, the *Collège des Godrans* at Dijon, where Bossuet and the great Condé made their first studies, and if I make these comparisons, it is because a pious intention, a sectarian intention, if I may say so, formerly presided in America, as amongst ourselves, at the foundation of these establishments. Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, or Quakers bore their first expenses, and some traces of their origin may still be recognized. . . . Lastly, of the other universities, the most recent are perhaps in certain respects the most interesting: these are Cornell University (Ithaca, New York), Johns Hopkins (Baltimore), Leland Stanford (California), and the University of Chicago. They owe their existence to the generosity of the founder whose name they bear, and under the supervision of an administrative council, a board of trustees which itself depends solely on the terms of a will or a donation, they are masters of their budget, of the matter of their instruction, and the choice of their professors. Why should I conceal the fact that in writing these last words I am thinking of our own universities, which may be anything you please, but which will not, in my sense of the word, be universities really worthy of that name so long as their professors are appointed by the state, and, above all, so long as the examinations to which candidates are subjected are state examinations whose programme is determined by the state, and whose diplomas constitute, so to say, state titles. I do not like false names to be given to things.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

The Johns Hopkins University, which I naturally take as a type, since I am speaking there, and also because it is as yet the only one that I have seen for myself, has existed only twenty-one years, but it long ago attained its majority. When Johns Hopkins died, bequeathing to Baltimore 34,000,000 francs for the foundation of a hospital and a university, the friends whom he had charged with the execution of his last will did not waste much time in long discussions over what concerned the organization of the university. They went to the remotest part of Cali-

fornia, where for three years he had been exercising the functions of president of a university,—in France we would say of both dean and rector,—to look for a former professor of Yale, Mr. Daniel C. Gilman, who had very early gained a great reputation in America as an administrator.

With the correctness of eye and the rapidity of decision which are his characteristic traits and make him an eminent man, Mr. Gilman acknowledged that the occasion was unique. He saw that in a city like Baltimore, if one had the good sense to waste nothing on the empty luxury of buildings, nor on the petty vanity of copying Yale or Harvard at a distance, a type of university such as America had never seen might be realized, and he set to work. Means were lacking to organize faculties of law, medicine, and theology; they were dispensed with, and the Johns Hopkins University was composed at first of nothing but a faculty of philosophy; the name under which, in the United States and Germany, is included what we distinguish into faculties of literature and science. Ancient languages (that is to say, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin), modern languages (English, German, French, Italian, Spanish), history, political economy, philosophy, on one hand; and on the other, mathematical sciences, physics, and chemistry, geology, natural history, biology, pathology; such was the programme of the nascent university. "Laboratories" and "seminaries" were its organs. The diffusion of "methods" promptly became its object, and the results are not far to seek, since within the twenty-one years of its existence the Johns Hopkins University has given not less than a hundred professors to the other universities of America. It has become a sort of normal school where the personnel of higher instruction is recruited. And it is a proof, if one were needed, that diplomas, titles, and grades, under the regime of liberty, are worth not at all, as some suppose, the stamp of the state or the notoriety of establishments, but precisely what the juries which deliver them are worth.

It is also a proof of what can be accomplished by the activity of a single man, for there is no room for error, and I am sure that not one of the professors here will accuse me of exaggeration,—the Johns Hopkins University is Mr. Daniel Gilman. It is precisely what he intended it to be; and it would not be enough to say that he is the "president" of this great body, he

is truly its soul. It would be impossible—how shall I say it?—not to conceal, and still less to dissimulate, but to envelop under a more seductive affability of manners, more of character, or to place an ingenuity of resources at the source of ideas more precise, more settled, or more ample. I wish I could reproduce entirely his Opening Address, delivered nearly four years ago, in 1893, at the inauguration of the Congress of Superior Instruction at Chicago. “The first function of a university,” said he, “is the conservation of knowledge;” and could the fact that the very condition of scientific progress is respect for tradition be condensed into a better phrase? “The second function of a university,” Mr. Gilman went on to say, “is to extend the bounds of human knowledge;” and it is the fixity of this ambition which has characterized the Johns Hopkins among all the other American universities. “And the third function of a university,” he added, “is to disseminate knowledge.” And truly it is not for ourselves, but in order to transmit them, that we have inherited the treasures of tradition or the acquisitions of experience—which is exactly what they are seeking to do here. By publications, by lectures, by review and magazine articles, by letters to the daily press, Mr. Gilman has desired the Johns Hopkins University always to keep in touch with public opinion. In France we form a more mystical, and at the same time a more practical, notion of science; more “practical” because many of our young men see little in it but a matter of examinations or an occasion of diplomas; and more “mystical” because we too often affect to be afraid lest we should vulgarize it by dissemination. . . .

THE COMING ARISTOCRACY IN AMERICA.

. . . And if, moreover, I have thought I ought to dwell at some length on this question of the American universities, it is because I have no better way of thanking them for their welcome than to do my best to make them better known; and also because, from all that I see and hear and read, there gradually emerges a lesson for ourselves. Permit me, in order to express myself clearly, to use a barbarism, and to say that, by means of these great universities, much of America is in the way of aristocratizing itself. While in France—what with our “modern education,” the “specialization of our sciences,” “the spirit of regionalism” with which we are

trying to inoculate our universities—we are diminishing the part of general instruction, in America, on the contrary, they are seeking to extend, to increase, and to consolidate it. While we are insensibly detaching ourselves from our traditions, the Americans—who are inconsolable for not having an ancient history—are precisely essaying to attach themselves to the traditions we are forsaking. Of all that we affect to consider too useless or superannuated of the history of Greek institutions, or the examination of the books of the Old Testament, they are composing for themselves, as one might say, an intellectual past. And if, perhaps, the catalogues of their universities do not keep all their promises, which is often the case with our own, that is unimportant. The function always ends by creating its organ, and it is tendencies which must be regarded. The universitarian tendencies in America are on the way to constitute an aristocracy of intelligence in that great democracy; and, which is almost ironical, of that form of intelligence which we are so wrong-headed and stupid as to dread as the most hostile to the progress of democracy.

AMERICAN COSMOPOLITANISM.

April 4th.— . . . Before entering on my great week, and, pending eight days, of functioning for two days, one at Baltimore and the next at Bryn Mawr, I would like to summarize certain reflections. What renders this difficult is that with what there is original and local here, and of which I catch a glimpse now and again in glance or gesture, there is always blended, as in New York, a substratum of cosmopolitanism. If, having taken him for an American, or at least an Englishman, I wish to make a little portrait of Professor A—, I am informed that he is a German; it was not Germany that I came to look for in America. In the manner, the language, the countenance of Mrs. B—, something decided, precise, and energetic has struck me, but it appears that she is of French extraction. I cannot make a note of what seems to me indigenous in the manners of Mr. C— if he spends rather more than half the year in Europe, at Paris or in Switzerland. Another person asks me what I think of Baltimore; I tell him; we become confidential; we chat; I question him; he answers me; it was a Russian! There are Italians also; there are English; there are Israelites, among whom, in truth, I am puzzled to meet an American, born

in America, of American parents. And have I not heard say that if one in three of the seventeen or eighteen hundred thousand inhabitants of Chicago were born on American soil—not merely in Chicago, nor in Illinois, nor in the Western States, but in America—it would be a great deal? Talk after that of the characters of races! Not to mention that all, or nearly all, of them have traveled, have run over the world; they know France and they know Paris; they have spent months or years there; they know Rome and Florence! No, evidently “race” has not the importance here that is given it, any more than it has in Europe; or, rather,—and from the moment that one is neither Chinese, negro, nor red-skin,—it is habitudes, civilization, history that make “races;” and in our modern world, on both sides of the Atlantic, if the economists can say that the universal movement tends toward the “equalization of fortunes,” it is still more true that it tends toward the effacement of all peculiarities which are not individual. An Englishman or an American does not greatly differ, as such, from a Frenchman or a German, and he differs only by having inherited a different civilization; and thanks to the facility of communications and exchanges, the development of industry, the internationalism of science and the solidarity of interests, these very differences may be reduced to differences of time and moment. The Americans are younger than we are, and that is evident first of all in their curiosity to know what we think about them.

AMERICAN YOUTHFULNESS.

They are also less “complicated,” and by that I mean that they show what they are more naïvely, more frankly, more courageously than we do. Here one is what he is, and as he is so by decision or by choice he shows it. . . .

Nor is any astonishment felt because women, like men, have their clubs, where they meet to lunch, to talk about things that interest them—chiffons, housekeeping, cooking—to exchange ideas, and, at a pinch, when they are philosophers, “to comment on the Book of Job considered as an example of the miseries of humanity.” Here all this appears natural. A woman belongs to herself in the first place, and, moreover, it is not required of her, as it is among us, that she should keep, so to say, four or five personages together. She is not compelled by prejudices to con-

ceal her aptitudes or disguise her tastes. She has the right to herself, and she makes use of it.

No doubt there is some relation between this liberty to be oneself and certain independence in reference to “airs, waters, and places,” and to habitudes which in Europe we convert into so many fetters, generally with regard to physical and moral surroundings. *Omnia mecum porto*, said the sage of antiquity: the American resembles this sage. Baltimore, as I have noted, is a city of residences, a city where the people are less mobilizable. They do not camp out here, they dwell; the very houses look as if they were bedded more deeply in the ground. And yet, were it necessary, one feels absolutely certain that the inhabitant would transport, ought I to say his *home*? but in any case his domicile, his habitudes, and his life to St. Louis or Chicago more easily than we Frenchmen would go from Paris to St. Germain. And the reason is not a need of change, an impatience of remaining in the same place, an inquietude, an agitation which is unable to settle down, but, in my opinion, the confidence which an American feels of being himself wherever he goes. The personality of a true American is interior. He is at home everywhere because he is everywhere himself. The displacement, the removal, which helps us to escape ourselves, gives him the sensation of his identity. Again a proof of youth and force! He will grow older; I hope he may, since he desires it; and already I can easily understand that if I should penetrate into the West, every turn of the wheels would carry me from an older to a newer world. But meanwhile, and even here where there is a little history in the atmosphere, it is certainly that which distinguishes them from us. They are younger; and is not that precisely what certain observers dislike in them?

I would not push the metaphor too far, and I do not care to report all my impressions concerning this youthfulness of the American people. It would be too easy, and, like everything which is so easy, more specious than correct. An Irishman, a German, brings to America the temperament due to long heredity. But the very circumstances into which he is plunged are such that he is obliged to adapt himself to them promptly, and a somewhat brutal selection quickly eliminates those whom it must “Americanize.” One comprehends that this is because they have a good deal of pride and very little vanity. It is because they are what they are. A

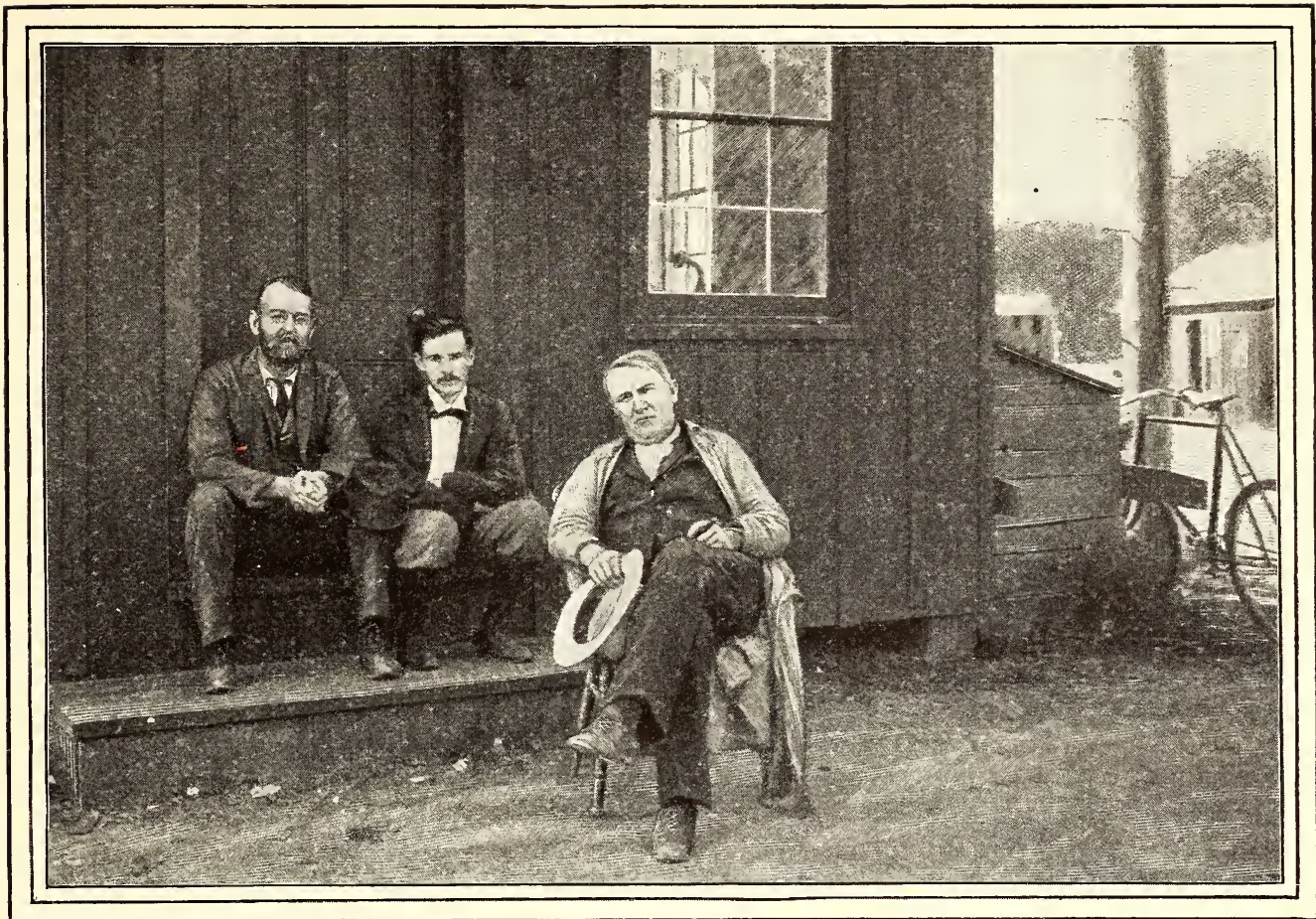
German priest whom I did not know accosted me in the street the other day to complain of the condition of American workingmen, and to say, in substance, that America, no more than Europe, had solved the social question. I had no difficulty in believing him. But he forgot two points; namely, that competition is "the rule of the game," so to say, the agreement which a man signed in embarking for America—I might almost say in being born here—and he also forgot that this competition has its compensations. The distinctions which establish themselves between men here are real and solid; they do not depend, or, at any rate, they depend less than in Europe, on any caprice or despotism. Assuredly there are "Colonial Dames," but there is no old aristocracy. There are enormous fortunes; there are no "governing classes." There are professors, doctors, lawyers; there are no "liberal professions." A doctor is a man who attends others in sickness, and an upholsterer is a man who furnishes other men's houses. A rich man is a rich man, who can do a great deal as he can everywhere, but who can do only what his money can do, and an educated man is measured by the idea he gives of his merit. From this it results that every one feels himself the sole architect of his own fate, the artisan of his destiny, and generally he blames no one but himself for his failure. . . . And these observations are in the wrong by being too general . . . and what there is true in them will be modified daily; and in a fortnight, in a month, I shall no longer recognize them myself. But if I record others which seem to contradict them, I have an idea that they will all come back to this: that there being more youth in America, the civilization, the country, the very climate being newer, one breathes more deeply, one moves more freely, one lives more independently than elsewhere. It is a privilege of age: the future will tell whether it can be transformed into a social character, and what American experience is worth as gain or loss to ancient humanity.

Bryn Mawr, April 8th.—One could not imagine a college better situated than that

of Bryn Mawr, in the open country, "on the slope of a verdant hill,"—of several hills, in fact,—and with horizons "made as one would have them, to please the eye." The vast buildings which compose it give me an impression of solidity which I have not before experienced. This year the number of students is 285, and not a hundred of these, I am told, intend to teach. That makes, then, in one establishment, more than 200 young girls who love knowledge for itself, and assuredly it is not I who will reproach them for it. "Learn Latin, Mesdemoiselles, and, in spite of a certain Molière, learn Greek; learn it for yourselves; and also for the little Europeans who are forgetting it every day." But I will explain myself on that point when I have time. For the moment I have duties to fulfill, for I am the hero of a reception in the "American style," which consists in being introduced, as on this evening, to two or three hundred persons, to whose obliging compliments one tries to respond as best he can by energetically shaking their hands. However, I have been practising this exercise for a fortnight, and I take pleasure in it when, in the midst of this march past, a gentleman who is watching me bends over and says in my ear: "Isn't it true that they are no uglier than if they did something else?" He was right! and I thanked him for having translated my thought so wittily. "They are not uglier." These eyes are not dimmed by reading Greek or even Hebrew, nor have they lost any of that mocking lustre which one loves to see shining in the eyes of young girls. Nor have these faces grown pale, nor these figures bent; nor, in fine, has any of that airy gaiety disappeared which was given to women, as the good Bernardin says, "to enliven the sadness of man." . . .

Baltimore, April 10th.—I have just quitted Baltimore, and I own it was not without a touch of melancholy. Eighteen days, that is very short; but speaking in public establishes so many ties, and so quickly, between an audience and a lecturer, that I seem to be leaving a beloved city. To-morrow I shall wake up in Boston.





MR. EDISON AND MR. MALLORY IN FRONT OF THE OFFICE AT EDISON.

From a photograph taken for MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE on August 26, 1897.

EDISON'S RÉVOLUTION IN IRON MINING.

BY THEODORE WATERS.

Illustrated from drawings and photographs made expressly for MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

MILLS THAT GRIND UP MOUNTAINS AND PICK OUT FROM THE HEAP OF DUST THE SMALLEST GRAIN OF IRON ORE.—A NEW APPLICATION OF ELECTRICITY.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The deposits of iron ore in New Jersey are sufficient to supply the needs of the United States for half a century. The problem that Mr. Edison undertook to solve eight years ago was how to get the iron ore out of these mountains of rock. Any one can take a piece of magnetite, pulverize it with a hammer, then hold a little magnet over it and draw up from it little black particles which are iron ore, leaving the sand undisturbed. But to be of practical service it was necessary to do this on a scale as colossal as the phenomena of nature. Mountains must be reduced to dust, and the iron ore in this dust must be separated from four or five times its weight of sand, and then this iron-ore dust must be put into such form that it could be shipped and smelted. To ship dust in open cars would involve great waste, and the dust when thrown into furnaces would choke them, or it would be blown out by the tremendous blast of air necessary in smelting and so be wasted. Mr. Edison, therefore, had three great problems to solve. He has constructed machinery which will reduce ten tons of rock to dust every minute. He has invented apparatus whereby the particles of iron ore are separated from this dust; and after six months of almost hopeless experimenting he has been able to compress this dust into

briquettes which are thoroughly porous and at the same time absolutely waterproof. By the solution of tremendous engineering and physical problems he has unlocked fabulous sources of wealth from the New Jersey mountains. He has rendered possible a continuance of great prosperity to the blast-furnace of the East. He has laid bare supplies of iron ore which, before many years, will be called upon to supply England's manufactories.

This article explains how Mr. Edison achieved the inventions which solve this immense problem, and which have occupied almost exclusively the past eight years of his life and have cost several million dollars.



NE day, about sixteen years ago, while Thomas A. Edison was strolling along the seashore at a point on Long Island, he came upon a pile of sand which the breakers had banked high up on the beach. He stopped and re-

garded it with curiosity, for it was different from any sand he had ever before seen. It was black sand. He delved into it with both hands, allowed it to run through his fingers, and even tasted it; but the reason for its inky hue remained hidden. Then, with the zeal of the scientific investigator, he took some of the sand to his laboratory and tested it. He was on the point of putting it aside, when suddenly he became possessed of an idea. He procured an electro-magnet and held it near the mass. Immediately the material became highly affected. Little dark grains separated themselves from the heap and scurried across, like so many black ants, to the spot over which the magnet was held.

The little ants were really grains of iron ore; and, strange as it may seem, Edison had discovered a bed of finely divided iron ore cast up by the sea. The black sand covered the shore in spots for fifteen miles along the coast. It was due to the erosion of Connecticut rocks by water, magnetite being one of the constituents of the primal rocks found in Connecticut. The sea, constantly eating into the heart of the rocks, had carried their scattered fragments across the Sound and cast them up on the Long Island shore. With his inventive propensities always uppermost, there entered Mr. Edison's head a scheme of conquest such as had not before been attempted. He calculated that the deposits must contain millions of tons of iron, which, could it be smelted, would be a sure relief from hard conditions then

prevailing in the Eastern iron market. He worked out his ideas, and evolved his magnetic ore-separating machine, which he exhibited at the last Paris Exposition. Then he let out the privilege of using it to a contractor, who set up a plant just out of reach of the waves and proceeded to separate the iron ore from the sand, with every prospect of developing an extensive industry. But the sea proved to be less generous than it at first promised to be; for one dark night there came a storm such as had not visited the coast in many years, and when the contractor came to view his plant the next morning not a vestige of black sand remained. It had been all swept into the sea whence it came. This was the real beginning of a great industry. The final development of it, however, was due to a second discovery, quite as unexpected as the first. For some years past the bulk of the Bessemer-steel trade had been drifting westward, by reason of the discovery and opening up of immense deposits of high-grade ore in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, suitable for making Bessemer steel, cheaply produced, and carried at small cost by water transportation to furnaces contiguous to the lake ports. The furnaces east of the Alleghanies were compelled to depend on a few small, isolated deposits of Bessemer ore in the East and ores imported from foreign countries. The ore deposits of the Southern States, as well as the magnetic ores of New Jersey and New York, are unsuitable for making Bessemer steel.

For a time the cost of the ore at the Eastern furnaces was not greatly different from the cost in the Pittsburg district; but in the last few years the cost of foreign ores, which are approaching exhaustion, has reached the prohibitory point. Then the discovery of the great deposits in the Masaba range of Minnesota in the last three years, and the tremendous cheapening in the cost of mining and transportation of these deposits, have apparently raised insurmountable obstacles in the way of the Eastern iron mills meeting the competition

of the great mills of the central West, even in the Eastern market, and many mills have ceased to operate. The condition is not a trivial one, for many thousands of persons depend upon these mills and furnaces for a living.

Mr. Edison had familiarized himself with these changing conditions and become impressed that here was a problem that ought to be solved, and perhaps could be. It occurred to him to investigate the mountain regions of New Jersey, where the iron mines are situated, with the idea that there might be some extensive deposits of low-grade magnetic ore not suitable for shipping direct to the furnaces, but from which, by crushing, he might obtain pure ore of high grade and suitable for steel-making. He constructed a very sensitive magnetic needle, which would dip towards the earth whenever brought over a large body of magnetic iron ore. What followed is best reported in his own words.

"One of my laboratory men and myself," says Mr. Edison, "visited nearly all the mines in New Jersey, without finding any deposits of magnitude, but the extent of the deposits was clearly indicated by the needle. One day we were driving across a mountain range to visit an isolated mine shown on the maps of the geological survey. I had the magnetic instrument on my lap, and my mind was drifting away from the subject in hand, when I noticed that the needle was strongly attracted to the earth and remained in this condition over a large area. I thought it must be out of order, as no mines were known to be anywhere near us. We were riding over gneiss rock at the time; so we went down in a limestone valley, where magnetic iron seldom occurs, but we found the needle went back to zero; it was correct. As we returned and traveled over an immense area the needle continued to be pulled strongly to the earth; our amazement grew and grew, and I asked, at last, 'Can this whole mountain be underlaid with magnetic iron ore?' If so, then I knew, if the grade was not too low, the Eastern ore problem might be solved.

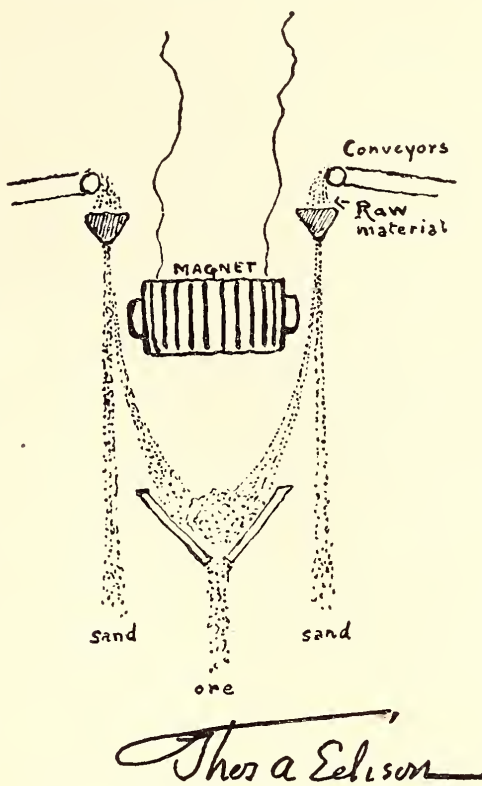
"It was evident from the movement of the needle that vast bodies of magnetic ore, or rock impregnated with ore, lay under our feet.

"I thought of the ill-favored Long Island enterprise, and I knew it was a commercial question to solve the problem of the production of high-grade Bessemer ore in unlimited quantities.

"I determined to find out for myself the exact extent of all the deposits. I planned a great magnetic survey of the East, and it remains, I believe, the most comprehensive of its kind yet performed. I set several corps of men at work surveying the whole strip from Lower Canada to the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina. We used no theodolite or other instruments generally familiar to the civil engineer. A magnetic needle was our eye—our magnetic eye, so to speak. Starting in Lower Canada, with our final objective point in North Carolina, we traveled across our line of march twenty-five miles.

Then we advanced south one thousand feet; then back across the line of march again twenty-five miles; then south another thousand feet, and so on, varying the cross-country marching from two miles to twenty-five, depending on the geological features of the country, as we went along. We kept records of the peculiarities of the invisible mass of magnetite indicated by the movements of our needle, until, when we finished, we knew exactly what State, county, or district had the biggest deposit; how wide, how long, and approximately how deep it all was.

"The deposits are enormous. In 3,000 acres immediately surrounding our mills there are over 200,000,000 tons of low-grade ore; and I have 16,000 acres in which the deposit is proportionately as large. The world's annual output of iron ore at the present time does not reach 60,000,000 tons, and the annual output of the United States is about 15,000,000 tons; so that in the paltry two miles square surrounding the village of Edison there is enough iron ore in the rocks to keep the whole world sup-



MR. EDISON'S DIAGRAM (MADE FOR THIS ARTICLE) SHOWING THE PRINCIPLE OF THE MAGNETIC SEPARATOR.

plied for one year, or the United States for three years, even with the natural increase in demand. Sixteen thousand acres, or twenty-five square miles of land, contain enough iron ore to keep the whole world supplied for seventeen years, allowing, of course, for all natural increase of demand due to the needs of a growing population. These acres would more than supply the United States with iron, even including necessary exports, for the next seventy years; and they contain more than has been mined heretofore in this country since its discovery."

Here was a remarkable condition. Smelting works shutting down for want of iron ore at low prices when billions of tons of it lay idle in a strip of land which in most places was within seventy-five miles of the great iron mills of the Atlantic coast. Mr. Edison saw an opportunity which would enable him, in his own words, "with modern methods and the application of modern science to machinery, to transform a product having no natural value into a product when mined which had a spot value on the car." The idea entailed no child's play in the final carrying out. Unless it could be carried out on a gigantic scale, it practically could not be carried out at all. To make the separation of this finely divided ore from its native

rock on a scale equal to the need, the only scale commercially possible, it would be necessary to do the work at the rate of thousands of tons daily. This, at least, was Mr. Edison's judgment, and the comprehensive mind of the man is well shown in the manner in which he planned what has now developed into the most gigantic of enterprises. There was to be no hurry, no half-formed ideas, no untimely announcement of the great work to be done. Every cent which the inventor earned thereafter, and every year of his life, if necessary, were to be utilized in carrying the project to a perfect fulfillment. Discouragements and embarrassments of every nature would very likely be encountered, but these, being part of the history of every great achievement, must be taken quite as a matter of course. For them the end, fully accomplished, would more than compensate.

So while the public perhaps thought Mr. Edison to be resting upon the laurels won by the electric light, the kinetoscope, or the phonograph, his mind was really occupied with a busy little scene on a mountain top in New Jersey. A rude little building had been erected, and in it some trusted employees were engaged in breaking pieces of the rock from the surrounding hills, and, by the use of small electro-mag-



THE WILDERNESS ABOUT EDISON.

Before the timber had been felled, previous to the blasting and steam-shoveling.



THE STEAM SHOVEL LAYING BARE THE VEIN OF ORE-BEARING ROCK.

After the timber has been felled the ground is surveyed with a magnetic needle. The concealed ore-bearing rock is then staked off. The shovel works around the ledge, cleaning away the underbrush, the dirt, and the clay. Then the rock is blasted into boulders. The shovel picks up these boulders, which sometimes weigh as much as six tons, and loads them into trays, or "skips," resting on flat cars. The cars convey the rock to the crushing-plant. This shovel is the biggest in the world; it weighs 200,000 pounds, and will clear away rock at an average rate of ten tons a minute.

nets, sorting out the iron ore which these rocks contained. After a while the little building lost the distinction of being the only house so occupied, for other small buildings were erected; and then a steam plant began to make the surrounding hills echo with the puff of its engines and the continual churning sound of rock-crushers. Out of this humble beginning has grown the present great establishment. All the original machinery has now disappeared; and all the first buildings, except one small one now used as an office, have been torn down. The first steam plant and the first crushers have proved inadequate to the work.

Mr. Edison had planned the work upon a comprehensive scale, but he had reckoned upon finding equal to his needs crushing-machinery already devised. At last, however, the conviction forced itself upon him that he must invent a new method of extracting the ore from the mountain-side; construct crushing-machinery larger than had ever been used before; introduce a

magnetic separating system of his own; devise some way of cementing the iron dust into lumps, so that it could be used in the blast furnace; and, altogether, to re-create the entire enterprise on a plan even more gigantic than his first conception. Engineers, tried engineers, used to large operations, smiled incredulously. Some of them spoke of the enterprise as Edison's "hobby;" others, less charitable, called it his "folly." Those of a calculating turn of mind showed him on paper that no machine could be constructed powerful enough to crush successfully five, six, and seven ton rocks; or if such a machine could be constructed, that it would never withstand the terrific jar which would result. This particular difficulty, it may be said in passing, Mr. Edison surmounted so completely that less than one hundred horse-power is required to reduce rocks weighing six and seven tons to dust in less than three seconds from the time they are thrown into the crushing-machine. Other difficulties were overcome as com-

pletely, none proving too much for Mr. Edison's indomitable will and rare concentration of mind and energy.

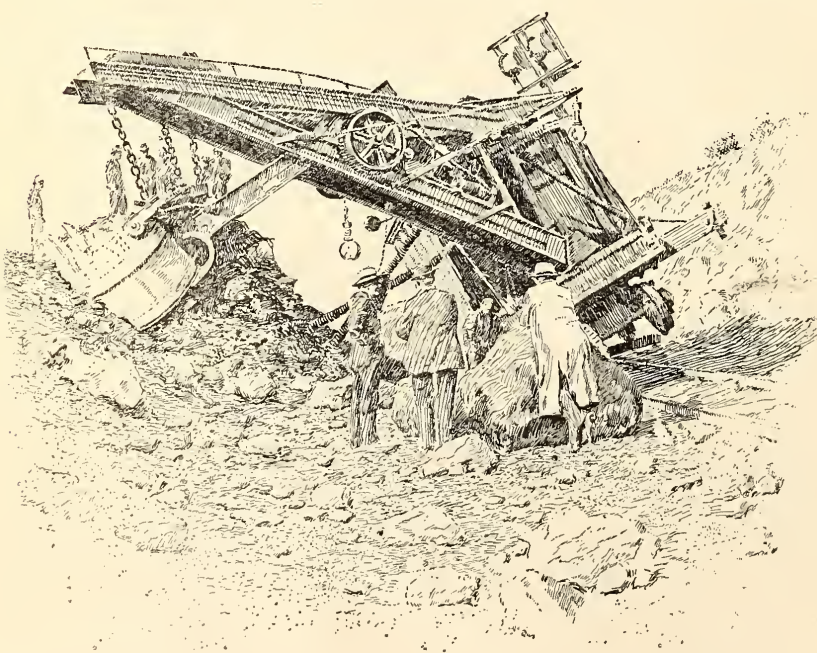
Yet what Mr. Edison really has done is a very simple matter; simple, that is, in its entirety. It may be explained in a few words. Mr. Edison is now doing on a gigantic scale just what he did at first with a hammer and a horse-shoe magnet. He is crushing rocks, and then dropping the resulting powder past powerful electromagnets. The sand is not affected by the magnetism and passes straight on; the iron ore is attracted to one side and falls in a heap of its own. This is the whole principle. But in the actual working out it becomes one of the most tremendous processes in the world. It is, after all, no small matter to crush the very vitals out of a big mountain and then extract all of the ore from millions of tons of sand. In the middle distance between the first simple experiment and the practical working plant is a vast region full of economic detail, commercial reckoning, and mechanical devising, dependent on the difference between breaking up small rocks with a hammer and breaking up whole mountains with heavy machinery. What Mr. Edison has done has been to subdue to his service three great natural forces—momentum, magnetism, and gravity. The big rocks are not, strictly speaking, crushed by the direct power of an engine or dynamo; momentum alone turns them into dust. No mechanism assists in the separation of

the ore from the sand; magnetism does it all. Except for the elevators which raise the ore to the cupolas of the buildings, there is in many of them no machinery; gravity does all the work. In fact the whole plant is a wonderful example of automatic action. Every part is connected with the other parts, and the aggregate is as compact and as self-sustaining as a modern rotary printing-press, and is even less dependent on human agency for assistance.

From the time the ore is blasted with its native rock out of the mountain-side until it is loaded in the form of commercially pure iron briquettes on the cars, it is not touched by human hands. The never-ending and never-resting stream of material constantly circulates through the various buildings, crushed by the stored momentum of gigantic rolls; hoisted skyward by steam; pulled earthward by gravity; deflected by magnetism; dried, sifted, weighed, gauged, conveyed; changed from rock into dust, and from dust into comprehensive lumps, mixed with a due proportion of adhesive material; churned, baked, counted, and sent flying to the furnaces by fast freight; and not once in its course is it arrested or jogged onward by human agency. The noise of the crushing, the grind of the machinery, the dust and the onrushing stream of this "most precious metal" and its by-product, separate the 145 attendants as with the breadth of continents. Yet these men, merely watchers

to see that all goes well, are within signal distance of one another in spite of the noise, the dust, and the grind; and the touch of a button quells the monstrous disturbance in the smallest fraction of time.

The complete subjection and masterful control of great natural forces is one of the most impressive aspects of the whole enterprise. It is one thing to set the ball in motion; it is quite another to control its velocity or direct its course. The crushing capacity of all the stamp-mills in California is about 5,000 tons a day. The crushing capacity of Edison's giant and lesser rolls is twenty per cent. greater than that of all these mills combined; enough to level in an ordinary life-time the proudest of mountain peaks. The



AN ACCIDENT TO THE STEAM SHOVEL.

The steam shovel seems to be as voracious as a great animal. Sometimes it attacks rocks which are too big even for its own great maw. In its effort to overcome a great rock it lost its balance and tipped over.



THOMAS A. EDISON.

Drawn expressly for McClure's Magazine by W. D. Stevens, at Edison, September 30, 1897.



THE STEAM SHOVEL WORKING AT NIGHT.

In the great chasm which is being cut across the summit of Mount Musconetcong the work of taking out the ore-bearing rock goes on night and day. As much as 32,000 tons are taken off at a blast.

long line of magnet faces have, popularly speaking, enough combined pulling capacity to raise a modern great gun clear from its deck facing and drop it over the side of the vessel into the sea. The great steam shovel which so ruthlessly tears the underbrush, the rock, the dirt, and the ore from the mountain side, is already famous, for it has done extraordinary work elsewhere, having been the excavator of the larger part of the earth that was removed from the Chicago drainage canal, and having served also in the great ore mines of the Masaba range. The conveyers that carry the rock, the sand, and the ore from mill to mill, covering a mile in transit, lift in sections 100,000 cubic feet of mountain-side every day—a Herculean accomplish-

ment if ever there was one. Yet behind it all, with not in the least the demeanor of a conqueror, is the personality which planned it all, with forces arranged to continue indefinitely this comprehensive demolition of mountains, but with invisible wires outstretched, so that if necessary the whole vast turmoil of machinery may be silenced on the instant.

The way to the plant leads up the steep sides of one of the back spurs of the Musconetcong Mountains; past Lake Hopatcong, with its crowd of pleasure-seekers; beyond Hurd, with its iron mines, from which ore was taken more than a hundred years ago; through virgin forest undergrown with rank, dank masses of fern; upward, always upward, until the 1,200-foot level is reached; and the snorting, puffing little engine darts forward into a nest of tall red buildings from which a dull booming noise sounds forth and a choking white dust blows out. The activity roundabout is of that massive order which reduces one to a condition of awe and helplessness similar to that experienced in an earthquake-ridden country. One feels that the very ground under one's feet may suddenly yawn at the displeasure of the master mind which created the community. On all sides the roar and whistle of machinery, the whir of conveyers, and the choking white dust proclaim this to

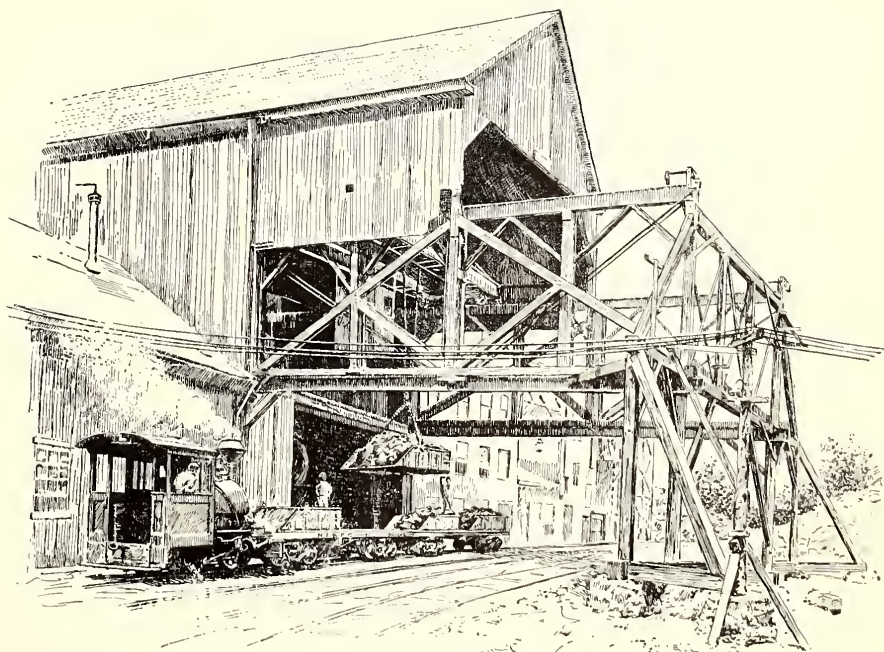
be some quite extraordinary enterprise. The workmen look like millers, so coated do their clothes become with the flying white particles, and everyone wears a patent muzzle. The effect of the pig-like snout which the muzzle closely resembles is often very amusing. The magnet-house and some of the other buildings are almost as tall and as narrow as city "sky-scrapers." Others are flat and squatty, covering considerable areas. Big wheels revolve in the engine-houses; big dynamos transmit their heavy currents through overhead wires to the various parts of the plant. Little narrow-gauge locomotives puff their way in and out between the buildings; a line of freight cars moves slowly along, with shrieking and whistling

wheels and brakes. Far off one can see a great bridge-crane, its top lifted above the tree-line; and presently the cry of a child startles one into a quick view of "Summerville," a hamlet where the miners live.

This is Edison the place; where is Edison the man? "Probably over watching the steam shovel. He is always there. It seems to fascinate him. Follow the water-pipe through the cut," says one of his men. The iron water-pipe lies on the surface, and it leads in a tortuous manner between the numerous buildings and out into the open country. On the way over we receive our first impressions of this great system of ore production. Over to the right, lumbermen are cutting down trees and making the land ready for the steam shovel, which is tearing away at the rocks half a mile distant. Further over, on a half-cleared section, a great stream of water rushing through a hose with mighty force from a hydraulic pump is washing the débris free from the rock and leaving the latter bare of all vegetation. Still further along, the rattle of steam drills and the boom of dynamite tell where the rock is being riven into boulders and loaded on the five-ton skips, or trays, prior to being transmitted to the crushing-plant. The steam shovels do the work of loading, and as they have a capacity for lifting ten tons of free rock a minute, the local activity is tremendous; and the flat cars, carrying two skips each, move along at a lively speed. A long line of them is constantly leading up to the crushing-plant, where the big electric cranes rid them of their loads and a little switching engine pushes them around a loop and allows them to run down an incline into the cut again.

Edison, descried in the distance by means of his historic linen duster and his great country straw hat, is found sitting on a stone, peering earnestly down into a great trench from which the most surprising grunts, shrieks, whistlings, and queer noises generally are being emitted. It is the complaint of the steam shovel,

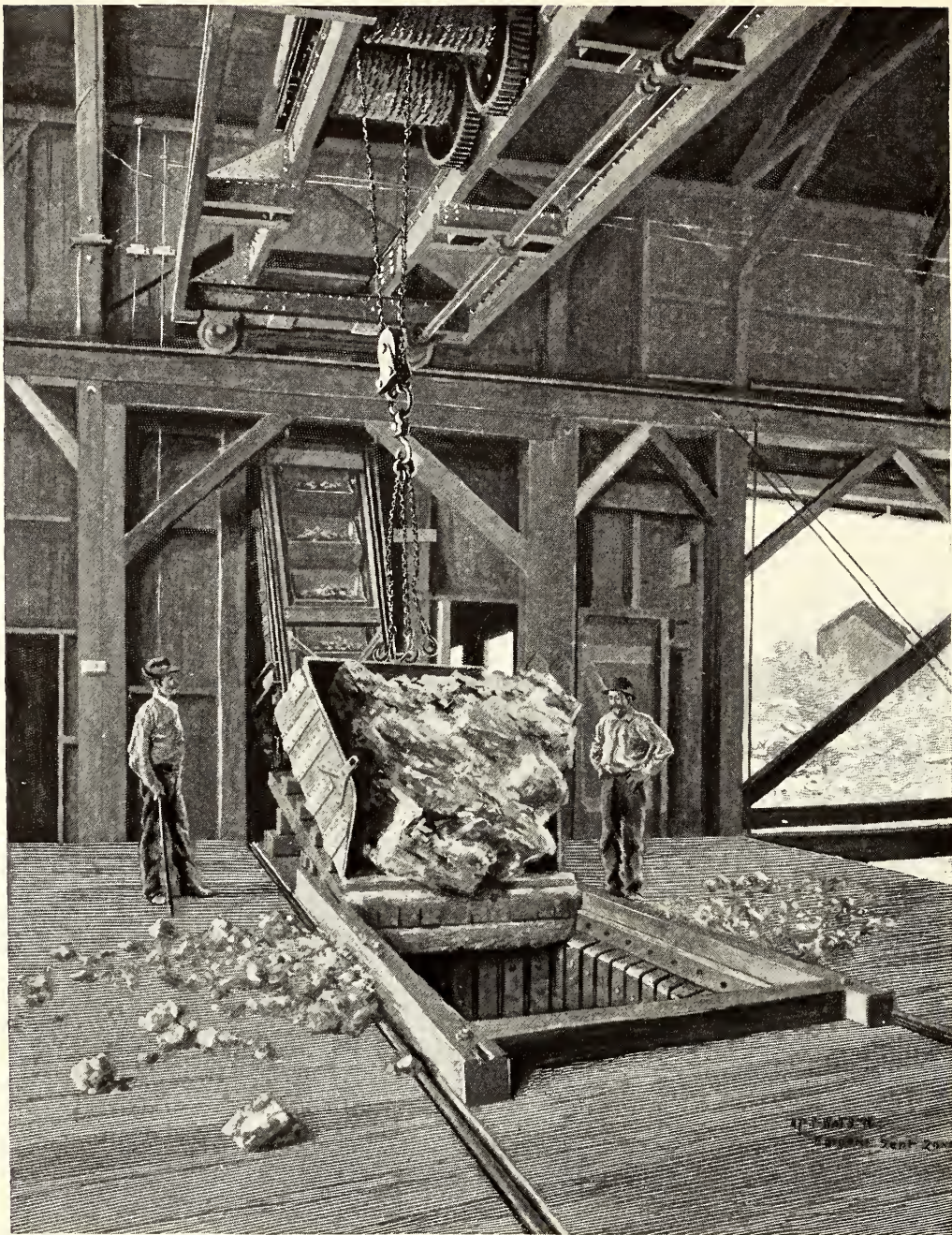
than which there is no more human-like piece of mechanism in the world. Edison looks up pleasantly as you approach. His manner is encouraging. There is, as some one has said, the assurance of honesty in his strong, round face, and an attitude of democracy in his dirty duster, which makes you friends with him at once. There is no air of self-importance, which, after all, one could easily pardon in the man for whom the French people played our own National anthem on his entrance to the Paris Opera House—honored him, in fact, as they only honor kings. As you talk, he places his hand to his ear; but it is not to exclude the roar of the crushers, the whirl of the conveyers, or the noise of the shovel. He is slightly deaf; a condition, however, which he regards more in the way of a boon than as a misfortune, for it excludes the small talk of those about him and enables him to concentrate his mind on whatever problem he may have in hand. His face, when his mind is bent on serious matters, reflects the deep import of his thoughts; but he is always ready to unbend, and his change of demeanor when some lighter vein of conversation is struck seems to come as a relief. He is as ready for a funny story as was Lincoln, and several of his best jokes are decidedly on himself. A query on a scientific subject reforms the wrinkles of thought on his face, and he becomes lost completely to all sight, sound, and feeling of the out-



N.Y. S.W.
Sept. 30 1897

EXTERIOR VIEW OF CRUSHING-MILL.

The skip-loads of blasted rock are conveyed on flat cars to the mill. Great electric cranes lift them at the rate of one a minute up into the second story of the mill, where their contents are dumped into the roll-pit.



THE ELECTRIC CRANE DUMPING A SKIP-LOAD OF ROCK INTO THE ROLL-PIT.

Ten feet below the flooring two immense rolls, with surfaces studded with teeth and weighing over 100 tons, are constantly revolving.

side world. A laborer, dressed even more shabbily than Edison himself, comes up, and from a distance of ten or a dozen feet growls out a question about some new braces which are being put in. Edison grunts back his answer in quite the same tone of voice, and a moment later is off, with short, quick steps, and an intense look, towards a group of men holding a consultation over some mechanical difficulty connected with the plant. Edison solves the problem almost as soon as it is laid before him, and presently is back again, gazing down at the first object of his attention.

"We are making a Yosemite of our own here," he says; "we will soon have one of the biggest artificial cañons in the world."

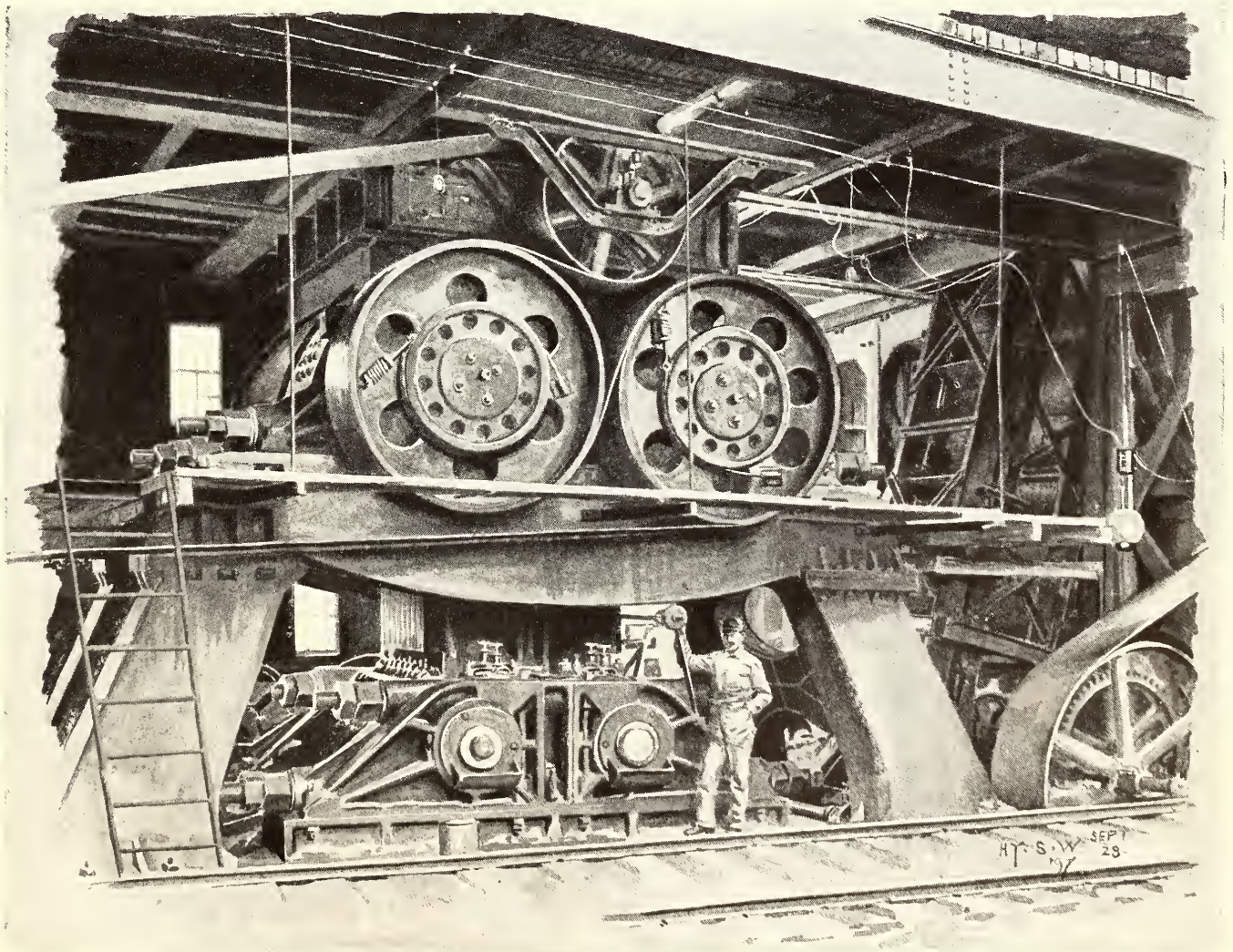
This remark is occasioned by the fact that the steam shovel is operating at a point three-quarters of a mile from the works proper. It is somewhat down the hillside, but it is eating its way on a level straight into the hill. "It will take us a year to reach the mills," says the inventor; "but when we do get that far in, we will have a trench with walls one hundred feet deep. I suppose we will take out over 600,000 tons of rock before we get there. Then when the trench is completed, we can blast off the walls with dynamite, taking off 32,000 tons at a time. But look at this fellow," he continues, pointing to the steam shovel. "Wouldn't you think he was alive? Always seems to me like one of those old-time monsters or dragons we

read about in children's books. I like to sit and watch it."

Monster! Indeed it is a true monster, both in shape and attitude. Its body is represented in the car; its thick neck has all the stockiness of invincibility; and its great square head, with the three steel teeth protruding like the fangs of an undershot bulldog, give it quite the air of a great animal, even in repose. But it is when it is in action that the personality of the thing becomes apparent. The beams of the derrick slide against one another like the sinewy tendons in the neck of a mastodon, the great head lowers itself for the charge, and the teeth fairly glisten as they attack the hillside. Then when some hidden obstacle is encountered and the way becomes temporarily blocked, the pent-up steam within it breaks forth as from its nostrils, and the great thing trembles all over and shrieks out its rage, the shrill tones only dying down to a satisfied grunt when the obstruction has been conquered.

It weighs 200,000 pounds, and is the biggest steam shovel in the world. Once it encountered a rock which was too big even for it, and the way it throbbed, screamed, hissed, whistled, and shook when the object of its wrath refused to budge was a moving spectacle indeed.

The man who operates this great piece of mechanism bears the limited distinction of being one of the best steam-shovel workers in the world. He is certainly a perfect master of the machine. The shovel is used, in places, to clean off a ledge preparatory to blasting. Edison, with his sensitive needle, or "magnetic eye," as he calls it, went over the ground above the ledge before it was uncovered, and was able to determine its exact shape. Above the edge of the rock, stakes were driven, and the shovel operator was told to clean it off. So accurate was his work that the channel cut by the great machine did not at any point vary twelve inches from the wall of rock bordering the ore.



END VIEW OF THE GIANT ROLLS.

After passing through the big rolls, an end view of which is here shown, the pieces of rock drop through to the smaller rolls beside which the workman is standing. Five and six ton rocks go through in about three seconds. A constant stream of rock is kept falling into the pit from the floor above, and the crushed rock can be seen rising upward in the elevator on the right, to be dumped into other and smaller sets of rolls, which soon reduce it to dust.

From the steam shovel the rocks, weighing five and six tons, are conveyed to the crushing-plant. The crushing-plant is a large eccentric building, from the open sides of which extends massive iron framework upon which electric cranes are operated. To the casual observer the building seems to be little more than a large platform, the under part of which is closed in, and the upper part of which seems to contain nothing more than an expectant group of men whose business it is to anxiously watch big boulders as they are swung inward by the cranes and dropped into a large square hole in the floor. As each rock disappears, the strained facial expression of each man is enveloped in a cloud of white dust, and a dull boom! boom! announces that some convincing change has taken place in the material. As a matter of fact, the giant, or largest, rolls of the crushing-plant are made to revolve in the first story of the building, and the rock is dumped into the pit which leads down to them from the second story.

This remarkable crushing-apparatus consists primarily of two immense rollers over six feet in diameter and five in width.

The rounded surfaces are studded with great teeth, and the great rolls themselves run within eighteen inches of each other. Looked at from above, these monster crushers, revolving with a surface speed of a mile a minute, and weighing 237,000 pounds, form probably the most awe-compelling abyss in the world. The relentless fangs, constantly traveling inward and downward, impress the mind more strongly

than could any bottomless pit, and the feeling becomes all the more intense when one learns that beneath them is another set of rollers somewhat nearer together, with a serrated surface, more wicked if anything in its action than the teeth above. These giant rolls will receive and grind up five and six ton rocks as fast as they can

be unloaded from the skips. A skip-load of rock every forty-five seconds was the rate at which the plant was operated for the purpose of testing the capacity of the rolls, but an average of 300 tons an hour is considered a fair running capacity.

It may surprise the superficial observer to learn that the great Corliss engine which operates the rolls takes no part whatever in the crushing process. There is something of a trick in it, but it is an effective answer to the engineers who declared that no machine could be made strong enough to stand the strain of crushing these great boulders. It is the momentum of the seventy tons of metal contained in the moving parts of the rolls which does the crushing.

The engine supplies just power enough to run the rolls at a very high speed. If anything—a rock, for instance—drops in between the rolls so as to in any way impede their progress, a clutch by which the rolls are connected to the engine allows the latter to let go its hold. After that the momentum of the rolls does the work of crushing, the engine, of course, immediately catching hold again the moment the impeding rock has been crushed and passed through to the next set of rollers. One might think for the moment



END VIEW OF SEPARATING-MAGNETS.

After having been reduced to dust the ore-bearing material is elevated to the cupola of the magnet house. It is dumped into a chute, and allowed to work its way down past the magnet faces, of which there are 480. The sand, being unattracted, passes straight on, and is conveyed by an elevator out of the building and dumped on the sand pile. The ore, attracted by the magnets, is deflected into a chute of its own, and conveyed away to the mixing-house.

that these rolls would be suddenly stopped by the obstructing rock the moment the power of the engine was withdrawn. But it is only necessary to imagine how that same rock would suffer if allowed to bear the brunt of a head-on collision of two express trains. Only the fastest train travels with the velocity attained by these rolls; and, besides, it is seventy tons of iron and steel against five or six tons of ore-bearing rock. Again, the rock is dropped over ten feet into the pit before it strikes the rolls, and the impact on the rapidly moving roll is often great enough to break the boulder in two. In short, it is the kinetic energy of the rolls that does the real work of crushing. To illustrate the process, it is, according to Mr. Edison, the application of the principle of the pile-driver.

Far down beneath the two sets of rolls described above, a conveyer, or endless chain of iron baskets, catches the crushed rock and carries it up into another part of the building. The rock has now been reduced to pieces the size of a man's head. The conveyer carries these pieces up above three more sets of rolls, and dumps them with a rattle and a bang in between the topmost set of rollers. The rock at this point is reduced more than half, or, let us say, to pieces the size of the fist; and as it falls through in a steady stream it encounters the still more relentless teeth of the next set of rolls, directly underneath. Having passed through these, it has almost reached the fineness of granulated sugar; but when it drops through

into the next set, its final pulverization is accomplished, for the slightly serrated surfaces of these rolls fit into each other like two cogwheels, and ore which is not reduced to dust cannot accomplish the passage between them. Here, as before, an elevator catches the crushed product, and carries it to the top of an immense dryer

(for the work goes on in wet as well as dry weather), and thence to the roof of a mammoth stock-house, capable of holding 16,000 tons, and dumps it therein for future use.

From this point the ore and sand go on a wild career which never stops till one has reached the cars and the other has reached the sand pile. In the cellar of the stock-house is a deep, long trench. The sloping sides of the house lead to this trench, so that the tendency of the crude ore contained therein is to slide into it. Working in the trench is a conveyer which carries the crude material across the road and up a covered way to the big barn-like structure known



THE ORE ON ITS WAY TO THE MIXING-HOUSE.

A leather belt carries the finely divided ore to a blower-room, where the small percentage of remaining foreign substances is removed from it. Another belt-conveyer then carries it to the mixing-house, where it is dropped into great cylinders and by means of iron paddles is mixed with an adhesive substance.

locally as the refining mill. The building is most interesting because it is herein that the ore is separated from the sand. It is, on the other hand, uninteresting from the view point of the spectator, because most of the interior mechanism is encased. Nevertheless there are wonderful processes constantly in operation within. It is the perfection of automatic action. No automaton of old ever worked out a more intricate movement than do the sand and ore within this building. Better still, no *ensemble* of springs or other paraphernalia is required

for the work. The building is over six stories high, and the conveyer which brings the crude ore from the cellar of the stock-house elevates it to the very cupola, dumps it into space, and allows it to work out its own salvation on its way to the basement. Incidentally it performs several feats on its way downward. It screens itself several times, separates from the sand, divides its coarse grains from the fine, and finally wends its way out of the building to do great things later on. But all of this is done with hardly any other aid than that of gravity.

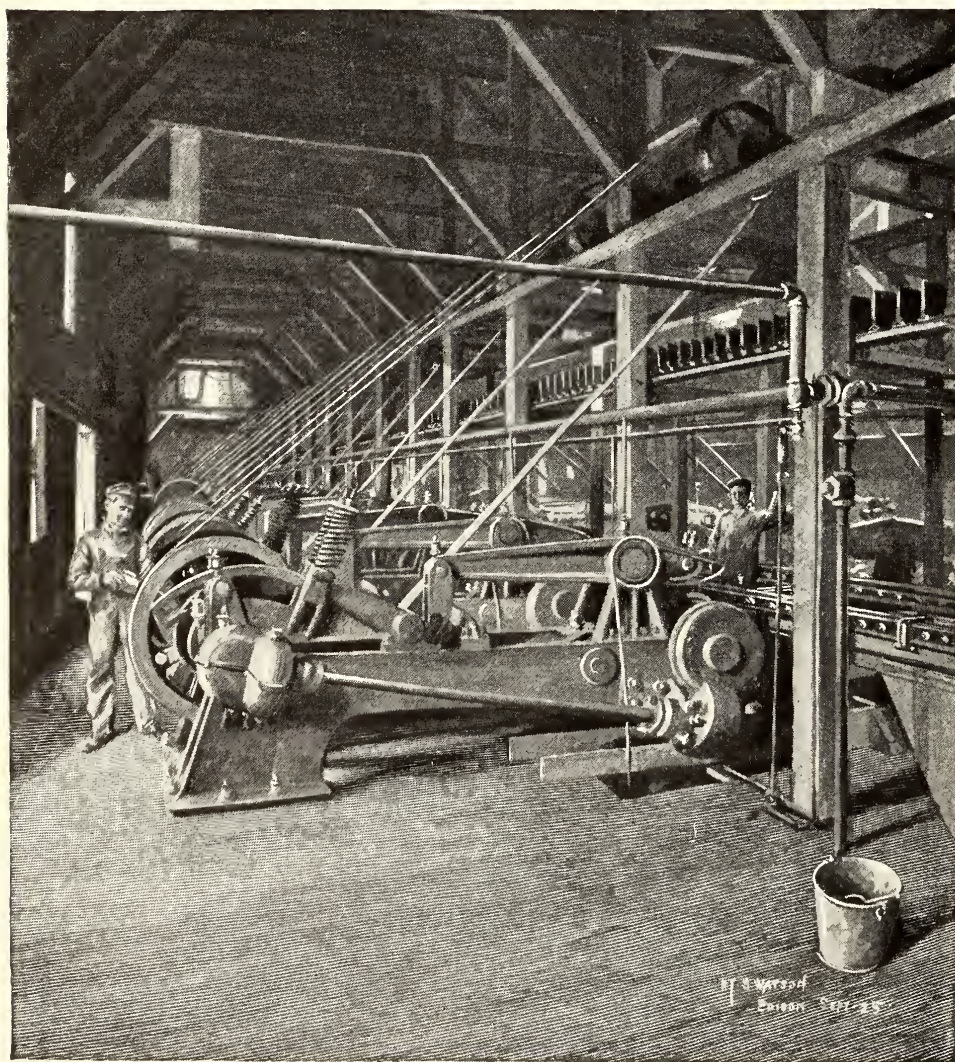
The ore passes altogether 480 magnets. The first set of magnets has the least pulling or deflecting power, to use a popular term. The third set has the greatest pulling power, and the second set is intermediate in strength. On its way down, the crushed rock falls past the lines of magnets in the form of a fine curtain. The

sand passes straight on downward, and is carried away, through chutes, out of the building. The ore, on the other hand, is deflected from the course taken by the sand, and drops into a chute of its own. It falls on a conveyer which carries it out of the building to another stock-house. On the way out of the building the ore passes through a blowing-room in which such dust as may have passed through the screens with it is blown from it. None of the iron ore is lost, and even the dust is sold—to be used in paint and other substances. The ore is finally conveyed to another stock-house, which contains nothing but pure, powdered iron.

Five thousand tons of iron, fine enough almost to go through a flour sieve! It looks like a great pile of black sand, and one cannot help but marvel at it when the thought of what the fire will change it into forces itself upon one's mind; for while as

it lies it is probably the heaviest mass of powder in the world, in the hands of the smelter it will be changed, twisted, reshaped, and reformed into objects which ultimately become associated with our daily lives.

But this ore, however pure, however well calculated to take its place in the business of life, cannot be smelted in its present form. If thrown into the furnace in the form of dust, a large part would be blown out by the powerful blast. It must be made up into lumps or cakes, so that when placed in the furnace the gases can circulate freely through and around it. For this purpose it is conveyed to the briquetting mill by means of another of those conveyers which seem to reach out of the ground in all directions. In fact, you might start in any building in Edison,



THE BRIQUETTING MACHINES.

By means of conveyers the now sticky mass of ore is brought to the briquetting machines to be made into bricks, or briquettes. There are thirty briquetting machines, and a constant stream of ore pours into the ends of the machines. The proper amount of ore falls into an orifice about three inches wide and one inch deep, and a plunger then comes forward and exerts thousands of pounds pressure on the ore. As the plunger recedes, the cylinder holding the briquette turns downward, and the newly-made briquette drops out into another conveyer, to be carried into baking-ovens.

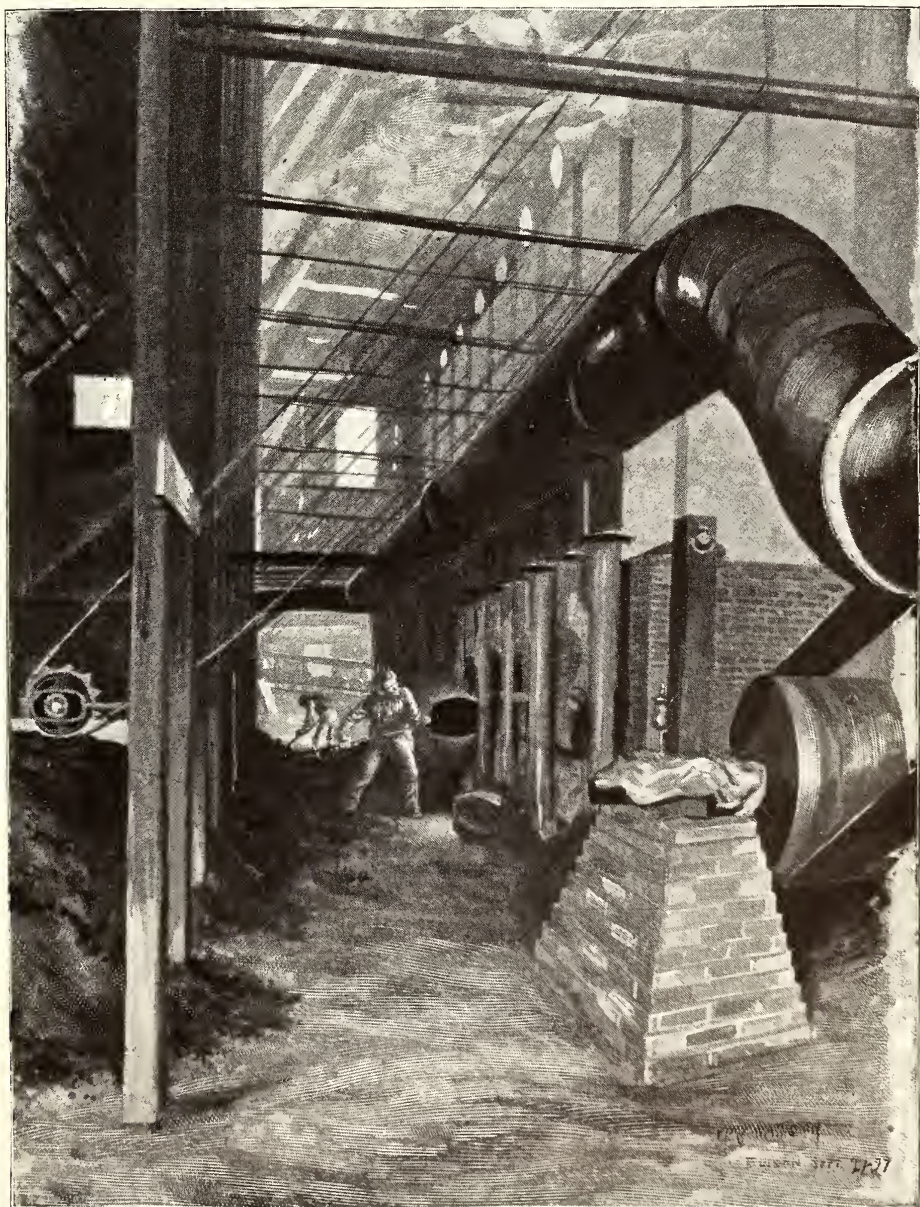
and, by going into the cellar, walk through the conveyer way up to the top story of the next building, descend to the cellar as before, and so on until you had completed the circuit of every house in the place.

The ore is mixed with an adhesive material which binds every particle to its neighbors. The mixing-machines are long iron cylinders in which a succession of curved iron paddles, or dashers, sitting on springs, are constantly revolving. The ore is supplied from an endless rope conveyer to the mixers, while the binding material is conveyed in pipes, both passing into the cylinders. The ore passes into one end of the cylinder, and is thoroughly mixed before it passes out of the other end. Again is the now sticky mass of ore dropped into a conveyer, and carried into another building. In this last structure are the briquetting machines. They are devised by Edison, and consist primarily of a plunger which forces the sticky ore into a small round orifice, subjecting it in the meantime to thousands of pounds pressure. The nicely rounded briquettes, ranging from two and one-half to three and one-half inches in diameter, drop into another conveyer, and are carried into ovens in which they are baked, the conveyer itself traveling five times up and down the interior of the ovens before they reappear. There are thirty briquette-making machines and fifteen ovens, built side by side. The baking is necessary in order to make the briquettes sufficiently hard when cold to stand shipment. The baking also prevents them from disintegrating under the action of heat in the blast-furnaces, and leaves them so that, although very porous, they will not absorb

water. Having left the ovens, the briquettes are transported by iron-rope conveyers to the railway and loaded on to cars.

Six thousand tons of crude ore are changed into 1,500 tons of briquettes in each day's run of twenty hours. Twenty-eight hundred briquettes are contained in one ton, and an average freight car will hold twenty tons. This means that seventy-five carloads of pure iron ore are wrested daily from heretofore worthless rock and sent furnaceward to be made into objects which will be useful to all the world.

This is all there is in the process. But how much that is! A small conception of the labor involved may be had from an inkling obtained from Mr. W. S. Mallory, Mr. Edison's second in command. "When



THE GREAT OVENS IN THE BRIQUETTING PLANT.

A conveyer carries the briquettes of pure iron ore into the ovens, where they are baked to prevent them from disintegrating when exposed to the atmosphere during transportation. The conveyer travels five times around the ovens, and the briquettes are exposed to a very high temperature before they reappear to be loaded on the cars.

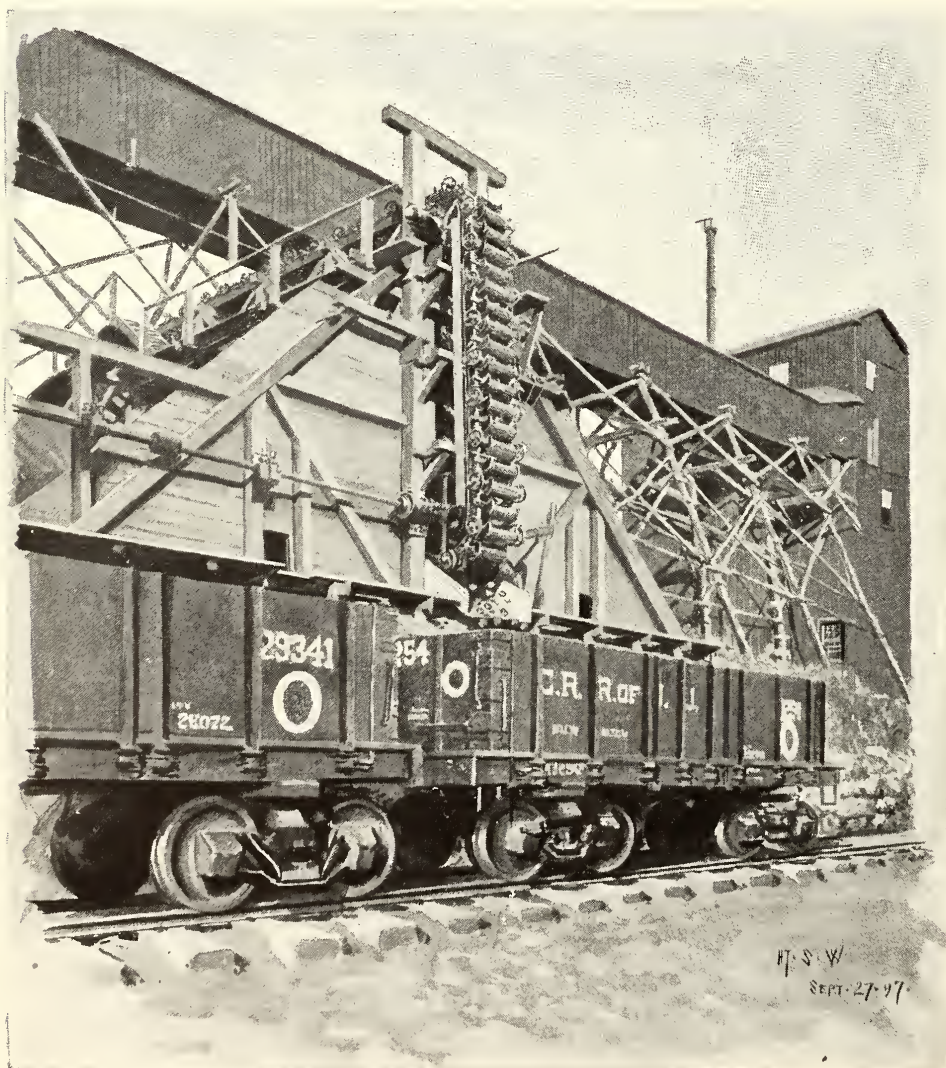
it was found necessary," says Mr. Mallory, "to make the concentrates (iron ore) into briquettes, there were five things to be accomplished: First, the binding material must be very cheap. Second, it must be of such a nature that very little of it would be required per ton of concentrates. Third, the briquettes must be very porous, to permit the gases of the furnace to enter; and yet must not absorb water, else they could not be shipped in open cars. Fourth, it must make the briquettes hard enough when cold to stand transportation. Fifth, it must make the briquettes such that they would not disintegrate by action of the heat in the blast-furnace. To get the above five conditions, Mr. Edison was compelled to try several thousand experiments. At the time of the discovery of X-rays, Mr. Edison made 1,800 experiments before he hit upon tungstate of calcium for the fluoroscope, and the newspapers said that a man who would try that many experiments ought to succeed. But

here the labor and patience involved was many times greater, and this, please understand, represents but one feature of the plant."

One intricate piece of mechanism used in the crushing-plant illustrates the genius of Edison in making a benefit of what otherwise would prove a detriment. The process of crushing is very dusty, and at first the dust got into the bearings of the elevators and cut everything badly, and the same trouble was experienced throughout the mill, notwithstanding every precaution. Mr. Edison immediately devised a system of oiling all bearings (of which there are 4,200) which depends upon, and will not work without, grit and dust. This is only an item, but the plant is full of these items.

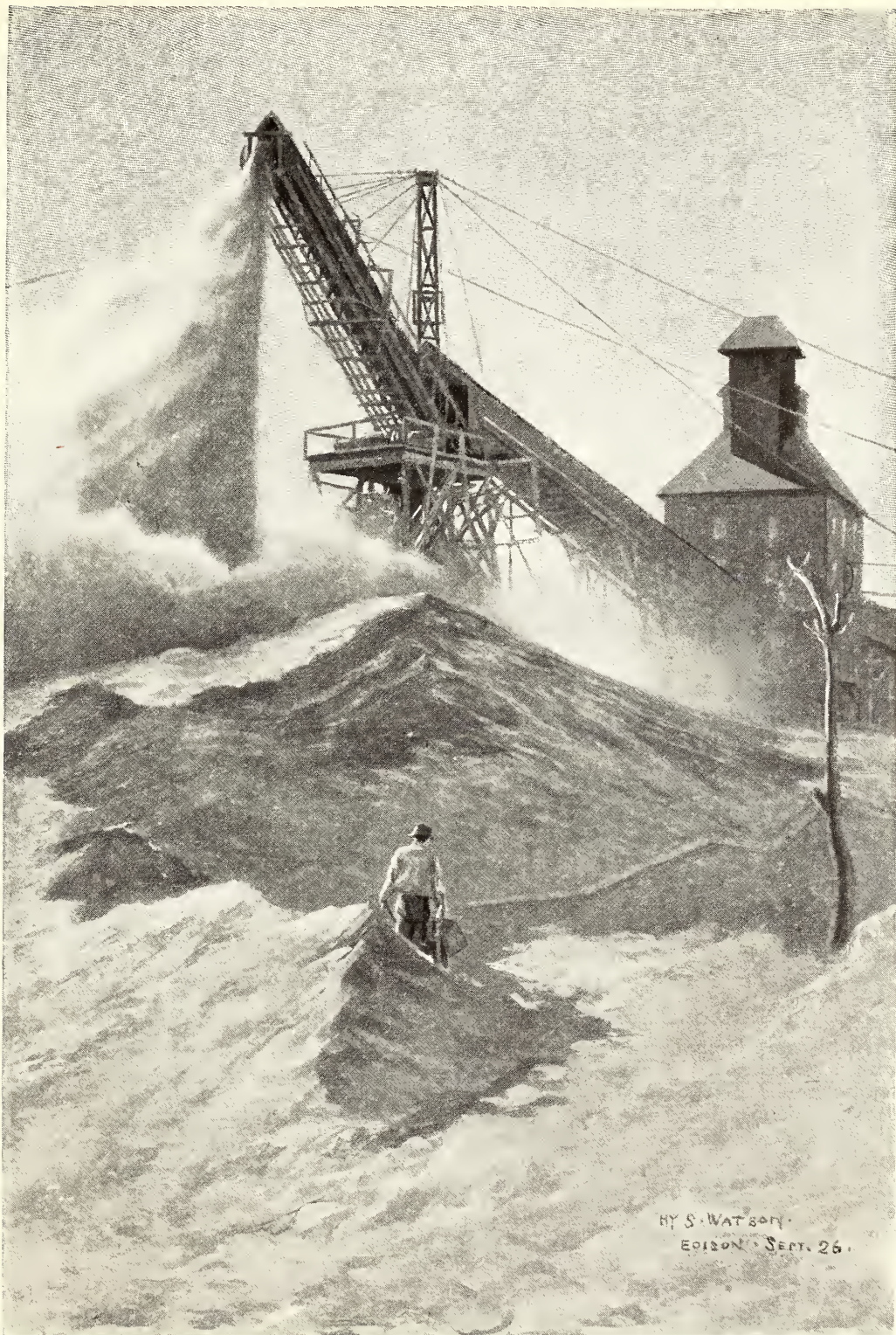
Again, the three high rolls in the magnet-house are wonderful examples of how friction may be rendered almost nothing. The friction of ordinary crushing-rolls at the high efficiency and pressure necessary for

this work amounts under ordinary conditions to about eighty per cent. of the horse-power applied, leaving only twenty per cent. to do the actual work on the rock. On the three high rolls invented by Mr. Edison, the friction is only sixteen per cent., leaving eighty-four per cent. of the horse-power applied available for the work of crushing. The principle involved is too intricate to explain, but it means the beginning of a new era in crushing-machinery. This principle can be applied in every industry where crushing is a feature, from gold extracting to sugar manufacturing. The reduction of friction in the mechanism simply means that machinery of small power can be used in work which heretofore has required machinery of very great power.



LOADING FREIGHT CARS WITH BRIQUETTES.

From the ovens the briquettes are conveyed to the railroad and dumped into cars. Twenty-eight hundred briquettes are contained in one ton. Each car holds twenty tons, and an average of seventy-five car loads of pure iron ore are produced daily.



THE SAND TOWER.

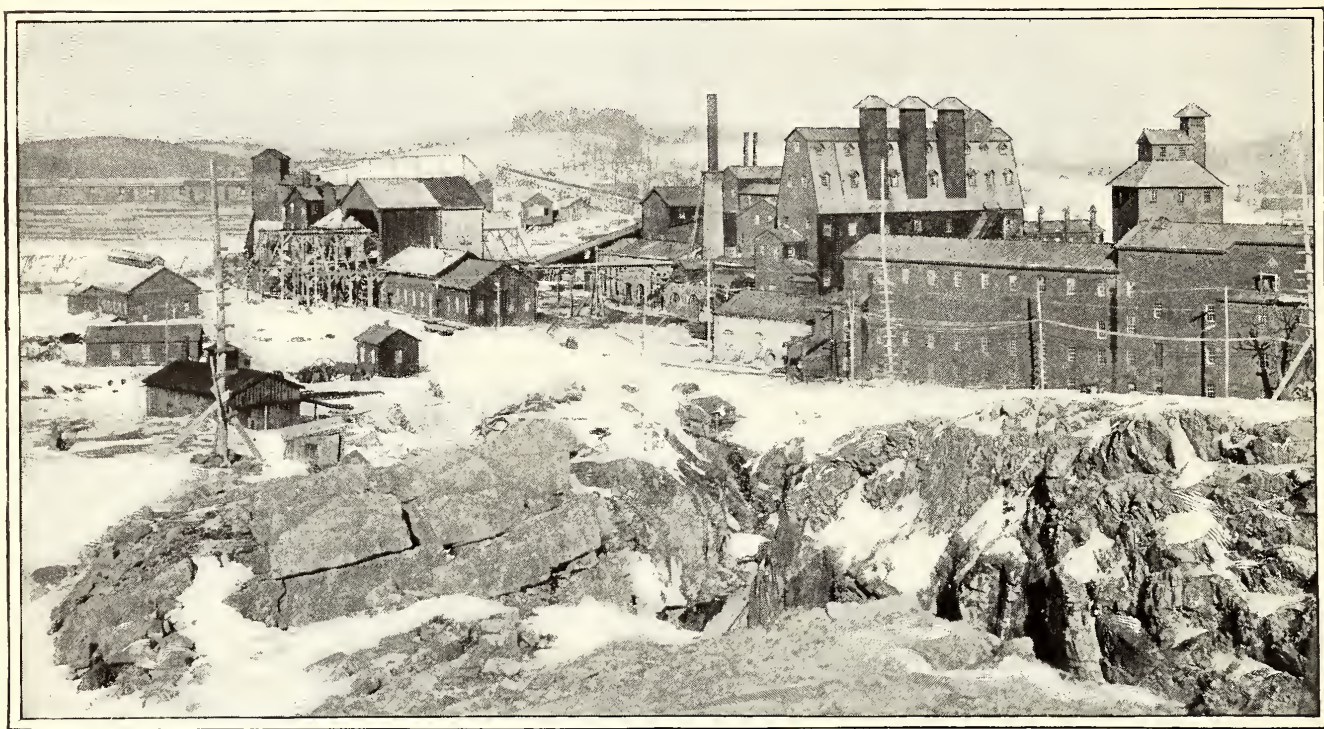
When the sand has been separated from the ore a conveyer carries it out of the building and up an immense craneway, from which it is dumped on a pile. The large arm from which the sand is dropped is movable. One pile is made, then another. Cars carry the first one away, then the arm is swung back and the gap is filled up. The sand is valuable for building purposes, and long train-loads of it are carried away from the village of Edison every day.

Over on one side of the works a very beautiful sight may be viewed. It is a cataract of sand, fine, even, and pure, and different from any other sand in the world. From the magnet-house extends a derrick-like structure holding a conveyer. Projecting far out into the air from the end of this structure is a giant arm. The arm, like its support, holds a conveyer. This contrivance spouts sand. A stream of it, shimmering and shining in the sunlight, descends and mixes with the great cone already piled up beneath. Nothing could be more beautiful than this gorgeous cataract of powdered rock falling like a veil, and noiselessly adding to the great mass below. Nor is it a useless accumulation. It is sold for various purposes to builders and manufacturers, who seek it more eagerly than they do the sand of the seashore or

Crushing-Plant.

Magnet-House.

Briquetting Plant.



GENERAL VIEW OF EDISON IN WINTER.

Taken from Summerville, the village where the miners live.

of the bank. Seashore or bank sand has, in the course of centuries, lost its edges, because the particles have constantly rubbed against one another. Broken rock sand, however, is very sharp, and for cement and lime-work is very desirable. And in many other directions it is also valuable, and the demand promises an aid in cheapening the production of the ore.

"I want to say," says Mr. Mallory, "and I know whereof I speak, for I have been with him night and day for several years, that ninety-nine per cent. of the credit of all the invention and new work of this establishment is due personally to Mr. Edison. I have heard it stated that Mr. Edison is an organizer who uses the brains of other men. Nothing could be further from the truth than this. If this place was preserved as a monument for him, his memory would be placed upon no false pedestal. I have seen him by night and by day, in all weathers, and under all conditions, and I have found him always the same, the personification of concentration of purpose, and with a long-distance judgment at his beck and call which, however strained it may seem at the time, we have all learned to respect as being sure to prove right in the end. And what has been said of his personal magnetism has not been overstated. I doubt if there is another man living for whom his men would do as much. I suppose it is the power of example. We have here many

men who have left well-kept homes to come up into the backwoods and toil day and night mainly out of loyalty to Mr. Edison. The fact that the 'old man' does it seems to be sufficient reason for them to do it; for what is good enough for the 'old man' is good enough for them. This, at least, is the spirit that prevails."

That this is the spirit which pervades the community can be easily seen by anyone who visits the place. Up on the hilltop, in the shanties of Summerville, dwell laborers of the poorer class. Far over on the other side of the mine stands the "White House." It is a little dwelling in which Edison lives with his chief men. At intermediate spots stand the shanties in which live the workmen of intermediate class. But from all of these dwellings comes a reverence for the master which is quite as strong and healthy in one place as in the other. As he moves among them all, none of them can have a true conception of the great things he is constantly planning, but they all know it is for their good and for the good of the world at large. No man has done more than Edison to benefit his generation. He essentially is the man of his time. Other men may do great things in the time to come, but whatever these things may be, they can never create more radical changes in the conduct of human life than have Edison's inventions. His old duster and his older straw hat can be seen flitting hither and thither about the

works, their owner apparently intent upon nothing out of the ordinary; but the constant suggestions which he makes to the heads of the various departments show that the wonderful brain is never inactive. The present enterprise was planned years ago, and now that it is finally completed, Mr. Edison's mind will revert to even greater schemes of conquest; and at this moment it is safe to say that he is planning out some great achievement which will take the world more by storm than have the great things he has already accomplished.



HALCYON DAYS.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

NOT from successful love alone,
 Nor wealth, nor honor'd middle age, nor victories of politics or war;
 But as life wanes, and all the turbulent passions calm,
 As gorgeous, vapory, silent hues cover the evening sky,
 As softness, fulness, rest, suffuse the frame, like fresher, balmier air,
 As the days take on a mellow light, and the apple at last hangs really finish'd
 and indolent-ripe on the tree,
 Then for the teeming, quietest, happiest days of all!
 The brooding and blissful halcyon days!

From "November Boughs," by Walt Whitman.
 Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston.
 By special permission.

PRIZE DRAWINGS.



A TYPE OF AMERICAN HEAD. PAINTED BY MISS LILLIE O'RYAN.

The above drawing received the first prize, and the drawing reproduced on the opposite page received the second prize, offered by McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, at the suggestion of Dr. Wallace Wood, of the University of New York, in a competition for drawings of ideal and typical American heads. Though this competition was announced entirely through circulars sent to art teachers and students and a single notice in "The Art Student," and the time given was quite short,

PRIZE DRAWINGS.



A TYPE OF AMERICAN HEAD. DRAWN BY J. HARRISON MILLS.

about ninety drawings and paintings in all mediums were submitted. All were exhibited in Dr. Wood's lecture room in the University Building, New York. The prizes were awarded by a committee composed of Dr. Wallace Wood, Mr. Ernest Knaupft, editor of "The Art Student," and a representative of McClure's Magazine. Honorable mention was also made of the contributions of W. D. Parrish, Vincent Aderente, Katherine S. Valas and William Forsyth.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH.

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

TO R. T. H. B.

BY WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

OUT of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

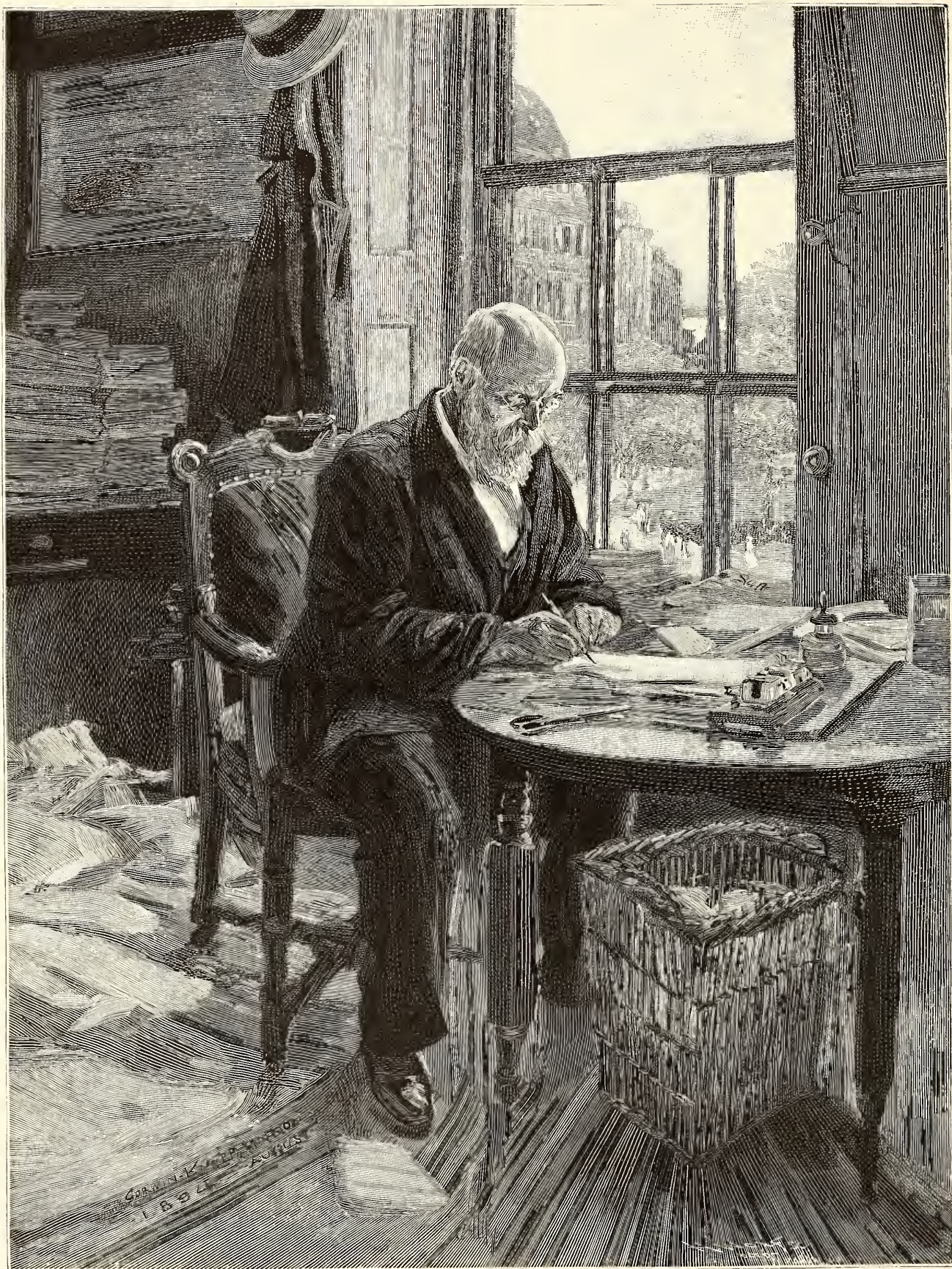
It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate :
I am the captain of my soul.

LIFE IS STRUGGLE.

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

To wear out heart, and nerves, and brain
And give oneself a world of pain ;
Be eager, angry, fierce, and hot,
Imperious, supple—God knows what,
For what's all one to have or not ;
O false, unwise, absurd, and vain !
For 'tis not joy, it is not gain,
It is not in itself a bliss,
Only it is precisely this
That keeps us all alive.

To say we truly feel the pain,
And quite are sinking with the strain ;—
Entirely, simply, undeceived,
Believe, and say we ne'er believed
The object, e'en were it achieved,
A thing we e'er had cared to keep ;
With heart and soul to hold it cheap,
And then to go and try it again ;
O false, unwise, absurd, and vain !
O, 'tis not joy, and 'tis not bliss,
Only it is precisely this
That keeps us still alive.



CHARLES A. DANA IN HIS OFFICE AT THE "SUN."

Painted from life by C. K. Linson ; engraved on wood by Henry Wolf.

This, probably the most characteristic portrait of Mr. Dana, was painted for illustration of Mr. Edward P. Mitchell's biographical article on Mr. Dana (McClure's Magazine, October, 1894). Mr. Wolf's new engraving of it reproduces the original with remarkable vigor and faithfulness.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

THE TOMB OF HIS ANCESTORS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "The Seven Seas," "Captains Courageous," etc.



OME people will tell you that if there were but a single loaf of bread in all India it would be divided equally between the Plowdens, the Trevors, the Beadons, and the Rivett-Carnacs. That is only one way of saying that certain families serve India generation after generation as dolphins follow in line across the open sea.

To take a small and obscure case. There has always been at least one representative of the Devonshire Chinn in or near Central India since the days of Lieutenant-Fireworker Humphrey Chinn, of the Bombay European Regiment, who assisted at the capture of Seringapatam in 1799. Alfred Ellis Chinn, his younger brother, commanded a regiment of Bombay grenadiers from 1804 to 1813, when he saw some mixed fighting; and in 1834, one John Chinn of the same family—we will call him John Chinn the First—came to light as a level-headed administrator in time of trouble at a place called Mundesur. He died young, but he left his mark on the new country, and the Honorable the Board of Directors of the Honorable the East India Company embodied his virtues in a stately resolution, and paid for the expenses of his tomb among the Satpura hills.

He was succeeded by his son, Lionel Chinn, who left the little old Devonshire home just in time to be severely wounded in the Mutiny. He spent his working life within a hundred and fifty miles of John Chinn's grave, and rose to the command of a regiment of little, wild hill-men, most of whom had known his father. His son, John, was born in the small thatched-roofed, mud-walled cantonment, which is to-day eighty miles from the

nearest railway, in the heart of a scrubby, rocky, tigerish country. Colonel Lionel Chinn served thirty years before he retired. In the Canal his steamer passed the outward bound troopship, carrying his son eastward to take on the family routine.

The Chinn family are luckier than most folk, because they know exactly what they must do. A clever Chinn passes for the Bombay Civil Service, and gets away to Central India, where everybody is glad to see him; a dull Chinn enters the Police Department or the Woods and Forest, and sooner or later he, too, appears in Central India, and that is what gave rise to the saying, "Central India is inhabited by Bhils, Mairs, and Chinn family, all very much alike." The breed is small-boned, dark, and silent, and the stupidest of them are good shots. John Chinn the Second was rather clever, but as the eldest son he entered the army, according to Chinn tradition. His duty was to abide in his father's regiment for the term of his natural life, though the corps was one which most men would have paid heavily to avoid. They were irregulars, small, dark, and blackish, clothed in rifle green with black leather trimmings; and friends called them the "Wuddars," which means a race of low-caste people who dig up rats to eat; but the Wuddars did not resent it. They were the only Wuddars, and their points of pride were these:

Firstly, they had fewer English officers than any native regiment; secondly, their subalterns were not mounted on parade, as is the rule, but walked at the head of their men. A man who can hold his own with the Wuddars at their quick-step must be sound in wind and limb. Thirdly, they were the most *pukka shikarries* (out and out

hunters) in all India. Fourthly—up to one hundredthly—they were the Wuddars—Chinn's Irregular Bhil Levies of the old days, but now, henceforward, and for ever, the Wuddars.

No Englishman entered their mess except for love or through family usage. The officers talked to their soldiers in a tongue not two hundred folk in India understood; and the men were their children, all drawn from the Bhils, who are, perhaps, the strangest of the many strange races in India. They were, and at heart are, wild men; furtive, shy, full of untold superstitions.

The races whom we call natives of the country found the Bhil in possession of the land when they first broke into that part of the world thousands of years ago. The books call them Pre-Aryan, Aboriginal, Dravidian, and so forth; and in other words that is what the Bhils call themselves.

When a Rajput chief, who can sing his pedigree backwards for twelve hundred years, is set on the throne, his investiture is not complete or lawful till he has been marked on the forehead with blood from the veins of a Bhil. The Rajputs say the ceremony has no meaning, but the Bhil knows that it is the last, last shadow of his old rights, as the long-ago owner of the soil.

Centuries of oppression and massacre made the Bhil a cruel and half-crazy thief and cattle-stealer, and when the English came he seemed to be almost as open to civilization as the tigers of his own jungles. But John Chinn the First, with two or three other men, went into his country, lived with him, learned his language, shot the deer that stole his poor crops, and won his confidence, so that some Bhils learned to plow and sow, while others were coaxed into the Company's service to police their friends.

When they understood that standing in line did not mean instant murder, they accepted soldiering as a cumbrous but amusing kind of sport, and were zealous to keep the wild Bhils under control. That was the thin edge of the wedge. John Chinn the First gave them written promises that, if they were good from a certain date, the Government would overlook previous offenses; and since John Chinn was never known to break his word—he promised once to hang a Bhil locally esteemed invulnerable, and hanged him in front of his tribe for seven proved murders—the Bhils settled down as much as they

knew how. It was slow, unseen work, of the sort that is being done all over India to-day, and, though John Chinn's only reward came, as I have said, in the shape of a grave at Government expense, the people of the hills never forgot him.

Colonel Lionel Chinn knew and loved them too, and they were very fairly civilized, for Bhils, before his service ended. Many of them could hardly be distinguished from low-caste Hindu farmers; but in the south, where John Chinn was buried, the wildest of them still clung to the Satpura ranges, cherishing a legend that some day Jan Chinn, as they called him, would return to his own, and in the meantime mistrusting the white man and his ways. The least excitement would stampede them at random, plundering, and now and then killing; but if they were handled discreetly they grieved like children, and promised never to do it again.

The Bhils of the regiment were virtuous in many ways, but they needed humoring. They felt bored and homesick unless taken after tiger as beaters; and their cold-blooded daring—all Wuddars shoot tigers on foot: it is their caste-mark—made even the officers wonder. They would follow up a wounded tiger as unconcerned as though it were a sparrow with a broken wing; and this through a country full of caves, and rifts, and pits, where a wild beast could hold a dozen men at his mercy. They had their own methods of smoking out a tigress with her cubs, and would shout and laugh while the furious beast charged home on the rifles. Now and then some little man was brought to barracks with his head smashed in or his ribs torn away; but his companions never learnt caution. They contented themselves with settling the tiger.

Young John Chinn was decanted at the veranda of the lonely mess-house, from the back seat of a two-wheeled cart; his gun-cases cascading all round him. The slender, little, hookey-nosed boy looked as forlorn as a strayed goat, when he slapped the white dust off his knees, and the cart jolted down the glaring road. But in his heart he was contented. After all this was the place where he had been born, and things were not much changed since he had been sent to England, a child, fifteen years ago.

There were one or two new buildings, but the air, and the smell, and the sunshine were the same; and the little green men who crossed the parade-ground looked very familiar. Three weeks ago John

Chinn would have said he did not remember a word of the Bhil tongue, but at the mess door he found his lips moving in sentences that he did not understand—bits of old nursery rhymes and tail-ends of such orders as his father used to give the men.

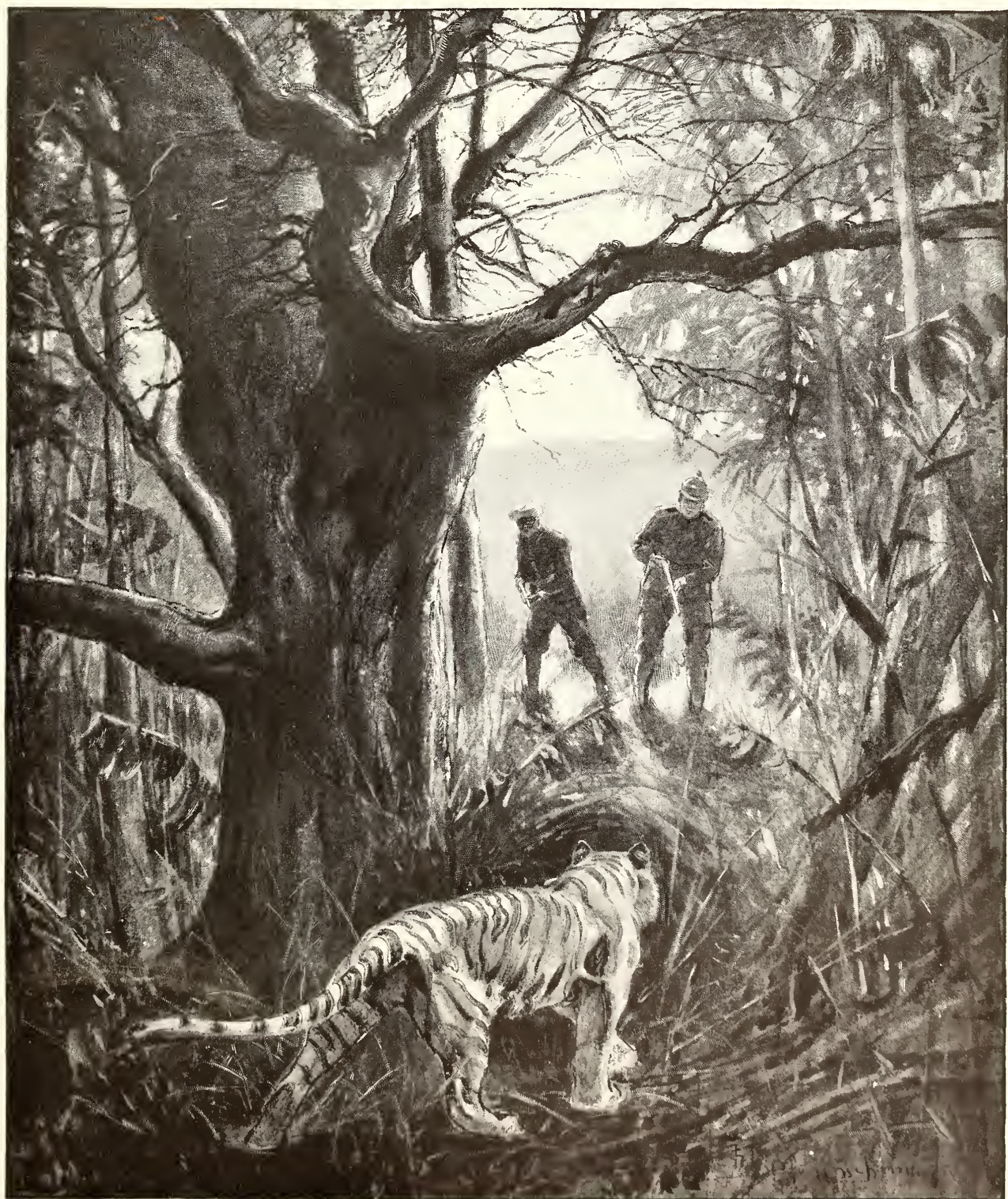
The Colonel watched him come up the steps and laughed.

"Look!" he said to the Major. "No need to ask the young un's breed. He's a *pukka* Chinn. Might be his father in the Fifties over again."

"Hope he'll shoot as close," said the Major. "He's brought enough ironmongery with him."

"Wouldn't be a Chinn if he didn't. Watch him blowin' his nose. Regular Chinn beak. Flourishes his handkerchief like his father. It's the second edition—line for line."

"Fairy tale, by Jove!" said the Major, peering through the slats of his jalousies. "If he's the lawful heir, he'll . . . Old Chinn could no more pass that chick without fiddling with it than . . ."



"All Wuddars shoot tigers on foot."



The Tomb towards sunset.

"His son!" said the Colonel, jumping up.

"Well, I be blowed!" said the Major. The boy's eye had been caught by a split reed screen that hung on a slue between the veranda pillars, and, mechanically, he had tweaked the edge to set it level. Old Chinn had sworn three times a day at that screen for many years; he could never get it to his satisfaction; and his son entered the anteroom in the middle of a five-fold silence. They made him welcome for his father's sake, and, as they took stock of him, for his own. He was ridiculously like the portrait of the Colonel on the wall, and when he had washed a little of the dust from his throat he went to his quarters with the old man's short, noiseless jungle-step.

"So much for heredity," said the Major. "That comes of four generations among the Bhils."

"And the men know it," said a Wing officer. "They've been waiting for this youth with their tongues hanging out. I am persuaded that, unless he absolutely beats 'em over the head, they'll lie down by companies and worship him."

"Nothin' like havin' a father before you," said the Major. "I'm a parvenu with my chaps. I've only been twenty years in the regiment, and my revered parent was a simple squire. There's no getting at the bottom of a Bhil's mind. Now, *why* is the superior Mahommedan bearer that young Chinn brought with him fleeing across country with his bundle?" He stepped into the veranda and shouted after the man—a typical new-joined subaltern's servant who speaks English and cheats in proportion.

"What is it?" he called.

"Plenty bad man here. I going, sar," was the reply. "Have taken my Sahib's keys, and say will shoot."

"Doocid lucid—doocid convincin'. How those up-country thieves can leg it! Johnny's been badly frightened by some one." The Major strolled to his quarters to dress for mess.

Young Chinn, walking like a man in a dream, had fetched a compass round the entire cantonment before going to his own tiny cottage. The captain's quarters in which he had been born delayed him for a little; then he looked at the well on the

parade-ground, where he had sat of evenings with his nurse, and at the ten-by-fourteen church where the officers went to service if a chaplain of any official creed happened to come along. It seemed very small as compared with the gigantic buildings he used to look up at, but it was the same place.

From time to time he passed a knot of silent soldiers, who saluted, and they might have been the very men who had carried him on their backs when he was in his first knickerbockers. A faint light burned in his room, and as he entered, hands clasped his feet, and a voice murmured from the floor.

"Who is it?" said young Chinn, not knowing he spoke in the Bhil tongue.

"I bore you in my arms, Sahib, when I was a strong man and you were a small one—crying, crying, crying! I am your servant, as I was your father's before you. We are all your servants."

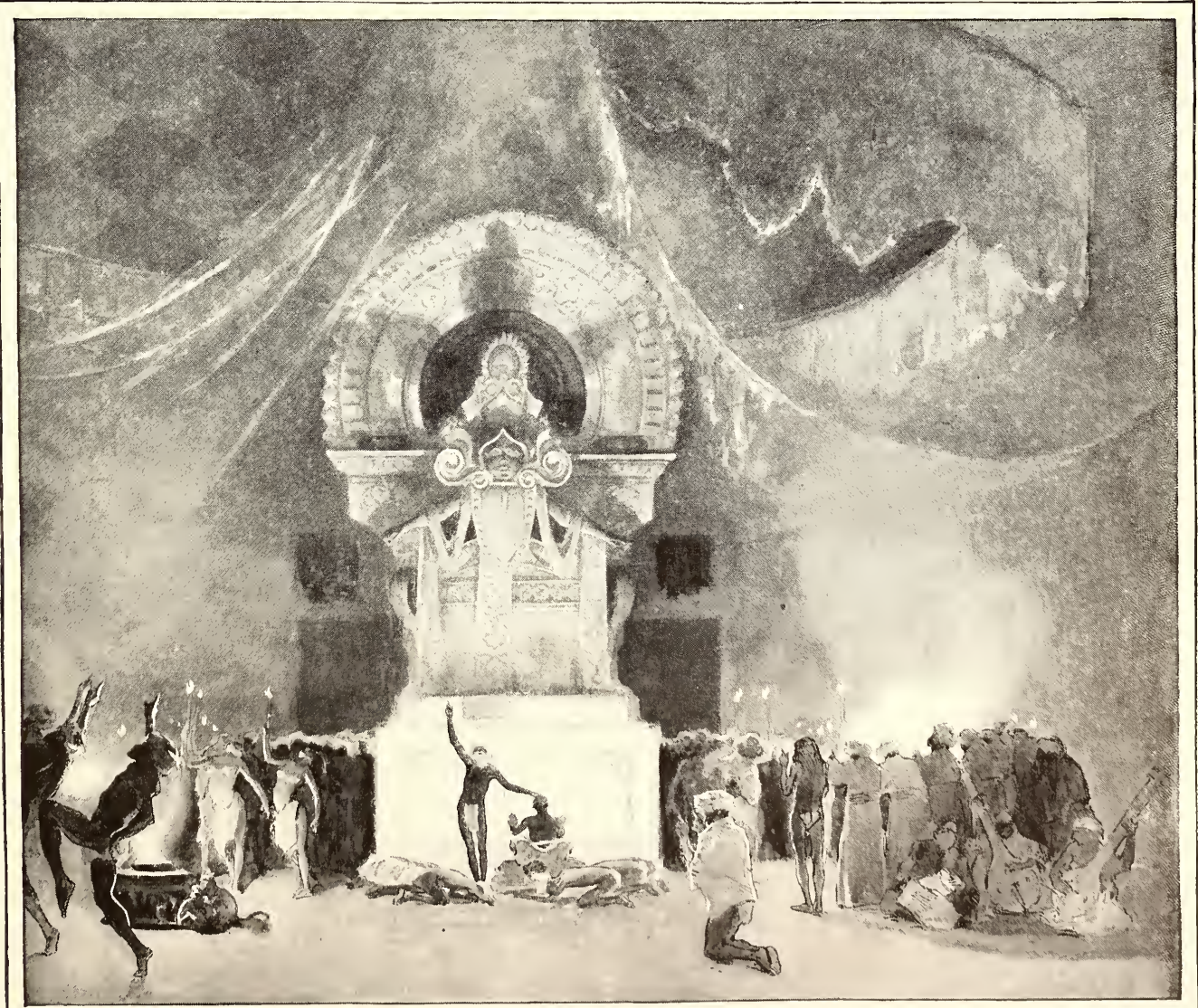
Young Chinn could not trust himself to reply, and the voice went on:

"I have taken your keys from that fat foreigner, and sent him away; and the studs are in the shirt for mess. Who should know, if I do not know? And so the baby has become a man, and forgets his nurse, but my nephew shall make a good servant, or I will beat him twice a day."

Then there rose up, with a rattle, as straight as a Bhil arrow, a little white-haired wizened ape of a man, with chain and medals and orders on his tunic, stammering, saluting, and trembling. Behind him, a young and wiry Bhil, in uniform, was taking the trees out of Chinn's mess-boots.

Chinn's eyes were full of tears. The old man held out his keys.

"Foreigners are bad people. He will never come back again. We are all servants of your father's son. Has the Sahib forgotten who took him to see the trapped tiger in the village across the river when his mother was so frightened and he was so brave?"



"Marked on the forehead with blood from the veins of the Bhil."

The scene came back to him in great magic-lantern flashes. "Bukta," he cried, and all in a breath, "You promised nothing should hurt me. Is it Bukta?"

The man was at his feet a second time. "He has not forgotten. He remembers his own people as his father remembered. Now can I die. But first I will live and show the Sahib how to kill tigers. That *that* yonder is my nephew. If he is not a good servant, beat him and send him to me, and I will surely kill him, for now the Sahib is with his own people. Ai, Jan baba. Jan baba! My Jan baba! I will stay here and see that this ape does his work well. Take off his boots, fool. Sit down upon the bed, Sahib, and let me look. It is Jan Baba."

He pushed forward the hilt of his sword as a sign of service, which is an honor paid only to viceroys, governors, generals, or to little children whom one loves dearly. Chinn touched the hilt mechanically with three fingers, muttering he knew not what. It happened to be the old answer of his childhood, when Bukta in play called him the little General Sahib.

The Major's quarters were opposite Chinn's, and when he heard his servant gasp with surprise he looked across the room. Then the Major sat on the bed and whistled, for the spectacle of the senior native commissioned officer of the regiment, an "unmixed" Bhil, a Companion of the Order of British India, with thirty-five years' spotless service in the army, and a rank among his own people superior to that of many Bengal princelings, valetting the last-joined subaltern, was a little too much for his nerves.

The throaty bugles blew the Mess-call that has a long legend behind it. First a few piercing notes like the shrieks of beaters in a far-away cover, and next, large, full, and smooth, the refrain of the wild song: "And oh, and oh the green pulse of Mundore—Mundore!"

"All little children were in bed when the Sahib heard that call last," said Bukta, passing Chinn a clean handkerchief. The call brought back memories of his cot under the mosquito-netting, his mother's kiss, and the sound of footsteps growing fainter as he dropped asleep among his men. So he hooked his new mess-jacket, and went to dinner like a prince who has newly inherited his father's crown.

Old Bukta swaggered forth curling his whiskers. He knew his own value, and no money and no rank within the gift of the Government would have induced him

to put studs in young officers' shirts, or to hand them clean ties. Yet, when he took off his uniform that night, and squatted among his fellows for a quiet smoke, he told them what he had done, and they said that he was entirely right. Thereat Bukta propounded a theory which to a white mind would have seemed raving insanity; but the whispering, level-headed little men of war considered it from every point of view, and thought that there might be a great deal in it.

At mess under the oil lamps the talk turned as usual to the unfailing subject of *shikar*—big game shooting of every kind and under all sorts of conditions. Young Chinn opened his eyes when he understood that each one of his companions had shot several tigers in the Wuddar style—on foot, that is—and made no more of the business than if the brute had been a dog.

"In nine cases out of ten," said the Major, "a tiger is almost as dangerous as a porcupine. But the tenth time you come home feet first."

That set all talking, and long before midnight Chinn's brain was in a whirl with stories of tigers—man-eaters and cattle-killers each pursuing his own business as methodically as clerks in an office; new tigers that had lately come into such-and-such a district; and old, friendly beasts of great cunning, known by nicknames in the mess—such as "Puggy," who was lazy, with huge paws, and "Mrs. Malaprop," who turned up when you never expected her, and made female noises. Then they spoke of Bhil superstitions, a wide and picturesque field, till young Chinn hinted that they must be pulling his leg.

"'Deed we aren't," said a man on his left. "We know all about you. You're a Chinn and all that, and you've a sort of vested right here; but if you don't believe what *we're* telling you, what will you do when old Bukta begins *his* stories? He knows about ghost tigers, and tigers that go to a hell of their own; and tigers that walk on their hind feet; and your grandpapa's riding-tiger as well. Odd he hasn't spoken of that yet."

"You know you've an ancestor buried down Satpura way, don't you?" said the Major, as Chinn smiled irresolutely.

"Of course I do," said Chinn, who knew the chronicle of the Book of Chinns by heart.

"Well, I wasn't sure. Your revered ancestor, my boy, according to the Bhils, has a tiger of his own—a saddle-tiger that he rides round the country whenever he



"Upon his back . . . all men had seen the same angry Flying Cloud that the high Gods had set on the flesh of Jan Chinn the First."

feels inclined. I don't call it decent in an ex-collector's ghost; but that is what the Southern Bhils believe. Even our men, who might be called moderately rash, don't care to beat that country if they hear that Jan Chinn is running about on his tiger. It is supposed to be a clouded animal—not stripy, but blotchy, like a tortoiseshell tom-cat. No end of a brute, it is, and a sure sign of war or pestilence or—or something. There's a nice family legend for you."

"What's the origin of it, d'you suppose?" said Chinn.

"Ask the Satpura Bhils. Old Jan Chinn was a mighty hunter before the Lord. Perhaps it was the tiger's revenge, or perhaps he's huntin' 'em still. You must go to his tomb one of these days and inquire. Bukta will probably attend to that. He was asking me before you came whether by any ill-luck you had already bagged your tiger. If not, he is going to enter you under his own wing.

Of course, for *you* of all men, it's imperative. You'll have a first-class time with Bukta."

The Major was not wrong. Bukta kept an anxious eye on young Chinn at drill, and it was noticeable that the first time the new officer lifted up his voice in an order the whole line quivered. Even the Colonel was taken aback, for it might have been Colonel Lionel Chinn returned from Devonshire with a new lease of life. Bukta had continued to develop his peculiar theory, and it was almost accepted as a matter of faith in the lines, since every word and gesture on young Chinn's part so confirmed it.

The old man arranged early that his darling should wipe out the reproach of not having shot a tiger; but he was not content to take the first or any beast that happened to arrive. In his own villages he dispensed the high, low, and middle justice, and when his people—naked and fluttered—came to him with word of a beast marked down, he bade them send spies to the kills and the watering-places that he might be sure the quarry was such an one as suited the dignity of such a man.

Three or four times the reckless trackers returned, most truthfully saying that the beast was mangy, undersized; a tigress worn with nursing or a broken-toothed old male, and Bukta would curb young Chinn's impatience.

At last, a noble animal was marked down—a ten-foot cattle-killer with a huge roll of loose skin along the belly, glossy-hided, full-frilled about the neck, whiskered, frisky, and young. He had slain a man in sport, they said.

"Let him be fed," quoth Bukta, and the villagers dutifully drove out a cow to amuse him, that he might lie up near by.

Princes and potentates have taken ship to India, and spent great moneys for the mere glimpse of beasts one-half as fine as this of Bukta's.

"It is not good," said he to the Colonel, when he asked for shooting-leave, "that my Colonel's son who may be—that my Colonel's son should lose his maiden-head on any small jungle beast. That may come after. I have waited long for this which is a tiger. He has come in from the Mair country. In seven days we will return with the skin."

The mess gnashed their teeth enviously. Bukta, had he chosen, might have asked them all. But he went out alone with Chinn, two days in a shooting-cart and a

day on foot till they came to a rocky, glary valley, with a pool of good water in it. It was a parching day, and the boy very naturally stripped and went in for a bathe, leaving Bukta by the clothes. A white skin shows far against brown jungle, and what Bukta beheld on Chinn's back and right shoulder dragged him forward step by step with staring eyeballs.

"I'd forgotten it isn't decent to strip before a man of his position," said Chinn, flouncing in the water. "How the little devil stares! What is it, Bukta?"

"The Mark!" was the whispered answer.

"It is nothing. It was born on me. You know how it is with my people!" Chinn was annoyed. The dull red birth-mark on his shoulder, something like the conventionalized Tartar cloud, had slipped his memory or he would not have bathed. It appeared, so they said at home, in alternate generations, and was not pretty. He hurried ashore, dressed again, and went on till they met two or three Bhils, who promptly fell on their faces. "My people," grunted Bukta, not condescending to notice them. "And so your people, Sahib. When I was a young man we were fewer but not so weak. Now we are many, but poor stock. As may be remembered. How will you shoot him, Sahib? From a tree; from a shelter which my people shall build; by day or by night?"

"On foot and in the daytime," said Young Chinn.

"That was your custom, as I have heard," said Bukta to himself. "I will get news of him. Then you and I will go to him. I will carry one gun. You have yours. There is no need of more. What tiger shall stand against *thee*."

He was marked down by a little water-hole at the head of a ravine; full-gorged and half asleep in the May sunlight. He was walked up like a partridge, and he turned to do battle for his life. Bukta made no motion to raise his rifle, but kept his eyes on Chinn, who met the shattering roar of the charge with a single shot—it seemed to him hours as he sighted—which tore through the throat, smashing the backbone below the neck and between the shoulders. The brute coughed, choked, and fell, and before Chinn knew well what had happened Bukta bade him stay still while he paced the distance between his feet and the ringing jaws.

"Fifteen," said Bukta. "Short paces. No need for a second shot, Sahib. He bleeds cleanly where he lies, and we need

not spoil the skin. I said there would be no need of these, but they came in case."

Suddenly the sides of the ravine were crowned with the heads of Bukta's people—a force that could have blown the ribs out of the beast had Chinn's shot failed; but their guns were hidden, and they appeared as interested beaters; some five or six waiting the word to skin. Bukta watched the life fade from the eyes, lifted one hand, and turned on his heel.

"No need to show *we* care," said he. "Now, after this, we can kill what we choose. Put out your hand, Sahib."

Chinn obeyed. It was entirely steady, and Bukta nodded. "That also was your custom. My men skin quickly. They will carry the skin to cantonments. Will the Sahib come to my poor village for the night and, perhaps, forget I am his officer?"

"But those men—the beaters. They have worked hard, and perhaps—"

"Oh, if they skin clumsily, we will skin them. They are my people. In the lines I am one thing. Here I am another."

This was very true. When Bukta doffed uniform and reverted to the fragmentary dress of his own people, he left his civilization of drill in the next world. That night, after a little talk with his subjects, he devoted to an orgie; and a Bhil orgie is a thing not to be safely written about. Chinn, flushed with triumph, was in the thick of it, but the meaning of the mysteries was hidden. Wild folk came and pressed about his knees with offerings. He gave his flask to the elders of the village. They grew eloquent, and wreathed him about with flowers: gifts and loans, not all seemly, were thrust upon him, and infernal music rolled and maddened round red fires, while singers sang songs of the ancient times, and danced peculiar dances. The aboriginal liquors are very potent, and Chinn was compelled to taste them often, but, unless the stuff had been drugged, how came he to fall asleep suddenly, and to waken late the next day—half a march from the village?

"The Sahib was very tired. A little before dawn he went to sleep," Bukta explained. "My people carried him here, and now it is time we should go back to cantonments."

The voice, smooth and deferential, the step steady and silent, made it hard to believe that only a few hours before Bukta was yelling and capering with naked fellow-devils of the scrub.

"My people were very pleased to see the

Sahib. They will never forget. When next the Sahib goes out recruiting, he will go to my people, and they will give him as many men as we need."

Chinn kept his own counsel except as to the shooting of the tiger, and Bukta embroidered that tale with a shameless tongue. The skin was certainly one of the finest ever hung up in the mess, and the first of many. If Bukta could not accompany his boy on shooting-trips, he took care to put him in good hands, and Chinn learned more of the mind and desire of the wild Bhil in his marches and campings; by talks at twilight or at wayside pools; than an uninstructed man could have come at in a lifetime.

Presently his men in the regiment grew bold to speak of their relatives—mostly in trouble—and to lay cases of tribal custom before him. They would say, squatting in his veranda at twilight, after the easy, confidential style of the Wuddars, that such-and-such a bachelor had run away with such-and-such a wife at a far-off village. Now, how many cows would Chinn Sahib consider a just fine? Or, again, if written order came from the Government that a Bhil was to repair to a walled city of the plains to give evidence in a law court, would it be wise to disregard that order? On the other hand, if it were obeyed, would the rash voyager return alive?

"But what have I to do with these things?" Chinn demanded of Bukta impatiently. "I am a soldier. I do not know the law."

"Hoo! Law is for fools and white men. Give them a large and loud order, and they will abide by it. *Thou* art their law."

"But wherefore?"

Every trace of expression left Bukta's countenance. The idea might have smitten him for the first time. "How can I say?" he replied. "Perhaps it is on account of the name. A Bhil does not love strange things. Give them orders, Sahib—two, three, four words at a time such as they can carry away in their heads. That is enough."

Chinn gave orders, then, valiantly; not realizing that a word spoken in haste before mess became the dread unappealable law of villages beyond the smoky hills—was in truth no less than the Law of Jan Chinn the First; and who, so the whispered legend ran, had come back to earth, to oversee the third generation, in the body and bones of his grandson.

There could be no sort of doubt in this matter. All the Bhils knew that Jan Chinn reincarnated had honored Bukta's village with his presence after slaying his first—in this life—tiger. That he had eaten and drunk with the people, as he was used; and—Bukta must have drugged Chinn's liquor very deeply—upon his back and right shoulder all men had seen the same angry red Flying Cloud that the high Gods had set on the flesh of Jan Chinn the First when first he came to the Bhil. As concerned the foolish white world which has no eyes, he was a slim and young officer in the Wuddars; but his own people knew he was Jan Chinn who had made the Bhil a man; and, believing, they hastened to carry his words, careful never to alter them on the way.

Because the savage and the child who plays lonely games have one horror of

being laughed at or questioned, the little folk kept their convictions to themselves, and the Colonel, who thought he knew his regiment, never guessed that each one of the six hundred quick-footed, beady-eyed rank-and-file, to attention beside their rifles, believed serenely and unshakenly that the subaltern on the left flank of the line was a demi-god twice born; a tutelary deity of their land and people. The Earth-gods themselves had stamped the incarnation, and who would dare to doubt the handiwork of the Earth-gods?

Chinn, being practical above all things, saw that his family name served him well in the lines and in camp. His men gave no trouble—one does not commit regimental offenses with a god in the chair of justice—and he was sure of the best beaters in the district when he needed them. They believed that the protection of Jan



"Bukta salaamed reverently as they approached. Chinn bared his head and began to pick out the blurred inscription."

Chinn the First cloaked them, and were bold in that belief beyond the utmost daring of excited Bhils.

Chinn's quarters began to look like an amateur natural history museum, in spite of the heads and horns and skulls he sent home to Devonshire. The people, very humanly, learned the weak side of their god. It is true he was unbribable, but bird skins, butterflies, beetles, and, above all, news of big game pleased him. In other respects, too, he lived up to the Chinn tradition. He was fever-proof. A night's sitting out over a tethered goat in a damp valley, that would have filled the Major with a month's malaria, had no effect on him. He was, as they said, "salted before he was born."

Now in the autumn of his second year's service an uneasy rumor crept out of the earth and ran about among the Bhils. Chinn heard nothing of it till a brother officer said across the mess table: "Your revered ancestor's on the rampage in the Satpura country. You'd better look him up."

"I don't want to be disrespectful, but I'm a little sick of my revered ancestor. Bukta talks of nothing else. What's the old boy supposed to be doing now?"

"Riding cross-country by moonlight on his processional tiger. That's the story. He's been seen by about two thousand Bhils, skipping along the tops of the Satpuras and scaring people to death. They believe it devoutly, and all the Satpura chaps are worshiping away at his shrine—tomb, I mean—like good 'uns. You really ought to go down there. Must be a queer thing to see your grandfather treated as a god."

"What makes you think there's any truth in the tale?" said Chinn.

"Because all our men deny it. They say they've never heard of Chinn's tiger. Now that's a manifest lie, because every Bhil *has*."

"There's only one thing you've overlooked," said the Colonel thoughtfully. "When a local god reappears on earth, it's always an excuse for trouble of some kind; and those Satpura Bhils are about as wild as your grandfather left them, young 'un. It means something."

"Meanin' the Satpura Bhils may go on the war-path?" said Chinn.

"Can't say—as yet. Shouldn't be surprised a little bit."

"I haven't been told a syllable."

"Proves it all the more. They are keeping something back."

"Bukta tells me everything, too, as a rule. Now, why didn't he tell me that?"

Chinn put the question directly to the old man that night, and the answer surprised him.

"Why should I tell what is well known? Yes, the Clouded Tiger is out in the Satpura country."

"What do the wild Bhils think that it means?"

"They do not know. They wait. Sahib, what *is* coming? Say only one little word, and we will be content."

"We? What have tales from the South, where the jungly Bhils live, to do with drilled men?"

"When Jan Chinn wakes is no time for any Bhil to be quiet."

"But he has not waked, Bukta."

"Sahib," the old man's eyes were full of tender reproof, "if he does not wish to be seen, why does he go abroad in the moonlight? We know he is awake, but we do not know what he desires. Is it a sign for all the Bhils, or one that concerns the Satpura folk alone? Say one little word, Sahib, that I may carry it to the lines, and send on to our villages. Why does Jan Chinn ride out? Who has done wrong? Is it pestilence? Is it murrain? Will our children die? Is it a sword? Remember, Sahib, we are thy people and thy servants, and in this life I bore thee in my arms—not knowing."

"Bukta has evidently looked on the cup this evening," Chinn thought; "but if I can do anything to soothe the old chap I must. It's like the Mutiny rumors on a small scale."

He dropped into a deep wicker chair, over which was thrown his first tiger-skin, and his weight on the cushion flapped the clawed paws over his shoulders. He laid hold of them mechanically as he spoke, drawing the painted hide cloak-fashion about him.

"Now will I tell the truth, Bukta," he said, leaning forward, the dried muzzle on his shoulder, to invent a specious lie.

"I see that it is the truth," was the answer in a shaking voice.

"Jan Chinn goes abroad among the Satpuras, riding on the Clouded Tiger, ye say? Be it so. Therefore the sign of the wonder is for the Satpura Bhils only, and does not touch the Bhils who plow in the north and east, the Bhils of the Khandedh, or any others, except the Satpura Bhils, who, as we know, are wild and foolish."

"It is, then, a sign for *them*. Good or bad?"

"Beyond doubt, good. For why should Jan Chinn make evil to those whom he has made men? The nights over yonder are hot; it is ill to lie in one bed over long without turning, and Jan Chinn would look again upon his people. So he rises, whistles his Clouded Tiger, and goes abroad a little to breathe the cool air. If the Satpura Bhils kept to their villages, and did not wander after dark, they would not see him. Indeed, Bukta, it is no more than that he would see the light again in his own country. Send this news south, and say that it is my word."

Bukta bowed to the floor. "Good Heavens!" thought Chinn, "and this blinking pagan is a first-class officer and as straight as a die! I may as well round it off neatly." He went on:

"*And* if the Satpura Bhils ask the meaning of the sign, tell them that Jan Chinn would see how they kept their old promises of good living. Perhaps they have plundered, perhaps they mean to disobey the orders of the Government; perhaps there is a dead man in the jungle, and so Jan Chinn has come to see."

"Is he then angry?"

"Bah! Am *I* ever angry with my Bhils? I say angry words, and threaten many things. *Thou* knowest, Bukta. I have seen thee smile behind the hand. I know, and thou knowest. The Bhils are my children. I have said it many times."

"Ay. We be thy children," said Bukta.

"And no otherwise is it with Jan Chinn, my father's father. He would see the land he loved and the people once again. It is a good ghost, Bukta. I say it. Go and tell them. And I do hope devoutly," he added, "that it will calm 'em down." Flinging back the tiger-skin, he rose with a long, unguarded yawn that showed his well-kept teeth. Bukta fled, to be received in the lines by a knot of panting inquirers.

"It is true," said Bukta. "He wrapped himself in the skin, and spoke from it. He would see his own country again. The sign is not for us; and indeed, he is a young man. How should he lie idle of nights? He says his bed is too hot and the air is bad. He goes to and fro for the love of night-running. He has said it."

The gray-whiskered assembly shuddered.

"He says the Bhils are his children. Ye know he does not lie. He has said it to me."

"But what of the Satpura Bhils? What means the sign for them?"

"Nothing. It is only night-running, as I have said. He rides to see if they obey the Government, as he taught them in his first life."

"And what if they do not?"

"He did not say."

The light went out in Chinn's quarters.

"Look," said Bukta. "Now he goes away. None the less it is a good ghost, as he has said. How shall we fear Jan Chinn who made the Bhil a man? His protection is on us; and ye know Jan Chinn never broke a protection spoken or written on paper. When he is older and has found him a wife he will lie in his bed till morning."

A commanding officer is generally aware of the regimental state of mind a little before the men; and this is why the Colonel said, a few days later, that some one had been putting the Fear of God into the Wuddars. As he was the only person officially entitled to do this, it distressed him to see such unanimous virtue. "It's too good to last," he said. "I only wish I could find out what the little chaps mean."

The explanation, as it seemed to him, came at the change of the moon, when he received orders to hold himself in readiness to "allay any possible excitement" among the Satpura Bhils, who were, to put it mildly, uneasy because a paternal Government had sent up against them a Mah-ratta State-educated vaccinator, with lancets, lymph, and an officially registered calf. In the language of State they had "manifested a strong objection to all prophylactic measures," had "forcibly detained the vaccinator," and "were on the point of neglecting or evading their tribal obligations."

"That means they are in a blue funk—same as they were at census time," said the Colonel; "and if we stampede them into the hills we'll never catch 'em, in the first place, and in the second they'll whoop off plundering till further orders. Wonder who the God-forsaken idiot is who is trying to vaccinate a Bhil. I *knew* trouble was coming. One good thing is they'll only use local corps, and we can knock up something we'll call a campaign and let them down easy. Fancy us potting our best beaters because they don't want to be vaccinated! They're only crazy with fear."

"Don't you think, sir," said Chinn the next day, "that, perhaps, you could give me a fortnight's shooting-leave?"



"Desertion in the face of the enemy, by Jove!" The Colonel laughed. "I might, but I'd have to antedate it a little, because we're warned for service, as you might say. However, we'll assume that you applied for leave three days ago, and are now well on your way south."

"I'd like to take Bukta with me."

"Of course, yes. I think that will be the best plan. You've some kind of hereditary influence with the little chaps, and they may listen to you when a glimpse of our uniforms would drive them wild. You've never been in that part of the world before, have you? Take care they don't send you to your family vault in your youth and innocence. I believe you'll be all right if you can get 'em to listen to you."

"I think so, sir; but if—if they should accidentally put an arrow through me—make asses of 'emself—they might, you know—I hope you'll represent that they were only frightened. There isn't an ounce of real vice in 'em, and I should never forgive myself if anyone of—of my name got them into trouble."

The Colonel nodded, but said nothing.

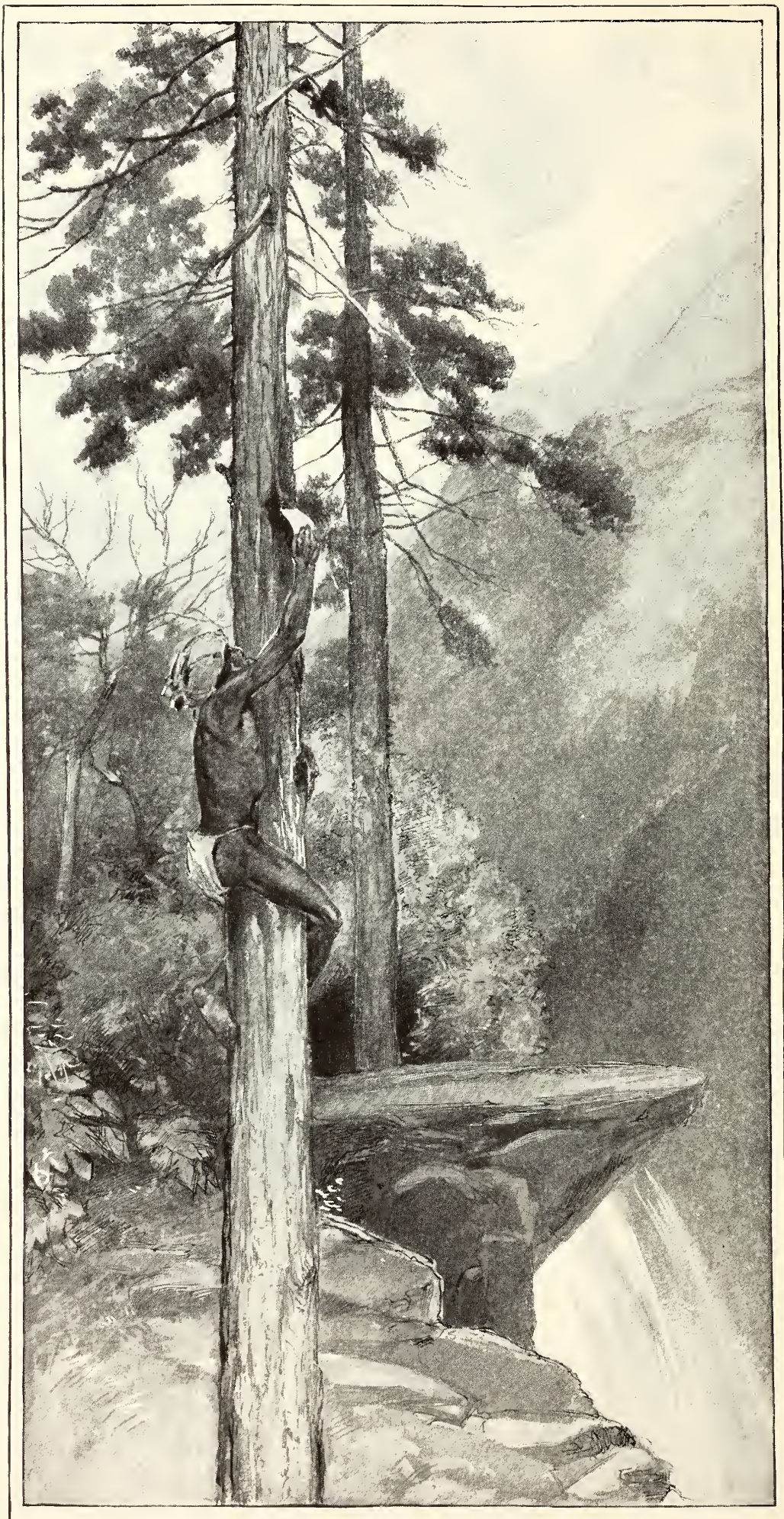
Chinn and Bukta departed at once. Bukta did not say that, ever since the official vaccinator had been dragged into

Vaccinating the Satpura Bhils.

the hills by indignant Bhils, runner after runner had skulked up to the lines, entreating, with forehead in the dust, that Jan Chinn should come and explain this unknown horror that hung over his people.

The portent of the Clouded Tiger was now too clear. Let Jan Chinn comfort his own, for vain was the help of mortal man. Bukta toned down these beseechings to a simple request for Chinn's presence. Nothing would have pleased the old man better than a rough and tumble campaign against the Satpuras, whom he, as an "unmixed" Bhil, despised; but he had a duty to all his nation as Jan Chinn's interpreter; and he devoutly believed that forty plagues would fall on his village if he tampered with that obligation. Besides, Jan Chinn knew all things, and he rode the Clouded Tiger.

They covered thirty miles a day on foot and pony, raising the blue wall-like line of the Satpuras as



"One climbed into a tree and stuck the letter in a cleft forty feet from the ground."

swiftly as might be. Bukta was very silent.

They began the steep climb a little after noon, but it was near sunset ere they reached the stone platform clinging to the side of a rifted, jungle-covered hill, where Jan Chinn the First was laid, as he had desired, that he might overlook his people. All India is full of neglected graves that date from the beginning of the eighteenth century—tombs of forgotten colonels of corps long since disbanded; mates of East Indiamen who went on shooting expeditions and never came back; factors; agents; writers; and ensigns of the Honorable the East India Company by hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands. English folk forget quickly, but natives have long memories, and if a man has done good in his life it is remembered after his death. The weathered marble four-square tomb of Jan Chinn was hung about with wild flowers and nuts, packets of wax and honey, bottles of native spirits and infamous cigars, with buffalo horns and plumes of dried grass. At one end was a rude clay image of a white man, in the old-fashioned top-hat, riding on a bloated tiger.

Bukta salaamed reverently as they approached. Chinn bared his head and began to pick out the blurred inscription. So far as he could read it ran thus—word for word, and letter for letter:

To the memory of JOHN CHINN, ESQ.
Late Collector of
.....ithout Bloodshed or...error of Authority
Employ...only...eans of Conciliat...and confiden...
accomplished the...tire Subjection...
a Lawless and Predatory Peop...
.....taching them to...ish Government
by a Conquest over...Minds
The most perma...and rational Mode of Domini...
...Governor General and Counc...engal
have ordered thi...erected
...arted this Life Aug. 19, 1844. Ag...

On the other side of the grave were ancient verses, also very worn. As much as Chinn could decipher said:

.....the savage band
Forsook their Haunts and b...is Command
...mended...rals check a...st for spoil
And...sing Hamlets prove his gene...toil
Humanit...survey...ights restore...
A Nation...ield...subdued without a Sword.

For some little time he leant on the tomb thinking of this dead man of his own blood, and of the house in Devonshire; then nodding to the plains: "Yes, it's a big work. All of it. Even my

little share. He must have been a man worth knowing . . . Bukta, where are my people?"

"Not here, Sahib. No man comes here except in full sun. They wait above. Let us climb and see."

But Chinn, remembering the first law of Oriental diplomacy, in an even voice answered: "I have come this far only because the Satpura folk are foolish, and dared not visit our lines. Now bid them wait on me *here*. I am not a servant, but a master of Bhils."

"I go—I go," clucked the old man. Night was falling, and at any moment Jan Chinn might whistle up his dreaded steed from the darkening scrub.

Now for the first time in a long life Bukta disobeyed a lawful command and deserted his leader; for he did not come back, but pressed to the flat table-top of the hill and called softly. Men stirred all about him; little trembling men with bows and arrows who had watched the two since noon.

"Where is he?" whispered one.

"At his own place. He bids you come," said Bukta.

"Now?"

"Now."

"Rather let him loose the Clouded Tiger upon us. We do not go."

"Nor I, though I bore him in my arms when he was a child in this his life. Wait here till the day."

"But surely he will be angry."

"He will be very angry, for he has nothing to eat. But he has said to me many times that the Bhils are his children. By sunlight I believe this, but—by moonlight I am not so sure. What folly have ye Satpura pigs compassed that ye should need him at all?"

"One came to us in the name of the Government with little ghost-knives and a magic calf, meaning to turn us into cattle by the cutting off of our arms. We were greatly afraid, but we did not kill the man. He is here; bound; a black man, and we think he comes from the West. He said it was an order to cut us all with knives—especially the women and the children. We did not hear that it was an order, so we were afraid, and kept to our hills. Some of our men have taken ponies and bullocks from the plains, and others pots and cloths, and earrings."

"Are any slain?"

"By our men? Not yet. But the young men are blown to and fro by many rumors like flames upon a hill. I sent runners

asking for Jan Chinn lest worse should come to us. It was this fear that he foretold by the sign of the Clouded Tiger."

"He says it is otherwise," said Bukta, and he repeated with amplifications all that Young Chinn had told him at the conference of the wicker chair.

"Think you," said the questioner at last, "that the Government will lay hands on us?"

"Not I," Bukta rejoined. "Jan Chinn will give an order, and ye will obey. The rest is between the Government and Jan Chinn. I myself know something of the ghost-knives and the scratching. It is a charm against the Smallpox, but how it is done I cannot tell. Nor need that concern you."

"If he stands by us and before the anger of the Government we will most strictly obey Jan Chinn, except—except we do not go down to that place to-night."

They could hear young Chinn below them shouting for Bukta, but they cowered and sat still, expecting the Clouded Tiger. The tomb had been holy ground for nearly half a century. If Jan Chinn chose to sleep there, who had better right? But they would not come within eyeshot of the place till broad day.

At first Chinn was exceedingly angry, till it occurred to him that Bukta most probably had a reason (which, indeed, he had), and his own dignity might suffer if he yelled without answer. He propped himself against the foot of the grave, lit a cheroot, and, alternately dozing and smoking, came through the warm night proud that he was a lawful, legitimate fever-proof Chinn.

He prepared his plan of action much as his grandfather would have done; and when Bukta appeared in the morning with a most liberal supply of food, said nothing of the scandalous desertion over night. Bukta would have been relieved by an outburst of human anger, but Chinn finished his victual leisurely and a cheroot, ere he made any sign.

"They are very much afraid," said Bukta, who was not too bold himself. "It remains only to give orders. They said they will obey if thou wilt only stand between them and the Government."

"That I know," said Chinn, strolling slowly to the table-land. A few of the elder men stood in an irregular semicircle in an open glade; but the ruck of people—women and children—were hidden in the thicket. They had no desire to face the first anger of Jan Chinn the First.

Seating himself on a fragment of split rock, he smoked his cheroot to the butt, hearing men breathe hard all about him. Then he cried, so suddenly that they jumped:

"Bring the man that was bound!"

A scuffle and a cry were followed by the appearance of a Hindu vaccinator, quaking with fear, bound hand and foot, as the Bhils of old were accustomed to bind their human sacrifices. He was pushed cautiously before the presence, but young Chinn did not look at him.

"I said—the man that *was* bound. Is it a jest to bring me one tied like a buffalo? Since when could the Bhils bind folk at their pleasure? Cut!"

Half a dozen hasty knives cut away the thongs, and the man crawled to Chinn, who pocketed his case of lancets and tubes of lymph. Then, sweeping the semicircle with one comprehensive forefinger, and in the voice of compliment, he said, clearly and distinctly: "Pigs!"

"Ai!" whispered Bukta. "Now he speaks. Woe to foolish people!"

"I have come on foot from my house" (the assembly shuddered) "to make clear a matter which any other than a Satpura Bhil would have seen with both eyes from a distance. Ye know the Smallpox, who pits and scars your children so that they look like wasp-combs. It is an order of the Government, that whoso is scratched on the arm with these little knives which I hold up is charmed against Her. All Sahibs are thus charmed, and very many Hindus. This is the mark of the charm. Look!"

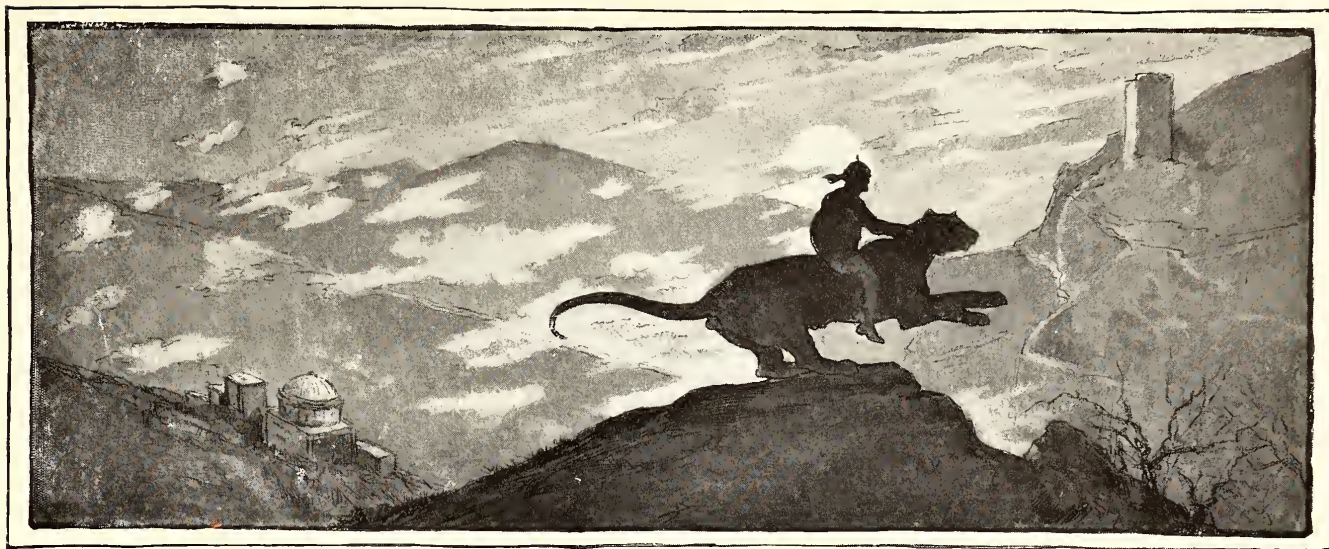
He rolled back his sleeve to the armpit and showed the dimples of the vaccination mark on the white skin. "Come all, and look."

A few daring spirits came up and nodded their heads wisely. There was certainly a mark, and they knew well what other dread marks were hidden by the shirt. Merciful was Jan Chinn that he had not then and there proclaimed his godhead.

"Now all these things the man whom ye bound told you."

"I did—a hundred times, but they answered with blows," groaned the operator, chafing his wrists and ankles.

"But, being pigs, ye did not believe; and so came I here to save you first from Smallpox, next from a great folly of fear, and lastly, it may be, from the rope and the jail. It is no gain to me: it is no pleasure to me: but for the sake of that one who is yonder, who made the Bhil a



"It is thy horse—as it has been these three generations."

man"—he pointed down the hill—"I, who am of his blood, the son of his son, come to turn your people: and I speak the truth, as did Jan Chinn."

The crowd murmured reverently, and men stole out of the thicket by twos and threes to join it. There was no anger in their god's face.

"These are my orders. (Heaven send they'll take 'em, but I seem to have impressed 'em so far!) I myself will stay among you while this man scratches your arms with the knives after the order of the Government. In three, or it may be five or seven days, your arms will swell and itch and burn. That is the power of Smallpox fighting in your base blood against the orders of the Government. I will therefore stay among you till I see that Smallpox is conquered, and I will not go away till the men and the women and the little children show me upon their arms such marks as I have even now showed you. I bring with me two very good guns and a man whose name is known among beasts and men. We will hunt together, I and he, and your young men and the others shall eat and lie still. This is my order."

There was a long pause while victory hung in the balance. A white-haired old sinner, standing on one uneasy leg, piped up:

"There are ponies and some few bullocks and other things for which we need a *kowl* [protection]. They were *not* taken in the way of trade."

The battle was won, and John Chinn drew a breath of relief. The young Bhils had been raiding, but if taken swiftly all could be put straight.

"I will write a *kowl* so soon as the ponies, the bullocks, and the other things are counted before me and sent back

whence they came. But first we will put the Government mark on such as have not been visited by Smallpox." In an undertone to the vaccinator: "If you show you are afraid you'll never see Poona again, my friend."

"There is not sufficient ample supply of vaccine for all this population," said the man. "They have destroyed the offeelial calf."

"They won't know the difference. Scrape 'em all round, and give me a couple of lancets. I'll attend to the elders."

The aged diplomat who had demanded protection was the first victim. He fell to Chinn's hand and dared not cry out. As soon as he was freed he dragged up a companion and held him fast, and the crisis became, as it were, a child's sport; for the vaccinated chased the unvaccinated to treatment, vowing that all the tribe must suffer equally. The women shrieked, and the children ran howling, but Chinn laughed and waved the pink-tipped lancet.

"It is an honor," he cried. "Tell them, Bukta, how great an honor it is that I myself should mark them. Nay, I cannot mark every one—the Hindu must also do his work—but I will touch all marks that he makes, so there will be an equal virtue in them. Thus do the Rajputs stick pigs. Ho, brother with one eye! Catch that girl and bring her to me. She need not run away yet, for she is not married, and I do not seek her in marriage. She will not come? Then she shall be shamed by her little brother, a fat boy, a bold boy. He puts out his arm like a soldier. Look! *He* does not flinch at the blood. Some day he shall be in my regiment. And, now, mother of many, we will lightly touch thee, for Smallpox has been before us here. It is a true thing indeed that this

charm breaks the power of Mata. There will be no more pitted faces among the Satpuras, and so ye can ask many cows for each maid to be wed."

And so on and so on—quick-poured showman's patter, sauced in the Bhil hunting proverbs and tales of their own brand of coarse humor—till the lancets were blunted and both operators worn out.

But, nature being the same the world over, the unvaccinated grew jealous of their marked comrades, and came near to blows about it. Then Chinn declared himself a Court of Justice, no longer a medical board, and made formal inquiry into the late robberies.

"We are the thieves of Mahadeo," said the Bhils simply. "It is our fate and we were frightened. When we are frightened we always steal."

Simply and directly as children, they gave in the tale of the plunder, all but two bullocks and some spirits that had gone amissing (these Chinn promised to make good out of his own pocket), and ten ringleaders were despatched to the lowlands, with a wonderful document written on the leaf of a note-book, and addressed to an Assistant District Superintendent of Police. There was warm calamity in that note, as Jan Chinn warned them, but anything was better than loss of liberty.

Armed with this protection the repentant raiders went downhill. They had no desire whatever to meet Mr. Dundas Fawne of the Police, aged twenty-two, and of a cheerful countenance, nor did they wish to revisit the scene of their robberies. Steering a middle course, they ran into the camp of the one Government chaplain allowed to the various Irregular Corps in a district of some fifteen thousand square miles, and stood before him in a cloud of dust. He was by way of being a priest, they knew; and, what was more to the point, a good sportsman, who paid his beaters generously.

When he read Chinn's note he laughed, which they deemed a lucky omen, till he called up policemen, who tethered the ponies and the bullocks by the piled house gear, and laid stern hands upon three of that smiling band of the thieves of Mahadeo. The chaplain himself addressed them magisterially with a riding-whip. That was painful, but Jan Chinn had prophesied it. They submitted, but would not give up the written protection, fearing the jail. On their way back they met Mr. D. Fawne, who had heard about the robberies, and was not pleased.

"Certainly," said the eldest of the gang, when the second interview was at an end, "certainly, Jan Chinn's protection has saved us our liberty, but it is as though there were many beatings in one small piece of paper. Put it away."

One climbed into a tree and stuck the letter into a cleft forty feet from the ground, where it could do no harm. Warmed, sore, but happy, the ten returned to Jan Chinn next day, where he sat among uneasy Bhils, all looking at their right arms, and all bound under terror of their god's disfavor not to scratch.

"It was a good *kowl*," said the leader. "First the chaplain, who laughed, took away our plunder, and beat three of us, as was promised. Next, we meet Fawne Sahib, who frowned, and asked for the plunder. We spoke the truth, and so he beat us all one after another, and called us chosen names. He then gave us these two bundles," they set down a bottle of whisky and a box of cheroots, "and we came away. The *kowl* is left in a tree, because its virtue is that so soon as we show it to a Sahib we are beaten."

"But for that *kowl*," said Jan Chinn sternly, "ye would all have been marching to jail with a policeman on either side. Ye come now to serve as beaters for me. These people are unhappy, and we will go hunting till they are well. To-night we will make a feast."

It is written in the chronicles of the Satpura Bhils, together with many other matters not fit for print, that through five days, after the day that he had put his mark upon them, Jan Chinn the First hunted for his people; and on the five nights of those days the tribe was gloriously and entirely drunk. Jan Chinn bought country spirits of an awful strength and slew wild pig and deer beyond counting, so that if any fell sick they might have two good reasons.

Between head and stomach aches they found no time to think of their arms, but followed Jan Chinn obediently through the jungles, and with each day's returning confidence men, women, and children stole away to their villages as the little army passed by. They carried news that it was good and right to be scratched with ghost-knives; that Jan Chinn was indeed incarnated as a god of free food and drink, and that of all nations the Satpura Bhils stood first in his favor, if they would only refrain from scratching. Henceforward that kindly demi-god would be connected in their minds with great gorgings and the



"Lazily, as a gorged snake, he dragged himself out of the cave."

vaccine and lancets of a paternal Government.

"And to-morrow I go back to my home," said Jan Chinn to his faithful few, whom neither spirits, over-eating, nor swollen glands could conquer. It is hard for children and savages to behave reverently at all times to the idols of their make-belief, and they had frolicked excessively with Jan Chinn. But the reference to his home cast a gloom on the people.

"And the Sahib will not come again?" said he who had been vaccinated first.

"That is to be seen," said Chinn warily.

"Nay, but come as a white man—come as a young man whom we know and love, for as thou alone knowest, we are a weak people. If we again saw thy—thy horse—" They were picking up their courage.

"I have no horse. I came on foot—with Bukta, yonder. What is this?"

"Thou knowest—the thing that thou hast chosen for a night-horse." The little men squirmed in fear and awe.

"Night-horses? Bukta, what is this last tale of children?"

Bukta had been a silent leader in Chinn's presence, since the night of his desertion, and was grateful for a chance-flung question.

"They know, Sahib," he whispered. "It is the Clouded Tiger. That that comes from the place where thou didst once sleep. It is thy horse—as it has been these three generations."

"My horse! That was a dream of the Bhils."

"It is no dream. Do dreams leave the tracks of broad pugs on earth? Why make two faces before thy people? They know of the night-ridings, and they—and they—"

"Are afraid and would have them cease."

Bukta nodded. "If thou hast no further need of him. He is *thy* horse."

"The thing leaves a trail, then?" said Chinn.

"We have seen it. It is like a village road under the tomb."

"Can ye find and follow it for me?"

"By daylight—if one comes with us, and above all stands near by."

"I will stand close, and we will see to it that Jan Chinn does not ride any more."

And the Bhils shouted the last words again and again.

From Chinn's point of view the stalk was nothing more than an ordinary one—down hill, through split and crannied rocks; unsafe perhaps if a man did not keep his wits by him, but no worse than twenty others he had undertaken. Yet his men—they refused absolutely to beat and would only trail—dripped sweat at every move. They showed the marks of enormous pugs that ran, always down hill, to a few hundred feet below Jan Chinn's tomb, and disappeared in a narrow-mouthed cave. It was an insolently open road, a domestic highway beaten without thought of concealment.

"The beggar might be paying rent and taxes," Chinn muttered ere he asked whether his friend's taste ran to cattle or man.

"Cattle," was the answer. "Two heifers a week. We drive them for him at the foot of the hill. It is his custom. If we did not, he might seek us."

"Blackmail and privacy," said Chinn. "I can't say I fancy going into the cave after him. What's to be done?"

The Bhils fell back as Chinn lodged himself behind a rock with his rifle ready. Tigers, he knew, were shy beasts, but one who had been long cattle-fed in this sumptuous style might prove overbold.

"He speaks!" some one whispered from the rear. "He knows too."

"Well, of *all* the infernal cheek!" said Chinn. There was an angry growl from the cave—a direct challenge.

"Come out, then," Chinn shouted. "Come out of that. Let's have a look at you."

The brute knew well enough that there was some connection between brown nude Bhils and his weekly allowance, but the white helmet in the sunlight annoyed him; and he did not approve of the voice that broke his rest. Lazily, as a gorged snake, he dragged himself out of the cave, and stood yawning and blinking at the entrance. The sunlight fell upon his flat right side, and Chinn wondered. Never had he seen a tiger marked after this fashion. Except for his head, which was staringly barred, he was dappled—not striped, but dappled like a child's rocking-horse in rich shades of smoky black on

red gold. That portion of his belly and throat which should have been white was orange; and his tail and paws were black.

He looked leisurely for some ten seconds and then deliberately lowered his head, his chin dropped and drawn in, staring intently at the man. The effect of this was to throw forward the round arch of his skull, with two broad bands across it, while below the bands glared the unwinking eyes; so that, head on, as he stood, he looked something like a diabolically scowling pantomime mask. It was a piece of natural mesmerism that he had practiced many times on his quarry, and, though Chinn was by no means a terrified heifer, he stood for awhile held by the extraordinary oddity of the attack. The head—the body seemed to have been packed away behind it—the ferocious skull-like head crept nearer to the switching of an angry tail-tip in the grass. Left and right the Bhils had scattered to let John Chinn subdue his own horse.

"My word!" he thought. "He's trying to frighten me like a bogey," and fired between the saucer-like eyes, leaping aside upon the shot. He feared he had left it too long.

A big coughing mass, reeking of carrion, bounded past him up the hill, and he followed discreetly. The tiger made no attempt to turn into the jungle; he was hunting for sight and breath—nose up, mouth open—the tremendous fore-legs scattering the gravel in spurts.

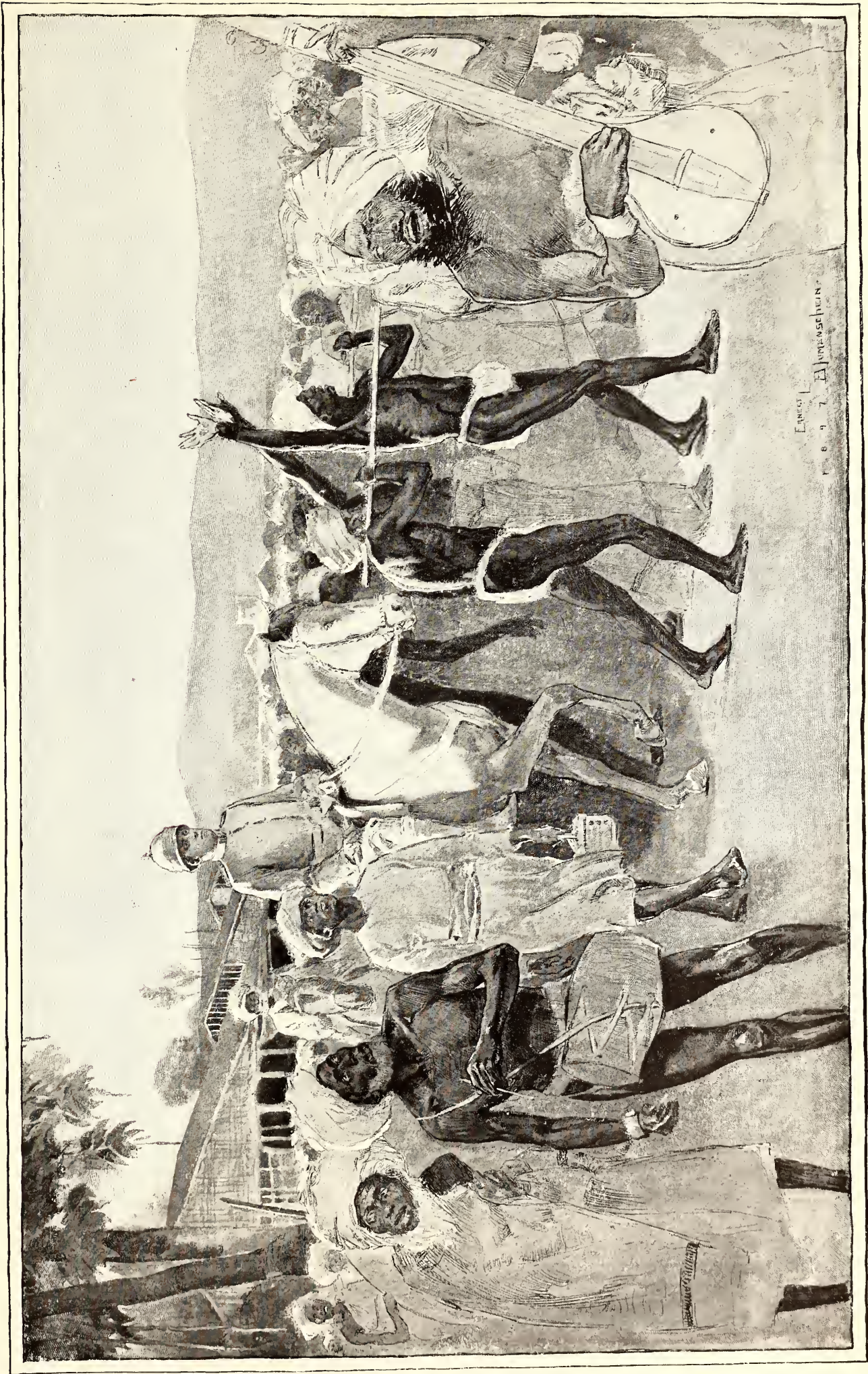
"Scuppered!" said John Chinn, watching the flight. "Now if he was a partridge he'd tower. Lungs must be full of blood."

The brute had jerked himself over a boulder and fallen out of sight the other side. John Chinn looked over with a ready barrel. But the red trail led straight as an arrow even to his grandfather's tomb, and there, among the smashed spirit-bottles and the fragments of the mud image, the life left with a flurry and a grunt.

"If my worthy ancestor could see that," said John Chinn, "he'd have been proud of me. Eyes, lower jaw, and lungs. A very nice shot." He whistled for Bukta as he drew the tape over the stiffening bulk.

"Ten—six—eight—by Jove! It's nearly eleven—call it eleven. Fore-arm, twenty-four—five—seven and a half. A short tail, too: three feet one. But *what* a skin! O Bukta! Bukta! The men with the knives swiftly."

"Is he beyond question dead?" said an awe-stricken voice behind a rock.



"He returned to the lowlands to the triumphal chant of an escorting army three hundred strong."

"That was not the way I killed my first tiger," said Chinn. "I did not think that Bukta would run. I had no second gun."

"It—it is the Clouded Tiger," said Bukta, unheeding the taunt. "He is dead."

Whether all the Bhils, vaccinated and unvaccinated, of the Satpuras had lain by to see the kill, Chinn could not say; but the whole hill's flank rustled with little men, shouting, singing, and stamping. And yet, till he had made the first cut in the splendid skin, not a man would take a knife; and, when the shadows fell, they ran from the red-stained tomb, and no persuasion would bring them back till dawn. So Chinn spent a second night in the open, guarding the carcass from jackals, and thinking about his ancestor.

He returned to the lowlands to the triumphal chant of an escorting army three hundred strong, the Mahratta vaccinator close at his elbow, and the rudely dried skin, a trophy, before him. When that army suddenly and noiselessly disappeared, as quail in high corn, he argued he was near civilization, and a turn in the road brought him upon the camp of a wing of his own corps. He left the skin on a cart-tail for the world to see, and sought the Colonel.

"They're perfectly right," he explained earnestly. "There isn't an ounce of vice in 'em. They were only frightened. I've vaccinated the whole boiling, and they like it awfully. What are—what are we doing here, sir?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out,"

said the Colonel. "I don't know yet whether we're a piece of a brigade or a police force. However, I think we'll call ourselves a police force. How did you manage to get a Bhil vaccinated?"

"Well, sir," said Chinn, "I've been thinking it over, and, as far as I can make out, I've got a sort of hereditary pull over 'em."

"So I know, or I wouldn't have sent you; but *what* exactly?"

"It's rather rummy. It seems, from what I can make out, that I'm my own grandfather reincarnated, and I've been disturbing the peace of the country by riding a pad-tiger of nights. If I hadn't done that I don't think they'd have objected to the vaccination; but the two together were more than they could stand. And so, sir, I've vaccinated 'em and shot my tiger-horse as a sort o' proof of good faith. You never saw such a skin in your life."

The Colonel tugged his mustache thoughtfully. "Now, how the deuce," said he, "am I to include that in my report?"

And, indeed, the official version of the Bhils' anti-vaccination stampede said nothing about Lieutenant John Chinn his godship. But Bukta knew, and the corps knew, and every Bhil in the Satpura hills knew. And now Bukta is zealous that John Chinn should swiftly be wedded and impart his powers to a son, for if the Chinn succession fails and the little Bhils are left to their own imaginings, there will be fresh trouble in the Satpuras.





Virgin Adoring the Infant Christ.

Perugino.



Madonna and Child, and St. John.

Botticelli.



Madonna and Child (known as "The Madonna of the Grand Duke").

Raphael.

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YET AM I NOT FOR PITY.

I.

For me there are no cities, no proud halls,
No storied paintings—nor the chiseled snow
Of statues ; never have I seen the glow
Of sunset die upon the deathless walls
Of the pure Parthenon ; no soft light falls
For me in dim cathedrals, where the low,
Still seas of supplication ebb and flow ;
No dream of Rome my longing soul enthralls.
But oh, to see in all her virgin white
Fair Venice rising from the purple sea !
Oh, but to feel one golden evening pale
On that famed island from whose lonely height
Dark Sappho sank in burning ecstasy !
But once—but once—to hear the nightingale !



II.

Yet I am not for pity. This blue sea
Burns with the opal's deep and splendid fires
At sunset ; these tall firs are classic spires
Of chaste design and marvelous symmetry
That lift to burnished skies. Let pity be
For him who never felt the mighty lyres
Of Nature shake him thro' with great desires.
These pearl-topped mountains shining silently—
They are God's sphinxes and God's pyramids ;
These dim-aisled forests His cathedrals, where
The pale nun Silence tiptoes, velvet-shod,
And Prayer kneels with tireless, parted lids ;
And thro' the incense of this holy air,
Trembling—I have come face to face with God.

ELLA HIGGINSON.



THE DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION BY GENERAL JOHN M. THAYER.

PASSING the winter in Washington in 1848, I was a daily attendant upon either the Senate or the House. The object to which my eyes instinctively turned on entering the House was the form of the ex-President, John Quincy Adams. And so it was with all strangers. Their first question was, "Which is John Quincy Adams?" He lived in his own house on F Street, directly opposite the Ebbitt House. The house is now used for stores and offices. I frequently saw him walking along F Street on pleasant days, on his way to the Capitol, and I noticed that whoever met him, whether an acquaintance or not, lifted his hat to him as he passed.

The House met in the hall now used for statuary. The Whigs occupied the space on the right of the main aisle, as the Republicans do in the present hall; and the Democrats occupied the space on the left, as they do now. The desk of Mr. Adams was a little to the right of the center of the Whig side of the house. I entered the chamber a couple of hours after the session began on Monday, February 21, 1848, and stood back of the outside row of seats, looking directly at the ex-President. The subject before the House was a resolution granting medals to some officers in the Mexican War. The resolution had been read, the previous question was ordered, and on that vote Mr. Adams answered to his name in a clear, distinct voice. The Speaker arose, and was about to put the question, "Shall the bill pass?" when to his left there was a quick, sudden movement, a stifled exclamation, and the members nearest to Mr. Adams rushed toward him. I saw him rising, as I supposed to address the Speaker, and I think he uttered the words "Mr. Speaker;" then he staggered and fell back over the left arm of his chair. He would have fallen to the floor if the member sitting nearest to him had not caught and held him up. He had been seized with paralysis. He was immediately laid upon a sofa and carried into the area in front of the Speaker's desk.

Intense excitement at once pervaded the hall. The Speaker, the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, suggested that some member move

for an adjournment, which was done. Members sitting in the outside row of seats did not realize what had occurred till the words passed from mouth to mouth, "Mr. Adams is dying." Then an awful solemnity settled down over the whole assemblage. Members walked noiselessly from desk to desk, and gathered in little groups, talking of what had just befallen. It was frequently remarked that this was just the way the ex-President would have desired to die.

A member who was a physician now had him removed to the rotunda. He lay there for a short time, and then was borne just through the eastern door, that he might have fresh air. But it being too chilly there, he was removed to the Speaker's room, from which he never emerged till he was borne away in his casket.

The news that Mr. Adams had been stricken was communicated to the Senate through Senator Benton, who immediately moved an adjournment, observing that the Senate could not be in a condition to transact business while such a solemn scene was transpiring in the other wing of the Capitol. Mrs. Adams was notified, and with her nephew hastened to her husband's bedside. He had left her but a few hours previously, in apparent good health. He did not recognize her or anyone in attendance, and he continued unconscious, except for a moment, till the end came.

The next day, in the House, the Speaker announced the continued illness of the ex-President, and Mr. Burt of South Carolina moved an adjournment. The Senate also adjourned, and adjournments followed in both houses on the third day.

While sitting at her husband's bedside on Tuesday, Mrs. Adams was taken suddenly ill and fainted, and was carried to her residence. Once Mr. Adams partially recovered consciousness, and feebly uttered the words, now historic: "It is the end of earth; I am content." He expired on Wednesday evening, about an hour after sunset. He had been for nearly sixty years in the public service; had passed a large portion of his life in the glare of thrones and the splendors of

courts ; had tasted the sweets of power and position ; and now, as the end approached, he was content to pass on.

As the members gathered in session the next day at the usual hour, they moved noiselessly to their seats; the hum of voices and the noisy greetings usually attendant upon such occasions had given way to an impressive stillness. The Speaker, in a subdued voice and with deep emotion, announced the death of Mr. Adams in these words:

"A seat on this floor has been vacated, towards which our eyes have been accustomed to turn with no common interest.

"A voice has been forever hushed in this hall, to which all ears have been accustomed to listen with profound reverence.

"A venerable form has faded from our sight, around which we have daily clustered with an affectionate regard.

"A name has been stricken from the roll of living statesmen of our land, which has been associated for more than a half a century with the highest civil service and the loftiest civil renown."

All the public buildings were shrouded with crape, and most of the private edifices. The obsequies took place in the hall of the House. Both branches of Congress, the President and Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the foreign ministers, and the high officers of the army and navy were in attendance. The cold form of the dead statesman lying in the coffin in front of the Speaker's desk, the somber shading given to the hall by the emblems of mourning, the reverential visages of all in the assembly, the solemn notes of the funeral dirge by the Marine Band, united to make it a scene truly awe-inspiring. The Rev. Dr. Gurley, pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church and Chaplain of the House, preached the funeral discourse, from the words: "And thine age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning. And thou shalt be secure, because there is hope."

The body was borne, for the time, to the Congressional Cemetery; John C. Calhoun was one of the pallbearers. Afterwards it was removed to Quincy, Massachusetts, under the escort of a Congressional committee of which Abraham Lincoln was a member, and laid to rest in the burying-ground of Mr. Adams's ancestors, by the side of his father, John Adams. And thus they rest, father and son, both ex-Presidents of the United States, side by side, till the ushering in of the new morn.

The correspondence between Mr. Adams

and his father, after the former's election as President by the House of Representatives, is interesting. There having been no choice in the Electoral College, it devolved upon the House to elect from the three candidates having the highest number of votes in the Electoral College. General Jackson had received ninety-nine votes, J. Q. Adams eighty-four, W. H. Crawford forty-one, and Henry Clay thirty-seven. Adams received the votes of thirteen States, Jackson of seven, and Crawford of four. There was indescribable excitement in the House, about the Capitol, and in the city, shortly preceding and during the taking of the vote. As soon as the vote was declared, Senator Rufus King of New York sent a brief note of congratulation to Mr. Adams at the State Department, informing him of the result. Mr. Adams immediately enclosed the same to his father, with the following letter:

WASHINGTON, *February 9, 1825.*

My Dear Father : The enclosed letter from Mr. King will inform you of the event of this day, upon which I can only offer you my congratulations and ask your blessing and prayers.

Your affectionate son,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The following was the answer:

My Dear Son : I have received your letter of the 9th inst. Never did I feel so much solemnity as on this occasion. The multitude of my thoughts and the intensity of my feelings are too much for a mind like mine in its ninetieth year. May the blessing of God Almighty continue to protect you to the end of your life, as it has heretofore protected you in so remarkable a manner from your cradle. I offer the same prayer for your lady and for your family, and am your affectionate father,

JOHN ADAMS.

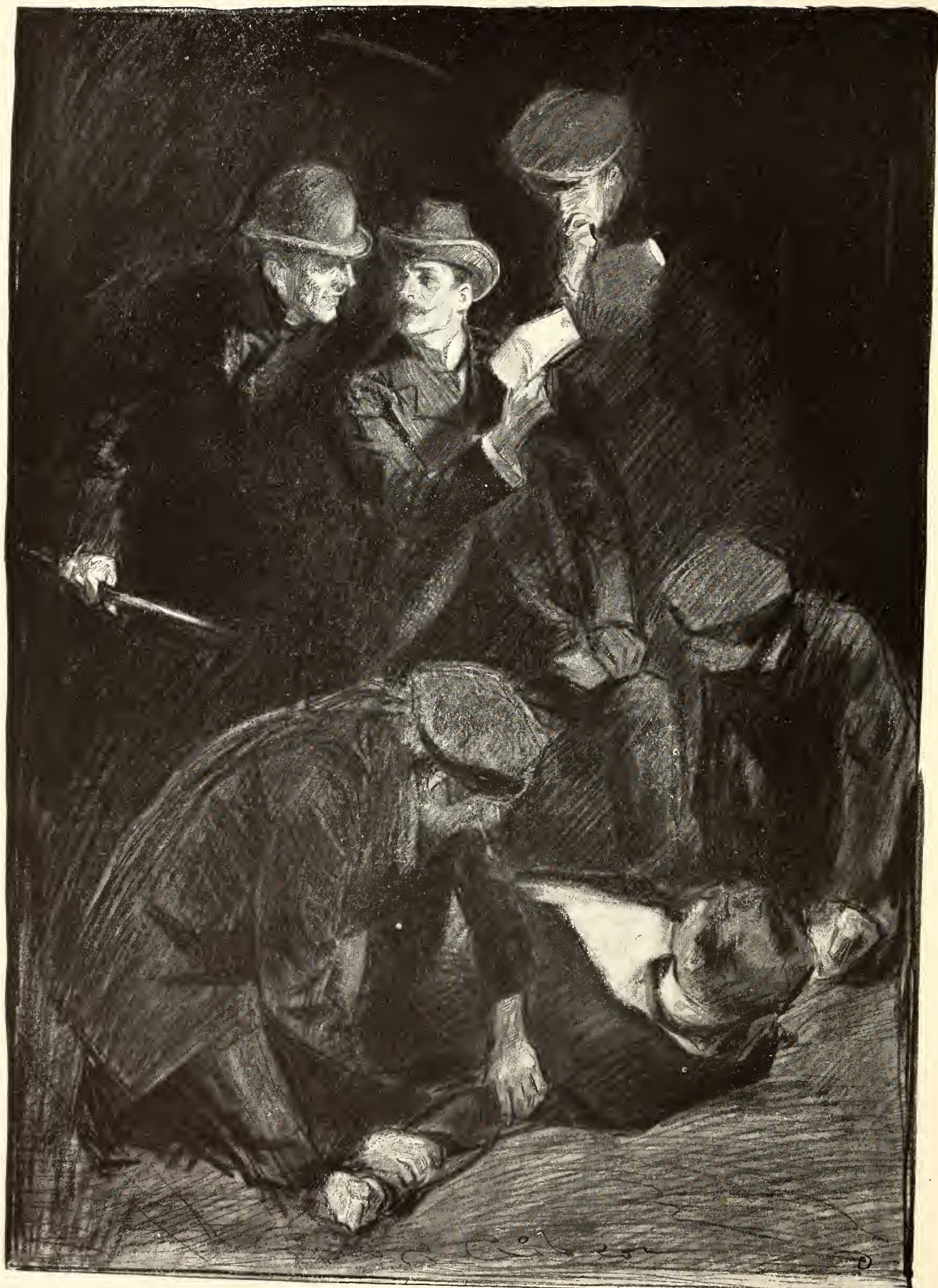
QUINCY, MASS., *February 17, 1825.*

The following, written by Mr. Adams the night after his inauguration, shows with what dread and anxiety he assumed the responsibility of the Presidency:

"After two successive sleepless nights, I entered upon this day with a supplication to heaven, first, for my country, secondly, for myself and for those connected with my good name and fortunes, that the last results of its events may be auspicious and blessed."

His last public service in the House of Representatives, his vindication of the right of petition and the freedom of debate, his unselfish devotion to the interests of humanity and the cause of the slave must ever entitle him to the gratitude of mankind.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.



"MY CHANCE HAD COME."

See page 137.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

INTRODUCTION.

"The Prisoner of Zenda," it may be worth while to explain, relates the adventures of a young Englishman, Rudolf Rassendyll, while impersonating his distant relative Rudolf Fifth, King of Ruritania. At the instigation of the king's half brother, the Duke of Strelsau, known as "Black Michael," the king was drugged on the eve of his coronation, and would have lost his crown to the duke but that, in the nick of time and by a series of strange chances, Rassendyll, who resembled him so closely that few could tell them apart, appeared and, in his name, assumed the crown for him. Meanwhile the king fell a prisoner to the duke, and some time passed before his friends could set him free and defeat the duke's plots. Through this time Rassendyll, under the guise of the king, continued to hold the throne and exercise

all the royal functions, even to falling ardently in love with the Princess Flavia, and provoking her to love him as ardently in return. Public expectation and policy had designated this lady to become the new king's wife. The duke, "Black Michael," was finally killed in a quarrel with one of his accomplices, Rupert of Hentzau. The Princess Flavia had felt from the first a difference between the assumed and the real king; and before the end the truth was fully discovered to her. She dutifully married the real king, but her heart hardly went with her hand. In his adventures as king, Rudolf Rassendyll was guided and aided chiefly by Fritz von Tarlenheim, who tells the present story, and that bold, bluff Colonel Sapt, with whom readers gratefully make or renew acquaintance here.—EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE QUEEN'S GOOD-BY.

A MAN who has lived in the world, marking how every act, although in itself perhaps light and insignificant, may become the source of consequences that spread far and wide, and flow for years or centuries, could scarcely feel secure in reckoning that with the death of the Duke of Strelsau and the restoration of King Rudolf to liberty and his throne, there would end, for good and all, the troubles born of Black Michael's daring conspiracy. The stakes had been high, the struggle keen; the edge of passion had been sharpened, and the seeds of enmity sown. Yet Michael, having struck for the crown, had paid for the blow with his life: should there not then be an end? Michael was dead, the Princess her cousin's wife, the story in safe keeping, and Mr. Rassendyll's face seen no more in Ruritania. Should there not then be an end? So said I to my friend the Constable of Zenda, as we talked by the bedside of Marshal Strakencz. The old man, already nearing the death that soon after robbed us of his aid and counsel, bowed his head in assent: in the aged and ailing the love of peace breeds hope of it.

But Colonel Sapt tugged at his gray moustache, and twisted his black cigar in his mouth, saying, "You're very sanguine, friend Fritz. But is Rupert of Hentzau dead? I had not heard it."

Well said, and like old Sapt! Yet the man is little without the opportunity, and Rupert by himself could hardly have troubled our repose. Hampered by his own guilt, he dared not set his foot in the kingdom from which by rare good luck he had escaped, but wandered to and fro over Europe, making a living by his wits, and, as some said, adding to his resources by gallantries for which he did not refuse substantial recompense. But he kept himself constantly before our eyes, and never ceased to contrive how he might gain permission to return and enjoy the estates to which his uncle's death had entitled him. The chief agent through whom he had the effrontery to approach the king was his relative, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim, a young man of high rank and great wealth who was devoted to Rupert. The count fulfilled his mission well: acknowledging Rupert's heavy offences, he put forward in his behalf the pleas of youth and of the predominant influence which Duke Michael had exercised over his adherent, and promised, in words so significant as to betray Rupert's

own dictation, a future fidelity no less discreet than hearty. "Give me my price and I'll hold my tongue," seemed to come in Rupert's off-hand accents through his cousin's deferential lips. As may be supposed, however, the king and those who advised him in the matter, knowing too well the manner of man the Count of Hentzau was, were not inclined to give ear to his ambassador's prayer. We kept firm hold on Master Rupert's revenues, and as good watch as we could on his movements; for we were most firmly determined that he should never return to Ruritania. Perhaps we might have obtained his extradition and hanged him on the score of his crimes; but in these days every rogue who deserves no better than to be strung up to the nearest tree must have what they call a fair trial; and we feared that, if Rupert were handed over to our police and arraigned before the courts at Strelsau, the secret which we guarded so sedulously would become the gossip of all the city, aye, and of all Europe. So Rupert went unpunished except by banishment and the impounding of his rents.

Yet Sapt was in the right about him. Helpless as he seemed, he did not for an instant abandon the contest. He lived in the faith that his chance would come, and from day to day was ready for its coming. He schemed against us as we schemed to protect ourselves from him; if we watched him, he kept his eye on us. His ascendancy over Luzau-Rischenheim grew markedly greater after a visit which his cousin paid to him in Paris. From this time the young count began to supply him with resources. Thus armed, he gathered instruments round him and organized a system of espionage that carried to his ears all our actions and the whole position of affairs at court. He knew, far more accurately than anyone else outside the royal circle, the measures taken for the government of the kingdom and the considerations that dictated the royal policy. More than this, he possessed himself of every detail concerning the king's health, although the utmost reticence was observed on this subject. Had his discoveries stopped there, they would have been vexatious and disquieting, but perhaps of little serious harm. They went further. Set on the track by his acquaintance with what had passed during Mr. Rassendyll's tenure of the throne, he penetrated the secret which had been kept successfully from the king himself. In the knowledge

of it he found the opportunity for which he had waited; in its bold use he discerned his chance. I cannot say whether he were influenced more strongly by his desire to reëstablish his position in the kingdom or by the grudge he bore against Mr. Rassendyll. He loved power and money; dearly he loved revenge also. No doubt both motives worked together, and he was rejoiced to find that the weapon put into his hand had a double edge; with one he hoped to cut his own path clear; with the other, to wound the man he hated through the woman whom that man loved. In fine, the Count of Hentzau, shrewdly discerning the feeling that existed between the queen and Rudolf Rassendyll, set his spies to work, and was rewarded by discovering the object of my yearly meetings with Mr. Rassendyll. At least he conjectured the nature of my errand; this was enough for him. Head and hand were soon busy in turning the knowledge to account; scruples of the heart never stood in Rupert's way.

The marriage which had set all Ruritania on fire with joy and formed in the people's eyes the visible triumph over Black Michael and his fellow-conspirators was now three years old. For three years the Princess Flavia had been queen. I am come by now to the age when a man should look out on life with an eye undimmed by the mists of passion. My love-making days are over; yet there is nothing for which I am more thankful to Almighty God than the gift of my wife's love. In storm it has been my anchor, and in clear skies my star. But we common folk are free to follow our hearts; am I an old fool for saying that he is a fool who follows anything else? Our liberty is not for princes. We need wait for no future world to balance the luck of men; even here there is an equipoise. From the highly placed a price is exacted for their state, their wealth, and their honors, as heavy as these are great; to the poor, what is to us mean and of no sweetness may appear decked in the robes of pleasure and delight. Well, if it were not so, who could sleep at nights? The burden laid on Queen Flavia I knew, and know, so well as a man can know it. I think it needs a woman to know it fully; for even now my wife's eyes fill with tears when we speak of it. Yet she bore it, and if she failed in anything, I wonder that it was in so little. For it was not only that she had never loved the king and had loved another with all her heart.

The king's health, shattered by the horror and rigors of his imprisonment in the castle of Zenda, soon broke utterly. He lived, indeed; nay, he shot and hunted, and kept in his hand some measure, at least, of government. But always from the day of his release he was a fretful invalid, different utterly from the gay and jovial prince whom Michael's villains had caught in the shooting-lodge. There was worse than this. As time went on, the first impulse of gratitude and admiration that he had felt towards Mr. Rassendyll died away. He came to brood more and more on what had passed while he was a prisoner; he was possessed not only by a haunting dread of Rupert of Hentzau, at whose hands he had suffered so greatly, but also by a morbid, half-mad jealousy of Mr. Rassendyll. Rudolf had played the hero while he lay helpless. Rudolf's were the exploits for which his own people cheered him in his own capital. Rudolf's were the laurels that crowned his impatient brow. He had enough nobility to resent his borrowed credit, without the fortitude to endure it manfully. And the hateful comparison struck him nearer home. Sapt would tell him bluntly that Rudolf did this or that, set this precedent or that, laid down this or the other policy, and that the king could do no better than follow in Rudolf's steps. Mr. Rassendyll's name seldom passed his wife's lips, but when she spoke of him it was as one speaks of a great man who is dead, belittling all the living by the shadow of his name. I do not believe that the king discerned that truth which his wife spent her days in hiding from him; yet he was uneasy if Rudolf's name were mentioned by Sapt or myself, and from the queen's mouth he could not bear it. I have seen him fall into fits of passion on the mere sound of it; for he lost control of himself on what seemed slight provocation.

Moved by this disquieting jealousy, he sought continually to exact from the queen proofs of love and care beyond what most husbands can boast of, or, in my humble judgment, make good their right to, always asking of her what in his heart he feared was not hers to give. Much she did in pity and in duty; but in some moments, being but human and herself a woman of high temper, she failed; then the slight rebuff or involuntary coldness was magnified by a sick man's fancy into great offence or studied insult, and nothing that she could do would atone for it. Thus they, who had never

in truth come together, drifted yet further apart; he was alone in his sickness and suspicion, she in her sorrows and her memories. There was no child to bridge the gulf between them, and although she was his queen and his wife, she grew almost a stranger to him. So he seemed to will that it should be.

Thus, worse than widowed, she lived for three years; and once only in each year she sent three words to the man she loved, and received from him three words in answer. Then her strength failed her. A pitiful scene had occurred in which the king peevishly upbraided her in regard to some trivial matter—the occasion escapes my memory—speaking to her before others words that even alone she could not have listened to with dignity. I was there, and Sapt; the colonel's small eyes had gleamed in anger. "I should like to shut his mouth for him," I heard him mutter, for the king's waywardness had well nigh worn out even his devotion. The thing, of which I will say no more, happened a day or two before I was to set out to meet Mr. Rassendyll. I was to seek him this time at Wintenberg, for I had been recognized the year before at Dresden; and Wintenberg, being a smaller place and less in the way of chance visitors, was deemed safer. I remember well how she was when she called me into her own room, a few hours after she had left the king. She stood by the table; the box was on it, and I knew well that the red rose and the message were within. But there was more to-day. Without preface she broke into the subject of my errand.

"I must write to him," she said. "I can't bear it, I must write. My dear friend Fritz, you will carry it safely for me, won't you? And he must write to me. And you'll bring that safely, won't you? Ah, Fritz, I know I'm wrong, but I'm starved, starved, starved! And it's for the last time. For I know now that if I send anything, I must send more. So after this time I won't send at all. But I must say good-by to him; I must have his good-by to carry me through my life. This once, then, Fritz, do it for me."

The tears rolled down her cheeks, which to-day were flushed out of their paleness to a stormy red; her eyes defied me even while they pleaded. I bent my head and kissed her hand.

"With God's help I'll carry it safely and bring his safely, my queen," said I.

"And tell me how he looks. Look at him closely, Fritz. See if he is well and

seems strong. Oh, and make him merry and happy! Bring that smile to his lips, Fritz, and the merry twinkle to his eyes. When you speak of me, see if he—if he looks as if he still loved me.” But then she broke off, crying, “But don’t tell him I said that. He’d be grieved if I doubted his love. I don’t doubt it; I don’t, indeed; but still tell me how he looks when you speak of me, won’t you, Fritz? See, here’s the letter.”

Taking it from her bosom, she kissed it before she gave it to me. Then she added a thousand cautions, how I was to carry her letter, how I was to go and how return, and how I was to run no danger, because my wife Helga loved me as well as she would have loved her husband had Heaven been kinder. “At least, almost as I should, Fritz,” she said, now between smiles and tears. She would not believe that any woman could love as she loved.

I left the queen and went to prepare for my journey. I used to take only one servant with me, and I had chosen a different man each year. None of them had known that I met Mr. Rassendyll, but supposed that I was engaged on the private business which I made my pretext for obtaining leave of absence from the king. This time I had determined to take with me a Swiss youth who had entered my service only a few weeks before. His name was Bauer; he seemed a stolid, somewhat stupid fellow, but as honest as the day and very obliging.* He had come to me well recommended, and I had not hesitated to engage him. I chose him for my companion now, chiefly because he was a foreigner and therefore less likely to gossip with the other servants when we returned. I do not pretend to much cleverness, but I confess that it vexes me to remember how that stout, guileless-looking youth made a fool of me. For Rupert knew that I had met Mr. Rassendyll the year before at Dresden; Rupert was keeping a watchful eye on all that passed in Strelsau; Rupert had procured the fellow his fine testimonials and sent him to me, in the hope that he would chance on something of advantage to his employer. My resolve to take him to Wintenberg may have been hoped for, but could scarcely have been counted on; it was the added luck that waits so often on the plans of a clever schemer.

Going to take leave of the king, I found him huddled over the fire. The day was not cold, but the damp chill of his dungeon seemed to have penetrated

to the very core of his bones. He was annoyed at my going, and questioned me peevishly about the business that occasioned my journey. I parried his curiosity as I best could, but did not succeed in appeasing his ill-humor. Half-ashamed of his recent outburst, half-anxious to justify it to himself, he cried fretfully:

“Business! Yes, any business is a good enough excuse for leaving me! By Heaven, I wonder if a king was ever served so badly as I am! Why did you trouble to get me out of Zenda? Nobody wants me, nobody cares whether I live or die.”

To reason with such a mood was impossible. I could only assure him that I would hasten my return by all possible means.

“Yes, pray do,” said he. “I want somebody to look after me. Who knows what that villain Rupert may attempt against me? And I can’t defend myself, can I? I’m not Rudolf Rassendyll, am I?”

Thus, with a mixture of plaintiveness and malice, he scolded me. At last I stood silent, waiting till he should be pleased to dismiss me. At any rate I was thankful that he entertained no suspicion as to my errand. Had I spoken a word of Mr. Rassendyll he would not have let me go. He had fallen foul of me before on learning that I was in communication with Rudolf; so completely had jealousy destroyed gratitude in his breast. If he had known what I carried, I do not think that he could have hated his preserver more. Very likely some such feeling was natural enough; it was none the less painful to perceive.

On leaving the king’s presence, I sought out the Constable of Zenda. He knew my errand; and, sitting down beside him, I told him of the letter I carried, and arranged how to apprise him of my fortune surely and quickly. He was not in a good humor that day: the king had ruffled him also, and Colonel Sapt had no great reserve of patience.

“If we haven’t cut one another’s throats before then, we shall all be at Zenda by the time you arrive at Wintenberg,” he said. “The court moves there to-morrow, and I shall be there as long as the king is.”

He paused, and then added: “Destroy the letter if there’s any danger.”

I nodded my head.

“And destroy yourself with it, if that’s the only way,” he went on with a surly smile. “Heaven knows why she must

send such a silly message at all; but since she must, she'd better have sent me with it."

I knew that Sapt was in the way of jeering at all sentiment, and I took no notice of the terms that he applied to the queen's farewell. I contented myself with answering the last part of what he said.

"No, it's better you should be here," I urged. "For if I should lose the letter—though there's little chance of it—you could prevent it from coming to the king."

"I could try," he grinned. "But on my life, to run the chance for a letter's sake! A letter's a poor thing to risk the peace of a kingdom for!"

"Unhappily," said I, "it's the only thing that a messenger can well carry."

"Off with you, then," grumbled the colonel. "Tell Rassendyll from me that he did well. But tell him to do something more. Let 'em say good-by and have done with it. Good God, is he going to waste all his life thinking of a woman he never sees?" Sapt's air was full of indignation.

"What more is he to do?" I asked. "Isn't his work here done?"

"Ay, it's done. Perhaps it's done," he answered. "At least he has given us back our good king."

To lay on the king the full blame for what he was would have been rank injustice. Sapt was not guilty of it, but his disappointment was bitter that all our efforts had secured no better ruler for Ruritania. Sapt could serve, but he liked his master to be a man.

"Ay, I'm afraid the lad's work here is done," he said, as I shook him by the hand. Then a sudden light came in his eyes. "Perhaps not," he muttered. "Who knows?"

A man need not, I hope, be deemed uxorious for liking a quiet dinner alone with his wife before he starts on a long journey. Such, at least, was my fancy; and I was annoyed to find that Helga's cousin, Anton von Strofzin, had invited himself to share our meal and our farewell. He conversed with his usual airy emptiness on all the topics that were supplying Strelsau with gossip. There were rumors that the king was ill; that the queen was angry at being carried off to Zenda; that the archbishop meant to preach against low dresses; that the chancellor was to be dismissed; that his daughter was to be married; and so forth. I heard without listening. But the last bit of his budget caught my wandering attention.

"They were betting at the club," said Anton, "that Rupert of Hentzau would be recalled. Have you heard anything about it, Fritz?"

If I had known anything, it is needless to say that I should not have confided it to Anton. But the suggested step was so utterly at variance with the king's intentions that I made no difficulty about contradicting the report with an authoritative air. Anton heard me with a judicial wrinkle on his smooth brow.

"That's all very well," said he, "and I dare say you're bound to say so. All I know is that Rischenheim dropped a hint to Colonel Markel a day or two ago."

"Rischenheim believes what he hopes," said I.

"And where's he gone?" cried Anton, exultantly. "Why has he suddenly left Strelsau? I tell you he's gone to meet Rupert, and I'll bet you what you like he carries some proposal. Ah, you don't know everything, Fritz, my boy!"

It was indeed true that I did not know everything. I made haste to admit as much. "I didn't even know that the count was gone, much less why he's gone," said I.

"You see!" exclaimed Anton. And he added, patronizingly, "You should keep your ears open, my boy; then you might be worth what the king pays you."

"No less, I trust," said I, "for he pays me nothing." Indeed, at this time I held no office save the honorary position of chamberlain to Her Majesty. Any advice the king needed from me was asked and given unofficially.

Anton went off, persuaded that he had scored a point against me. I could not see where. It was possible that the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim had gone to meet his cousin, equally possible that no such business claimed his care. At any rate, the matter was not for me. I had a more pressing affair in hand. Dismissing the whole thing from my mind, I bade the butler tell Bauer to go forward with my luggage and to let my carriage be at the door in good time. Helga had busied herself, since our guest's departure, in preparing small comforts for my journey; now she came to me to say good-by. Although she tried to hide all signs of it, I detected an uneasiness in her manner. She did not like these errands of mine, imagining dangers and risks of which I saw no likelihood. I would not give in to her mood, and, as I kissed her, I bade her expect me back in a few days' time.

Not even to her did I speak of the new and more dangerous burden that I carried, although I was aware that she enjoyed a full measure of the queen's confidence.

"My love to King Rudolf, the real King Rudolf," said she. "Though you carry what will make him think little of my love."

"I have no desire he should think too much of it, sweet," said I.

She caught me by the hands, and looked up in my face.

"What a friend you are, aren't you, Fritz?" said she. "You worship Mr. Rassendyll. I know you think I should worship him too, if he asked me. Well, I shouldn't. I am foolish enough to have my own idol." All my modesty did not let me doubt who her idol might be. Suddenly she drew near to me and whispered in my ear. I think that our own happiness brought to her a sudden keen sympathy with her mistress.

"Make him send her a loving message, Fritz," she whispered. "Something that will comfort her. Her idol can't be with her as mine is with me."

"Yes, he'll send something to comfort her," I answered. "And God keep you, my dear."

For he would surely send an answer to the letter that I carried, and that answer I was sworn to bring safely to her. So I set out in good heart, bearing in the pocket of my coat the little box and the queen's good-by. And, as Colonel Sapt said to me, both I would destroy, if need were—aye, and myself with them. A man did not serve Queen Flavia with divided mind.

CHAPTER II.

A STATION WITHOUT A CAB.

THE arrangements for my meeting with Mr. Rassendyll had been carefully made by correspondence before he left England. He was to be at the Golden Lion Hotel at eleven o'clock on the night of the 15th of October. I reckoned to arrive in the town between eight and nine on the same evening, to proceed to another hotel, and, on pretence of taking a stroll, slip out and call on him at the appointed hour. I should then fulfil my commission, take his answer, and enjoy the rare pleasure of a long talk with him. Early the next morning he would have left Wintenberg, and I should be on my way back to Strel-

sau. I knew that he would not fail to keep his appointment, and I was perfectly confident of being able to carry out the programme punctually; I had, however, taken the precaution of obtaining a week's leave of absence, in case any unforeseen accident should delay my return. Conscious of having done all I could to guard against misunderstanding or mishap, I got into the train in a tolerably peaceful frame of mind. The box was in my inner pocket, the letter in a *porte-monnaie*. I could feel them both with my hand. I was not in uniform, but I took my revolver. Although I had no reason to anticipate any difficulties, I did not forget that what I carried must be protected at all hazards and all costs.

The weary night journey wore itself away. Bauer came to me in the morning, performed his small services, repacked my hand-bag, procured me some coffee, and left me. It was then about eight o'clock; we had arrived at a station of some importance and were not to stop again till mid-day. I saw Bauer enter the second-class compartment in which he was traveling, and settled down in my own coupé. I think it was at this moment that the thought of Rischenheim came again into my head, and I found myself wondering why he clung to the hopeless idea of compassing Rupert's return and what business had taken him from Strelsau. But I made little of the matter, and, drowsy from a broken night's rest, soon fell into a doze. I was alone in the carriage and could sleep without fear or danger. I was awakened by our noon-tide halt. Here I saw Bauer again. After taking a basin of soup, I went to the telegraph bureau to send a message to my wife; the receipt of it would not merely set her mind at ease, but would also ensure word of my safe progress reaching the queen. As I entered the bureau I met Bauer coming out of it. He seemed rather startled at our encounter, but told me readily enough that he had been telegraphing for rooms at Wintenberg, a very needless precaution, since there was no danger of the hotel being full. In fact I was annoyed, as I especially wished to avoid calling attention to my arrival. However, the mischief was done, and to rebuke my servant might have aggravated it by setting his wits at work to find out my motive for secrecy. So I said nothing, but passed by him with a nod. When the whole circumstances came to light, I had reason to suppose that besides his message to the inn-keeper,

Bauer sent one of a character and to a quarter unsuspected by me.

We stopped once again before reaching Wintenberg. I put my head out of the window to look about me, and saw Bauer standing near the luggage van. He ran to me eagerly, asking whether I required anything. I told him "nothing"; but instead of going away, he began to talk to me. Growing weary of him, I returned to my seat and waited impatiently for the train to go on. There was a further delay of five minutes, and then we started.

"Thank goodness!" I exclaimed, leaning back comfortably in my seat and taking a cigar from my case.

But in a moment the cigar rolled unheeded on to the floor, as I sprang eagerly to my feet and darted to the window. For just as we were clearing the station, I saw being carried past the carriage, on the shoulders of a porter, a bag which looked very much like mine. Bauer had been in charge of my bag, and it had been put in the van under his directions. It seemed unlikely that it should be taken out now by any mistake. Yet the bag I saw was very like the bag I owned. But I was not sure, and could have done nothing had I been sure. We were not to stop again before Wintenberg, and, with my luggage or without it, I myself must be in the town that evening.

We arrived punctual to our appointed time. I sat in the carriage a moment or two, expecting Bauer to open the door and relieve me of my small baggage. He did not come, so I got out. It seemed that I had few fellow-passengers, and these were quickly disappearing on foot or in carriages and carts that waited outside the station. I stood looking for my servant and my luggage. The evening was mild; I was encumbered with my handbag and a heavy fur coat. There were no signs either of Bauer or of baggage. I stayed where I was for five or six minutes. The guard of the train had disappeared, but presently I observed the station-master; he seemed to be taking a last glance round the premises. Going up to him I asked whether he had seen my servant; he could give me no news of him. I had no luggage ticket, for mine had been in Bauer's hands; but I prevailed on him to allow me to look at the baggage which had arrived; my property was not among it. The station-master was inclined, I think, to be a little skeptical as to the existence both of bag and of servant. His only suggestion was that the man must

have been left behind accidentally. I pointed out that in this case he would not have had the bag with him, but that it would have come on in the train. The station-master admitted the force of my argument; he shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands out; he was evidently at the end of his resources.

Now, for the first time and with sudden force, a doubt of Bauer's fidelity thrust itself into my mind. I remembered how little I knew of the fellow and how great my charge was. Three rapid movements of my hand assured me that letter, box, and revolver were in their respective places. If Bauer had gone hunting in the bag, he had drawn a blank. The station-master noticed nothing; he was staring at the dim gas lamp that hung from the roof. I turned to him.

"Well, tell him when he comes—" I began.

"He won't come to-night, now," interrupted the station-master, none too politely. "No other train arrives to-night."

"Tell him when he does come to follow me at once to the Wintengerhof. I'm going there immediately." For time was short, and I did not wish to keep Mr. Rassendyll waiting. Besides, in my new-born nervousness, I was anxious to accomplish my errand as soon as might be. What had become of Bauer? The thought returned, and now with it another, that seemed to connect itself in some subtle way with my present position: why and whither had the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim set out from Strelsau a day before I started on my journey to Wintenberg?

"If he comes I'll tell him," said the station-master, and as he spoke he looked round the yard.

There was not a cab to be seen! I knew that the station lay on the extreme outskirts of the town, for I had passed through Wintenberg on my wedding journey, nearly three years before. The trouble involved in walking, and the further waste of time, put the cap on my irritation.

"Why don't you have enough cabs?" I asked angrily.

"There are plenty generally, sir," he answered more civilly, with an apologetic air. "There would be to-night but for an accident."

Another accident! This expedition of mine seemed doomed to be the sport of chance.

"Just before your train arrived," he continued, "a local came in. As a rule,

hardly anybody comes by it, but to-night a number of men—oh, twenty or five-and-twenty, I should think—got out. I collected their tickets myself, and they all came from the first station on the line. Well, that's not so strange, for there's a good beer-garden there. But, curiously enough, every one of them hired a separate cab and drove off, laughing and shouting to one another as they went. That's how it happens that there were only one or two cabs left when your train came in, and they were snapped up at once."

Taken alone, this occurrence was nothing; but I asked myself whether the conspiracy that had robbed me of my servant had deprived me of a vehicle also.

"What sort of men were they?" I asked.

"All sorts of men, sir," answered the station-master, "but most of them were shabby-looking fellows. I wondered where some of them had got the money for their ride."

The vague feeling of uneasiness which had already attacked me grew stronger. Although I fought against it, calling myself an old woman and a coward, I must confess to an impulse which almost made me beg the station-master's company on my walk; but, besides being ashamed to exhibit a timidity apparently groundless, I was reluctant to draw attention to myself in any way. I would not for the world have it supposed that I carried anything of value.

"Well, there's no help for it," said I, and, buttoning my heavy coat about me, I took my handbag and stick in one hand, and asked my way to the hotel. My misfortunes had broken down the station-master's indifference, and he directed me in a sympathetic tone.

"Straight along the road, sir," said he, "between the poplars, for hard on half a mile; then the houses begin, and your hotel is in the first square you come to, on the right."

I thanked him curtly (for I had not quite forgiven him his earlier incivility), and started on my walk, weighed down by my big coat and the handbag. When I left the lighted station-yard I realized that the evening had fallen very dark, and the shade of the tall lank trees intensified the gloom. I could hardly see my way, and went timidly, with frequent stumbles over the uneven stones of the road. The lamps were dim, few, and widely separated; so far as company was concerned, I might

have been a thousand miles from an inhabited house. In spite of myself, the thought of danger persistently assailed my mind. I began to review every circumstance of my journey, twisting the trivial into some ominous shape, magnifying the significance of everything which might justly seem suspicious, studying in the light of my new apprehensions every expression of Bauer's face and every word that had fallen from his lips. I could not persuade myself into security. I carried the queen's letter, and—well, I would have given much to have old Sapt or Rudolf Rassendyll by my side.

Now, when a man suspects danger, let him not spend his time in asking whether there be really danger or in upbraiding himself for timidity, but let him face his cowardice, and act as though the danger were real. If I had followed that rule and kept my eyes about me, scanning the sides of the road and the ground in front of my feet, instead of losing myself in a maze of reflection, I might have had time to avoid the trap, or at least to get my hand to my revolver and make a fight for it; or, indeed, in the last resort, to destroy what I carried before harm came to it. But my mind was preoccupied, and the whole thing seemed to happen in a minute. At the very moment that I had declared to myself the vanity of my fears and determined to be resolute in banishing them, I heard voices—a low, strained whispering; I saw two or three figures in the shadow of the poplars by the wayside. An instant later, a dart was made at me. While I could fly I would not fight; with a sudden forward plunge I eluded the men who rushed at me, and started at a run towards the lights of the town and the shapes of the houses, now distant about a quarter of a mile. Perhaps I ran twenty yards, perhaps fifty; I do not know. I heard the steps behind me, quick as my own. Then I fell headlong on the road—tripped up! I understood. They had stretched a rope across my path; as I fell a man bounded up from either side, and I found the rope slack under my body. There I lay on my face; a man knelt on me, others held either hand; my face was pressed into the mud of the road, and I was like to have been stifled; my handbag had whizzed away from me. Then a voice said:

"Turn him over."

I knew the voice; it was a confirmation of the fears which I had lately been at such pains to banish. It justified the fore-

cast of Anton von Strofzin, and explained the wager of the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim—for it was Rischenheim's voice.

They caught hold of me and began to turn me on my back. Here I saw a chance, and with a great heave of my body I flung them from me. For a short instant I was free; my impetuous attack seemed to have startled the enemy; I gathered myself up on my knees. But my advantage was not to last long. Another man, whom I had not seen, sprang suddenly on me like a bullet from a catapult. His fierce onset overthrew me; I was stretched on the ground again, on my back now, and my throat was clutched viciously in strong fingers. At the same moment my arms were again seized and pinned. The face of the man on my chest bent down towards mine, and through the darkness I discerned the features of Rupert of Hentzau. He was panting with his sudden exertion and the intense force with which he held me, but he was smiling also; and when he saw by my eyes that I knew him, he laughed softly in triumph.

Then came Rischenheim's voice again.

"Where's the bag he carried? It may be in the bag."

"You fool, he'll have it about him," said Rupert, scornfully. "Hold him fast while I search."

On either side my hands were still pinned fast. Rupert's left hand did not leave my throat, but his free right hand began to dart about me, feeling, probing, and rummaging. I lay quite helpless and in the bitterness of great consternation. Rupert found my revolver, drew it out with a gibe, and handed it to Rischenheim, who was now standing beside him. Then he felt the box, he drew it out, his eyes sparkled. He set his knee hard on my chest, so that I could scarcely breathe; then he ventured to loose my throat, and tore the box open eagerly.

"Bring a light here," he cried. Another ruffian came with a dark-lantern, whose glow he turned on the box. Rupert opened it, and when he saw what was inside, he laughed again, and stowed it away in his pocket.

"Quick, quick!" urged Rischenheim. "We've got what we wanted, and somebody may come at any moment."

A brief hope comforted me. The loss of the box was a calamity, but I would pardon fortune if only the letter escaped capture. Rupert might have suspected

that I carried some such token as the box, but he could not know of the letter. Would he listen to Rischenheim? No. The Count of Hentzau did things thoroughly.

"We may as well overhaul him a bit more," said he, and resumed his search. My hope vanished, for now he was bound to come upon the letter.

Another instant brought him to it. He snatched the pocket-book, and, motioning impatiently to the man to hold the lantern nearer, he began to examine the contents. I remember well the look of his face as the fierce white light threw it up against the darkness in its clear pallor and high-bred comeliness, with its curling lips and scornful eyes. He had the letter now, and a gleam of joy danced in his eyes as he tore it open. A hasty glance showed him what his prize was; then, coolly and deliberately he settled himself to read, regarding neither Rischenheim's nervous hurry nor my desperate, angry glance that glared up at him. He read leisurely, as though he had been in an arm-chair in his own house; the lips smiled and curled as he read the last words that the queen had written to her lover. He had indeed come on more than he thought.

Rischenheim laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Quick, Rupert, quick," he urged again, in a voice full of agitation.

"Let me alone, man. I haven't read anything so amusing for a long while," answered Rupert. Then he burst into a laugh, crying, "Look, look!" and pointing to the foot of the last page of the letter. I was mad with anger; my fury gave me new strength. In his enjoyment of what he read Rupert had grown careless; his knee pressed more lightly on me, and as he showed Rischenheim the passage in the letter that caused him so much amusement he turned his head away for an instant. My chance had come. With a sudden movement I displaced him, and with a desperate wrench I freed my right hand. Darting it out, I snatched at the letter. Rupert, alarmed for his treasure, sprang back and off me. I also sprang up on my feet, hurling away the fellow who had gripped my other hand. For a moment I stood facing Rupert; then I darted on him. He was too quick for me; he dodged behind the man with the lantern and hurled the fellow forward against me. The lantern fell on the ground.

"Give me your stick!" I heard Rupert say. "Where is it? That's right!"

Then came Rischenheim's voice again, imploring and timid:

"Rupert, you promised not to kill him."

The only answer was a short, fierce laugh. I hurled away the man who had been thrust into my arms and sprang forward. I saw Rupert of Hentzau; his hand was raised above his head and held a stout club. I do not know what followed; there came—all in a confused blur of instant sequence—an oath from Rupert, a rush from me, a scuffle, as though some one sought to hold him back; then he was on me; I felt a great thud on my forehead, and I felt nothing more. Again I was on my back, with a terrible pain in my head, and a dull, dreamy consciousness of a knot of men standing over me, talking eagerly to one another.

I could not hear what they were saying; I had no great desire to hear. I fancied, somehow, that they were talking about me; they looked at me and moved their hands towards me now and again. I heard Rupert's laugh, and saw his club poised over me; then Rischenheim caught him by the wrist. I know now that Rischenheim was reminding his cousin that he had promised not to kill me, that Rupert's oath did not weigh a straw in the scales, but that he was held back only by a doubt whether I alive or my dead body would be more inconvenient to dispose of. Yet then I did not understand, but lay there listless. And presently the talking forms seemed to cease their talking; they grew blurred and dim, running into one another, and all mingling together to form one great shapeless creature that seemed to murmur and gibber over me, some such monster as a man sees in his dreams. I hated to see it, and closed my eye; its murmurings and gibberings haunted my ears for awhile, making me restless and unhappy; then they died away. Their going made me happy; I sighed in contentment; and everything became as though it were not.

Yet I had one more vision, breaking suddenly across my unconsciousness. A bold, rich voice rang out, "By God, I will!" "No, no," cried another. Then, "What's that?" There was a rush of feet, the cries of men who met in anger or excitement, the crack of a shot and of another quickly following, oaths, and scuffling. Then came the sound of feet flying. I could not make it out; I grew weary with the puzzle of it. Would they not be quiet? Quiet was what I wanted.

At last they grew quiet; I closed my eyes again. The pain was less now; they were quiet; I could sleep.

When a man looks back on the past, reviewing in his mind the chances Fortune has given and the calls she has made, he always torments himself by thinking that he could have done other and better than in fact he did. Even now I lie awake at night sometimes, making clever plans by which I could have thwarted Rupert's schemes. In these musings I am very acute; Anton von Strofzin's idle talk furnishes me with many a clue, and I draw inferences sure and swift as a detective in the story books. Bauer is my tool, I am not his. I lay Rischenheim by the heels, send Rupert howling off with a ball in his arm, and carry my precious burden in triumph to Mr. Rassendyll. By the time I have played the whole game I am indeed proud of myself. Yet in truth—in daylight truth—I fear that, unless heaven sent me a fresh set of brains, I should be caught in much the same way again. Though not by that fellow Bauer, I swear! Well, there it was. They had made a fool of me. I lay on the road with a bloody head, and Rupert of Hentzau had the queen's letter.

CHAPTER III.

AGAIN TO ZENDA.

By Heaven's care, or—since a man may be over apt to arrogate to himself a great share of such attention—by good luck, I had not to trust for my life to the slender thread of an oath sworn by Rupert of Hentzau. The visions of my dazed brain were transmutations of reality; the scuffle, the rush, the retreat were not all dream.

There is an honest fellow now living in Wintenberg comfortably and at his ease by reason that his wagon chanced to come lumbering along with three or four stout lads in it at the moment when Rupert was meditating a second and murderous blow. Seeing the group of us, the good carrier and his lads leapt down and rushed on my assailants. One of the thieves, they said, was for fighting it out—I could guess who that was—and called on the rest to stand; but they, more prudent, laid hands on him, and, in spite of his oaths, hustled him off along the road towards the station. Open country lay there and the promise of safety. My new friends set off in pursuit; but a couple of revolver shots, heard by

me, but not understood, awoke their caution. Good Samaritans, but not men of war, they returned to where I lay senseless on the ground, congratulating themselves and me that an enemy so well armed should run and not stand his ground. They forced a drink of rough wine down my throat, and in a minute or two I opened my eyes. They were for carrying me to a hospital; I would have none of it. As soon as things grew clear to me again and I knew where I was, I did nothing but repeat in urgent tones, "The Golden Lion, The Golden Lion! Twenty crowns to carry me to the Golden Lion."

Perceiving that I knew my own business and where I wished to go, one picked up my handbag and the rest hoisted me into their wagon and set out for the hotel where Rudolf Rassendyll was. The one thought my broken head held was to get to him as soon as might be and tell him how I had been fool enough to let myself be robbed of the queen's letter.

He was there. He stood on the threshold of the inn, waiting for me, as it seemed, although it was not yet the hour of my appointment. As they drew me up to the door, I saw his tall, straight figure and his red hair by the light of the hall lamps. By Heaven, I felt as a lost child must on sight of his mother! I stretched out my hand to him, over the side of the wagon, murmuring, "I've lost it."

He started at the words, and sprang forward to me. Then he turned quickly to the carrier.

"This gentleman is my friend," he said. "Give him to me. I'll speak to you later." He waited while I was lifted down from the wagon into the arms that he held ready for me, and himself carried me across the threshold. I was quite clear in the head by now and understood all that passed. There were one or two people in the hall, but Mr. Rassendyll took no heed of them. He bore me quickly upstairs and into his sitting-room. There he set me down in an arm-chair, and stood opposite to me. He was smiling, but anxiety was awake in his eyes.

"I've lost it," I said again, looking up at him pitifully enough.

"That's all right," said he, nodding. "Will you wait, or can you tell me?"

"Yes, but give me some brandy," said I.

Rudolf gave me a little brandy mixed in a great deal of water, and then I made shift to tell him. Though faint, I was not confused, and I gave my story in brief,

hurried, yet sufficient words. He made no sign till I mentioned the letter. Then his face changed.

"A letter, too?" he exclaimed, in a strange mixture of increased apprehension and unlooked-for joy.

"Yes, a letter, too; she wrote a letter, and I carried that as well as the box. I've lost them both, Rudolf. God help me, I've lost them both! Rupert has the letter too!" I think I must have been weak and unmanned from the blow I had received, for my composure broke down here. Rudolf stepped up to me and wrung me by the hand. I mastered myself again and looked in his face as he stood in thought, his hand caressing the strong curve of his clean-shaven chin. Now that I was with him again it seemed as though I had never lost him; as though we were still together in Strelsau or at Tarlenheim, planning how to hoodwink Black Michael, send Rupert of Hentzau to his own place, and bring the king back to his throne. For Mr. Rassendyll, as he stood before me now, was changed in nothing since our last meeting, nor indeed since he reigned in Strelsau, save that a few flecks of gray spotted his hair.

My battered head ached most consumedly. Mr. Rassendyll rang the bell twice, and a short, thick-set man of middle age appeared; he wore a suit of tweed, and had the air of smartness and respectability which marks English servants.

"James," said Rudolf, "this gentleman has hurt his head. Look after it."

James went out. In a few minutes he was back, with water, basin, towels, and bandages. Bending over me, he began to wash and tend my wound very deftly. Rudolf was walking up and down.

"Done the head, James?" he asked, after a few moments.

"Yes, sir," answered the servant, gathering together his appliances.

"Telegraph forms, then."

James went out, and was back with the forms in an instant.

"Be ready when I ring," said Rudolf. And he added, turning to me, "Any easier, Fritz?"

"I can listen to you now," I said.

"I see their game," said he. "One or other of them, Rupert or this Rischenheim, will try to get to the king with the letter."

I sprang to my feet.

"They mustn't," I cried, and I reeled back into my chair, with a feeling as if a

red-hot poker were being run through my head.

"Much you can do to stop 'em, old fellow," smiled Rudolf, pausing to press my hand as he went by. "They won't trust the post, you know. One will go. Now which?" He stood facing me with a thoughtful frown on his face.

I did not know, but I thought that Rischenheim would go. It was a great risk for Rupert to trust himself in the kingdom, and he knew that the king would not easily be persuaded to receive him, however startling might be the business he professed as his errand. On the other hand, nothing was known against Rischenheim, while his rank would secure, and indeed entitle, him to an early audience. Therefore I concluded that Rischenheim would go with the letter, or, if Rupert would not let that out of his possession, with the news of the letter.

"Or a copy," suggested Rassendyll. "Well, Rischenheim or Rupert will be on his way by to-morrow morning, or is on his way to-night."

Again I tried to rise, for I was on fire to prevent the fatal consequences of my stupidity. Rudolf thrust me back in my chair, saying, "No, no." Then he sat down at the table and took up the telegraph forms.

"You and Sapt arranged a cipher, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes. You write the message, and I'll put it into the cipher."

"This is what I've written: 'Document lost. Let nobody see him if possible. Wire who asks.' I don't like to make it plainer: most ciphers can be read, you know."

"Not ours," said I.

"Well, but will that do?" asked Rudolf, with an unconvinced smile.

"Yes, I think he'll understand it." And I wrote it again in the cipher; it was as much as I could do to hold the pen.

The bell was rung again, and James appeared in an instant.

"Send this," said Rudolf.

"The offices will be shut, sir."

"James, James!"

"Very good, sir; but it may take an hour to get one open."

"I'll give you half an hour. Have you money?"

"Yes, sir."

"And now," added Rudolf, turning to me, "you'd better go to bed."

I do not recollect what I answered, for my faintness came upon me again, and I remember only that Rudolf himself

helped me into his own bed. I slept, but I do not think he so much as lay down on the sofa; chancing to awake once or twice, I heard him pacing about. But towards morning I slept heavily, and I did not know what he was doing then. At eight o'clock James entered and roused me. He said that a doctor was to be at the hotel in half an hour, but that Mr. Rassendyll would like to see me for a few minutes if I felt equal to business. I begged James to summon his master at once. Whether I were equal or unequal, the business had to be done.

Rudolf came, calm and serene. Danger and the need for exertion acted on him like a draught of good wine on a seasoned drinker. He was not only himself, but more than himself: his excellences enhanced, the indolence that marred him in quiet hours sloughed off. But to-day there was something more; I can only describe it as a kind of radiance. I have seen it on the faces of young sparks when the lady they love comes through the ball-room door, and I have seen it glow more softly in a girl's eyes when some fellow who seemed to me nothing out of the ordinary asked her for a dance. That strange gleam was on Rudolf's face as he stood by my bedside. I dare say it used to be on mine when I went courting.

"Fritz, old friend," said he, "there's an answer from Sapt. I'll lay the telegraph offices were stirred at Zenda as well as James stirred them here in Wintenberg! And what do you think? Rischenheim asked for an audience before he left Strelsau."

I raised myself on my elbow in the bed.

"You understand?" he went on. "He left on Monday. To-day's Wednesday. The king has granted him an audience at four on Friday. Well, then——"

"They counted on success," I cried, "and Rischenheim takes the letter!"

"A copy, if I know Rupert of Hentzau. Yes, it was well laid. I like the men taking all the cabs! How much ahead had they, now?"

I did not know that, though I had no more doubt than he that Rupert's hand was in the business.

"Well," he continued, "I am going to wire to Sapt to put Rischenheim off for twelve hours if he can; failing that, to get the king away from Zenda."

"But Rischenheim must have his audience sooner or later," I objected.

"Sooner or later—there's the world's

difference between them!" cried Rudolf Rassendyll. He sat down on the bed by me, and went on in quick, decisive words: "You can't move for a day or two. Send my message to Sapt. Tell him to keep you informed of what happens. As soon as you can travel, go to Strelsau, and let Sapt know directly you arrive. We shall want your help."

"And what are you going to do?" I cried, staring at him.

He looked at me for a moment, and his face was crossed by conflicting feelings. I saw resolve there, obstinacy, and the scorn of danger; fun, too, and merriment; and, lastly, the same radiance I spoke of. He had been smoking a cigarette; now he threw the end of it into the grate and rose from the bed where he had been sitting.

"I'm going to Zenda," said he.

"To Zenda!" I cried, amazed.

"Yes," said Rudolf. "I'm going again to Zenda, Fritz, old fellow. By heaven, I knew it would come, and now it has come!"

"But to do what?"

"I shall overtake Rischenheim or be hot on his heels. If he gets there first, Sapt will keep him waiting till I come; and if I come, he shall never see the king. Yes, if I come in time—" He broke into a sudden laugh. "What!" he cried, "have I lost my likeness? Can't I still play the king? Yes, if I come in time, Rischenheim shall have his audience of the king of Zenda, and the king will be very gracious to him, and the king will take his copy of the letter from him! Oh, Rischenheim shall have an audience of King Rudolf in the castle of Zenda, never fear!"

He stood, looking to see how I received his plan; but amazed at the boldness of it, I could only lie back and gasp.

Rudolf's excitement left him as suddenly as it had come; he was again the cool, shrewd, nonchalant Englishman, as, lighting another cigarette, he proceeded:

"You see, there are two of them, Rupert and Rischenheim. Now you can't move for a day or two, that's certain. But there must be two of us there in Ruritania. Rischenheim is to try first; but if he fails, Rupert will risk everything and break through to the king's presence. Give him five minutes with the king, and the mischief's done! Very well, then; Sapt must keep Rupert at bay while I tackle Rischenheim. As soon as you can move, go to Strelsau, and let Sapt know where you are."

"But if you're seen, if you're found out?"

"Better I than the queen's letter," said he. Then he laid his hand on my arm and said, quite quietly, "If the letter gets to the king, I and I only can do what must be done."

I did not know what he meant; perhaps it was that he would carry off the queen sooner than leave her alone after her letter was known; but there was another possible meaning that I, a loyal subject, dared not inquire into. Yet I made no answer, for I was above all and first of all the queen's servant. Still I cannot believe that he meant harm to the king.

"Come, Fritz," he cried, "don't look so glum. This is not so great an affair as the other, and we brought that through safe." I suppose I still looked doubtful, for he added, with a sort of impatience, "Well, I'm going, anyhow. Heavens, man, am I to sit here while that letter is carried to the king?"

I understood his feeling, and knew that he held life a light thing compared with the recovery of Queen Flavia's letter. I ceased to urge him. When I assented to his wishes, every shadow vanished from his face, and we began to discuss the details of the plan with business-like brevity.

"I shall leave James with you," said Rudolf. "He'll be very useful, and you can rely on him absolutely. Any message that you dare trust to no other conveyance, give to him; he'll carry it. He can shoot, too." He rose as he spoke. "I'll look in before I start," he added, "and hear what the doctor says about you."

I lay there, thinking, as men sick and weary in body will, of the dangers and the desperate nature of the risk, rather than of the hope which its boldness would have inspired in a healthy, active brain. I distrusted the rapid inference that Rudolf had drawn from Sapt's telegram, telling myself that it was based on too slender a foundation. Well, there I was wrong, and I am glad now to pay that tribute to his discernment. The first steps of Rupert's scheme were laid as Rudolf had conjectured: Rischenheim had started, even while I lay there, for Zenda, carrying on his person a copy of the queen's farewell letter and armed for his enterprise by his right of audience with the king. So far we were right, then; for the rest we were in darkness, not knowing or being able even to guess where Rupert would choose to await the result of the first cast, or

what precautions he had taken against the failure of his envoy. But although in total obscurity as to his future plans, I traced his past actions, and subsequent knowledge has shown that I was right. Bauer was his tool; a couple of florins a piece had hired the fellows who, conceiving that they were playing a part in some practical joke, had taken all the cabs at the station. Rupert had reckoned that I should linger looking for my servant and luggage, and thus miss my last chance of a vehicle. If, however, I had obtained one, the attack would still have been made, although, of course, under much greater difficulties. Finally—and of this at the time I knew nothing—had I evaded them and got safe to port with my cargo, the plot would have been changed. Rupert's attention would then have been diverted from me to Rudolf; counting on love overcoming prudence, he reckoned that Mr. Rassendyll would not at once destroy what the queen sent, and had arranged to track his steps from Wintenberg till an opportunity offered of robbing him of his treasure. The scheme, as I know it, was full of audacious cunning, and required large resources—the former Rupert himself supplied; for the second he was indebted to his cousin and slave, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim.

My meditations were interrupted by the arrival of the doctor. He hummed and ha'd over me, but to my surprise asked me no questions as to the cause of my misfortune, and did not, as I had feared, suggest that his efforts should be seconded by those of the police. On the contrary, he appeared, from an unobtrusive hint or two, to be anxious that I should know that his discretion could be trusted.

"You must not think of moving for a couple of days," he said; "but then I think we can get you away without danger and quite quietly."

I thanked him; he promised to look in again; I murmured something about his fee.

"Oh, thank you, that is all settled," he said. "Your friend Herr Schmidt has seen to it, and, my dear sir, most liberally."

He was hardly gone when 'my friend Herr Schmidt'—*alias* Rudolf Rassendyll—was back. He laughed a little when I told him how discreet the doctor had been.

"You see," he explained, "he thinks you've been very indiscreet. I was obliged, my dear Fritz, to take some liberties with your character. However, it's

odds against the matter coming to your wife's ears."

"But couldn't we have laid the others by the heels?"

"With the letter on Rupert? My dear fellow, you're very ill."

I laughed at myself, and forgave Rudolf his trick, though I think that he might have made my fictitious *inamorata* something more than a baker's wife. It would have cost no more to make her a countess, and the doctor would have looked with more respect on me. However, Rudolf had said that the baker broke my head with his rolling-pin, and thus the story rests in the doctor's mind to this day.

"Well, I'm off," said Rudolf.

"But where?"

"Why, to that same little station where two good friends parted from me once before. Fritz, where's Rupert gone?"

"I wish we knew."

"I lay he won't be far off."

"Are you armed?"

"The six-shooter. Well, yes, since you press me, a knife, too; but only if he uses one. You'll let Sapt know when you come?"

"Yes; and I come the moment I can stand?"

"As if you need tell me that, old fellow!"

"Where do you go from the station?"

"To Zenda, through the forest," he answered. "I shall reach the station about nine to-morrow night, Thursday. Unless Rischenheim has got the audience sooner than was arranged, I shall be in time."

"How will you get hold of Sapt?"

"We must leave something to the minute."

"God bless you, Rudolf."

"The king shan't have the letter, Fritz."

There was a moment's silence as we shook hands. Then that soft yet bright look came in his eyes again. He looked down at me, and caught me regarding him with a smile that I know was not unkind.

"I never thought I should see her again," he said. "I think I shall now, Fritz. To have a turn with that boy and to see her again—it's worth something."

"How will you see her?"

Rudolf laughed, and I laughed too. He caught my hand again. I think that he was anxious to infect me with his gaiety and confidence. But I could not answer to the appeal of his eyes. There was a motive in him that found no place in me—a great longing, the prospect or

hope of whose sudden fulfilment dwarfed danger and banished despair. He saw that I detected its presence in him and perceived how it filled his mind.

"But the letter comes before all," said he. "I expected to die without seeing her; I will die without seeing her, if I must, to save the letter."

"I know you will," said I.

He pressed my hand again. As he turned away, James came with his noiseless, quick step into the room.

"The carriage is at the door, sir," said he.

"Look after the count, James," said Rudolf. "Don't leave him till he sends you away."

"Very well, sir."

I raised myself in bed.

"Here's luck," I cried, catching up the lemonade James had brought me, and taking a gulp of it.


"Please God," said Rudolf, with a shrug.

And he was gone to his work and his reward—to save the queen's letter and to see the queen's face. Thus he went a second time to Zenda.

(To be continued.)

The Archbishop's Christmas Gift

by Robert Barr.



ARRAS, blacksmith and armorer, stood at the door of his hut in the valley of the Alf, a league or so from the Moselle, on a summer evening. He was the most powerful man in all the Alf-thal, and few could lift the iron sledge-hammer which he wielded as if it were a toy. Arras had twelve sons, scarcely less stalwart than himself, some of whom helped him in his occupation of blacksmith and armorer, while the others tilled the ground near by, earning from the rich soil of the valley what sustenance the whole family needed.

The blacksmith heard, coming up the valley of the Alf, the hoof-beats of a horse; and his quick, experienced ear told him, distant though the animal yet was, that one of its shoes was loose. As the hurrying rider came within call, the blacksmith shouted to him in stentorian tones:

"Friend, pause a moment, until I fasten again the shoe on your horse's foot."

"I cannot stop," was the brief answer.

"Then your animal will go lame," rejoined the blacksmith.

"Better lose the horse than an empire," replied the rider, hurrying on.

"Now what does that mean?" said the blacksmith to himself, as he watched the disappearing rider, while the click, click of the loosened shoe became fainter and fainter in the distance.

If the blacksmith could have followed the rider into Castle Bertrich, a short distance farther up the valley, he would speedily have learned the meaning of the hasty phrase the horseman had flung behind him as he rode past.

Ascending the winding road which led to the gates of the castle as hurriedly as the jaded condition of his beast would permit, the horseman paused, unloosed the horn from his belt, and blew a blast that echoed from the wooded hills all around. Presently an officer appeared

above the gateway, accompanied by two or three armed men, and demanded who the stranger was and why he asked admission. The horseman, amazed at the officer's ignorance of heraldry, which caused him to inquire as to his quality, answered with some haughtiness:

"I, messenger of the Archbishop of Treves, demand instant audience with Count Bertrich."

The officer, without reply, disappeared from the castle walls, and presently the great leaves of the gate were thrown open, whereupon the horseman rode his tired animal into the courtyard and flung himself off. "My horse's shoe is loose," he said to the captain. "I ask you to have your armorer immediately attend to it."

"In truth," replied the officer, shrugging his shoulders, "there is more drinking than fighting in Castle Bertrich; consequently, we do not possess an armorer. If you want blacksmithing done you must betake yourself to armorer Arras in the valley, who will put either horse or armor right for you."

With this the messenger was forced to be content, and begging the attendant who took charge of his horse to remember that it had traveled far, and had still, when rested, a long journey before it, he followed the captain into the great rittersaal of the castle, where, on entering, after having been announced, he found the Count of Bertrich sitting at the head of a long table, a gigantic wine-flagon in hand, which he was industriously emptying.

Extending down each side of the table were numerous nobles, knights, and warriors, who, to judge by the hasty glance bestowed upon them by the archbishop's messenger, seemed to be following energetically the example set them by their lord at the head.

Count Bertrich's hair was unkempt, his face a purplish red, his eyes bloodshot, and his corselet, open at the throat, showed the great bull-neck of the man, on whose gigantic frame constant dissipation seemed to have only temporary effect.

"Well!" roared the nobleman, in a voice that made the rafters ring. "What would you with Count Bertrich?"

"I bear an urgent despatch to you from my lord the Archbishop of Treves," replied the messenger.

"Then down on your knees and present it," cried the count, beating the table with his flagon.

"I am envoy of his lordship of Treves," said the messenger sternly.

"You told us that before," cried the count; "and now you stand in the hall of Bertrich. Kneel, therefore, to its master."

"I represent the archbishop," reiterated the messenger, "and I kneel to none but God and the Emperor."

Count Bertrich rose somewhat uncertainly to his feet, his whole frame trembling with anger, volleying forth oaths upon threats. The tall nobleman at his right hand also rose, as did many of the others who sat at the table. The tall nobleman, placing hand on the arm of his furious host, said warningly:

"My lord count, the man is right. It is against the feudal law that he should kneel or that you should demand it. The Archbishop of Treves is your overlord, as well as ours, and it is not fitting that his messenger should bend the knee before us."

"That is truth; the feudal law," muttered others down each side of the table.

The enraged count glared upon them one after another, partially subdued by their breaking away from him.

The envoy stood calm and collected, awaiting the outcome of the tumult. The count, cursing the absent archbishop and his present guests with equal impartiality, sat slowly down again, and, flinging his empty flagon at an attendant, demanded that it should be refilled. The others now resumed their seats, and the count cried out, but with less of truculence in his tone:

"What message sent the archbishop to Castle Bertrich?"

"His lordship the Archbishop of Treves requires me to inform Count Bertrich and the assembled nobles that the Hungarians have forced passage across the Rhine and are now about to make their way through the defiles of the Eifel into this valley, intending then to march upon Treves, lay that ancient city in ruin, and carry havoc over the surrounding country. His lordship commands you, Count Bertrich, to rally your men about you and hold the infidels in check in the defiles of the Eifel until the archbishop, at the head of his army, comes to your relief from Treves."

There was deep silence in the large hall after this startling announcement; then the count replied:

"Tell the Archbishop of Treves that, if the lords of the Rhine cannot keep back the Hungarians, it is hardly likely that we, less powerful, near the Moselle can do it."

"His lordship urges instant compliance

with his request, and I am to say that you refuse at your peril. A few hundred men can hold the Hungarians in check while they are passing through the narrow ravines of the Eifel, while as many thousands might not be as successful against them should they once reach the open valleys of the Alf and the Moselle. His lordship would also have you further know that this campaign is as much

in your own interest as in his; for the Hungarians, in their devastating march, spare neither the high nor the low."

"Tell his lordship," hiccoughed the count, "that I sit safely in my castle of Bertrich, and I defy all the Hungarians that ever were let loose to disturb me therein. If the archbishop keep Treves as tightly as I shall hold Castle Bertrich, there is little to fear from the invaders."

"Am I to return to Treves, then, with your refusal?" asked the envoy.

"You may return to Treves as best pleases you, so that you rid us of your presence here, where you mar good company."

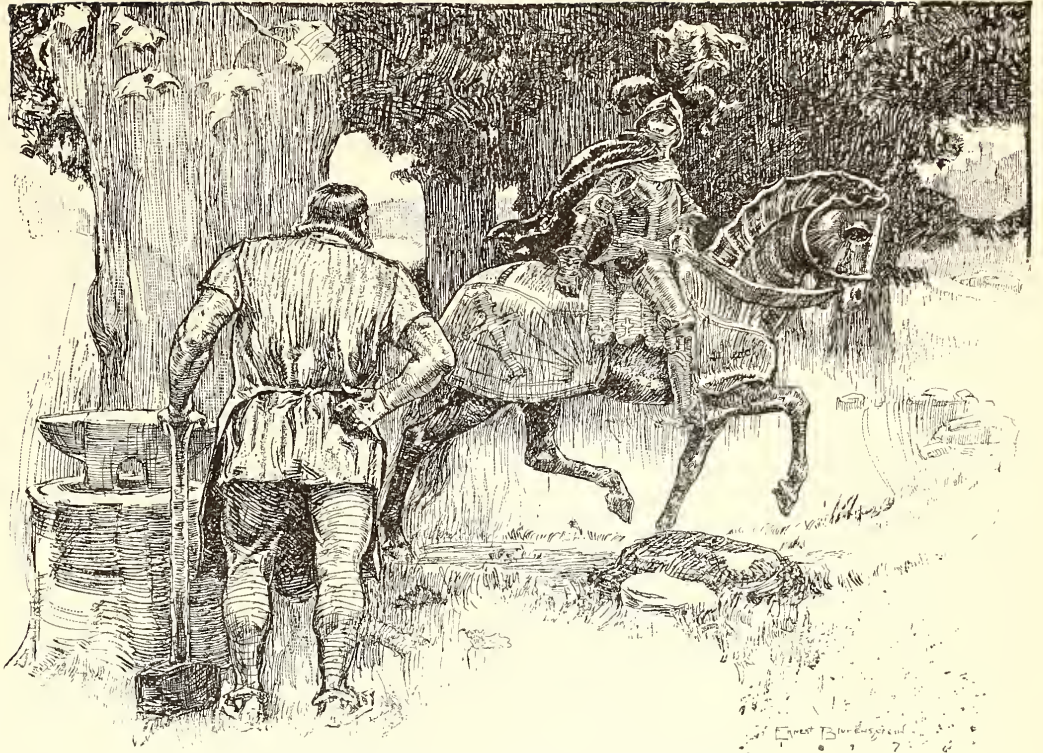
The envoy, without further speech, bowed to Count Bertrich, and also to the assembled nobles, then passed silently out of the hall, returning to the courtyard of the castle, where he demanded that his horse be brought to him.

"The animal has had but scant time for feeding and rest," said the captain.

"'Twill be sufficient to carry us to the blacksmith's hut," answered the envoy, as he put foot in stirrup.

The blacksmith, still standing at the door of his smithy, heard again, coming from the castle, the click of the broken shoe; but this time the rider drew up before him, and said:

"The offer of help which you tendered me on a previous occasion I shall now be glad to accept. Do your work well, smith, and know that in the performing



"BETTER LOSE THE HORSE THAN AN EMPIRE."

of it you are obliging the Archbishop of Treves."

The armorer raised his cap at the mention of the august name, and invoked a blessing upon the head of that renowned and warlike prelate.

"You said something," spoke up the smith, "of loss of empire, as you rode by. I trust there is no disquieting news from Treves."

"Disquieting enough," replied the messenger. "The Hungarians have crossed the Rhine, and are now making their way towards the defiles of the Eifel. There a hundred men could hold the infidels in check; but you breed a scurvy set of nobles in the Alf-thal, for Count Bertrich disdains the command of his overlord to rise at the head of his men and stay the progress of the invader until the archbishop can come to his assistance."

"Now out upon the drunken count for a base coward!" cried the armorer, in anger. "May his castle be sacked and himself hanged on the highest turret for refusing aid to his overlord in time of need. I and my twelve sons know every defile, ravine, pass, rock, and cave in the Eifel. Would the archbishop, think you, accept the aid of such underlings as we, whose only commendation is that our hearts are as stout as our sinews?"

"What better warranty could the archbishop ask than that?" replied the envoy. "If you can hold back the Hungarians for four or five days, then I doubt not that

whatever you ask of the archbishop will be speedily granted."

"We shall ask nothing," cried the blacksmith, "but his blessing, and be deeply honored in receiving it."

Whereupon the blacksmith, seizing his hammer, went to the door of his hut, where there hung outside what seemed to be part of a suit of armor, which served, at the same time, as a sign of his profession and as a tocsin. He smote the hanging iron with his sledge until the clangorous reverberation echoed through all the valley, and presently there came hurrying to him eight of his stalwart sons, who had been occupied in tilling the fields.

"Scatter ye," cried the blacksmith, "over all the land where my name is known. Rouse the people, and tell them the Hungarians are upon us. Urge all to collect here at the smithy before midnight, with whatever of arms or weapons they may be possessed. Those who have no arms let them bring poles for pike-handles, and your brothers and myself will busily make pike-heads of iron until they come. Tell them they are called to action by a lord from the Archbishop of Treves himself, and that I shall lead them. Tell them they fight for their homes, their wives, and their children. And now away!"

The eight young men at once dispersed in several directions. The smith himself shod the envoy's horse, and begged him to inform the archbishop that they would defend the passes of the Eifel while a man of them remained alive.

Long before midnight the peasants came straggling to the smithy from all quarters, and by daylight the blacksmith had led them over the volcanic hills to the lip of the tremendous pass through which the Hungarians must come. The sides of this chasm were precipitous and hundreds of feet in height. Even the peasants themselves, knowing the rocks as they did, could not have climbed from the bottom of the pass below to the height they now occupied. They had, therefore, little fear that the numerous Hungarians could

scale the walls and decimate their scanty band.

When the Hungarian army appeared, the blacksmith and his men rolled great stones and rocks down upon them, practically annihilating the advance-guard and throwing the whole army into confusion. The week's struggle that followed forms one of the most exciting episodes in German history. Again and again the Hungarians attempted the pass, but nothing could withstand the avalanche of stones and rocks with which they were overwhelmed. Nevertheless the devoted little band did not have things all their own way. They were so few, and they had to keep such close watch night and day, that before the week was out many turned longing eyes in the direction from which the archbishop's army was expected to come. It was not until the seventh day that help arrived; and then the archbishop's forces speedily put to flight the now demoralized Hungarians, and chased them once more across the Rhine.

"There is nothing now left for us to do," said the tired blacksmith to his little following; "so I will get back to my forge, and you to your farms." And this, without more ado, they did; the cheering and inspiring ring of iron on anvil awakening the echoes of the *Alf-thal* once again.

The blacksmith and his twelve sons were at their noon-day meal when an imposing cavalcade rode up to the smithy, at the head of which procession was the archbishop, and the blacksmith and his dozen sons were covered with confusion to think they had such a distinguished visitor, without the means of receiving him in accordance with his station. But the archbishop said:

"Blacksmith Arras, you and your sons would not wait for me to thank you, so I am now come to you, that in the presence of all these followers of mine I may pay fitting tribute to your loyalty and your great bravery."

Then indeed did the modest blacksmith consider he had received more than ample compensation for what he had done, which, after all, as he told his neighbors, was merely his duty; so why should a man be thanked for it?

"Blacksmith," said the archbishop, as he mounted his horse to return to Treves, "thanks cost little and are easily bestowed. I hope, however, to have a Christmas present for you which will show the whole country round how much I esteem true valor."



COUNT BERTRICH.

At the mouth of the Alf-thal, somewhat back from the small village of Alf and overlooking the Moselle, stands a conical hill that completely commands the valley. The Archbishop of Treves, having had such a lesson regarding the dangers of an incursion through the volcanic region of the Eifel, put some hundreds of men at work on this conical hill, and erected on the top a strong castle, which was the wonder of the country. The year was nearing its end when this great stronghold was completed, and it began to be known throughout the land that the archbishop intended to hold high Christmas revel there, and had invited to the castle all the nobles in the country, while the chief guest was no other than the emperor him-

though the peasants were jubilant that one of their caste should thus be singled out to receive the favor of the famous archbishop, and meet not only great nobles but the emperor himself, still it was gossiped that the barons grumbled at this distinction being placed upon a serf like blacksmith Arras, and none were so loud in their complaints as the Count Bertrich, who had remained drinking in the castle while the blacksmith fought for the land. Nevertheless all the nobility accepted the invitation of the powerful Archbishop of Treves, and assembled in the great room of the new castle, each equipped in all the gorgeousness of full armor.

It had been rumored among the nobles that the emperor would not permit the archbishop to sully the caste of knighthood by asking the barons to recognize or hold converse with one in humble station of life. Indeed, had it been otherwise, Count Bertrich, with the barons to back him, was resolved to speak out boldly to the emperor, upholding the privileges of his class, and protesting against insult to it in the presence of the blacksmith and his twelve sons.

When all assembled in the great hall they found at the center of the long side-wall a magnificent throne erected, with a dais in front of it; and on this throne sat the emperor in state, while at his right hand stood the lordly Archbishop



"THE BLACKSMITH HAD LED THEM OVER THE VOLCANIC HILLS."

self. Then the neighbors of the blacksmith learned that a Christmas gift was about to be bestowed upon that stalwart man. He and his twelve sons received notification to attend at the castle and enjoy the whole week's festivity. He was commanded to come in his leathern apron, and to bring his huge sledge-hammer with him, which, the archbishop himself said, had now become as honorable a weapon as a two-handed sword itself.

Never before had such an honor been bestowed upon a common man; and, al-

and Elector of Treves. But, what was more disquieting, they beheld also the blacksmith standing before the dais, some distance in front of the emperor, clad in his leathern apron, with his big, brawny hands folded over the top of the handle of his huge sledge-hammer. Behind him were ranged his twelve sons. There were deep frowns on the brows of the nobles when they saw this; and, after kneeling and protesting their loyalty to the emperor, they stood aloof and apart, leaving a clear space between themselves and the plebeian black-

smith, on whom they cast lowering looks.

When the salutations to the emperor had been given, the archbishop took a step forward on the dais, and spoke in a clear voice that could be heard to the farthest corner of the room.

"My lords," he said, "I have invited you hither that you may have the privilege of doing honor to a brave man. I ask you to salute the blacksmith Arras, who, when his country was in danger, crushed the invaders as effectually as ever his right arm, wielding sledge, crushed hot iron."

A red flush of confusion overspread the face of the blacksmith; but loud murmurs broke out among the nobility, and none stepped forward to salute him. One indeed stepped forward, but it was to appeal to the emperor.

"Your Majesty," said Count Bertrich, "this is an unwarranted breach of our privileges. It is not meet that we, holding noble names, should be asked to consort with an untitled blacksmith. I appeal to your Majesty against the archbishop under the feudal law." •

All eyes turned upon the emperor, who, after a pause, spoke and said:

"Count Bertrich is right, and I sustain his appeal."

An expression of triumph came into the red, bibulous face of Count Bertrich, and the nobles shouted joyously:

"The emperor, the emperor!"

The archbishop, however, seemed in no way nonplussed by his defeat; but said, addressing the armorer:

"Advance, blacksmith, and do homage to your emperor and mine."

When the blacksmith knelt before the throne, the emperor, taking his jeweled sword from his side, smote him lightly on his broad shoulders, saying:

"Arise, Count Arras, noble of the German empire, and first lord of the Alf-thal."

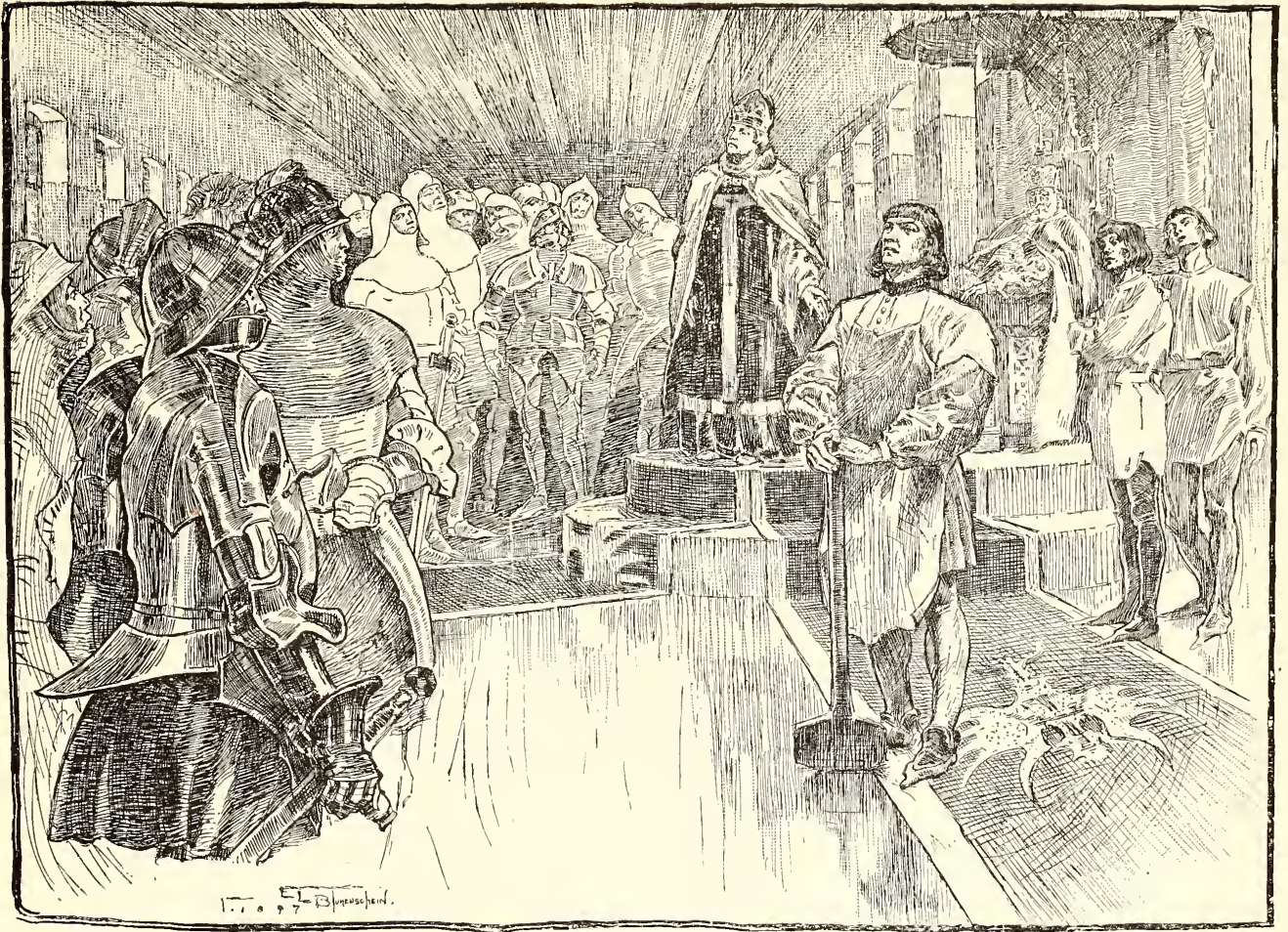
The blacksmith rose slowly to his feet, bowed lowly to the emperor, and backed to the place where he had formerly stood, again resting his hands on the handle of his sledge-hammer.

The look of exultation faded from the face of Count Bertrich, and was replaced by an expression of dismay; for he had been, till that moment, himself first lord of the Alf-thal, with none second.

"My lords," once more spoke up the



"THE BLACKSMITH AND HIS MEN ROLLED GREAT STONES AND ROCKS DOWN UPON THEM."



"MY LORDS, . . . I ASK YOU TO SALUTE THE BLACKSMITH."

archbishop, "I ask you to salute Count Arras, first lord of the Alf-thal."

No noble moved, and again Count Bertrich appealed to the emperor.

"Are we to receive on terms of equality," he said, "a landless man—a count of a blacksmith's hut, a first lord of a forge? For the second time I appeal to your Majesty against such an outrage."

The emperor replied calmly:

"Again I support the appeal of Count Bertrich."

There was this time no applause from the surrounding nobles; for many of them had some smattering idea of what was next to happen, although the muddled brain of Count Bertrich gave him no intimation of it.

"Count Arras," said the archbishop, "I promised you a Christmas gift when last I left you at your smithy door. I now bestow upon you and your heirs forever this castle of Burg Arras and the lands adjoining it. I ask you to hold it for me well and faithfully, as you held the pass of the Eifel. My lords," continued the archbishop, turning to the nobles, with a ring of menace in his voice, "I ask you to salute Count Arras, your equal in title, your equal in possessions, and the superior

of any one of you in patriotism and bravery. If any noble question his courage, let him neglect to give Count of Burg Arras his title and salutation as he passes before him."

"Indeed, and that will not I," said the tall noble who had sat at Bertrich's right hand in his castle; "for, my lords, if we hesitate longer, this doughty blacksmith will be emperor before we know it." Then advancing towards the ex-armorer, he said:

"My lord, Count of Burg Arras, it gives me pleasure to salute you and to hope that when emperor or archbishop are to be fought for your arm will be no less powerful in a coat of mail than it was when you wore a leathern apron."

One by one the nobles passed and saluted, as their leader had done, Count Bertrich hanging back until the last; then, as he passed the new Count of Burg Arras, he hissed at him, with a look of rage, the single word "*Blacksmith!*"

The Count of Burg Arras, stirred to sudden anger, and forgetting in whose presence he stood, swung his huge sledgehammer round his head, and brought it down on the armored back of Count Bertrich, roaring the word "*Anvil!*"

The armor splintered like crushed ice, and Count Bertrich fell prone on his face and lay there. There was instant cry of "Treason! treason!" and shouts of: "No man may draw arms in the emperor's presence."

"My lord emperor," cried the Count of Burg Arras, "I crave pardon if I have done amiss. A man does not forget the tricks of his old calling when he takes on new honors. Your Majesty has said that I am a count. This man, having heard your Majesty's word, proclaims me blacksmith, and so gives the lie to his emperor. For this I struck him, and would again, even though he stood before the throne in a palace or the altar in a cathedral. If that be treason, take from me your hon-

ors and let me back to my forge, where this same hammer will mend the armor it has broken or beat him out a new back-piece."

"You have broken no tenet of the feudal law," said the emperor. "You have broken nothing, I trust, but the count's armor; for, as I see he is arousing himself, doubtless no bones are broken. The feudal law does not regard a blacksmith's hammer as a weapon. And as for treason, Count of Burg Arras, may my throne always be surrounded by such treason as yours!"

And for centuries after, the descendants of the blacksmith were Counts of Burg Arras and held the castle of that name, whose ruins to-day attest the excellence of the archbishop's building.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY CHARLES A. DANA,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

II.

FROM MEMPHIS TO VICKSBURG—THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

IT was from Columbus, Kentucky, on March 20, 1863, that I sent my first telegram to the War Department.

I did not remain in Columbus long, for there was absolutely no trustworthy information there respecting affairs down the river, but took a boat to Memphis, where I arrived March 23d. I found General Hurlbut in command. I had met Hurlbut in January, when on my cotton business, and he gave me every opportunity to gather information concerning the operations against Vicksburg. But in spite of all his courtesies, I had not been long at Memphis before I decided that it was impossible to gather trustworthy news there. I accordingly suggested to Mr. Stanton, three days after my arrival, that I would be more useful farther down the river. In reply he telegraphed me:

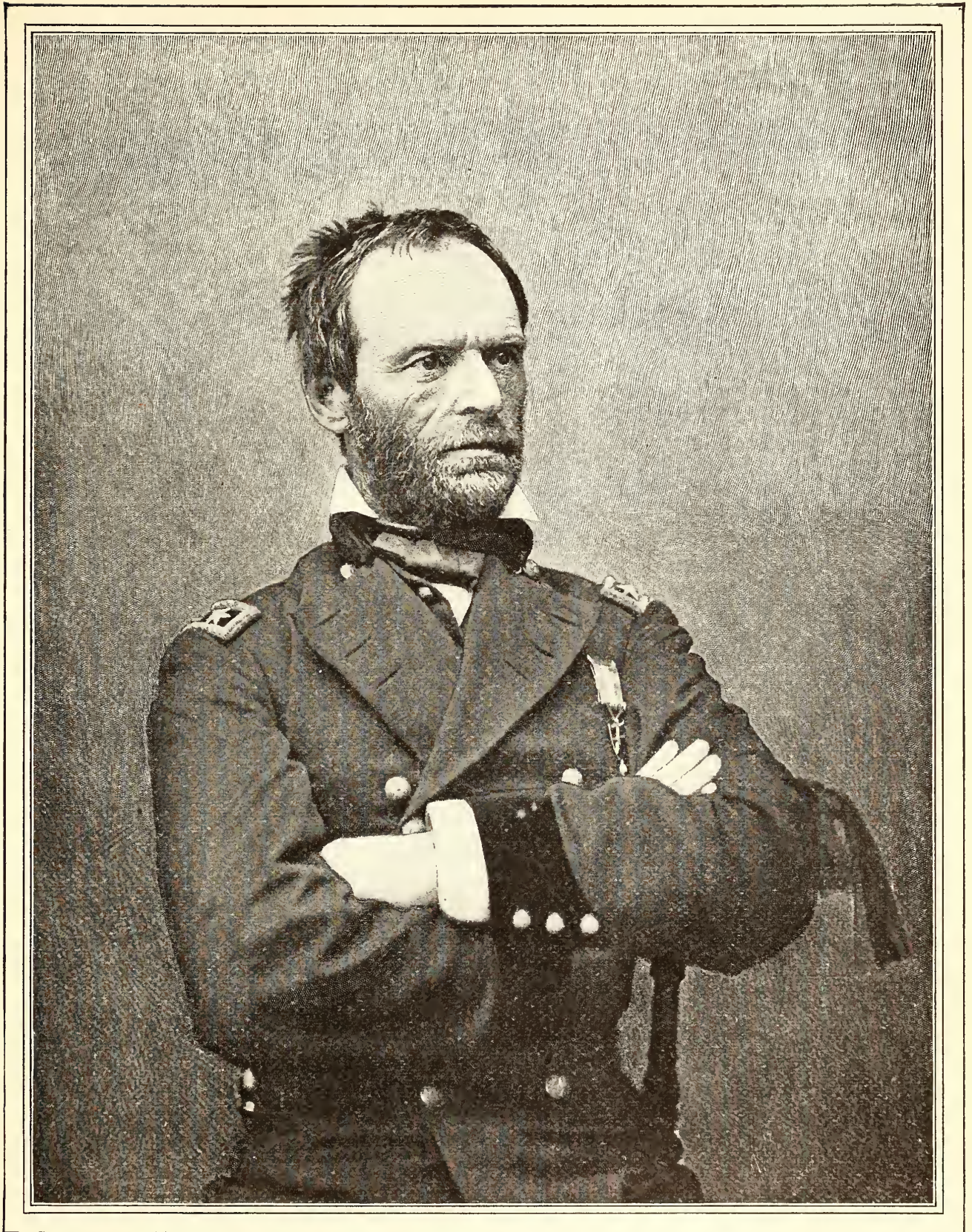
I am conscious that arises from no fault of yours. You will proceed to General Grant's headquarters, or wherever you may be best able to accomplish the purposes designated by this Department. You will consider your movements to be governed by your own discretion without any restriction.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

As soon after receiving this telegram as I could get a boat, I left Memphis for Milliken's Bend, where General Grant had his headquarters. I reached there at noon on April 6th. The Mississippi at Milliken's Bend was a mile wide, and the sight as we came down the river by boat was most imposing. Grant's big army was stretched up and down the river bank, over the plantations, its white tents affording a new decoration to the natural magnificence of the broad plains. These plains, which stretch far back from the river, were divided into rich and old plantations by blooming hedges of rose and osage orange, the mansions of the owners being enclosed in roses, myrtles, magnolias, oaks,

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, *March 30, 1863.*
C. A. DANA, ESQ., Memphis, Tenn., via Cairo:

Your telegrams have been received, and although the information has been meager and unsatisfactory,



GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

The rank of General Sherman in the Vicksburg campaign was that of a major-general of volunteers. He commanded the Fifteenth Army Corps.

and every other sort of beautiful and noble trees. The negroes whose work made all this wealth and magnificence were gone, and there was nothing growing in the fields.

I had not been long at Milliken's Bend before I was on friendly terms with all the generals, big and little, and one or two of

them I found were very rare men—Sherman especially impressed me as a man of genius and of the widest intellectual acquisitions. Every day I rode in one direction or another with an officer, inspecting the operations going on. From what I saw on my rides over the country, I got a new insight into slavery, which made me no

more a friend to that institution than I was before. I had seen slavery in Maryland, Kentucky, Virginia, and Missouri, but it was not till I saw these great Louisiana plantations, with all their apparatus for living and working, that I really felt the aristocratic nature of the institution and the infernal baseness of that aristocracy. Every day my conviction was intensified that the territorial and political integrity of the nation must be preserved at all costs and no matter how long it took; that it was better to keep up the existing war as long as was necessary rather than to make arrangement for indefinite wars hereafter and for other disruptions; that we must have it out then, and settle forever the question, so that our children would be able to attend to other matters. For my own part, I preferred one nation and one country, with a military government afterwards, if such should follow, rather than two or three nations and countries with the semblance of the old Constitution in each of them, ending in wars and despotisms everywhere.

GRANT'S NEW PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

As soon as I arrived at Milliken's Bend on April 6th I hunted up Grant and explained my mission. He received me cordially. Indeed, I think Grant was always glad to have me with his army. He did not like letter writing, and my daily despatches to Mr. Stanton relieved him from the necessity of describing every day what was going on in the army. From the first neither he nor any of his staff or corps commanders evinced any unwillingness to show me the inside of things. In this first interview at Milliken's Bend, for instance, Grant explained to me so fully a new plan of campaign against Vicksburg which he had just adopted that by three o'clock I was able to send an outline of it to Mr. Stanton, and from that time I saw and knew all the interior operations of that toughest of tough jobs—the reopening of the Mississippi.

The new project, so Grant told me, was to transfer his army to New Carthage (see map, page 161); from there carry it over the Mississippi, landing at or about Grand Gulf; capture this point, and then operate rapidly on the southern and eastern shore of the Big Black River, threatening at the same time both Vicksburg and Jackson, and confusing the Confederates as to his real objective. If this could be done, he

believed the enemy would come out of Vicksburg and fight.

The first element in this plan was to open a passage from the Mississippi, near Milliken's Bend, above Vicksburg, to the bayou on the west side, which led around to New Carthage below. The work on this canal was already begun. A part of one of the army corps—that under General John A. McClernand—had already reached New Carthage, and Grant was hurrying other troops forward.

The second and perhaps most vital part of the plan was to float down the river, past the Vicksburg batteries, a half-dozen steamboats protected by defenses of bales of cotton and wet hay, and loaded with supplies and munitions for the troops to operate from the new base below.

Perhaps the best evidence of the feasibility of the project was found in the fact that the river men pronounced its success certain. General W. T. Sherman, who commanded one of the three corps (the Fifteenth) in Grant's army and with whom I conversed at length upon the subject, thought there was no difficulty in opening the passage, but that the line would be a precarious one (for supplies) after the army was thrown across the Mississippi. But it was not long in our daily talks before I saw his mind was tending to the conclusion of General Grant. As for General Grant, his purpose from its conception was dead set on the new scheme. Admiral Porter cordially agreed with him.

There seemed to be only one hitch in the campaign. Grant had intrusted the attack on Grand Gulf to General McClernand, who had already advanced as far as New Carthage with part of his corps. Now McClernand was thoroughly distrusted by the majority of the officers in Grant's army. They believed him ambitious to capture Vicksburg on his own responsibility, and thought that hearty co-operation with the rest of the army could not be expected from him. There was some reason for this feeling. McClernand was an Illinois Democrat who had resigned from Congress at the breaking out of the war and returned home to raise the body of troops known as the McClernand Brigade. President Lincoln, anxious to hold him and his friends to the war, had appointed McClernand a brigadier-general of volunteers, and had in many ways favored his plans and advanced his interests. McClernand and his division did good service at Fort Donelson and Shiloh, and in December, 1862, he was appointed to the com-



GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.

In 1863 General Logan was major-general of volunteers, and commanded the third division of the Seventeenth Army Corps, which was under General James B. McPherson.

mand of an independent expedition against Vicksburg, within the departmental jurisdiction of Grant however. He had always resented Grant's interference, and endeavored to carry on a campaign on the lower Mississippi untrammelled by Grant's superior authority. Later, by authority of General Halleck, Grant went down the river and assumed personal command of all the operations against Vicksburg, greatly reënforcing the army, thus again relegating McClernand to a secondary part. Naturally, this condition of affairs had tended to prejudice the other officers of the army, who were generally friendly to Grant, against McClernand, and when it was known that he was to lead the advance in the new campaign there was a strong protest. Sherman and Porter, particularly, believed it a mistake, and talked frankly with me about it. One night when we had all gathered at Grant's headquarters

and were talking over the campaign very freely, as we were accustomed to do, both Sherman and Porter protested against the arrangement. But Grant would not be changed. McClernand, he said, was exceedingly desirous of the command. He was the senior of the other corps commanders. He was an especial favorite of the President, and the position which his corps occupied on the ground when the movement was first projected was such that the advance naturally fell to its lot. Besides, McClernand had entered zealously into the plan from the first, while Sherman had doubted and criticised; and McPherson, who commanded the Seventeenth Corps, and whom Grant said he would really have much preferred, was away at Lake Providence, and though he had approved of the scheme, he had taken no active part in it.

I believed the assignment of this duty to McClernand to be so dangerous that I added my expostulation to those of the generals, and in reporting the case to Mr. Stanton I said: "I have remonstrated so far as I could properly do so against entrusting so momentous an operation to McClernand."

Mr. Stanton replied: "Allow me to suggest that you carefully avoid giving any advice in respect to commands that may be assigned, as it may lead to misunderstanding and troublesome complications." Of course, after that, I scrupulously observed his directions, even in extreme cases.

As the days went on everybody, in spite of this hitch, became more sanguine that the new project would succeed. For my own part I had not a doubt of it, as one can see from this fragment written from Milliken's Bend on April 13th to one of my friends:

"Like all who really know the facts, I feel no sort of doubt that we shall before long get the nut cracked. Probably before this letter reaches New York, on its way to you, the telegraph will get ahead of it with the news that Grant, masking Vicksburg, deemed impregnable by its defenders, has carried the bulk of his army down the river, through a cut-off which he has opened without the enemy believing it could be done; has occupied Grand Gulf, taken Port Hudson, and, effecting a junction with the forces of Banks, has returned up the river to threaten Jackson and compel the enemy to come out of Vicksburg and fight him on ground of his own choosing. Of course this scheme may miscarry

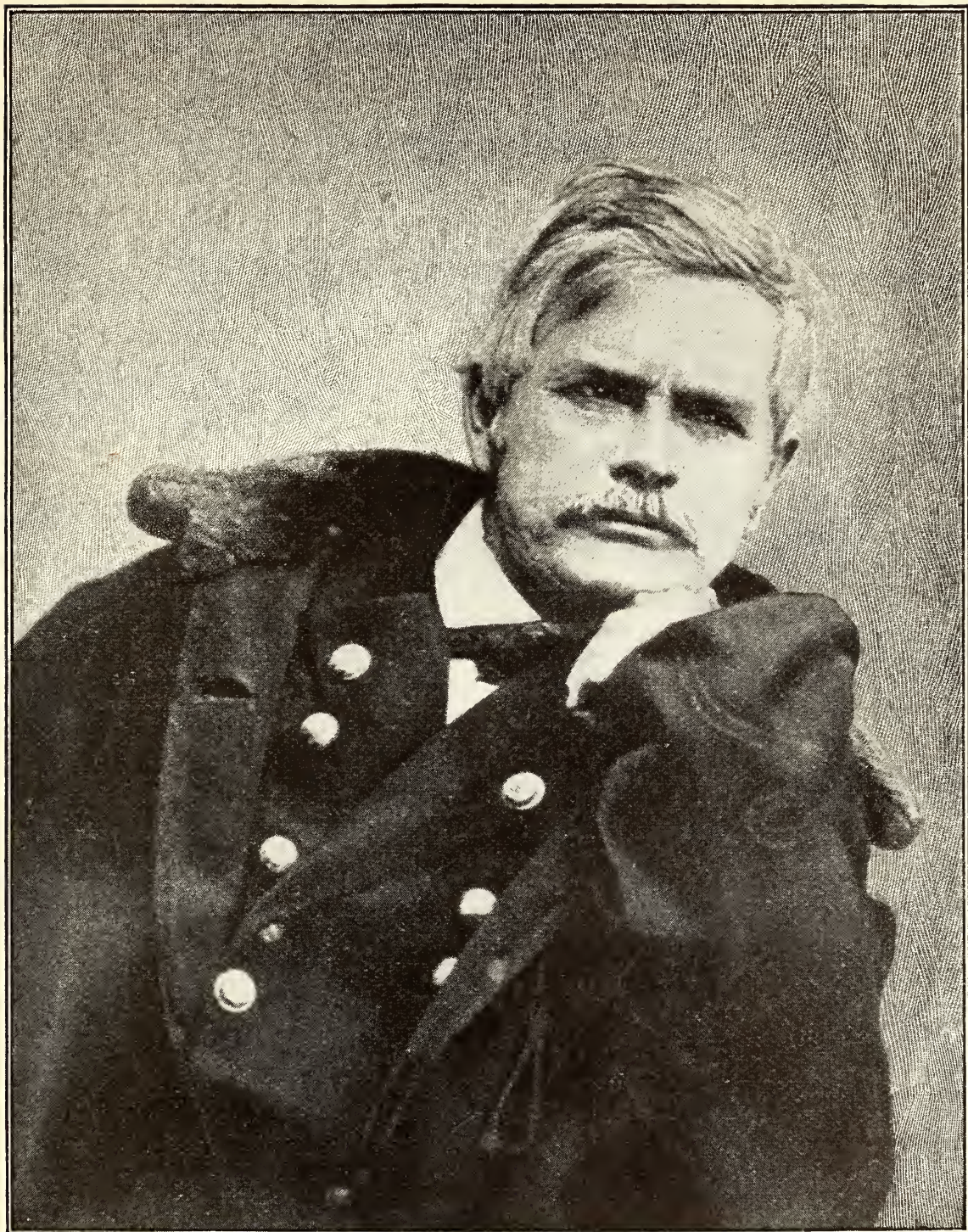
in whole or in parts; but as yet the chances all favor its execution, which is now just ready to begin."

RUNNING THE VICKSBURG BATTERIES.

Admiral Porter's arrangements for carrying out the second part of Grant's scheme—that is, running the Vicksburg batteries—were all completed by April 16th, the ironclads and steamers being protected in vulnerable parts by bulwarks of hay, cotton, and sandbags, and the barges loaded with forage, coal, and the camp equipment of General McClernand's corps, which was already at New Carthage. Admiral Porter was to go with the expedition on a small tug, and he invited me to accompany him; but I felt that I ought not to get out of my communications, and so refused. Instead, I joined Grant on his headquarters boat, which was stationed on the right bank of the river, where, from the bows, we could see the squadron as it started and could follow its course until it was nearly past Vicksburg.

Just before ten o'clock on the night of April 16th the squadron cast loose from its moorings. It was a strange scene. First one big black mass detached itself from the shore, and we saw it float out toward the middle of the stream. There was nothing to be seen except this black mass, which dropped slowly down the river. Soon another black mass detached itself, then another, and another. It was Admiral Porter's fleet of ironclad turtles, steamboats, and barges. They floated down the Mississippi darkly and silently, showing neither steam nor light, save occasionally a signal astern, where the enemy could not see it.

The vessels moved at intervals of about 200 yards. First came seven ironclad turtles and one heavy-armed ram; following these were two side-wheel steamers and one stern-wheel, having twelve barges in tow: these barges carried the supplies. Far astern of them was one carrying ammunition. The most of the gunboats had already doubled the tongue of land which stretches northeasterly in front of Vicksburg, and they were immediately under the guns of nearly all the Confederate batteries, when there was a flash from the enemy's upper forts, and then for an hour and a half the cannonade was terrific, raging incessantly along the line of about four miles in extent. I counted 525 discharges. Early in the action the enemy set fire to a frame building in front of



GENERAL E. O. C. ORD.

Ord belonged to the Army of the Tennessee from May, 1862, but a wound received at Corinth kept him from serving in the earlier part of the Vicksburg campaign. When McClelland was relieved, June 18, 1863, Ord was given his command, the Thirteenth Army Corps.

Vicksburg to light up the scene and direct his fire.

About 12.45 A.M., one of our steamers, "Henry Clay," took fire and burned for three-quarters of an hour. The "Henry Clay" was lost by being abandoned by her captain and crew in a panic, they thinking her to be sinking. The pilot refused to go with them, and said if they would stay they would get her through safe. After they had fled in the yawls, the cotton bales on her deck took fire, and one wheel became unmanageable. The pilot then ran her aground, and got upon

a plank, from which he was picked up four miles below.

The morning after Admiral Porter had run the Vicksburg batteries, I went with General Grant to New Carthage to review the situation. We found the squadron there, all in fighting condition, though most of them had been hit. Not a man had been lost.

GRANT CHANGES HIS HEADQUARTERS.

A few days after the running of the Vicksburg batteries, General Grant changed his

headquarters to Smith's plantation, near New Carthage. All of McClernand's corps, the Thirteenth, was now there, and that officer said 10,000 men would be ready to move from New Carthage the next day. McPherson's corps, which had been busy upon the Lake Providence expedition and other services, but which had been ordered to join, was now, except one division, moving over from Milliken's Bend. Sherman's corps, the Fifteenth, which had been stationed at Young's Point, was also under marching orders to New Carthage.

Grant's first object was now to cross the Mississippi as speedily as possible and capture Grand Gulf before it could be reinforced; and an attack was ordered to be made as soon as the troops could be gotten ready and the batteries silenced—the next day, April 26th, if possible.

McCLERNAND'S DELAYS.

An irritating delay occurred here, however. When we came to Smith's plantation on the 24th, I had seen that there was apparently much confusion in McClernand's command, and we had been astonished to find, now that he was ordered to move across the Mississippi, that he was planning to carry his bride, with her servants and baggage, along with him, although Grant had ordered that officers should leave behind everything that could impede our march.

On the 26th, the day when it was hoped to make an attack on Grand Gulf, I went with Grant by water from our headquarters at Smith's plantation down to New Carthage and to Perkins's plantation below, where two of McClernand's divisions were encamped. These troops, it was supposed, were ready for immediate embarkation, and there were quite as many as all the transports could carry; but the first thing which struck us both on approaching the points of embarkation was that the steamboats and barges were scattered about in the river and in the bayou as if there was no idea of the imperative necessity of the promptest possible movement.

We at once steamed to Admiral Porter's flagship, which was lying just above Grand Gulf, and Grant sent for McClernand, ordering him to embark his men without losing a moment. In spite of this order, that night at dark, when a thunder-storm set in, not a single cannon or man had been moved. Instead, McClernand held a review of a brigade of Illinois troops at

Perkins's, about four P.M. At the same time a salute of artillery was fired, notwithstanding that positive orders had repeatedly been given to use no ammunition for any purpose except against the enemy.

What made McClernand's delay still more annoying was the fact that when we got back from the river to our headquarters the night of the 26th, we found that McPherson had arrived at Smith's plantation with the first division of his corps, the rear being back no farther than Richmond. His whole force would have been up the next day, but it was necessary to arrest its movements until McClernand could be got out of the way.

THE ATTACK ON GRAND GULF.

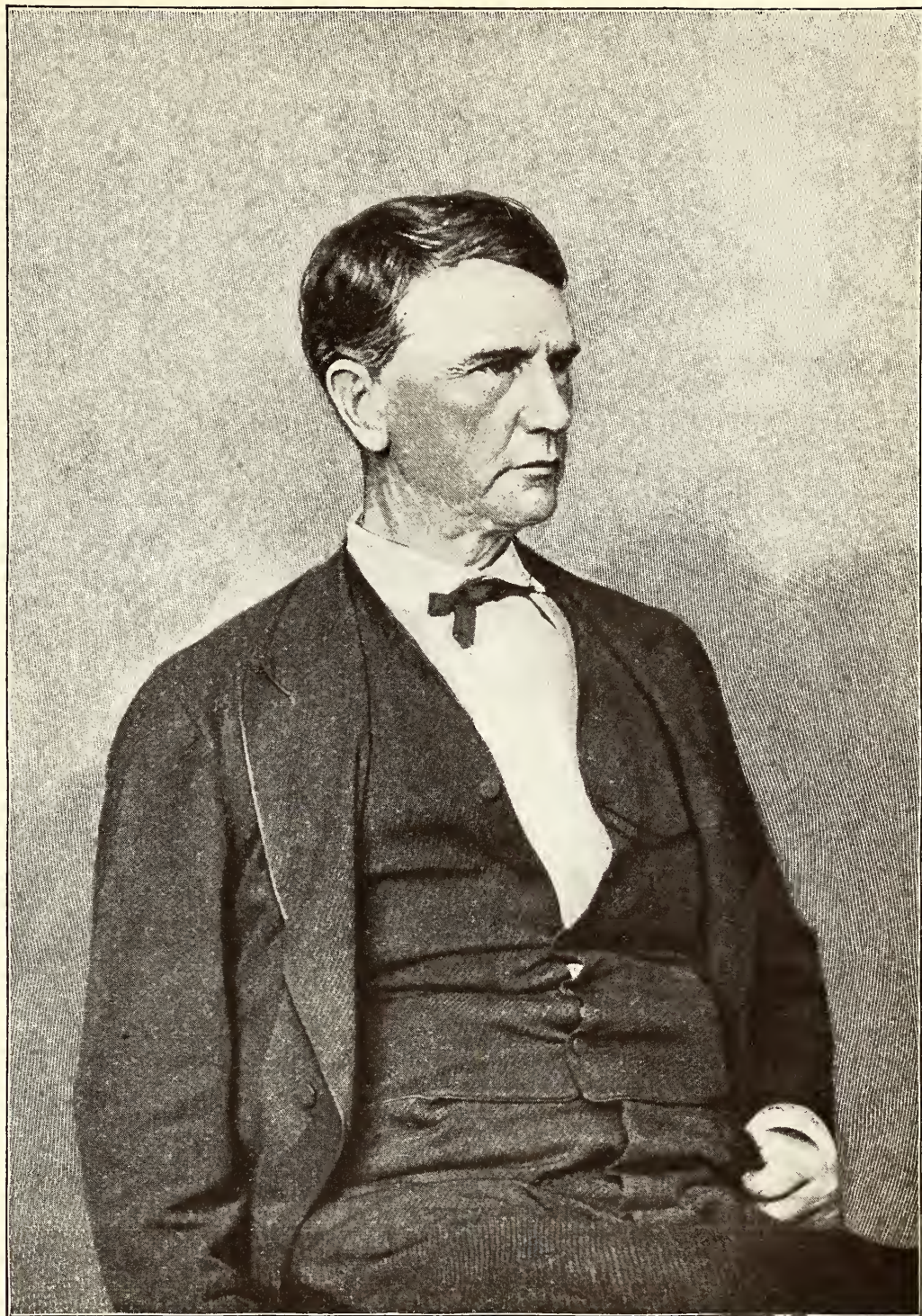
It was not until the morning of the 29th that Grant had troops enough concentrated at Hard Times, a landing on the Louisiana side almost directly across from Grand Gulf, to land at the foot of the Grand Gulf bluff as soon as its batteries were silenced. At eight A.M. precisely the gunboats opened their attack. Seven gunboats, all ironclads, were engaged, and a cannonade was kept up for nearly six hours. The batteries, however, proved too much for the gunboats, and General Grant determined to execute an alternative plan, which he had had in mind from the first; that was to debark the troops and march them south across the peninsula which faces Grand Gulf to a place out of reach of the rebel guns. The movement was undertaken at once, and a body of about 35,000 men was started across the peninsula to De Shroon's plantation, where it was proposed to embark them.

Late in the evening I left Hard Times with Grant to ride across the peninsula to De Shroon's. The night was pitch-dark, and, as we rode side by side, Grant's horse suddenly gave a nasty stumble. I expected to see the General go over the animal's head, and I watched intently, not to see if he was hurt, but if he would show any anger. I had been with Grant daily now for three weeks, and I had never seen him ruffled or heard him swear. His equanimity was becoming a curious spectacle to me. When I saw his horse lunge my first thought was, "Now he will swear." For an instant his moral status was on trial; but Grant was a tenacious horseman, and instead of going over the animal's head as I imagined he would, he kept his seat. Pulling up his horse he rode on, and, to my utter amazement, without a word or

sign of impatience. And it is a fact that though I was with Grant during the most trying campaigns of the war, I never heard him use an oath.

We reached De Shroon's about eleven o'clock. The night was spent in embarking the men, and by eleven o'clock the next morning (April 30th) three divisions were landed on the east shore of the Mississippi, at the place General Grant had selected. This was Bruinsburg, sixty miles south of Vicksburg, and the first point south of Grand Gulf from which the highlands of the interior could be reached by a road over dry land.

I was obliged to separate from the headquarters on the 30th, for the means for transporting the troops and officers were so limited that neither an extra man nor a particle of unnecessary baggage was allowed, even horses and tents being left behind; and I did not get over until the morning of May 1st, after the army had moved on Port Gibson, where they first engaged the enemy. As soon as I was landed at Bruinsburg I started in the direction of the battle, on foot, of course, as my horse had not been brought over. I had not gone far before I overtook a quartermaster driving towards Port Gibson, who took me into his wagon. About four miles from Port Gibson we came upon the first signs of the battle—a



GENERAL FRANCIS P. BLAIR.

Blair commanded the second division of the Fifteenth Army Corps throughout the Vicksburg campaign.

field where it was evident that there had been a struggle. I got out of the wagon as we approached, and started towards a little white house with green blinds, covered with vines. It was here I saw the first real bloodshed in the war. The little white house had been taken as a field hospital, and the first thing my eyes fell upon as I went into the yard was a heap of arms and legs which had been amputated and thrown into a pile outside. I had seen men shot, and dead men plenty; but this pile of legs and arms gave me a vivid sense of war such as I had not before experienced.

I SECURE A HORSE.

As the army was pressing the Confederates towards Port Gibson all that day, I followed in the rear, but without overtaking General Grant. While trailing along after the forces, I came across Fred Grant, then a lad of thirteen, who had been left asleep by his father on a steamer at Bruinsburg, but had started out on foot, like myself, as soon as he awakened and found the army had marched. We tramped and foraged together until the next morning, when some officers who had captured two old white carriage horses gave us each one. We got the best bridles and saddles we could, and thus equipped made our way into Port Gibson, which the enemy had deserted and where General Grant now had his headquarters. I rode that old horse for four or five days; then by a chance I got a good one. A captured Confederate officer had been brought before General Grant for examination. This man had a very good horse, and after Grant had finished his questions the officer said:

"General, this horse and saddle are my private property; they do not belong to the Confederate army; they belong to me as a citizen, and I trust you will let me have them. Of course, while I am a prisoner I do not expect to be allowed to ride the horse, but I hope you will regard him as my property and finally restore him to me."

"Well," said Grant, "I have got four or five first-rate horses wandering somewhere about the Southern Confederacy. They have been captured from me in battle or by spies. I will authorize you, whenever you find one of them, to take possession of him. I cheerfully give him to you; but as for this horse, I think he is just about the horse Mr. Dana needs."

I rode my new acquisition afterwards through that whole campaign, and when I came away I turned him over to the quartermaster. Whenever I went out with General Grant anywhere, he always asked some funny question about that horse.

MARCHING INTO THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

It was the 2d day of May, 1863, when I rode into Port Gibson, Mississippi, and inquired for Grant's headquarters. I found the General in a little house of the village, busily directing the advance of the army. By the next morning he was

ready to start after the troops. On the 4th I joined him at his headquarters at Hankinson's Ferry, on the Big Black, and now began my first experience with an army marching into an enemy's territory. A glimpse of my life at this time is given in this letter to a child, written the day after I rejoined Grant:

HANKINSON'S FERRY, May 5.

All of a sudden it is very cold here. Two days ago it was hot like summer, but now I sit in my tent in my overcoat, writing and thinking if I only were at home instead of being almost two thousand miles away.

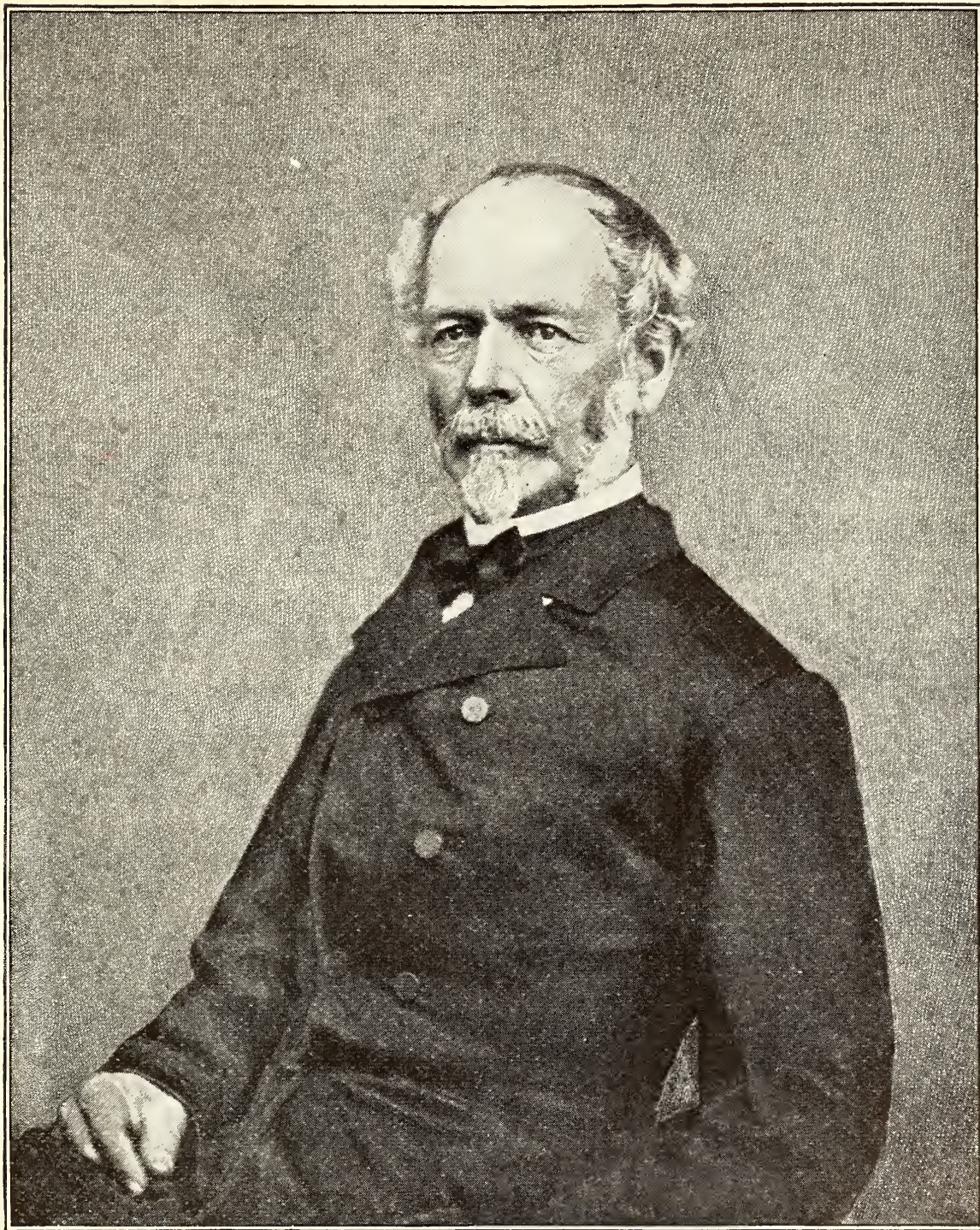
Away yonder, in the edge of the woods, I hear the drum beat that calls the soldiers to their supper. It is only a little after five o'clock, but they begin the day very early and end it early. Pretty soon after dark they are all asleep, lying in their blankets under the trees, for in a quick march they leave their tents behind. Their guns are all ready at their sides, so that if they are suddenly called at night they can start in a moment. It is strange in the morning, before daylight, to hear the bugles and drums sound the reveille, which calls the army to awake up. It will begin perhaps at a distance and then run along the whole line, bugle after bugle, and drum after drum taking it up, and then it goes from front to rear, farther and farther away, the sweet sounds throbbing and rolling while you lie on the grass with your saddle for a pillow, half awake or opening your eyes to see that the stars are still bright in the sky, or that there is only a faint flush in the east where the day is soon to break.

Living in camp is queer business. I get my meals in General Grant's mess, and pay my share of the expenses. The table is a chest with a double cover, which unfolds on the right and the left; the dishes, knives and forks, and caster are inside. Sometimes we get good things, but generally we don't. The cook is an old negro, black and grimy. The cooking is not as clean as it might be, but in war you can't be particular about such things.

The plums and peaches here are pretty nearly ripe. The strawberries have been ripe these few days, but the soldiers eat them up before we get a sight of them. The figs are as big as the end of your thumb, and the green pears are big enough to eat. But you don't know what beautiful flower gardens there are here. I never saw such roses, and the other day I found a lily as big as a tiger lily, only it was a magnificent red.

OUR COMMUNICATIONS ARE CUT.

It was a week after we reached Hankinson's Ferry before word came to headquarters that the army and supplies were all across the Mississippi. As soon as Grant learned this he gave orders that the bridges in our rear be burned, guards abandoned, and communications cut. He intended to depend thereafter upon the country for meat and even for bread. So complete was our isolation that it was ten days after this order was given, on May 11th, before I was able to send another despatch to Mr. Stanton.



GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON.

When Grant crossed the Mississippi in May, 1863, General Johnston was put in command of all the Confederate forces in Mississippi, but he was never able to unite with Pemberton.

The march which we now made was toward Jackson, and it proved to be no easy affair. More than one night I bivouacked on the ground in the rain, after being all day in my saddle. The most comfortable night I had, in fact, was in a church of which the officers had taken possession. Having no pillow, I went up to the pulpit and borrowed the Bible for the night. Dr. H. S. Hewitt, who was medical director on Grant's staff, slept near me, and he always charged me afterwards with stealing that Bible.

In spite of the roughness of our life, it

was all of intense interest to me, particularly the condition of the people over whose country we were marching. A fact which impressed me was the total absence of men capable of bearing arms. Only old men and children remained. The young men were all in the army or had perished in it. The South was drained of its youth. An army of half a million to draw upon must soon finish the stock of raw material for soldiers. Another fact of moment was that we found men who had at the first sympathized with the re-

bellion and even joined in it, but now of their own accord rendered us the most valuable assistance, in order that the rebellion might be ended as speedily as possible and something saved by the Southern people out of the otherwise total and hopeless ruin. "Slavery is gone, other property is mainly gone," they said; "but, for God's sake, let us save some relic of our former means of living."

WE ENTER THE CAPITAL OF MISSISSIPPI.

It was on the 1st day of May that Grant had made his first advance into Mississippi. Two weeks later—the evening of May 14th—we entered the capital of the State. Here I received an important telegram from Mr. Stanton, though how it got to me there I do not remember. General Grant had been much troubled by the delay McClernand had caused at New Carthage, but he had felt reluctant to remove him as he had been assigned to his command by the President. My reports to the Secretary on the situation had convinced him that Grant ought to have perfect independence in the matter, so he telegraphed me as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May 5, 1863.*

C. A. DANA, ESQ., Smith's Plantation, La.:

General Grant has full and absolute authority to enforce his own commands and to remove any person who by ignorance, inaction, or any cause interferes with or delays his operations. He has the full confidence of the Government, is expected to enforce his authority, and will be firmly and heartily supported, but he will be responsible for any failure to exert his powers. You may communicate this to him.

E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

The very evening of the day that we reached Jackson, Grant learned that Lieutenant-General Pemberton had been ordered by General Joe Johnston to come out of Vicksburg and attack our rear. Leaving Sherman in Jackson to tear up the railroads and destroy all the public property there that could be of use to the enemy, Grant immediately faced the bulk of his army about to meet Pemberton.

When Grant overtook Pemberton he was in a most formidable position on the crest of a wooded ridge called Champion's Hill, over which the road passed longitudinally. About eleven o'clock on the morning of the 16th the battle began, and by four in the afternoon it was won. After the battle I started out on horseback with Colonel Rawlins to visit the field. When we

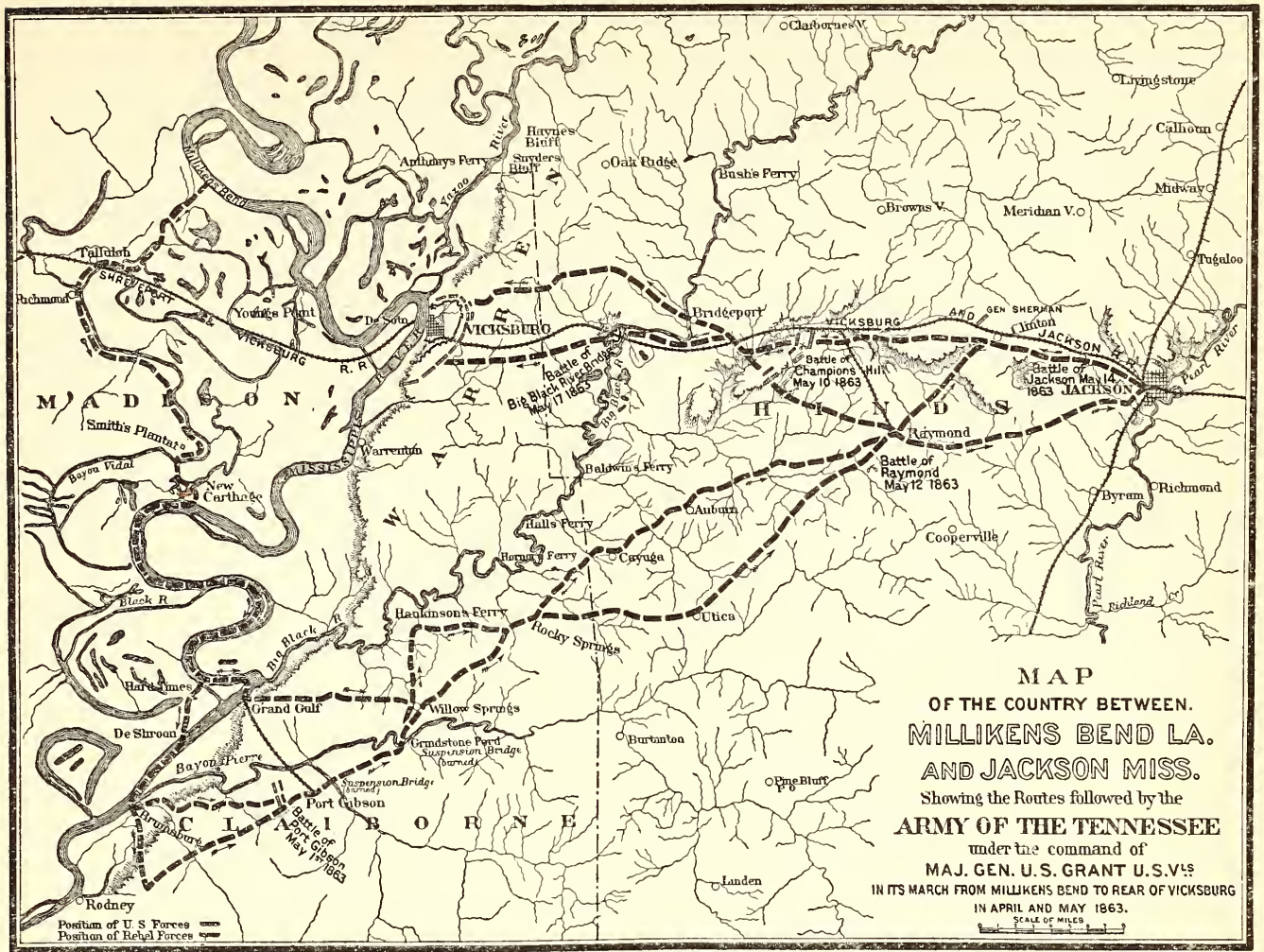
reached Logan's command we found him greatly excited. He declared the day was lost, and that he would soon be swept from his position. I contested the point with him. "Why, General," I said, "we have gained the day." He could not see it. "Don't you hear the cannon over there?" he answered. "They will be down on us right away! In an hour I will have 20,000 men to fight." I found afterwards that this was simply a curious idiosyncrasy of Logan's. In the beginning of a fight he was one of the bravest men that could be—saw no danger—went right on fighting until the battle was over. Then, after the battle was won, his mind gained an immovable conviction that it was lost. Where we were victorious, he thought that we were defeated. It was merely an intellectual peculiarity. It did not in the least impair his value as a soldier or commanding officer. He never made any mistake on account of it.

On leaving Logan, Rawlins and I were joined by several officers, and we continued our ride over the field. On the hill where the thickest of the fight had taken place we stopped, and were looking around at the dead and dying men lying all about us, when suddenly a man, perhaps forty-five or fifty years old, who had a Confederate uniform on, lifted himself up on his elbow, and said:

"For God's sake, gentlemen, is there a Mason among you?"

"Yes," said Rawlins, "I am a Mason." He got off his horse and knelt by the dying man, who gave him some letters out of his pocket. When he came back Rawlins had tears on his cheek. The man, he told us, wanted him to convey some souvenir, a miniature or a ring—I do not remember what—to his wife, who was in Alabama. Rawlins took the package, and some time afterward he succeeded in sending it to the woman.

I remained out late that night conversing with the officers who had been in the battle, and think it must have been about eleven o'clock when I got to Grant's headquarters, where I was to sleep. Two or three officers who had been out with me went with me into the little cottage which Grant had taken possession of. We found a wounded man there, a tall and fine-looking man—a Confederate. He stood up suddenly and said: "For God's sake, gentlemen, kill me! Will some one kill me? I am in such anguish that it will be mercy to do it—I have got to die—kill me—don't let me suffer!" We sent for a sur-



geon, who examined his case, but said it was hopeless. He had been shot through the head, so that the bullet cut off the optic nerve of both eyes. He could never see again. Before morning he died.

GRANT BEHIND VICKSBURG.

After the battle of Champion's Hill, Pemberton started towards Vicksburg, but made a stand at the Big Black bridge. On the 17th he was routed from there and retreated rapidly into Vicksburg. Grant was not long after him. By the evening of the 18th he had his army behind the town, and by the 20th his investment was so complete that I telegraphed Mr. Stanton:

"Probably the town will be carried to-day."

The assault expected was not made until the morning of the 22d. It failed, but without heavy loss. At two p.m., however, McClernand, who was on the left of our lines, reported that he was in possession of two forts of the rebel line, was hard pressed, and in great need of reinforcements. Not doubting that he had really succeeded in taking and holding the works he pretended to hold, General Grant sent

a division to his support, and at the same time ordered Sherman and McPherson to make new attacks. McClernand's report was false, for although a few of his men had broken through in one place, he had not taken a single fort, and the result of the second assault was disastrous: we were repulsed, losing quite heavily, when but for his error the total loss of the day would have been inconsiderable.

The failure of the 22d convinced Grant of the necessity of a regular siege, and immediately the army settled down to that. We were in an incomparable position for a siege as regarded the health and comfort of our men. The high wooded hills afforded pure air and shade, and the deep ravines abounded in springs of excellent water, and if they failed it was easy to bring it from the Mississippi. Our line of supplies was beyond the reach of the enemy, and there was an abundance of fruit all about us. I frequently met soldiers coming into camp with buckets full of mulberries, blackberries, and red and yellow wild plums.

The army was deployed at this time in the following order: The right of the besieging force was held by General Sherman, whose forces ran from the river

along the bluffs around the northeast of the town. Sherman's front was at a greater distance from the enemy than that of any other corps, and the approach less advantageous, but he began his siege works with great energy and admirable skill. Everything I saw of Sherman at the Vicksburg siege increased my admiration for him. He was a very brilliant man, and an excellent commander of a corps. Sherman's information was great, and he was a clever talker. He always liked to have people about who could keep up with his conversation; besides, he was genial and unaffected. I particularly admired his loyalty to Grant. He had criticised the expedition frankly in the first place, but had supported every movement with all his energy, and now that we were in the rear of Vicksburg gave loud praise to the commander-in-chief.

To the left of Sherman lay the Seventeenth Army Corps, under Major-General J. B. McPherson. He was one of the best officers we had. He was but thirty-four years old at the time, and a very handsome, gallant-looking man, with rather a dark complexion, dark eyes, and a most cordial manner. McPherson was an engineer officer of fine natural ability and extraordinary acquirements, having graduated number one in his class at West Point, and was held in high estimation by Grant and his professional brethren. Halleck gave him his start in the Civil War, and he had been with Grant at Donelson and ever since. He was a man without any pretensions, and always had a pleasant shake-hands for you.

To McPherson's left was the Thirteenth Army Corps, under Major-General John A. McClernand. Next to Grant he was the ranking officer in the army. The approaches on his front were most favorable to us and the enemy's line of works evidently much the weakest there, but he was very inefficient and slow in pushing his siege operations. Grant had resolved on the 23d to relieve McClernand for his false despatch of the day before stating that he held two of the enemy's forts; but he changed his mind, concluding that it would be better, on the whole, to leave him in his command till the siege was concluded. My own judgment of McClernand at that time was that he had not the qualities necessary for the commander even of a regiment. In the first place, he was not a military man; he was a politician and a member of Congress. He was a man of a good deal of a certain kind of talent,

not of a high order, but not one of intellectual accomplishments. His education was that which a man gets who is in Congress five or six years. In short, McClernand was merely a smart man—quick, very active-minded; but his judgment was not solid, and he looked after himself a good deal. Mr. Lincoln also looked out carefully for McClernand. It was a great thing to get McClernand into the war in the first place, for his natural predisposition, one would have supposed, would have been to sympathize with the South. As long as he adhered to the war he carried his Illinois constituency with him; and chiefly for this reason, doubtless, Lincoln made it a point to take special care of him. In doing this the President really served the greater good of the cause. But from the circumstance of Lincoln's supposed friendship, McClernand had more consequence in the army than he deserved.

McClernand, Sherman, and McPherson were Grant's three chief officers, but there were many subordinate officers of value in his army, not a few of whom became afterwards men of distinction. In order to set the personnel of the commanding force distinctly before the reader, I quote here a semi-official letter which I wrote to Mr. Stanton, at his request, in July, after the siege had ended. This letter has never been published before, and it gives my judgment at that time of the subordinate officers of the Vicksburg campaign.

CAIRO, ILL., *July 12, 1863.*

Dear Sir: Your despatch of June 29th desiring me to continue my "sketches" I have to-day seen for the first time. It was sent down the river, but had not arrived when I left Vicksburg on the 5th inst.

Let me describe the generals of division and brigade in Grant's army, in the order of the army corps to which they are attached, beginning with the Thirteenth.

The most prominent officer of the Thirteenth Corps, next to the commander of the corps, is Brigadier-General A. P. Hovey. He is a lawyer of Indiana, and from forty to forty-five years old. He is ambitious, active, nervous, irritable, energetic, clear-headed, quick-witted, and prompt-handed. He works with all his might and all his mind; and, unlike most volunteer officers, makes it his business to learn the military profession just as if he expected to spend his life in it. He distinguished himself most honorably at Port Gibson and Champion's Hill, and is one of the best officers in this army. He is a man whose character will always command respect, though he is too anxious about his personal renown and his own advancement to be considered a first-rate man morally, judged by the high standard of men like Grant and Sherman.

Hovey's principal brigadiers are General McGinnis and Colonel Slack. McGinnis is brave enough, but too excitable. He lost his balance at Champion's

Hill. He is not likely ever to be more than a brigadier. Slack is a solid, steady man, brave, thorough, and sensible, but will never set the river afire. His education is poor, but he would make a respectable brigadier-general, and I know hopes to be promoted.

Next to Hovey is Osterhaus. This general is universally well spoken of. He is a pleasant, genial fellow, brave and quick, and makes a first-rate report of a reconnaissance. There is not another general in this army who keeps the commander-in-chief so well informed concerning whatever happens at his outposts. As a disciplinarian he is not equal to Hovey, but is much better than some others. On the battlefield he lacks energy and concentrativeness. His brigade commanders are all colonels, and I don't know much of them.

The third division of the Thirteenth Corps is commanded by General A. J. Smith, an old cavalry officer of the regular service. He is intrepid to recklessness, his head is clear though rather thick, his disposition honest and manly, though given to boasting and self-exaggeration of a gentle and innocent kind. His division is well cared for, but is rather famous for slow instead of rapid marching. McClernand, however, disliked him, and kept him in the rear throughout the late campaign. He is a good officer to command a division in an army corps, but should not be intrusted with any important independent command.

Smith's principal brigadier is General Burbridge, whom I judge to be a mediocre officer, brave, rather pretentious, a good fellow, not destined to greatness.

The fourth division in the Thirteenth Corps is General Carr's. He has really been sick throughout the campaign, and had leave to go home several weeks since, but stuck it out till the surrender. This may account for a critical, hang-back disposition which he has several times exhibited. He is a man of more cultivation, intelligence, and thought than his colleagues generally. The discipline in his camps I have thought to be poor and careless. He is brave enough, but lacks energy and initiative.

Carr's brigadiers comprise General M. K. Lawler and General Lee of Kansas. Lee is an unmitigated humbug. Lawler weighs 250 pounds, is a Roman Catholic, and was a Douglas Democrat, belongs in Shawneetown, Ill., and served in the Mexican War. He is as brave as a lion, and has about as much brains. But his purpose is always honest, and his sense is always good. He is a good disciplinarian and a first-rate soldier. He once hung a man of his regiment for murdering a comrade without reporting the case to his commanding general, either before or after the hanging, but there was no doubt the man deserved his fate. Grant has two or three times gently reprimanded him for indiscretions, but is pretty sure to go and thank him after a battle. Carr's third brigadier I don't know.

In the Fifteenth Corps there are two major-generals who command divisions, namely, Steele and Blair, and one brigadier, Tuttle. Steele has also been sick through the campaign, but has kept constantly at his post. He is a gentlemanly, pleasant fellow. . . . Sherman has a high opinion of his capacity, and every one says that he handles troops with great coolness and skill in battle. To me his mind seems to work in a desultory way, like the mind of a captain of infantry long habituated to garrison duty at a frontier post. He takes things in bits, like a gossiping companion, and never comprehensively and strongly like a man of clear brain and a ruling purpose. But on the whole I consider him one of the best division generals in this army; but you cannot

rely on him to make a logical statement or to exercise any independent command.

Of Steele's brigadiers, Colonel Woods eminently deserves promotion. A Hercules in form, in energy, and in pertinacity, he is both safe and sure. Colonel Manter of Missouri is a respectable officer; Colonel Farrar of Missouri is of no account; General Thayer is a fair, but not first-rate officer.

Frank Blair is about the same as an officer that he is as a politician. He is intelligent, prompt, determined, rather inclining to disorder, a poor disciplinarian but a brave fighter. I judge that he will soon leave the army and that he prefers his seat in Congress to his commission.

In Frank Blair's division there are two brigadier-generals, Ewing and Lightburn. Ewing seems to possess many of the qualities of his father, whom you know better than I do, I suppose. Lightburn has not served long with this army, and I have had no opportunity of learning his measure. Placed in a command during the siege where General Sherman himself directed what was to be done, he has had little to do. He seems to belong to the heavy rather than the rapid department of the forces.

Colonel Giles Smith is one of the very best brigadiers in Sherman's corps, perhaps the best of all next to Colonel Woods. He only requires the chance, to develop into an officer of uncommon power and usefulness. There are plenty of men with generals' commissions who, in all military respects, are not fit to tie his shoes.

Of General Tuttle, who commands Sherman's third division, I have already spoken, and need not here repeat it. Bravery and zeal constitute his only qualifications for command. His principal brigadier is General Mower, a brilliant officer, but not of large mental caliber. Colonel Woods, who commands another of his brigades, is greatly esteemed by General Grant, but I do not know him; neither do I know the commander of his third brigade.

Three divisions of the Sixteenth Corps have been serving in Grant's army for some time past. They are all commanded by brigadier-generals, and the brigades by colonels. The first of these divisions to arrive before Vicksburg was Lauman's. This general got his promotion by bravery in the field and Iowa political influence. He is totally unfit to command—a very good man, but a very poor general. His brigade commanders are none of them above mediocrity. The next division of the Sixteenth Corps to join the Vicksburg army was General Kimball's. He is not so bad a commander as Lauman, but he is bad enough; brave of course, but lacking the military instinct and the genius of generalship. I don't know any of his brigade commanders. The third division of the Sixteenth Corps now near Vicksburg is that of General W. S. Smith. This is one of the best officers in that army. A rigid disciplinarian, his division is always ready and always safe. A man of brains, a hard worker, unpretending, quick, suggestive, he may also be a little crotchety, for such is his reputation; but I judge that he only needs the opportunity to render great services. What his brigade commanders are worth I can't say, but I am sure they have a first-rate schoolmaster in him.

I now come to the Seventeenth Corps and to its most prominent division general, Logan. This is a man of remarkable qualities and peculiar character. Heroic and brilliant, he is sometimes unsteady. Inspiring his men with his own enthusiasm on the field of battle, he is splendid in all its crash and commotion, but before it begins he is doubtful of the result, and after it is over he is fearful we may yet be beaten. A man of instinct and not of reflection, his

judgments are often absurd, but his extemporaneous opinions are very apt to be right. Deficient in education, deficient, too, in a nice and elevated moral sense, he is full of generous attachments and sincere animosities. On the whole, few can serve the cause of the country more effectively than he, and none serve it more faithfully.

Logan's oldest brigade commander is General John D. Stevenson of Missouri. He is a person of much talent, but a grumbler. He was one of the oldest colonels in the volunteer service, but because he had always been an anti-slavery man all the others were promoted before him. This is still one of his grounds for discontent, and in addition younger brigadiers have been put before him since. Thus the world will not go to suit him. He has his own notions, too, of what should be done on the field of battle, and General McPherson has twice during this campaign had to rebuke him very severely for his failure to come to time on critical occasions.

Logan's second brigade is commanded by General Leggett of Ohio. This officer has distinguished himself during the siege, and will be likely to distinguish himself hereafter. He possesses a clear head, an equable temper, and great propulsive power over his men. He is also a hard worker, and whatever he touches goes easily. The third brigade of this division has for a short time been commanded by Colonel Force. I only know that Logan, McPherson, and Grant all think well of him.

Next in rank among McPherson's division generals is McArthur. He has been in the reserve throughout the campaign and has had little opportunity of proving his metal. He is a shrewd, steady Scotchman, trustworthy rather than brilliant, good at hard knocks, but not a great commander. Two of his brigadiers, however, have gained very honorable distinction in this campaign: namely, Crocker, who commanded Quinby's division at Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, and Champion's Hill; and Ransom. Crocker was sick throughout, and as soon as Quinby returned to his command had to go away, and it is feared may never be able to come back. He is an officer of great promise and remarkable power. Ransom has commanded on McPherson's right during the siege, and has exceeded every other brigadier in the zeal, intelligence, and efficiency with which his siege works were constructed and pushed forward. At the time of the surrender his trenches were so well completed that the engineers agreed that they offered the best opportunity in the whole of our lines for the advance of storming columns. Captain Comstock told me that ten thousand men could there be marched under cover up to the very lines of the enemy. In the assault of May 22d, Ransom was equally conspicuous for the bravery with which he exposed himself. No young man in all this army has more future than he.

The third brigade of McArthur's division, that of General Reid, has been detached during the campaign at Lake Providence and elsewhere, and I have not been able to make General R.'s acquaintance.

The third division of the Seventeenth Corps was commanded during the first of the siege by General Quinby. This officer was also sick and, I dare say, did not do justice to himself. A good commander of a division he is not, though he is a most excellent and estimable man, and seemed to be regarded by the soldiers with much affection. But he lacks order, system, command, and is the very opposite of his successor, General John E. Smith, who with much

less intellect than Quinby has a great deal better sense, with a firmness of character, a steadiness of hand, and a freedom from personal irritability and jealousy which must soon produce the happiest effect upon the division. Smith combines with these natural qualities of a soldier and commander a conscientious devotion, not merely to the doing, but also to the learning of his duty, which renders him a better and better general every day. He is also fit to be intrusted with any independent command where judgment and discretion are as necessary as courage and activity, for in him all these qualities seem to be happily blended and balanced.

Of General Matthies, who commands the brigade in this division so long and so gallantly commanded by the late Colonel Boomer, I hear the best accounts, but do not know him personally. The medical inspector tells me that no camps in the lines are kept in so good condition as his, and General Sherman, under whom he lately served, speaks of him as a very valuable officer. The second brigade is commanded by Colonel Sanborn, a steady, mediocre sort of man; the third by Colonel Holmes, whom I don't know personally, but who made a noble fight at Champion's Hill and saved our center there from being broken.

General Herron's division is the newest addition to the forces under Grant, except the Ninth Corps, of which I know nothing except that its discipline and organization exceed those of the Western troops. Herron is a driving, energetic sort of young fellow, not deficient either in self-esteem or in common sense, and, as I judge, hardly destined to distinctions higher than those he has already acquired. Of his two brigadiers, Vandever has not proved himself of much account during the siege; Orme I have seen, but do not know. Herron has shown a great deal more both of capacity and force than either of them. But he has not the first great requisite of a soldier, obedience to orders, and believes too much in doing things his own way. Thus, for ten days after he had taken his position, he disregarded the order properly to picket the bottom between the bluff and the river on his left. He had made up his own mind that nobody could get out of the town by that way, and accordingly neglected to have the place thoroughly examined in order to render the matter clear and certain. Presently Grant discovered that men from the town were making their escape through that bottom, and then a more peremptory command to Herron set the matter right by the establishment of the necessary pickets.

I must not omit a general who formerly commanded a brigade in Logan's division and has for some time been detached to a separate command at Milliken's Bend. I mean General Dennis. He is a hard-headed, hard-working, conscientious man, who never knows when he is beaten, and consequently is very hard to beat. He is not brilliant, but safe, sound, and trustworthy. His predecessor in that command, General Sullivan, has for some time been at Grant's headquarters, doing nothing with more energy and effect than he would be likely to show in any other line of duty. He is a gentlemanly fellow, intelligent, a charming companion, but heavy, jovial, and lazy.

I might write another letter on the staff officers and staff organization of Grant's army, should you desire it.

Yours faithfully,

C. A. DANA.

MR. STANTON.

THE INCIDENT OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

BY BLISS PERRY,

Author of "The Broughton House," "Salem Kittredge and Other Stories," etc.

WITH certain aspects of the famous incident that brought England and the United States to the very verge of war in the closing year of the nineteenth century, the public is already familiar. The cooler heads, on both sides of the Atlantic, had long perceived that a crisis was approaching. Our new policy of territorial expansion, the attitude of the Administration toward Hawaii, the correspondence with Germany over her interference with South American republics, had all tended to inflame international jealousies. The discovery of gold in Alaska, two years before, had aroused the old question of the northwest boundary, and our irritation against Great Britain was greatly increased by that unlucky after-dinner speech of Lord Rawlins, the British Ambassador, on the subject of seals. Americans were thoroughly angered, and though it was shown the next day that his lordship had been misreported, there were newspapers from one end of the country to the other that openly talked war. England at first refused to believe that the United States was seriously bent upon hostilities, but day by day the outlook grew more ominous, until at last she was startled by the intelligence cabled from New York early one October morning, that the British Ambassador had been subjected to gross personal indignity during a visit to one of the foremost American universities. What ensued is well known, but very few have known hitherto the real cause of that dangerous and almost fatal imbroglio.

It began in the office of the New York "Orbit." The managing editor, standing at a desk in his shirt-sleeves, and dashing his pencil across some verbose "copy," had said irritably, without looking up, "Did you get that story, Andrews?"

"No," replied dejectedly the tall young fellow at his elbow. "I went way over there, but she was another sort of woman altogether. I judged that it wouldn't do."

"You judged it wouldn't do!" burst out the "old man." He was doing the city night editor's work for him, and was out of temper already. "'The Orbit'

doesn't want your judgment; it wants the news. Your week is up Friday, Andrews, and then you can walk. You came here with a reputation as a hustler, and you're no good, except on that football column. We want men who can gather news. See?"

"Suppose there isn't any?" said Andrews, sulkily.

"Then, blank it, make news!"

The editor snatched at a handful of Associated Press despatches, and forgot the new reporter utterly. The latter turned away with a rather pitiable effort at nonchalance, and walked down the room between the long rows of desks. The electric lights wavered everywhere before his eyes. He felt a trifle sick.

For two years, ever since he began to serve as college correspondent for "The Orbit," it had been his ambition to secure a position upon its staff. They had liked the stuff he sent them, and in the football and baseball seasons he had cleared enough from "The Orbit" to pay all his college expenses. And now, in the October after graduation, to lose the post he had so long desired simply because he failed to furnish a sensation where there was obviously no sensation at all! It made him feel that a livelihood was a terribly insecure matter. To think that he, Jerry Andrews, a great man in his university only four months before, should be dismissed like a scrub-woman!

He trudged uptown to his boarding-house, to save car fare, and his bedtime pipe was a gloomy one. Thanks to superb health and a naturally reckless temper, however, he slept like a schoolboy, and it was only after his late breakfast that the gravity of his situation forced itself upon him. There were but two days in which to retrieve himself with "The Orbit." He reported at the office an hour earlier than usual, but there was nothing assigned to him. He consulted a half-dozen of his fellow reporters, but though they swore sympathetically at the "old man," they had no suggestions as to space work, which seemed his only resource.

By two o'clock he felt that he was losing his nerve. That reminded him of the reputation for nerve which he had enjoyed as an undergraduate, and this in turn suggested the scheme of running out to the old place on the two-thirty, taking a look at the team, and perhaps coaching it a little, and at any rate getting enough football gossip to make a half-column for "The Orbit" the next morning.

His spirits rose the instant he boarded the train. The brakeman nodded to him, and the conductor thoughtfully neglected to notice that the date upon his pass—a perquisite of the managing editor of the college daily—had expired the preceding June. Whatever might be his fate in New York, Jerry Andrews was a hero still in his old haunts, and it thrilled him to recognize it once more.

As the train slowed up at the dear old station, he was already upon the steps of the car, his cap on the back of his head, his eyes shining with pleasure. Of the four or five hundred undergraduates who, to his surprise, were crowded upon the platform, only the freshmen failed to recognize him.

"D'ye see that man?" said a kindly disposed junior to one of these last, as Andrews swung himself from the steps. "That's Jerry Andrews of Ninety-Blank: the tall stoop-shouldered fellow with a Roman nose. Doesn't *look* much like an athlete, does he? He's the best all-round man we ever had, though. Cool! why, he used to go to sleep on the way up to the big games! And, oh! how he can do a song-and-dance, and you ought to see him run a mass-meeting! He's coming this way. Oh, hullo, Jerry!"

"What's up?" said Andrews to a dozen admirers at once, while the football captain was shouldering his way toward him through the crowd to secure him for the coaching and the freshmen stared.

"Don't you know? Why, Lord Cuthbert Rawlins is coming on the next train to visit Tommy."

"The British Ambassador?"

"Sure. Tommy met him at Newport, and asked him to visit Ossian, and we're here to see Tommy do the international act. He's sitting over in his carriage now, rattled already. Oh, it'll be great!"

Andrews grinned. He had given the President of the University many an uncomfortable quarter of an hour, in his day, and, to tell the truth, Tommy, assisted by an admiring faculty, had more

than once made matters rather unpleasant for Jerry Andrews.

"And what do you suppose the alumni will say?" cried a shrill, familiar voice near him, in the center of a pushing mob of undergraduates. It was Kilpatrick Tiernan, Ossian's celebrated short-stop, out of training in the autumn months and making the most of his privileges. "Oh, what *will* the alumni say," he pleaded, waving his pipe pathetically around his ears, "when they learn that you fellows have given the Ossian yell for Lord Cuthbert Rawlins?" He prolonged the three final words with masterly irony. "He has publicly insulted this country, only last week, and to give him the Ossian yell—the *Ossian* yell, think of it!—is a disgrace to every true-born American!"

"Right you are, Patsy!" cried a classmate encouragingly. Most of the crowd laughed.

"Oh, you can laugh," put in Patsy commiseratingly, "but when the iron heel of England is once more upon your necks, you'll wish you had hissed, as I'm going to! Patriots, this way!"

But the Washington train whistled at the crossing, and Tiernan's impassioned appeal failed to hold his audience. There was a general scramble for the front of the platform, and in the melee the short-stop managed, to his huge satisfaction, to have some one push him violently against Tommy, who received his profuse apologies with a suavity as artistic, in its way, as Tiernan's rudeness. There was a backward sway of the struggling mass as the train darkened the platform.

"There he is," whispered a hundred students at once as a stately, eagle-nosed gentleman with white side-whiskers appeared at the door of the Pullman car. At that moment he was the most hated man in America, partly because of the arrogant frankness with which he had apparently played his diplomatic game throughout, partly because of that unlucky misreported speech about the seals, but largely, in reality, because circumstances had placed him in a delicate position, where he could make no explanations without betraying the fact—which every one recognizes now—that the game he seemed to be playing was not the real one, and that Germany, and not the United States, was the object of England's inexplicable moves upon the international chess-board. He gazed at the crowd quietly, but with some amused curiosity upon his face. It was his first sight of American undergraduates.

"By Jupiter, Jerry," whispered the football captain to Andrews, "he looks enough like you to be your father."

"Thank you for nothing," said Andrews, and at the same moment he reached across the shoulders of three or four men and tapped the regular college correspondent of "The Orbit."

"I'm down as a 'special,' Richmond," he said, with a smile that would have persuaded more obstinate fellows than the junior he was addressing; "I want you to let me have this." His voice was drowned by the college yell, which some irresponsible fellow proposed, in defiance of Patsy Tiernan, and which the Ossian boys made it a point of honor to give well, whoever started it. But as a whole the crowd was ready for mischief, and a few men were crying "Seals! Seals!" as the President of the University made his way to the steps of the car. He was terribly anxious at bottom for the conduct of his boys, knowing their capacity for spontaneous deviltry and the sudden unpopularity of Lord Rawlins, but he wore his jauntiest manner on the surface and the elaborateness of his greeting to his guest caught the mercurial fancy of the crowd.

"Give 'em the long yell," screamed some one, and the favorite long yell was given, on general principles. Tommy smiled with gratitude as he escorted the Ambassador down the shifting lane of under-graduates to his carriage.

"Speech! Speech!" shouted a hundred voices, but the President shook his head ceremoniously, and pretended not to hear the cries of "Seals! Seals!" "Burn him in effigy!" which Kilpatrick Tiernan was hoarsely raising in the rear of the crowd, to the joy of the hackmen and the dismay of the more seriously inclined. The carriage door closed sharply, and the "international act" was apparently over.

"That's good for a column," thought Andrews to himself, as the football captain marched him off to the field, following the drifting crowd. "And I wonder if the 'old man' wouldn't like me to try for an interview with Lord Rawlins? Even a fake interview might be better than nothing."

But his reportorial duties were forgotten the instant he reached the field and donned a sweater. For a long happy hour he coached the new half-back in particular and the rest of the team in general, while about half the university crowded over the side lines and called it the snappiest

practice of the year. Then he got his bath, and a rub down from the affectionate hands of his old trainer, and it was nearly six when he reached the campus again. He had declined the training-table dinner and a half-dozen other invitations, in the hope of catching the British Ambassador at Tommy's, for the moment the excitement of coaching was over his uneasiness at his status with "The Orbit" came back again. One lucky stroke might make his fortune with the "old man" yet.

As he cut across the lawn toward the President's house the older members of the faculty, frock-coated and gloved, were coming away in solemn, awkward couples. That meant a reception, and it was probably just over. Lester, Tommy's man-of-all-work, was on duty at the door. Many a quarter of a dollar had he taken from Jerry Andrews, in return for items of interest to the readers of "The Orbit," but he shook his head with great importance when Jerry asked if there was any chance of getting Lord Rawlins's ear for a moment.

"Senator Martin is going to entertain his lordship at Belmartin, at dinner," Lester volunteered, nodding toward a United States senator who was pacing the great hallway. "They'll be driving over right away."

It was a dozen miles to the Senator's famous stock-farm, and his dinners were even more celebrated than his brood mares.

"Then Lord Rawlins won't be back till late, I suppose," hazarded Andrews.

"No, sir."

Now, if Andrews had been a little longer in the profession, he would have bagged the Ambassador then and there, and a senator into the bargain; but as it was he suffered Lester to close the door behind him, and he was half-way across the campus before he realized his mistake. He hesitated and turned back, but at that instant the Senator's carriage drove up to Tommy's door and Lord Rawlins entered it. He had lost his chance.

Ruefully he turned toward the telegraph office, to send his story of Lord Rawlins's arrival at the Ossian station that afternoon. It was something, of course, but the situation had promised something better yet, if he had not been so stupid. He stopped suddenly, his hands deep in his trousers pockets, his eyes glued to the ground, a queer look upon his face. Was it a chance remark made to him at the

station, or the subtle influence of the old campus,—the campus where he had a crowd of worshipers, where he was safe, as in a sort of Alsatia, from outside interference, and where, as a graduate now, he was beyond the jurisdiction of the faculty? Was it a journalistic instinct, or simply the real devil-may-care Jerry Andrews-ism flashing out once more? At any rate, if the arch-imp himself had prompted the scheme, no finer instrument for its accomplishment could have been devised than Kilpatrick Tiernan, who with a couple of satellites was leisurely crossing the campus on his way to dinner when he caught sight of his old crony Jerry Andrews, standing there with his hands in his pockets and that peculiar inventive smile upon his handsome face.

It was rumored upon the campus, directly after dinner, that the undergraduate body was to serenade Lord Rawlins at the President's at eight o'clock. Some men even reported that Tommy had specially requested that tribute to his guest, though this was doubted by the more astute, who knew Tommy's general aversion to student mobs, even though they did not know that he had actually accepted Senator Martin's invitation on purpose to avoid this particular one. Debate ran high until Kilpatrick Tiernan offered to ascertain Tommy's wishes in person; and leaving his unruly escort at the gate, he decorously rang the President's bell. His followers could not hear his conversation with Lester, but this was his report, delivered from the top of the gate post:

"Fellows, Lord Rawlins is dining now, and Tommy doesn't wish him disturbed." (Groans.) "But he understands that there is to be a bonfire on the campus to-night, to celebrate Saturday's game, and he will bring Lord Rawlins over, to show him a characteristic Ossian scene." (Rapturous applause.) "Now every one give a long yell for the characteristic scene!"

But before the cheer had subsided, Tiernan himself, to the amazement of most of his friends, had managed to escape from view. He did not reappear for half an hour. By that time the bonfire, prepared the preceding Saturday, but postponed because of rain, was blazing merrily, and nearly a thousand undergraduates were singing, cheering, and skylarking around it. The pet soloist of the glee club gave his newest song, the football captain made a speech, followed by the manager and the bow-legged guard who had made the

touch-down; one or two alumni who happened to be in town exhorted the undergraduates to uphold the ancient traditions of Ossian; and there were calls from every side for "Andrews, Ninety-Blank!" But Andrews, Ninety-Blank, the genius of so many scenes like this, could not be discovered, and after another song, a group of seniors demanded in concert:

"We-want-Patsy-Tiernan! We-want-Patsy-Tiernan!"

The crowd clapped, and Tiernan, who had just made his way into the circle, took off his cap and faced the firelight. He was the idol of the baser sort, and the spoiled child of the others.

"Fellows," he began impressively, "Lord-Cuthbert-Rawlins has said"—he paused in the long upward drawl for mock emphasis—"I repeat, Lord-Cuthbert-Rawlins has said"—and he quoted the most unfortunate of those sentences that the reporters had put into his lordship's mouth a week before.

A growl, topped by hisses, ran around the loop of firelit faces. The orator raised his hand majestically. "I would not for the world arouse your righteous wrath." A chorus of whistles and approving howls greeted this pious declaration. "No, not for both worlds!" Patsy added, in a deep bathos that convulsed his intimates and thrilled the under-classmen. "But Lord Rawlins comes to-night to visit us upon this historic ground." (Cheers.) "I would suggest no indecorum" (this with a long, leering pause); "but shall his slur upon America's fair name go unchallenged here? What say you, sons of old Ossian?"

There was a smashing chorus of big-lunged exclamations, and some sophomores craftily tossed a couple of cannon-crackers into the freshman segment of the great circle.

"Silence!" shrieked Tiernan. "Silence, Americans! Shall a British envoy stand upon our campus and repeat his insults to our face? I pause for a reply."

He scanned the outskirts of the audience, as if in reality awaiting a response. At that moment, from the rear of the crowd, came a shrill cat-call. The orator rose to his fullest height, and whirled around with outstretched finger and gleaming eyes. "Fellows!" he hissed melodramatically, *"there is Lord Rawlins now!"*

On the steps of the dormitory nearest the President's house stood a tall, Roman-nosed, white-side-whiskered personage in evening dress, blinking benignantly at the

scene before him. He must have heard every word of Tiernan's speech, but he smiled down in superior fashion at the crowd that swept toward him so tumultuously. A few hisses were mingled with the applause that greeted him, but there were many in the throng who evidently felt that Tiernan had gone too far and were desirous of maintaining Ossian's reputation for impartial hospitality. But friends and foes united in a trampling chorus of "*Speech! Speech! We want a speech!*"

The British Ambassador drew a monocle from his waistcoat pocket, adjusted it leisurely, hemmed two or three times, and then, in an odd, falsetto voice that sharpened every word and sent it uncomfortably home, delivered himself of a most singular speech indeed. It was an explanation, he declared, of the misapprehensions under which his young friend who had just addressed this audience was evidently laboring, and he proceeded to tell what he had really meant to say at that historic dinner the week before. But his explanation made matters infinitely worse; at every turn he let slip phrases that betrayed his contempt for the United States; it would have been absurd, if it had not been so outrageous, to listen to those supercilious sentences, delivered in a style that out-heroded even the check-suited Englishman of the variety stage. At first the crowd had been decorous enough, but from moment to moment it was obviously escaping from the control of the sober-minded, and soon it became openly derisive. The Ambassador now seemed to lose his temper likewise, and his maladroit compliments turned into thinly disguised vituperation. His audience became a surging mob. In vain did Lord Rawlins wave his angular arms, or strike attitudes of defiant, monocled patience.

When Patsy Tiernan yelled "Down with him!" the spark touched the powder. A dozen hot-heads actually rushed the steps and laid hands upon Her Majesty's accredited representative.

Then came the worst of all. "The rail! The rail! Where's the Lincoln rail?" shouted Tiernan, as if beside himself with fury. Forth from its resting-place in one of the dormitories was dragged that precious relic of the 1860 Presidential campaign: a fence-rail reputed to have been split by the hands of the martyr President.

"Put him on a sealskin!" yelled some one.

"Oh, ride him on a sealskin, sure enough!"

As if by magic a skin rug, snatched from somebody's floor, was tossed over the sharp corners of the rail. Twenty reckless satellites of Patsy Tiernan lifted the Ambassador from his feet. He made the best of an unspeakably bad matter, shrugged his aristocratic shoulders, and flung his leg over the rail. It was hoisted to the shoulders of the maddened young patriots, and three times did the frantic procession circle the huge bonfire, amid the rapturous cheers of half the university and the silent apprehensions or awe-stricken exclamations of the other half. Then it vanished toward Tommy's house, just as the university proctor had fought his way to within a hand's grasp of the rail.

At this instant one of the very knowing freshmen nudged a classmate and whispered, "Ain't you on to it, Atkins? I am. Those upper-classmen are trying to play horse with us. That ain't Lord Rawlins at all. That's Andrews, Ninety-Blank!"

On the other side of the bonfire, at the same moment, an idea suggested itself to a sallow youth with glasses. He edged away circumspectly, and then dashed off to the telegraph office.

"This will be hot stuff for 'The Enterprise,'" he murmured, and he glanced over his shoulder as he ran, to make sure that "The Unspeakable's" correspondent had not taken a hint from his own departure. It was 9.20. The Ossian office closed at 9.30 unless there were despatches waiting to be sent; and the heart of "The Enterprise" correspondent was tuneful as he discovered that there was nobody ahead of him and that the operator was still at his desk.

He scribbled the first sheet of his story, and pushed it under the wire screen toward the operator.

"Here, Fred," said he, "I want you to rush this. I'll have some more ready in a minute, and to-night I'll try to keep ahead of you." He laughed gleefully at the thought of his beat.

But the operator shook his head, without so much as glancing at him. "You'll have to wait," he remarked. "Mr. Andrews has the wire just now;" and he clicked away with irritating composure. A five-dollar bill reposing just then in his trousers pocket may have aided his philosophy. He was telegraphing page after page of the University Catalogue, in order

to hold the wire, while the editor of "The Orbit," opening his eyes as sheet after sheet of that valuable matter was brought him, perceived a journalistic feat, and hazarded the opinion that perhaps young Andrews was not after all an irremediable fool.

Meantime the "Enterprise" man paced the office anxiously, and before long "The Unspeakable's" correspondent came panting in. The latter's face fell as he recognized his rival.

"How long'll I have to wait, Fred?" he demanded.

"No idea," said Fred, looking up from the catalogue with a yawn. He seemed mightily indifferent.

Just then Andrews, Ninety-Blank, sauntered into the office, a bit of lamb's wool still sticking to his cheek and the powder only half out of his hair. He nodded cordially to the correspondents, and marched straight around to the inner enclosure, where he seated himself comfortably by the operator, and began to sharpen a lead pencil.

"Could you tell me how soon you'll be through, Mr. Andrews?" ventured the "Enterprise" youth. He was only a sophomore; last year a nod from Jerry Andrews would have made him supremely happy.

"Possibly by twelve," replied Andrews courteously, "but I wouldn't like to promise."

"I suppose not!" said the sophomore, in dignified irony, and he strolled to the door with as much indifference as he could assume. "The Enterprise" went to press at midnight. The only other telegraph office within possible reach, at that hour, was ten miles away. If he had a wheel, though, he might make it in time, and prevent "The Orbit's" beat. And behold, there was "The Unspeakable's" fellow's wheel at the very curbstone, with even the lantern lighted. He took one look at the owner, who was arguing hotly with Fred, swung his leg over the saddle, and pedaled off, under the clear October starlight.

Five miles out of town he narrowly escaped collision with a closed carriage, in which were seated the President of the University and Lord Cuthbert Rawlins, driving homeward in great peacefulness of heart and chatting confidentially, as it happened, about the unfortunate antagonism to Great Britain which is sometimes exhibited in uncultivated American society.

RIOT AT OSSIAN.

RIDDEN ON A RAIL!!

ABE LINCOLN SPLIT IT: LORD RAWLINS
RODE IT, WITH A SEALSKIN SADDLE!
BRITISH AMBASSADOR LEARNS THE
SPIRIT OF AMERICAN COLLEGE BOYS.
QUERY: WILL THE LION ROAR?

These were the headlines of the "exclusive" intelligence which the New York "Orbit" spread before its readers the next morning. The beat was the talk of Newspaper Row, for the scanty version of the affair telegraphed to the "Enterprise" from a town ten miles away from the scene of the riot was scarcely worth considering as news, though it confirmed the most startling features of the incident. The other morning papers issued later editions, embodying "The Orbit's" story, for there was no mistaking the popular excitement, or the temper of the crowds that surrounded the bulletin boards. Some were incredulous, ready to recognize a colossal American joke, though not quite convinced that it was a joke. More were grave, knowing the tension that already existed between the two countries, and that the slightest strain might cause irrevocable disaster.

The real crisis, however, was not in New York, as everybody knows, but in London. The New York correspondent of the "London Times" lost his head for once, and cabled "The Orbit's" account of the Ossian incident entire. The "Times" extras were flung upon the streets shortly after two o'clock. If New York had rocked like a ship in a storm at the news of the insult to Lord Rawlins, London was like the sea itself. American securities went down, down, and out of sight. But nobody cared. The Ossian incident had been the lightning flash that revealed how far apart the two nations had drifted. Better war now than another week of heart-breaking anxiety. Let it come!

When the House of Commons convened that afternoon, the members had to fight their way through a mob a hundred thousand strong that besieged the Palace Yard. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was late in taking his seat, and when he strolled forward to his place on the government bench, his careless manner was strangely at variance with the drawn lines around his mouth and his haggard eyes.

For three hours he had been cabling to Washington and to the British consul at New York for confirmation of the news about Lord Rawlins, but beyond the bare fact that the British Ambassador had gone to Ossian the day before, no tidings of him were obtainable. He had disappeared from the sight of the Foreign Office as completely as if the rail split by Abe Lincoln had borne him off the planet, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs was in despair.

And where was Lord Rawlins? He was on the golf links at Ossian, playing the game of his life. While the President of the University was waiting for his distinguished guest to appear at breakfast, his secretary had handed him "The Orbit." A thousand copies had been rushed into town by the early train; every student had seen one; and four reporters were already in the front hall to interview his lordship. In the face of this annoyance, the result, no doubt, of the silliness of some new correspondent, Tommy exhibited that astuteness in which Ossian found a perpetual delight. He invited the reporters to come again in an hour, got "The Orbit" out of sight, and told his best stories at the breakfast table until the chapel bell had long stopped ringing for morning prayers. Then he looked at his watch, declared it was so late that he would abandon his intention of taking his guest to morning chapel—did he not know that an ecstatic crowd of collegians were awaiting the arrival of the British envoy!—and proposed that instead of looking over the university buildings they spend the morning on the links. Lord Rawlins was a famous player, as everybody knew, and Tommy's son was then the holder of the intercollegiate championship. To the links the party drove then, by a circuitous road, the wise Tommy leaving no hint of their destination. Hour after hour, through that long forenoon, reporters and callers and telegrams and cablegrams accumulated in the President's mansion, while Lord Rawlins, in total ignorance of any international excitement, went over the eighteen-hole course like a boy of twenty, leading the champion by two points all the way.

At lunch time, and not before, he was told in Tommy's inimitable style of the newspaper joke that had been practiced upon the public at his expense. His lordship discreetly chose to consider it a deliciously characteristic example of American

humor. He even smiled at the cablegrams which had been forwarded to him from Washington, though his smile by this time was decidedly a diplomatic one. Yet he sent a semi-jocular despatch to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and then devoted himself to the excellent luncheon, which was attended by the heads of the departments of the university, all eager to atone for the silly action of some unknown correspondent of a sensational newspaper. They laughed at all of Lord Rawlins's anecdotes, and talked solemnly to him about the brotherhood of educated men on both sides of the Atlantic.

And at that very instant, making due time allowance, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, white-faced and sick at heart, was trying to explain to an angry House that it had been impossible to communicate directly with the Ambassador to the United States, but that there was no reasonable doubt that the Ossian incident was largely exaggerated, and that, in any case, Her Majesty's government could be relied on to take such steps as were necessary to preserve the national honor. Friendship with the United States, it was needless to say, was too important to be lightly thrust aside, and so forth—and so forth.

It was useless. The House would have none of his phrases. Fifty members were on their feet at once, shouting and gesticulating at the Speaker. A London Socialist got the floor, as it chanced, and threatened the Government with a resolution of lack of confidence. It was an ill wind that would blow his coterie no good, and this was a whirlwind. For a moment it looked as if the Government was doomed, but the leader of the House got the floor by a trick, and in a masterly little speech moved a war budget of ten million pounds. To that appeal to British patriotism there could be but one response. The budget was rushed from reading to reading without a single dissenting voice; the alarming intelligence was flashed to every corner of the wide world; and just then the Minister of Foreign Affairs received his despatch from Lord Rawlins, written during lunch in the dining-room of the President's mansion at Ossian, United States of America. He consulted a moment with his colleagues, and then read it to the House. It is famous now, and, indeed, it is said that Lord Rawlins's present political station is due to the singular popularity which that despatch brought him. It ran: "*Rumor of insult groundless. Newspaper joke. Entire courtesy everywhere. Have just beaten*

American champion at golf, breaking all American records."

The House came down from the sublime with a bump. A pompous gentleman of the Opposition who began a sarcastic speech about the American conception of a joke was laughed off his feet, as wave after wave of merriment rolled heavily over the surface of the House. There were cheers for Lord Rawlins, cheers for the golf championship, cheers for Her Majesty, cheers galore; and thus ended, as far as Parliament was concerned, the incident of the British Ambassador.

When Jerry Andrews reported for duty that afternoon, the crowd was jostling yet around "The Orbit's" bulletin boards.

That enterprising sheet was still throwing off extra after extra to exploit its journalistic feat, treating the whole affair with the cheerful cynicism which "The Orbit" prided itself upon maintaining in every exigency. Its editor leaned on his elbows blandly as Jerry walked up to his desk.

"You found some news over there, I judge," he remarked.

"Or made some," replied Andrews demurely, catching his eye.

"Humph!" said the editor with Delphic ambiguity; but for the first time in the traditions of the paper, he offered the reporter a cigar. That cigar is hanging over Mr. Andrews's desk, in the "Orbit" office, at this moment.

HYMNS THAT HAVE HELPED.

BY W. T. STEAD.

The following hymns, with the accompanying notes, are from a collection made by Mr. W. T. Stead, which will be published in book form in America by the Doubleday and McClure Company. Mr. Stead gathered the material from many sources. He asked of many men and women the question: "What hymns have helped you?" and received many widely varying responses.—EDITOR.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

A BATTLE hymn indeed is this famous hymn which Heinrich Heine rightly describes as "the Marseillaise Hymn of the Reformation." Luther composed it for the Diet of Spire, when, on April 20th, 1529, the German Princes made their formal protest against the revocation of their liberties, and so became known as Protestants. In the life-and-death struggle that followed, it was as a clarion summoning all faithful souls to do battle, without fear, against the insulting foe. Luther sang it to the lute every day. It was the spiritual and national tonic of Germany, administered in those dolorous times as doctors administer quinine to sojourners in fever-haunted marshes. Every one sang it, old and young, children in the street, soldiers on the battle-field. The more heavily hit they were, the more tenaciously did they cherish the song that assured them of ultimate victory. When Melancthon and his friends, after Luther's death, were sent into banishment, they were marvelously cheered as they entered Weimar on hearing a girl sing Luther's hymn in the street. "Sing on, dear daughter mine," said Melancthon, "thou knowest not what comfort thou bringest to our heart." Nearly a hundred years later, be-

fore the great victory which he gained over the Catholic forces at Leipsic, Gustavus Adolphus asked his warriors to sing Luther's hymn, and after the victory he thanked God that He had made good the promise, "The field He will maintain it." It was sung at the battle of Lützen. It was sung also many a time and oft during the Franco-German war. In fact, whenever the depths of the German heart are really stirred, the sonorous strains of Luther's hymn instinctively burst forth. M. Vicomte de Vogüé, one of the most brilliant of contemporary writers; in his criticism of M. Zola's "Debacle," pays a splendid tribute to the element in the German character which finds its most articulate expression in Luther's noble psalm. . . .

"He who is so well up in all the points of the battlefield of Sedan must surely know what was to be seen and heard there on the evening of September 1st, 1870. It was a picture to tempt his pen—those innumerable lines of fires starring all the valley of the Meuse, those grave and solemn chants sent out into the night by hundreds of thousands of voices. No orgy, no disorder, no relaxation of discipline; the men mounting guard under arms till the inexorable task was done; the hymns to the God of victory and the distant

home—they seemed like an army of priests coming from the sacrifice. This one picture, painted as the novelist knows how to paint in his best days, would have shown us what virtues, wanting in our own camp, had kept fortune in the service of the other."

Of English versions there have been many. That of Thomas Carlyle is generally regarded as the best.

- 1 A sure stronghold our God is He.
A trusty shield and weapon ;
Our help He'll be, and set us free
From every ill can happen.
That old malicious foe
Intends us deadly woe ;
Armed with might from Hell,
And deepest craft as well,
On earth is not his fellow.
- 2 Through our own force we nothing can,
Straight were we lost for ever ;
But for us fights the proper Man,
By God sent to deliver.
Ask ye who this may be
Christ Jesus named is He.
Of Sabaoth the Lord ;
Sole God to be adored ;
'Tis He must win the battle.
- 3 And were the world with devils filled,
All eager to devour us,
Our souls to fear should little yield,
They cannot overpower us.
Their dreaded Prince no more
Can harm us as of yore ;
Look grim as e'er he may,
Doomed is his ancient sway ;
A word can overthrow him.
- 4 God's word for all their craft and force
One moment will not linger ;
But spite of Hell shall have its course
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife ;
Yet is there profit small :
These things shall vanish all ;
The city of God remaineth.

Tune—"Worms," also called "Ein' Feste Burg."

The Forty-sixth Psalm was always a great stand-by for fighting men. The Huguenots and Covenanters used to cheer their hearts in the extremity of adverse fortunes by the solemn chant:

God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid ;
Therefore, although the earth remove
We will not be afraid.

It will be noted that, although Luther's hymn is suggested by the Forty-sixth Psalm, it is really Luther's psalm, not David's. Only the idea of the stronghold is taken from the Scripture; the rest is

Luther's own, "made in Germany," indeed, and not only so, but one of the most potent influences that have contributed to the making of Germany. And who knows how soon again we may see the fulfilment of Heine's speculation, when Germans "may soon have to raise again these old words, flashing and pointed with iron"? That M. de Vogüé does not stray beyond his book there is ample evidence to prove. For instance, Cassell's "History of the Franco-German War" describes how, the day after the battle of Sedan, a multitude of German troops who were on the march for Paris found it impossible to sleep, wearied though they were. They were billeted in the parish Church of Augécourt. The excitement of the day had been too great; the memory of the bloody fight and their fallen comrades mingled strangely with pride of victory and the knowledge that they had rescued their country from the foe. Suddenly, in the twilight and the stillness, a strain of melody proceeded from the organ—at first softly, very softly, and then with ever-increasing force—the grand old hymn-tune, familiar as "household words" to every German ear, "Nun danket alle Gott," swelled along the vaulted aisles. With one voice officers and men joined in the holy strains; and when the hymn was ended, the performer, a simple villager, came forward and delivered a short, simple, heartfelt speech. Then, turning again to the organ, he struck up Luther's old hymn, "Ein' feste Burg est unser Gott," and again all joined with heart and voice. The terrible strain on their system, which had tried their weary souls and had banished slumber from their eyes, was now removed, and they laid themselves down with thankful hearts and sought and found the rest they so much needed.

Frederick the Great on one occasion called Luther's hymn "God Almighty's Grenadier March."

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS'S BATTLE HYMN.

Few figures stand out so visibly against the bloody mist of the religious wars of the seventeenth century as that of Gustavus Adolphus, the hero King of Sweden, who triumphed at Leipsic and who fell dead on the morning of victory at Lützen. The well-known hymn beginning "Verzage nicht, du Häuflein," which is known as Gustavus Adolphus's battle hymn, was composed by Pastor Altenburg, at Erfurt, on receiving the news of the great victory

of Leipsic, which gave fresh heart and hope to the Protestants of Germany. It was sung on the morning of the battle of Lützen, under the following circumstances. When the morning of November 16, 1632, dawned, the Catholic and Protestant armies under Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus stood facing each other. Gustavus ordered all his chaplains to hold a service of prayer. He threw himself upon his knees and prayed fervently while the whole army burst out into a lofty song of praise and prayer :

“Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein.”

As they prayed and sang a mist descended, through which neither army could discern the foe. The King set his troops in battle array, giving them as their watchword “God with us.” As he rode along the lines he ordered the kettledrums and trumpets to strike up Luther’s hymns, “Ein’ feste Burg” and “Es wollt uns Gott genädig sein.” As they played, the soldiers joined in as with one voice. The mist began to lift, the sun shone bright, and Gustavus knelt again in prayer. Then, rising, he cried: “Now we will set to, please God,” and then louder he said, “Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, help me this day to fight for the honor of Thy name!” Then he charged the enemy at full speed, defended only by a leathern gorget. “God is my harness,” he replied to his servant, who rushed to put on his armor. The battle was hot and bloody. At eleven in the forenoon the fatal bullet struck Gustavus, and he sank dying from his horse, crying: “My God, my God!” The combat went on for hours afterwards, but when twilight fell Wallenstein’s army broke and fled, and the dead King remained victor of the field on which with his life he had purchased the religious liberties of Northern Europe.

- 1 Fear not, O little flock, the foe,
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power;
What, tho’ your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o’er God’s saints
Lasts but a little hour.
- 2 Be of good cheer,—your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to Him, our Lord.
Tho’ hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and His word.
- 3 As true as God’s own word is true,
Nor earth, nor hell, with all their crew,
Against us shall prevail,—

A jest and byword are they grown;
“God is with us,” we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

- 4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

“ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU Languid?”

The Monastery of Mar Saba, founded before the Hegira of Mohammed, still stands on its ancient rock looking down upon the valley of the Kedron. Forty monks still inhabit the cells which cluster round the grave of St. Sabas, the founder, who died in 532, and still far below in the depths of the gorge the wolves and the jackals muster at morning light to eat the offal and refuse which the monks fling down below. In this monastic fortress lived, in the eighth century, a monk named Stephen, who, before he died, was gifted from on high with the supreme talent of embodying in a simple hymn so much of the essence of the divine life that came to the world through Christ Jesus that in this last decade of the nineteenth century no hymn more profoundly touches the heart and raises the spirits of Christian worshippers. Dr. Neale paraphrased this song of Stephen the Sabaite, so that this strain, originally raised on the stern ramparts of an outpost of Eastern Christendom already threatened with submersion beneath the flood of Moslem conquest, rings with ever-increasing volume of melodious sound through the whole wide world to-day:

- 1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
“Come to me,” saith One, “and coming,
Be at rest.”
- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
“In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.”
- 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
“Yes, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns!”
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
“Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.”
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
“Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past!”

- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away!"
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, prophets, martyrs, virgins,
Answer, 'Yes!'"

Tune—"Stephanos."

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

Of all the modern hymns praying for guidance, Newman's famous three verses seem to be most popular—especially with people who have not accepted the leading of any church or theological authority. . . . At Chicago, the representatives of every creed known to man found two things on which they agreed. They could all join in the Lord's Prayer, and they could all sing "Lead, Kindly Light." This hymn, Mrs. Drew tells me, and "Rock of Ages" are two of Mr. Gladstone's "most favorite hymns."

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on:
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on,
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Tune—"Lux Benigna."

"It seems to me rather singular," writes a correspondent in Wales, "that verses so full of faith as 'Lead, Kindly Light' should be mentioned with such approval by so many sceptics." He then sends me the following attempt to express the views of an agnostic, thoughtful, humble, and reverent, but quite unable to attain to Newman's standpoint.

The way is dark: I cry amid the gloom
For guiding light;
A wanderer, none knows whence or what his doom,
I brave the night.
Fair scenes afar, as in a dream, I see,
Then seem to wake, and faith deserteth me.

In wondering awe I bend the knee before
The viewless Might;
And all my heart in mute appeal I pour,
While straining sight
Peers o'er the waste, yet Him I cannot find
Whom seeks my soul: I grope as grope the blind.

But 'mid confusing phantom-lights I strive
To go aright;
A still small voice leads on, and love doth give
An inward might:
And spite of sense, there lives a silent trust
That day will dawn, that man is more than dust.

R. M. L.

"THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD."

If "Lead, Kindly Light" is English, and "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah" is Welsh, "The Lord's my Shepherd" is Scotch.

- 1 The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill:
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Tune—"Kilmarnock."

"For me," writes Mr. S. R. Crockett, the popular author of the "Raiders" and many another delightful romance, "there is no hymn like 'The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.' I think I must have stood by quite a hundred men and women as they lay a-dying, and I can assure you that these words—the first learned by the child—were also the words that ushered most of them out into the Quiet. To me, and to most among these Northern hills, there are no words like them."

Dr. John Ker says: "Every line of it, every word of it, has been engraven for generations on Scottish hearts, has accompanied them from childhood to age, from their homes to all the seas and lands where they have wandered, and has been to a multitude no man can number the rod

and staff of which it speaks, to guide and guard them in dark valleys, and at last through the darkest." Of its helpfulness in times of crisis many instances are given, of which that which appeals most to me is the story of Marion Harvey, the servant lass of twenty who was executed at Edinburgh with Isabel Alison for having attended the preaching of Donald Cargill and for helping his escape. As the brave lasses were being led to the scaffold a curate pestered them with his prayers. "Come, Isabel," said Marion, "let us sing the Twenty-third Psalm." And sing it they did, a thrilling duet on their pilgrimage to the gallows tree. It was rough on the Covenanters in those days, and their paths did not exactly, to outward seeming, lead them by the green pastures and still waters. But they got there somehow, the Twenty-third Psalm helping them no little. This was the psalm John Ruskin first learnt at his mother's knee. It was this which Edward Irving recited at the last as he lay dying. Even poor Heinrich Heine, on his mattress-grave, in one of his latest poems, recalls the image of the Shepherd guide whose "pastures green and sweet refresh the wanderer's weary feet." The magnificent assurance of the fourth verse has in every age given pluck to the heart of the timid and strengthened the nerve of heroes. When St. Francis of Assisi went alone, bareheaded and barefoot, to convert the Sultan, he kept up his spirit on his solitary pilgrimage by chanting this verse. The Moslems did him no harm, and instead of taking off his head, returned him safe and sound to the pale of Christendom.

"GIVE TO THE WINDS THY FEARS."

Mr. Stevenson, in his "Notes on the Methodist Hymn Book," says: "There is not a hymn in the book which has afforded more comfort and encouragement than this to the Lord's tried people." The legend connected with this hymn recalls the delightful tales in the lives of the saints. Its origin is not unworthy the record of its subsequent exploits. Gerhardt was exiled from Brandenburg by the Grand Elector in 1659. The said Grand Elector wished to "tune his pulpits." Gerhardt refused to preach save what he found in God's Word. Notice to quit thereupon being promptly served upon the intrepid preacher, he tramped forth a homeless exile, accompanied by his wife and children. Wife and weans at night,

wearied and weeping, sought refuge in a wayside inn. Gerhardt, unable to comfort them, went out into the wood to pray. As he prayed, the text "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass" recurred to his mind, and comforted him so amazingly that he paced to and fro under the forest trees and began composing a hymn which, being Englished by John Wesley, has deservedly become a great comfort to all English-speaking peoples. Returning to the inn, he cheered his wife with his text and his hymn, and they went to bed rejoicing in confident hope that God would take care of them. They had hardly retired before a thunderous knocking at the door roused them all. It was a mounted messenger from Duke Christian of Meresberg, riding in hot haste to deliver a sealed packet to Dr. Gerhardt. The good doctor opened it, and read therein a hearty invitation from the duke, who offered him "church, people, home, and livelihood, and liberty to preach the Gospel as your heart may prompt you." So, adds the chronicle, the Lord took care of His servant. Here is the hymn which was composed under such singular circumstances:

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed :
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears :
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds and storms
He gently clears the way.
Wait thou His time ; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
When He makes bare His arm,
What shall His work withstand ?
When He His people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay His hand ?
- 3 Leave to His sovereign will
To choose, and to command ;
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong His hand.
Thou comprehend'st Him not ;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as Sovereign on the throne ;
He ruleth all things well.
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;
Our hearts are known to Thee.
O lift Thou up the sinking hand ;
Confirm the feeble knee.
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly Thy truth declare ;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

Tune—Dr. Gauntlett's "St. George."

There is a long list of worthies who have been cheered in life and death by this hymn, but the champion story of them all is the "Legend of the Raven." I must quote it intact:

In a village near Warsaw there lived a pious German peasant named Dobyr. Without remedy, he had fallen into arrears of rent, and his landlord threatened to evict him. It was winter. Thrice he appealed for a respite, but in vain. It was evening, and the next day his family were to be turned into the snow. Dobyr kneeled down in the midst of his family. After prayer they sang:

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands.

As they came to the last verse, in German, of Part I.,

When Thou wouldst all our needs supply,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

there was a knock at the window close by where he knelt, and, opening it, Dobyr was met by a raven, one which his grandfather had tamed and set at liberty. In its bill was a ring, set with precious stones. This he took to his minister, who said at once that it belonged to the king, Stanislaus, to whom he returned it, and related his story. The king sent for Dobyr, and besides rewarding him on the spot, built for him, next year, a new house, and stocked his cattle-stalls from the royal domain. Over the house door, on an iron tablet, there is carved a raven with a ring in its beak, and underneath, this address to Divine Providence:

Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

"ROCK OF AGES."

When the "Sunday at Home" took the plebiscite of 3,500 of its readers as to which were the best hymns in the language, the "Rock of Ages" stood at the top of the tree, having no fewer than 3,215 votes. Only three other hymns had more than 3,000 votes. They were "Abide with me," "Jesu, Lover of my soul," and "Just as I am."

- I Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath—
When my eye-strings break in death—
When I soar to worlds unknown—
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Tune—"Redhead, No. 76."

Toplady, a Calvinistic vicar of a Devonshire parish, little dreamed that he was composing the most popular hymn in the language when he wrote what he called "A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world." For Toplady was a sad polemist whose orthodox soul was outraged by the Arminianism of the Wesleys. He and they indulged in much disputation of the brickbat and Billingsgate order, as was the fashion in those days. Toplady put much of his time and energy into the composition of controversial pamphlets, on which the good man prided himself not a little. The dust lies thick upon these his works, nor is it likely to be disturbed now or in the future. But in a pause in the fray, just by way of filling up an interval in the firing of polemical broadsides, Augustus Montague Toplady thought he saw a way of launching an airy dart at a joint in Wesley's armor, on the subject of Sanctification. So, without much ado, and without any knowledge that it was by this alone he was to render permanent service to mankind, he sent off to the "Gospel Magazine" of 1776 the hymn "Rock of Ages." When it appeared he had, no doubt, considerable complacency in reflecting how he had winged his opponent for his insolent doctrine of entire sanctification, and it is probable that before he died—for he only survived its publication by two years, dying when but thirty-eight—he had still no conception of the relative importance of his own work. But to-day the world knows Toplady only as the writer of these four verses. All else that he labored over it has forgotten, and, indeed, does well to forget.

It was this hymn which the Prince Consort asked for as he came near to death.

Mr. Gladstone has translated it into Latin, Greek, and Italian. Dr. Pusey declared it to be "the most deservedly popular hymn, perhaps the very favorite." The followers of Wesley, against whom the hymn was originally launched as a light missile in the polemical combat, seized it for their collection and mutilated it the while—why, does not clearly appear. The unfortunate Armenians who were butchered the other day in Constantinople sang a translation of "Rock of Ages," which, indeed, has made the tour of the world, side by side with the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is recorded that General Stuart, the dashing cavalry leader of the Southern Confederacy, sang the hymn with his dying strength, as his life slowly ebbed away from the wounds he had received in the battles before Richmond. When the "London" went down in the Bay of Biscay, January 11th, 1866, the last thing which the last man who left the ship heard as the boat pushed off from the doomed vessel was the voices of the passengers singing "Rock of Ages." "No other English hymn can be named which has laid so broad and firm a grasp on the English-speaking world."

"O GOD OF BETHEL, BY WHOSE HAND."

When I asked the Duke of Argyll as to hymns which had helped him, he replied:

INVERARY, ARGYLLSHIRE, *December 31, 1895.*

Sir: I would be very glad to help you if I could, but I can't honestly say that any one hymn has "helped" me specially. Some of the Scotch paraphrases are my favourites, "O God of Bethel," etc.
—Yours obediently, ARGYLL.

- 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion, evermore.

Tune—"Farrant."

Of this hymn and the way it has helped men, Mr. S. R. Crockett writes as follows: "One hymn I love, and that (to be Irish) is not a hymn, but what in our country is mystically termed a 'paraphrase.' It is that which, when sung to the tune of St. Paul's, makes men and women square themselves and stand erect to sing, like an army that goes gladly to battle." . . .

This was the favorite hymn of Dr. Livingstone. It cheered him often in his African wanderings, and when his remains were buried in Westminster Abbey it was sung over his grave.

A Scotch mission-teacher at Kuruman, Bechuanaland, South Africa, writes: "This hymn stands out preëminently as the hymn which has helped me beyond all others. It shines with radiant lustre like the star that outshineth all others among the midnight constellations. It has been my solace and comfort in times of trouble, my cheer in times of joy; it is woven into the warp and woof of my spiritual being; its strains were the first I was taught to lisp, and, God helping me, they shall be the last. Sung to the tune of 'Dundee,' that was the refrain of happy meetings or sad partings. Its strains rang out the Old Year and heralded in the New. It was chanted as a farewell dirge when I left my home in Scotland. It has followed me 'Sooth the line,' and every gait I gang, I never rest until from dusky throats roll out the familiar words. It is a 'couthy' psalm, and touches to the quick the human spirit that more gifted utterances fail to reach. I am penning this in the little room that was once the study of David Livingstone, whose walls have often reëchoed to many a strain of praise and supplication, but to none more inspiring and endearing than 'O God of Bethel.'" Another Scotchman writes: "In some ways I have wandered far from the faith of our fathers, but the old Psalms move me strongly yet. 'O God of Bethel, by whose hand' will ever have a pathetic interest for me. I, too, have crooned it as a cradle song over one who will never need to hear me croon it ever more, for she has solved the riddle of the ages, which I am left painfully trying to spell. These rugged lines speak out the religious experiences of a rugged race as no modern hymns ever will."



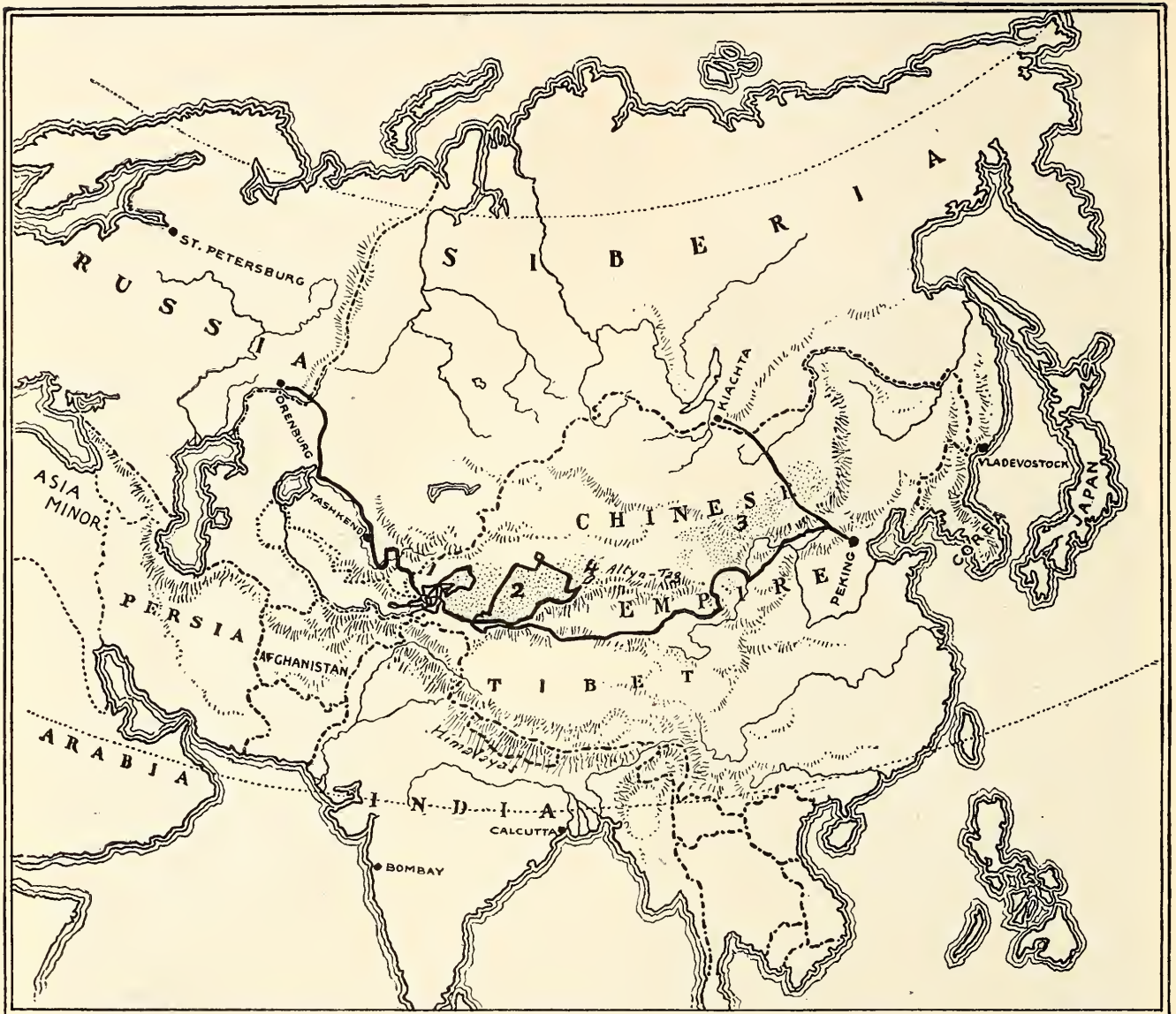
CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

Painted by F. S. Church for McClure's Magazine.

Love's angel walketh in the forest wild ;
No prowling midnight beast her pathway bars ;
For love herself, who dwells beyond the stars,
Becomes to-night for us a gentle child.

MAP OF ASIA SHOWING THE ROUTE OF DR. HEDIN'S RECENT JOURNEY.

1, Pamir Plateau. 2, Desert of Takla-Makan. 3, Desert of Gobi. 4, Lop-Nor Lake.



IN UNEXPLORED ASIA.

THE REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES AND ADVENTURES OF DR. SVEN HEDIN AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

RECORDED BY R. H. SHERARD.



F the achievement of Sven Hedin, the young Swedish traveler, but meager accounts have reached the West, and, indeed, beyond Sweden itself—if we except Germany and Russia—his name is practically unknown. Yet for pluck and perseverance in overcoming obstacles and difficulties, and for courage before danger, Dr. Sven Hedin can take rank with his fellow-countryman, Dr. Nansen; whilst in accomplishment, his travels have perhaps

been even more prolific than Nansen's. Of his recent journey through Central Asia, which lasted for a period of three years and seven months, and which took him from Orenburg in the West to Peking in the East, this may be said: that he not only did all that he had promised his King that he would do when the King equipped him for the expedition, but many things besides of high scientific importance. He discovered the ruins of two Buddhist towns in the heart of a Mohammedan country, ruins which tell of high civilization where now



DR. SVEN HEDIN.

is only a desert waste ; he settled a controversy which for years has divided the geographers of Europe into two camps. And as the accomplishment was far greater than he had expected or hoped for, so also were the difficulties and dangers incomparably more formidable than he had anticipated. It fell to him in his journey across the Takla-Makan Desert to undergo sufferings which assuredly beat the record of human endurance; and had his journey had no other result than to show how a man by sheer strength of will and

determination to save his life can fight death and triumph over it, Sven Hedin's story would be full of direct encouragement to every one who heard it told.

It was in his study, on the third floor of a house in the Norra Blasieholmshamnen, in Stockholm, that Sven Hedin related to me this wonderful story. The study, which is both his workroom and bedchamber, tells one about him much that the sight of his athletic frame; his firm, strong face; and vivacious, even restless, manner,



DR. HEDIN'S TARANTASS ON THE KIRGHIZ STEPPES.

had left untold. For furniture it has a large writing-table and a small bedstead. "I go from the one to the other," he says. The windows are wide open, day and night. On the walls are books, and all the books are books of travel.

Sven Hedin is still a young man. He was thirty-two last February. Yet his last journey was the third journey of exploration which he has undertaken in Asia. Until he was about twenty he intended to become a Polar explorer. He relinquished this project because it seemed to him that the dark region of Central Asia offered a field of wider scientific interest than the frozen seas of the North; and Hedin's scientific interests have a very wide range. In the first place a geographer, his studies embrace all the many sciences which are in relation to geography. This science he has studied with passionate application ever since he could read. Before he was seventeen he drew maps which fill five large volumes—exquisite examples of draughtsmanship they are. There are maps of the constellations; maps giving the routes followed by every Polar traveler; maps hypsometrical, topographical, statistical; maps geological and zoölogical; executed with characteristic neatness and thoroughness.

When Hedin was twenty, he interrupted his studies at Upsala to take a post as tutor at Baku. "In my spare time," he said, "I studied languages which were likely to be of use to me in the journeys I

had already projected. I studied the Tartar dialect of Turkish. I also learned Persian. I had very good teachers, and I *would* learn them." He earned \$160 by his year's work as tutor, and employed this sum to take a first journey through Persia, which he has described in his book, "Through Persia, Mesopotamia, and Caucasus." "This journey," said Sven Hedin, "was taken as an apprenticeship to traveling in Asia."

In 1892, because of his acquaintance with Persia, Hedin was attached to a special embassy sent to the Shah of Persia by the King of Sweden, and again visited the country. In the autumn of the same year he finished his university career, taking the degree of Doctor of Philosophy; and then, the following year (1893), he began to prepare for his famous journey of exploration into Central Asia.

"I had always wanted to do this," said Dr. Hedin. "I had read everything that had been written on the subject, especially the writings of Prshewalsky and of Richthofen, and I wished to do many things and to solve many problems. My principal objects, as described in the paper which I read here in Stockholm, in the presence of the King, were, at first—that is to say, before I started on this journey—(1) to study the glaciers in the mountains on the eastern side of the Pamirs; (2) to search for the old Lop-Nor Lake, and thus to settle the controversy between Prshewalsky and

Richthofen;* (3) to explore the Thibetan plateaus from the point of view of physical geography; (4) to cross Asia from west to east.

"I concluded that this work would occupy not more than two years. My expedition lasted, in fact, three years and seven months. My journey was much richer in results than I had expected, and raised many questions of very great interest. The fund for the expedition was subscribed by the King, Emmanuel Nobel of St. Petersburg, and some other Swedes, and amounted to 30,000 Swedish crowns. I spent, besides, 4,000 kronors which I earned during the first part of my travels by contributing to the newspapers; so that the whole expedition cost 34,000 crowns."

Dr. Hedin's occasional references to details of business are characteristic of the Swedes. They have a strong commercial spirit and a respect for money, but the earning of money is not with them the highest ideal.

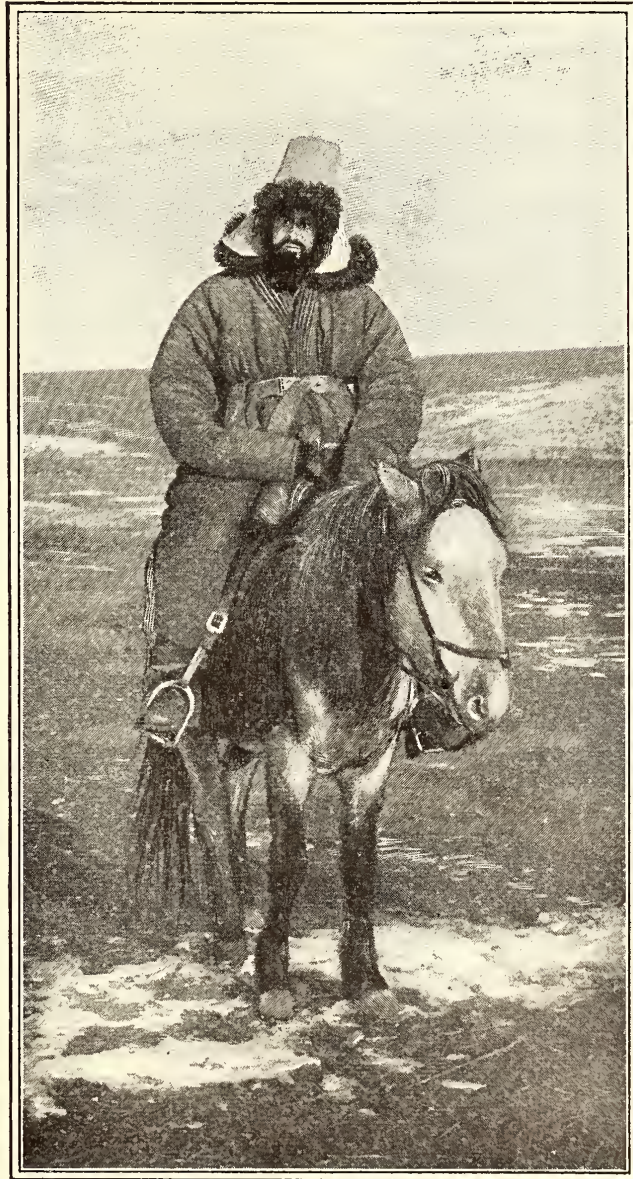
"I started on my journey," continued Dr. Hedin, "on October 16, 1893, and proceeded via St. Petersburg and Moscow to Orenburg, where I bought a tarantass and hired five horses; and with this equipage I crossed the Kirghiz steppes to Tashkent, changing horses at each of the ninety-four stations, and covering the 2,000 kilometers in nineteen days. I remained a month and

a half in Tashkent, making the final preparations for my journey, and invested 500 roubles in presents to give to the natives—very bad revolvers, trumpery microscopes, and so on. I reached Margelan, the capital of Ferghana, in February, and on the 25th of that month started out for Kashgar. It was the worst season of the year for crossing the Pamirs, for the snowfall on those mountains is heaviest in February and March, and the danger to caravans is very great. So dangerous was my expedition considered that I could only obtain horses at an exorbitant rate. A horse costs twenty roubles in Tashkent, and I had to pay one rouble a day for each of the twelve horses I hired. The stable-keeper did not expect to see them again, for a snowstorm in the Pamirs kills men and horses. That is why I wanted to go. I wanted to see the snow on the mountains; I had climatical studies to make.

"It took me five days to cross the Alai range, proceeding south over Tengis-Bai pass, the height of which is 3,850 metres. There were no roads. All was snow and ice. We had to cut out roads

for the horses. When my five men and myself did not suffice, we hired Kirghises to help us, thirty or forty at times. We crossed very happily; but had we come a day earlier or a day later, we should all have perished. The preceding day an avalanche half a mile in length had fallen, which would have destroyed us utterly. The day after our crossing there was a terrific snowstorm on the pass.

"It was very difficult work to proceed up Alai valley. We had, in places, to hire the



A KIRGHIZ SCOUT.

* A long and very interesting polemic war waged between the two explorers. Prshewalsky claimed to have discovered Lop-Nor; Richthofen declared that, arguing from the old Chinese maps and books, the real lake of Lop-Nor was much further north than the lake discovered by Prshewalsky. This was the Lop-Nor also reached by Bonvalot and Henri of Orleans. Prshewalsky said the Chinese maps and books were wrong.



WOMEN OF THE PAMIRS.

camels to trample out a path in the snow. In one part of our track the snow was ten feet deep over an extent of 200 yards. We crossed this by laying tent-felts, which we borrowed from the Kirghises, over the snow. In six days we reached the Kizil-Art pass, in the Trans-Alai range, and crossed it safely. It is 14,620 feet high. In the valley on the other side the cold was very great. It reached thirty-eight and one-half degrees Celsius [equal to about thirty-eight degrees below zero, Fahrenheit], which is near the freezing point of mercury. But I am indifferent to cold. I am a Swede. It is often very cold in Stockholm. From Kizil-Art I traveled to the great salt lake of Karakul. I wanted to measure its depth, which nobody had yet done. I believed it to be very deep. I was entirely successful, for the lake was frozen over and we were able to move over the surface, so that I could select such places as I wanted for my sounding experiments. The deepest place I found was about 900 feet.

"Here I lost the caravan, and with one attendant spent a night on the ice, with nothing to eat or drink, tramping up and down in a temperature of fifteen degrees below zero. Then on to Murgab, where I spent twenty days with the Russian gar-

risson; then to Lake Rang-kul, which I also sounded. Crossing the Djugatai pass, in the Sarik-Kol range, I entered Chinese territory.

"The Chinese were very much afraid of me. They thought I was a Russian conqueror, and were sure that all my boxes were full of soldiers. During my first night on Chinese territory, Chinese soldiers kept peeping into my tent to make sure that I was not opening my boxes and letting my soldiers out. The Chinese commander at Bulun-kul was very unpleasant. He was an enemy to Europe. Many Chinese detest Europeans. He gave orders that no one was to trade with me or give me fodder for my horses. At last, however, I persuaded him to give me permission to proceed south to Mus-tag-ata Mountain. I wanted to climb it. It is 25,000 feet high. During that year I made three different attempts to get to the top, but the highest point I reached was 20,000 feet. On each occasion the snow drove us back. On that first occasion I was attacked with violent iritis and had to make my way back to Kashgar. There I got well again, and wrote a book in German on the climate of the Pamirs. In June I returned to Mus-tag-ata, and spent the whole summer in camp there, studying the glaciers.



THE HIRED KIRGHIZES WITH WHOM DR. HEDIN CROSSED THE TENGIS-BAI PASS.

I made topographical maps of fourteen glaciers. I passed the winter in Kashgar, where I was ill with fever. When I recovered I wrote several scientific articles. Then I prepared for the journey through the desert."

And now Sven Hedin, seating himself on the sill of his study window, swinging his legs to and fro like an idle boy, and leisurely smoking a cigar as he spoke, proceeded to tell me, quietly and without gesture or emphasis, such a story of human endurance and human courage, of trust in self and faith in God, as few men have lived to tell.

"I started from Kashgar on February 17, 1895, with four Turkish servants and eight fine camels. I wanted to cross from the Yarkand-Darya River to the Khotan-Darya River, over the Takla-Makan Desert. I wanted to explore this desert, which nobody had ever done. There were many legends anent it amongst the inhabitants on its confines—stories of ancient towns buried in the sand; and I wanted to learn if there was any foundation for these stories. I entered the desert on April 10th. We had water for twenty-five days with us, carried in iron tanks on the backs of the camels. It was all sand—moving dunes of sand. The days were

very hot, the nights were bitterly cold. The air was full of dust. We crossed the first half of the desert in thirteen days, and came to a region where there were some hills and small fresh-water lakes. Here I bade my men fill the cisterns with fresh water for ten days. We then proceeded, all going well. On the second day after we had left the lakes, I looked at the cisterns and found that water for four days only had been taken! I thought we could reach the Khotan-Darya in six days, and one of my servants told me that in three days' march from where we were we should find a place where we could dig for water. I believed him, and we went on.

"We found no water, and two days after, our supply was exhausted. The camels got ill; we lost three camels before May 1st. On May 1st the men began to sicken. I was so thirsty that I drank a glass of the vile Chinese spirit. It made me very ill. We only proceeded four kilometers that day—early in the morning. My men were all weeping and clamoring to Allah. They said they could go no further; they said they wanted to die. I made them put up the tent, and then we all undressed and lay down naked in the tent. During that day we killed our last sheep, and



THE ALAI RANGE OF MOUNTAINS IN THE PAMIRS.

drank its blood. We all thought to die. I thought I would do my best to go as far as possible. That is the difference between a European and an Oriental: a European thinks that a life is not so easily taken away; an Oriental is a fatalist, and will not fight for its preservation. In the evening of May Day we were all mad with raging thirst. When night fell we walked on. Two of the men could not move. They were dying. So we had to leave them. I said to them, 'Wait a little here, sleep a little, and then follow us.'

"I had to abandon much of my luggage—5,000 kronors' worth—for the camels were too weak. But I took my most important instruments with me, all my Chinese silver, my maps, and my notes. That night another camel died. I was ahead, carrying a torch to lead the way. In the night a third man gave in, and lay down in the sand and motioned to me to leave him to die. Then I abandoned everything—silver, maps, and notebooks—and took only what I could carry: two chronometers, a box of matches, ten cigarettes, and a compass. The last of the men followed. We went east. The man carried a spade and an iron pot. The spade was to dig for water; the iron pot held clotted blood, foul and putrid. Thus we

staggered on, through the moving dunes of sand, till the morning of the second of May.

"When the sun rose we dug out holes in the sand, which was cold from the frost of the night, and undressed and lay down naked. With our clothes and the spade we made a little tent, which gave us just enough shelter for our heads. We lay there for ten hours. At nightfall we staggered on again, still towards the east. We advanced all the night of the second, and the morning of the third of May. On this morning, as we were stumbling along, Kasim suddenly gripped my shoulder and pointed east. He could not speak. I could see nothing. At last he whispered, 'Tamarisk!' So we walked on, and after a while I saw a green thing on the horizon.

"We reached it at last, but we could not dig. It was all sand, yards deep. But we thanked God, and munched the green foliage; and all that day we lay naked in its shadow. At nightfall I dressed, and bade Kasim follow. He lay where he was, and said not a word. I left him, and went east. I went on till one in the morning. Then I came to another tamarisk, and as the night was bitterly cold, I collected the fallen branches and made a fire. In the



DR. HEDIN'S CARAVAN NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE TENGIS-BAI PASS, IN THE ALAI RANGE.

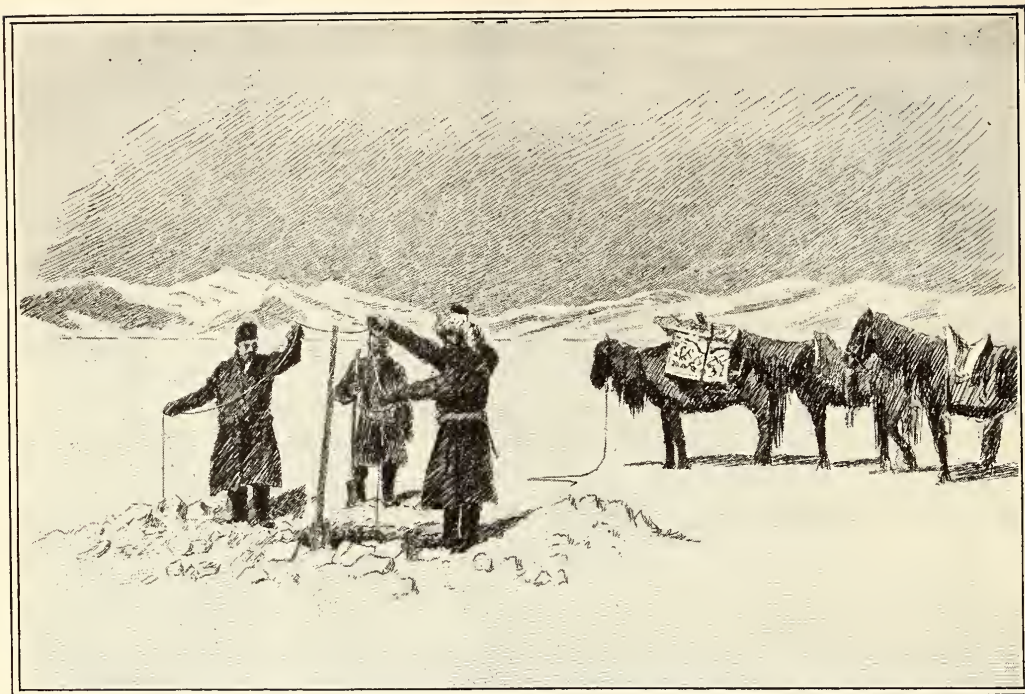
night my companion came up. He had seen my fire. He did not speak. I did not speak. We had no interest to talk. It was impossible to do so, for our mouths were as dry as our skins.

"That night we walked on for several hours, and so on till the sun grew hot on the 4th of May, when we again lay down naked on the sand. On the night of May 4th we advanced crawling on all fours and resting every ten yards or so. I meant to save my life. I felt all along that my life could not be thrown away like that. We came to three desert poplars on a patch of soil where there was no sand. We tried to dig, but we were too weak and the frozen ground was too hard. We barely dug to a depth of six inches. Then we fell on our faces and clawed up the earth with our fingers. But we could not dig deep. So we abandoned the hope of finding water there and lit a fire, in the hope that Islam-Bai, the man who had stayed behind with the camels, might chance to see it and follow on. It happened so, but I only knew it later. On the 5th we went on, east. We were bitterly disappointed, for the poplars had given us hope, and we had to cross a broad belt of sterile sand.

"At last we saw a black line on the horizon, very dark and very thin, and we

understood that it must be the forests of Khotan-Darya. We reached the forest by the time the sun grew hot. It was very deep and very dense, a black forest of very old trees. We saw the tracks of wild beasts. All that day we lay naked in the shade of the trees. There was no sign of water anywhere. In the evening I dressed, and told Kasim to arise. He could not move. He was going mad. He looked fearful, lying flat on his back, with his arms stretched out, naked, with staring eyes and open mouth. I went on. The forest was very dense and the night black, black. I had eaten nothing for ten days; I had drunk nothing for nine. I crossed the forest crawling on all fours, tottering from tree to tree. I carried the haft of the spade as a crutch. At last I came to an open place. The forest ended like a devastated plain. This was a river-bed, the bed of the Khotan-Darya. It was quite dry. There was not a drop of water. I understood that this was the bad season for water. The river-beds are dry in the spring, for the snow which feeds them has not yet melted on the mountains.

"I went on. I meant to *live*. I would find water. I was very weak, but I crawled on all fours, and at last I crossed the river-bed. It was three kilometers wide. Then,



SOUNDING LAKE KARAKUL.
From sketch by Dr. Hedin.

as I reached the right bank of the river, I heard the sound of a duck lifting and the noise of splashing water. I crawled in that direction, and found a large pool of clear, fresh water. I thanked God first, and then I felt my pulse. I wanted to see the effect that drinking would have on it. It was at forty-eight. Then I drank. I drank fearfully. I had a little tin with me. It had contained chocolates, but I had thrown these away as I could swallow nothing. The tin I had kept. I had felt sure, all

it must be a tiger. There are tigers in the Khotan-Darya. I had not the faintest feeling of fear. I felt that the life that had been just regained could not be taken from me by such a beast as a tiger. I waited for him with pleasure. I wanted to look into his eyes. He did not come. He was probably frightened to see a man."

"Was not the torture of thirst terrible during those nine days?"

"No. After the first three or four days the sharpness of the want seemed to blunt

itself. But as the days went on I grew weaker and weaker. I felt like a convalescent after many, many years of sickness.

"Then," continued Sven Hedin, "I remembered Kasim. So I took off my Swedish boots and filled them with water, and hooked them by the tags over the ends of my spade-haft, and retraced my steps. I could walk now. But it was so dark



IN THE DESERT. ABANDONING THE FIRST CAMELS.
From sketch by Dr. Hedin.

when I reached the forest I could not find my track. I shouted 'Kasim! Kasim! Kasim!' but he did not answer, and I thought he was dead. Then I made a fire in the forest—for fear of tigers—a huge fire, a splendid illumination, lighting up the mysterious darknesses of this primeval forest. It gave me very great pleasure to see this fire. At sunrise I searched for Kasim and found him. I called him. He lifted his head a little. 'Water!' I cried. He shook his head. 'I want to die.' I shook the boots near his head so that the water splashed. Then he rose like a wild beast, and flung himself on the water vessels and drained them one after another to the last drop. Then he fell back and would not move, though I asked him to come with me to the pool and bathe. So I left him and went on. I took a bath, and then made for the south, down the river-bed.

"I walked on for three days, and did not see a living soul all the time, and lived on grass and leaves, and tadpoles when I could catch them. On the fourth day I fell in with some shepherds with great flocks. They had never seen a European before. They



IN THE DESERT. THE FIRST TAMARISK.

From a sketch by Dr. Hedin.

were very frightened at my appearance, especially at my black spectacles, and they fled to the forest. I called to them in their own language. Then they came out and asked me what I wanted. They were good to me and gave me some milk and bread. I stopped some days with them, and heard from two merchants who arrived that at two days' ride from there they had seen a man and a white



IN THE DESERT. A SAND-STORM.

From a sketch by Dr. Hedin.

camel lying in the river-bed. They had spoken to him, but he had cried only, 'Water! water!' They had given him drink and food. I recognized that this was Islam-Bai. I sent a shepherd to fetch him, and in a few days Islam arrived with Kasim and the camel. He had saved all my money, some instruments, and my maps and notes. I felt quite rich.

"I could not continue my journey without the hypsometrical instruments, which had been lost, and so I had to go back to Kashgar to get a new outfit. From Kashgar I sent couriers with telegrams to Europe, via the Russian Turkestan, asking for a new supply of things. Whilst awaiting their arrival I returned to the Pamirs, and explored the northern slopes of the Hindoo Koosh, and visited the sources of the Amu-Darya. In August I fell in with the Russian-English Boundary Commission, and spent three very pleasant weeks with them."

Great as Dr. Hedin's sufferings had been they did not deter him from another journey of exploration in the desert. "I wanted to see if there were any old towns. This time I marched from south to north. After a seven days' march I came upon the ruins of a very old town. In the valleys between the sand dunes there rose wooden posts, or stakes, of poplar wood, hard as stone. These had been part of the framework of the houses, the skeletons of the houses, and innumerable they were, everywhere in the valleys of the dunes. It must have been a very big town. I camped here, but was not able to stay more than two days lest my water supply should be exhausted too soon. But during those two days we dug in the sand and found fragments of the plaster walls of the houses, which were covered with beautiful paintings. Then I myself made a great discovery. It was a fragment of an old manuscript, on something which looks like paper, but is not paper. Some of the characters resemble Sanscrit, but they are not Sanscrit. Afterwards I sent agents back to search for other manuscripts, and they found some more. We found nothing else, for we could not stay long, and we could not dig deep, for the

sand keeps falling in. But I do not think there can be much to find there beyond the mural paintings, for no doubt these towns were gradually abandoned by their inhabitants as the sand kept coming up, just as in a few hundred years the towns on the southern fringe of the desert will all be abandoned; the siege of them, Guma, Cherchen, and Nia, having already begun.

"From the first town I proceeded eastward, and in about a week's march I discovered the second of the towns; but here I found nothing. I shall return there, of course, for I consider this one of the most interesting discoveries ever made. It was certainly the most curious thing that occurred to me during my four years' journey. No traveler ever expected to find anything here, and it was given to me to discover the traces of Buddhist civilization in a Mohammedan land, towns where, to judge from the very high point of development of the mural paintings,

the state of civilization must have been very far advanced. Buddhists the inhabitants certainly were, for some of the ornamentations are pure Buddha, and on one of the fragments in my possession is a painting of Buddha sitting on a lotus."

"Can you fix the epoch?"

"Not at all. The only thing that I can say with absolute certainty is that they existed before the Mohammedan era. There are no Buddhists now in those parts of Asia. I shall have to study Buddhist art very carefully to be able to fix the approximate date of the building of these towns. Another thing which will help me is the observations I made of the speed at which the sand dunes progress. I have data. During my march in the desert I experimented on the progress of the moving dunes. When a storm of wind came on, I planted a post at the top of a dune, and after the storm had passed I measured the distance between the post and the top of the dune, which had advanced in the meanwhile, and noted the time in which this progress had taken place. When I have calculated this out, and so discovered how long it took to transform a rich, fertile, and well-watered land into a desert waste of sand, I shall be better able to fix the period. It will



CHINESE SOLDIER.

From sketch by Dr. Hedin.

be most important to fix the period. It will throw new light on the history of Central Asia; it will teach us much about the migrations of the Buddhist peoples.

"I stayed at the second town, which was much smaller and where I found nothing, for two days, and then struck out north with my caravan, and reaching the bed of the Jarim River, followed it down to the city of Korla. I here prepared for my journey to discover the old Lop-Nor. I did discover it. I went by the old Chinese maps, and I proved that Richthofen was right and Prshewalsky was wrong. My course was south by south-east. I found the old Lop-Nor in the beginning of April, 1896. There was no road, and I had to guide myself through the desert by the Chinese maps. I followed the eastern shore of the lake, and made a map of it. It took me five days' march to reach the southern end. On its shores I found some native villages, huts made of bundles of reeds. The people are very wretched, miserable people. They had never seen a European before. I marched on, south to the new Lop-Nor, the one discovered by Prshewalsky.


"At the end of April I returned to Khotan by Marco Polo's southerly route,

and made many scientific observations on the way. In Khotan I prepared for my journey through Thibet. This was a very difficult journey. I had to climb the Kwen-Lun range and cross on to the high Thibetan plateaus by the lofty passes. For two months we marched along these plateaus at an altitude of 16,000 feet. It was a horrible country, bare desert, sand, and stones, here and there a salt lake. There was but the scantiest vegetation, and we could find so little fodder for our animals that in those two months forty-nine out of the fifty-six I had in my caravan perished of fatigue and starvation. We did not meet a single man during all those weeks, and the only living things we saw were herds of wild yaks and of wild horses. We used to shoot the yaks for food. We reached Tsaidan in the beginning of November. From there we marched east to the great lake of Kokonur, and so on to Pekin, which I reached on March 2d of this year."

From Pekin Dr. Sven Hedin traveled through Mongolia in Chinese carts to Kiachta, and thence by the Trans-Siberia railway home. He reached Stockholm on May 10th, after an absence of three years and seven months.

Dr. Hedin, from photograph taken during his stay with the Anglo-Russian Boundary Commission in the Pamirs.





IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

WE take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of "The Sun":

"DEAR EDITOR: I am 8 years old.

"Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

"Papa says 'If you see it in The Sun it's so.'

"Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?"

"VIRGINIA O'HANLON

115 West Ninety-fifth Street."

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not; but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

By permission from the New York "Sun."

CHARLES A. DANA.

Died October 18, 1897, at Glen Cove, Long Island. Aged 78 years.

THE death of Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York "Sun," has been so fully noted in the daily and weekly press that there would be little occasion to recur to it here but for the fact that, ever since the founding of MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Dana has been one of its warmest friends and wisest counsellors. For some years before, indeed, he had been the constant encourager and adviser of the editor and founder of the magazine, in another publishing enterprise; and he continued his generous support and guidance to the day of his last illness. It was out of the wish to help the magazine, rather than from a desire to make them public, that he consented, about a year ago, to put his invaluable recollections of the Civil War in shape for publication; and other instances could be cited of his prompt and substantial friendship.

For thirty years Mr. Dana has been one of the most fearless, brilliant, and influential men in the press of the United States: one who made a paper which every man in the profession felt that he *must* read and which every observer of the times *wanted* to read. This paper was a reflex of Mr. Dana's own self. Indeed, so intimately and completely did his personality pervade the New York "Sun" that throughout the whole country it was quite as customary to hear people saying, "Dana says so," as "The 'Sun' says so:" a kind of public recognition of the individual force of the editor which has had but one parallel in the United States—Horace Greeley and the "Tribune."

The distinguishing marks which Mr. Dana put upon the "Sun" were the freshness and unexpectedness of its point of view, the comprehensiveness of its range, the clever and distinctive English style in which it is written, and its disdain of humbug and melodrama.

These qualities were the natural outcome of Mr. Dana's own intellect and tastes. His mind was vigorous, independent, comprehensive. He had a strong sense of humor, and a buoyant, joyous nature to which nothing human was alien. He saw things in unexpected ways, and had the audacity to put them as he saw them. The cleverness and crispness of his presentation of things made the "Sun" the most stimulating and entertaining paper in America. There was a sense of life and a vigor about it which made the oldest theme seem new. Whether one agreed with the paper or not, he read it for the purely intellectual pleasure he got out of it. In this the "Sun" has been unique.

The scope of the "Sun" was merely that of the editor's own mind. Certainly no man in American journalism has equaled Mr. Dana in variety of interests and extent of acquirements. He had a power of accumulating stores of knowledge not unlike that of Herbert Spencer. And he knew things thoroughly. There was nothing of the sciolist, the smatterer, about him. He knew not only his own time and own country, but all times and all countries. Although he was always hotly interested in politics, he found leisure to cultivate innumerable lines of thought and to keep himself abreast of all the intellectual movements of the day. Piled high on a side table in his private office

were all the latest books, and dozens of them went through his hands every week. On his orderly table, waiting for an idle moment, were sure to be seen the latest magazines, a copy of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," of "Cosmopolis," or of some other learned review. Speculative philosophy, science, history, political economy, every phase of thought, interested him. At the same time he had a taste which was almost a passion for pictures, flowers, and ceramics; and his knowledge of orchids, of modern paintings, and of Oriental wares was extensive. Languages were a special delight to him. He spoke several, and was always learning a new one. Russian was the last he undertook, and during the last winter a Russian dictionary was always within his reach at his office.

Mr. Dana's interest in foreign tongues never caused him to neglect his own. For years he labored vigorously and persistently to improve newspaper English, making life miserable for writers who split their infinitives, misused "in the midst of," or committed any other sin against grammar or good taste. In spite of its incessant struggle for precise and idiomatic English the "Sun" never became pedantic or over-nice. Indeed, its language was often as unexpected as its opinions. It employed colloquialisms freely, and used slang with irresistible effect. Almost every day, too, its editorial page teemed with words and expressions of great force not in common vogue. Mr. Dana aimed quite as much to show the wealth, flexibility, and expressiveness of English as to wage war on those who broke its common law.

There was no cant or pretension about Mr. Dana's forceful editing, and those qualities never had a bitterer enemy. His attitude in literary matters is an illustration. He gave much space always in his Sunday journal to book reviews, to original verse, and to fiction. The digest of serious works, particularly in the line of history, which he introduced into the Sunday "Sun" is the most valuable book-reviewing for the general public that is done in this country; but at the same time he had a department of book reviews of which the particular province was to uncover pretension, melodrama, and unwholesomeness. A writer who showed a vital quality of feeling, thought, or expression, whatever his crudities, was sure of encouragement from Mr. Dana; but for a literary *poseur* he had nothing but ridicule.

The vigor and intensity with which Mr. Dana for so long directed the "Sun's" policy, and the almost universal attention his opinions on all sorts of political and literary questions received, have put out of sight his earlier career; although, as a matter of fact, he was for more than twenty years before he took the "Sun" ardently and actively interested in different phases of the greatest intellectual agitation which our country has ever experienced.

The socialistic movement which took so strong a hold on the East in the 40's attracted Mr. Dana when he was but a boy, and when by the failure of his eyes he was obliged to leave Harvard College, he went at once to Brook Farm, with most of the members of which he was acquainted. Before he had been there many weeks he was elected a trustee, and continued with the movement until the unfortunate

burning of the building in 1844 sent the theorists back to the world to begin life again. At Brook Farm Mr. Dana was associated with Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Henry Channing, A. Bronson Alcott, George Ripley, Margaret Fuller, and many other men and women of extraordinary intellectual and social gifts. He sympathized thoroughly with the efforts the company made to realize there the social system of Fourier, and it was due largely, by all accounts, to his practical sagacity that the experiment was developed as far as it was.

For fifteen years, from 1847 to 1862, Mr. Dana was associated with Horace Greeley on the New York "Tribune," and it was he who, with James S. Pike, made the "Tribune" the tremendous anti-slavery power it was in the 50's. One need only read Mr. Greeley's own letters to Mr. Dana, written when the former was away on the frequent long journeys he made, and especially those written in the winter of 1855 and 1856, when Mr. Greeley was acting as the Washington editor of the paper, to understand the intimate relation of the two men and the almost absolute sway of Mr. Dana in the New York office of the paper. The intimacy was shown not alone by approval, but by the bluntest criticism. While Mr. Greeley often wrote to Mr. Dana thanking him for a "glorious issue," he was continually protesting petulantly against Dana's aggressiveness, and especially during the winter that the former spent in Washington. "I entreat," he wrote once when the "Tribune" had attacked a public man in Washington whom Greeley wanted to conciliate, "that I may be allowed to conduct the 'Tribune' with reference to the mile wide that stretches either way from Pennsylvania Avenue. It is but a small space, and you have all the world besides." And again, when an attack by the "Tribune" had caused him much personal friction, he said: "I shall have to quit here or die unless you stop attacking people here without consulting me. . . . Do send some one here and kill me if you cannot stop this, for I can bear it no longer."

The intimate relations between Mr. Greeley and Mr. Dana lasted until the breaking out of the Civil War. The great struggle had not begun before their ideas of the policy to be pursued differed radically. Finally, in April, 1862, they separated. Mr. Dana himself has given the reason. "Greeley was for peace and I was for war. As long as I stayed on the 'Tribune' there was a spirit there which was not his spirit—that he did not like."

What Mr. Dana's influence in the "Tribune" had been was well known to many public men, among them Secretary Stanton. Indeed, at once after entering on the duties of the War Department, in January, 1862, Mr. Stanton had written to Mr. Dana, thanking him for a certain editorial. "You cannot tell how much obligation I feel myself under for your kindness," the Secretary said; and then, after stating confidentially the difficulties of his new position, he added: "But patience for a short while only is all I ask, if you and others like you will rally around me." A few weeks later he wrote again to Mr. Dana: "We have one heart and mind in this great cause, and upon many essential points you have a wider range of observation and clearer sight than myself; I am therefore willing to be guided by your wisdom."

When Stanton knew that Dana had left the "Tribune" he immediately invited him to come into the service of the War Department. This connection began in 1862, and lasted until the war was over. Throughout this period Mr. Dana sustained a peculiarly confidential relation to Stanton and Lincoln. He was the one man on whom they found

they could rely to give them an opinion of men and events he was sent to observe that was as intelligent as it was frank. They depended more and more upon him until it became their rule to send him immediately to the center of any critical situation and to form their course of action largely on his representation. One has but to study his reports to Mr. Stanton in connection with the events of the war to see that his representations and suggestions were the determining factor in many of the greatest problems of the period. "No history of the Civil War can be written without taking into consideration Mr. Dana's influence," says Mr. Joseph Medill of the Chicago "Tribune;" and Mr. Leslie J. Perry of the War Records Commission, in speaking of Mr. Dana's reports, says:

"He was a keen-eyed observer, and his extraordinary grasp of the situation upon the various theaters of war which he visited, his sagacity in weighing the worth or worthlessness of the great officers chosen to carry out the vast military designs of the Government, his acute discernment of their strong and weak qualities, and above all the subtle power and scope of his vigorous reports to Secretary Stanton of what he saw, make them the most remarkable, interesting, and instructive collection of official documents relating to the Rebellion."

Absorbed though he was every day of the week with the un-ending labor of a great daily newspaper, always in the thick of every public contest, and passionately interested in art and in literature, there still has never been a more accessible or genial editor in the country than Mr. Dana. He always had time for his friends and for what he called "fun;" and by "fun" Mr. Dana meant anything, work or play, which had vitality in it. His buoyant joy in life and things in general was contagious, and made him the most enjoyable and stimulating of companions. Rarely is a man loved as he was by those of his profession who are in personal relations with him. It was only necessary to see him in his office at the "Sun" to understand this. There was not an office boy there who could not have a hearing if he wished it, nor one to whom at some time or other Mr. Dana had not given some proof of his personal good feeling. He was always considerate in his dealings, and his gentleness with his subordinates was unending. They loved him for this; but above all they admired him for his wonderful vigor. It was a matter of pride at the "Sun" that, though Mr. Dana was nearly seventy-eight years old when he was obliged to leave his post, there was not a younger mind or body in the office.

Mr. Dana's kindliness of spirit was not shown alone to those in his own office. In the great mass of newspaper comment which his death has called forth one thing is conspicuous—the tribute to his helpfulness by men in his profession. Hundreds of journalists, writers, and editors all over the country know that they have been helped to their feet by his advice and encouragement. Men in whose writings he detected the qualities which he admired were sure to receive the support of the "Sun." If a contribution came to him which was unavailable for his own columns, but which he thought might be useful to another editor, he often would personally recommend the article. He would listen to projects of editors and journalists, and if an enterprise commended itself give it his full support. His day was filled with helpfulness, though he seemed quite unconscious of the fact. It was "the natural way of living." This spontaneous giving of his rich, cultivated, intense self was what made Mr. Dana not only the most brilliant editor of America, but one of the most lovable and helpful of men.



